THE WORKS OF JONATHAN SWIFT,

D.D., AND DEAN OF SAINT PATRICK'S, DUBLIN.

CONTAINING

INTERESTING AND VALUABLE PAPERS.

NOT HITHERTO PUBLISHED.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

WITH MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR, BY THOMAS ROSCOE;

PORTRAIT AND AUTOGRAPH.

No Author in the British language has enjoyed the extensive popularity of the celebrated Dean of St. Patrick's. The vivid and original power of his genius has supported him in the general opinion, to an extent only equalled by his friend Pope, and far surpassing any other of those geniuses who flourished in the Augustan age of Queen Anne.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

VOLUME II.

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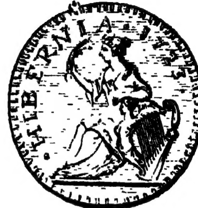












[Various Specimens of Wood's Halfpenny, taken from the Originals preserved in the British Museum.]

The tracts relating to Ireland are those of a public nature, in which the dean appears in the best light, because they do honour to his heart, as well as to his head; furnishing some additional proofs that, though he was free in his abuse of the inhabitants of that country, as well natives as foreigners, he had their interest sincerely at heart, and perfectly understood it. His Sermon upon doing Good, though peculiarly adapted to Ireland, and Wood's designs upon it, contains perhaps the best motives to patriotism that ever were delivered within so small a compass.—Burke.

"About the year 1722, when Charles duke of Grafton was lord-lieutenant of Ireland, one William Wood, a hardwareman, and a bankrupt, alleging the great want of copper money in that kingdom, procured a patent for coining 108,000*l.* to pass there as current money. The dean, believing this measure to be a vile job from the beginning to the end, and that the chief procurers of the 108,000 were to be sharers in the profits which would arise from the ruin of a kingdom, assumed the character of a *Draper*, which for some reasons he chose to write *Drapier*; and in the following LETTERS warned the people not to receive the coin which was then sent over

"To judge by the accounts generally given of that transaction, it would appear a monster of despotism and fraud, that the halfpence were deficient in weight and goodness, and that the circulation of them would have been followed by the total ruin of Ireland. In fact, the inimitable humour of Swift, which places the kingdom on one side and William Wood on the other, has misled our judgment and captivated our imagination; and most persons have formed their opinion from his Drapier's Letters and satirical poems, rather than from authentic documents or well-attested facts. The simple narrative of this transaction, stripped of the exaggerated dress in which the malignant wit of the author has invested it, is reduced to a short compass. There being great deficiency of copper currency in Ireland, the king in virtue of his prerogative, granted to William Wood a patent for coining farthings and halfpence, to the value of 100,000*l.* sterling, on certain terms which the patentee was bound to follow. William Wood, who in the party language of Swift is ridiculed under the denomination of a *hardwareman* and a low mechanic, was a great proprietor and renter of iron-works in England. He had the lease of all the mines on the crown-lands in thirty-nine counties, was proprietor of several iron and copper works, and carried on, to a very considerable amount, manufactures for the different preparations of those metals. Among many proposals submitted to government, that which he delivered was accepted, and was considered by all persons of judgment or capacity, not biassed by party or national prejudice, as beneficial to Ireland but the natives did not see it in so favourable a light; and before the money was circulated a general ferment was excited."—Coxe, *Memoirs of Sir Robert Walpole.*

LETTER THE FIRST.

TO THE TRADESMEN, SHOPKEEPERS, FARMERS, AND COUNTRY PEOPLE IN GENERAL, OF THE KINGDOM OF IRELAND,

CONCERNING THE BRASS HALFPENCE COINED BY ONE WILLIAM WOOD, HARDWAREMAN, WITH A DESIGN TO HAVE THEM PASS IN THIS KINGDOM;

Wherein is shown the power of his Patent, the value of his Halfpence, and how far every person may be obliged to take the same in payments, and how to behave himself, in case such an attempt should be made by Wood, or any other person.

(VERY PROPER TO BE KEPT IN EVERY FAMILY.)

By M. B., DRAPIER. 1724.

BRETHREN, FRIENDS, COUNTRYMEN,
AND FELLOW-SUBJECTS,

What I intend now to say to you is, next to your duty to God and the care of your salvation, of the greatest concern to yourselves and your children: your bread and clothing, and every common necessary of life, entirely depend upon it. Therefore I do most earnestly exhort you as men, as christians, as parents, and as lovers of your country, to read this paper with the utmost attention, or get it read to you by others; which that you may do at the less expense, I have ordered the printer to sell it at the lowest rate.

It is a great fault among you, that when a person writes with no other intention than to do you good, you will not be at the pains to read his advices. One copy of this paper may serve a dozen of you, which will be less than a farthing a-piece. It is your folly that you have no common or general interest in your view, not even the wisest among you; neither do you

REPRESENTATION quire, or care, who are your friends, or who are MARCH mies.

About four years ago a little book was written, to advise all people to wear the manufactures of this our own dear country. It had no other design, said nothing against the king or parliament, or any person whatsoever; yet the poor printer was prosecuted two years with the utmost violence, and even some weavers themselves (for whose sake it was written), being upon the JURY, found him guilty. This would be enough to discourage any man from endeavouring to do you good, when you will either neglect him or fly in his face for his pains, and when he must expect only danger to himself, and to be fined and imprisoned, perhaps to his ruin.

However, I cannot but warn you once more of the manifest destruction before your eyes, if you do not behave yourselves as you ought.

I will therefore first tell you the plain story of the fact; and then I will lay before you how you ought to act, in common prudence, according to the laws of your country.

The fact is this: It having been many years since COPPER HALFPENCE OR FARTHINGS were last coined in this kingdom, they have been for some time very scarce, and many counterfeits passed about under the name of *raps:* several applications were made to England that we might have liberty to coin new ones, as in former times we did; but they did not succeed. At last, one Mr. Wood, a mean ordinary man, a hardware-dealer, procured a patent under his majesty's broad seal to coin 108,000*l.* in copper for this kingdom; which patent, however, did not oblige any one here to take them, unless they pleased. Now you must know that the halfpence and farthings in England pass for very little more than they are worth; and if you should beat them to pieces, and sell them to the brazier, you would not lose much above a penny in a shilling. But Mr. Wood made his halfpence of such base metal, and so much smaller than the English ones, that the brazier would hardly give you above a penny of good money for a shilling of his; so that this sum of 108,000*l.* in good gold and silver, must be given for trash that will not be worth eight or nine thousand pounds real value. But this is not the worst; for Mr. Wood, when he pleases, may by stealth send over another 108,000*l.*, and buy all our goods for eleven parts in twelve under the value. For example, if a hatter sells a dozen of hats for 5*s.* a-piece, which amounts to 3*l.* and receives the payment in Wood's coin, he really receives only the value of 5

Perhaps you will wonder how such an ordinary fellow as this Mr. Wood could have so much interest as to get his majesty's broad seal for so great a sum of bad money to be sent to this poor country; and that all the nobility and gentry here could not obtain the same favour, and let us make our own halfpence as we used to do. Now I will make that matter very plain: we are at a great distance from the king's court, and have nobody there to solicit for us, although a great number of lords and 'squires, whose estates are here, and are our countrymen, spend all their lives and fortunes there; but this same Mr. Wood was able to attend constantly for his own interest; he is an Englishman, and had great friends; and, it seems, knew very well where to give money to those that would speak to others, that could speak to the king and would tell a fair story. And his majesty, and perhaps the great lord or lords who advise him, might think it was for our country's good; and so, as the lawyers express it, "the king was deceived in his grant," which often happens in all reigns. And I am sure if his majesty knew that such a patent, if it should take effect according to the desire of Mr. Wood, would utterly [illegible] in this kingdom, which has given such great proofs of its loyalty, he would immediately recall it, and [illegible] show his displeasure to somebody or other; but a word to the wise is enough. Most of you must have heard with what anger our honourable house of commons received an account of this Wood's patent.ª There were several fine speeches made upon it, and plain proofs that it was all a wicked cheat from the bottom to the top; and several smart votes were printed, which that same Wood had the assurance to answer likewise in print; and in so confident a way, as if he were a better man than our whole parliament put together.

This Wood, as soon as his patent was passed, or soon after, sends over a great many barrels of those halfpence to Cork and other sea-port towns; and to get them off, offered a hundred pounds in his coin for seventy or eighty in silver; but the collectors of the king's customs very honestly refused to take them, and so did almost everybody else. And since the parliament has condemned them, and desired the king that they might be stopped, all the kingdom do abominate them.

But Wood is still working underhand to force his halfpence upon us; and if he can, by the help of his friends in England, prevail so far as to get an order that the commissioners and collectors of the king's money shall receive them, and that the army is to be paid with them, then he thinks his work shall be done. And this is the difficulty you will be under in such a case; for the common soldier, when he goes to the market or alehouse, will offer this money; and if it be refused, perhaps he will swagger and hector, and threaten to beat the butcher or alewife, or take the goods by force, and throw them the bad halfpence. In this and the like cases, the shopkeeper or victualler, or any other tradesman, has no more to do than to demand ten times the price of his goods, if it is to be paid in Wood's money; for example, 20*d.* of that money for a quart of ale, and so in all things else, and not part with his goods till he gets the money.

For, suppose you go to an alehouse with that base money, and the landlord gives you a quart for four of those halfpence, what must the victualler do? his brewer will not be paid in that coin; or, if the brewer should be such a fool, the farmers will not take it from them for their bere,ᵇ because they are bound by their leases to pay their rent in good and [illegible] money of England; which th[illegible] is not, nor of Ireland neither;

ª Inflamed by national zeal, the two houses passed addresses to the crown, accusing the patentee of fraud and deceit, asserting that the terms of the patent were infringed, both in the quantity and quality of the coin; that the circulation of the halfpence would be highly prejudicial to the revenue, destructive of the commerce, and of most dangerous consequence to the rights and properties of the subjects. The commons, with an absurdity and effrontery hardly credible, declared that, even had the terms of the patent been complied with, the nation would have suffered a loss at least of 150 per cent! and indeed the whole clamour rested on partial or ignorant representations. It was not at that time expected, or dwelt on as a matter of speculative propriety, that the weight of the copper coin should be adequate to its circulating value; and the assertion that Wood had carried on notorious frauds and deceits in the coinage, as advanced by Swift, and that the intrinsic was not equal to one-eighth of the nominal val[illegible] proved to be fal[illegible], by an assay made at the Mint, under [illegible] Newton and his [illegible]ciates, men of no less honour than capacity, the result of which was, that in weight, goodness, and fineness, it rather exceeded than fell short of the conditions of the patent. But the clamour, however unjust, was raised and became general; and it was a necessary act of prudence not to increase the ferment by forcing upon a nation what was considered as unjust and fraudulent. Lord Carteret, who succeeded the duke of Grafton in the office of lord lieutenant, failed no less than his predecessor in all his endeavours to obtain the introduction of the copper money. The patent was surrendered, and tranquillity restored. Wood, as an indemnification for the loss he had sustained, received pension to the amount of 3000*l.* a-year, for eight years."—COXE.

ᵇ A sort of barley in Ireland.

and the 'squire, their landlord, will never be so bewitched to take such trash for his land; so that it must certainly stop somewhere or other; and wherever it stops, it is the same thing, and we are all undone.

The common weight of these halfpence is between four and five to an ounce—suppose five; then 3s. 4d. will weigh a pound, and consequently 20s. will weigh six pounds butter weight. Now there are many hundred farmers who pay 200l. a-year rent; therefore, when one of these farmers comes with his half-year's rent, which is 100l., it will be at least 600 pounds weight, which is three horses' load.

If a 'squire has a mind to come to town to buy clothes, and wine, and spices, for himself and family, or perhaps to pass the winter here, he must bring with him five or six horses well laden with sacks, as the farmers bring their corn; and when his lady comes in her coach to our shops, it must be followed by a car loaded with Mr. Wood's money. And I hope we shall have the grace to take it for no more than it is worth.

They say 'squire Conolly [the speaker] has 16,000l. a-year; now, if he sends for his rent to town, as it is likely he does, he must have 250 horses to bring up his half-year's rent, and two or three great cellars in his house for stowage. But what the bankers will do I cannot tell; for I am assured that some great bankers keep by them 40,000l. in ready cash, to answer all payments; which sum, in Mr. Wood's money, would require 1200 horses to carry it.

For my own part, I am already resolved what to do: I have a pretty good shop of Irish stuffs and silks; and instead of taking Mr. Wood's bad copper, I intend to truck with my neighbours the butchers and bakers and brewers, and the rest, goods for goods; and the little gold and silver I have I will keep by me, like my heart's blood, till better times, or until I am just ready to starve; and then I will buy Mr. Wood's money, as my father did the brass money in King James's time, who could buy 10l. of it with a guinea; and I hope to get as much for a pistole, and so purchase bread from those who will be such fools as to sell it me.

These halfpence, if they once pass, will soon be counterfeited, because it may be cheaply done, the stuff is so base. The Dutch likewise will probably do the same thing, and send them over to us to pay for our goods; and Mr. Wood will never be at rest, but coin on: so that in some years we shall have at least five times 108,000l. of this lumber. Now the current money of this kingdom is not reckoned to be above 400,000l. in all; and while there is a silver sixpence left, these blood-suckers will never be quiet.

When once the kingdom is reduced to such a condition, I will tell you what must be the end: the gentlemen of estates will all turn off their tenants for want of payments, because, as I told you before, the tenants are obliged by their leases to pay sterling, which is lawful current money of England; then they will turn their own farmers, as too many of them do already, run all into sheep where they can, keeping only such other cattle as are necessary; then they will be their own merchants, and send their wool, and butter, and hides, and linen, beyond sea, for ready money, and wine, and spices, and silks. They will keep only a few miserable cottagers: the farmers must rob, or beg, or leave their country; the shopkeepers in this and every other town must break and starve; for it is the landed man that maintains the merchant, and shopkeeper, and handicraftsman.

But when the 'squire turns farmer and merchant himself, all the good money he gets from abroad he will hoard up to send for England, and keep some poor tailor or weaver, and the like, in his own house, who will be glad to get bread at any rate.

I should never have done if I were to tell you all the miseries that we shall undergo, if we be so foolish and wicked as to take this cursed coin. It would be very hard if all Ireland should be put into one scale, and this sorry fellow Wood into the other; that Mr. Wood should weigh down this whole kingdom, by which England gets above a million of good money every year clear into their pockets: and that is more than the English do by all the world besides.

But your great comfort is, that as his majesty's patent does not oblige you to take this money, so the laws have not given the crown a power of forcing the subject to take what money the king pleases; for then, by the same reason, we might be bound to take pebble-stones, or cockle-shells, or stamped leather, for current coin, if ever we should happen to live under an ill prince; who might likewise, by the same power, make a guinea pass for ten pounds, a shilling for twenty shillings, and so on; by which he would, in a short time, get all the silver and gold of the kingdom into his own hands, and leave us nothing but brass or leather, or what he pleased. Neither is anything reckoned more cruel and oppressive in the French government than their common practice of calling in all their money, after they have sunk it very low, and then coining it anew at a much higher value; which, however, is not the thousandth part so wicked as this abominable project of Mr. Wood. For the French give their subjects silver for silver, and gold for gold; but this fellow will not so much as give us good brass or copper for our gold and silver, nor even a twelfth part of their worth.

Having said thus much, I will now go on to tell you the judgment of some great lawyers in this matter, whom I fee'd on purpose for your sakes, and got their opinions under their hands, that I might be sure I went upon good grounds.

A famous law-book, called "The Mirror of Justice," discoursing of the charters (or laws) ordained by our ancient kings, declares the law to be as follows: "It was ordained that no king of this realm should change or impair the money, or make any other money than of gold or silver, without the assent of all the counties;" that is, as my lord Coke says, without the assent of parliament.

This book is very ancient, and of great authority for the time in which it was written, and with that character is often quoted by that great lawyer my lord Coke. By the law of England, the several metals are divided into lawful or true metal, and unlawful or false metal; the former comprehends silver and gold, the latter all baser metals. That the former is only to pass in payments appears by an act of parliament made the 20th year of Edward I., called the statute concerning the passing of pence; which I give you here as I got it translated into English; for some of our laws at that time were, as I am told, written in Latin: "Whoever, in buying or selling, presumes to refuse a halfpenny or farthing of lawful money, bearing the stamp which it ought to have, let him be seized on as a contemner of the king's majesty, and cast into prison."

By this statute, no person is to be reckoned a contemner of the king's majesty, and for that crime to be committed to prison, but he who refuses to accept the king's coin made of lawful metal; by which, as I observed before, silver and gold only are intended.

That this is the true construction of the act appears not only from the plain meaning of the words, but from my lord Coke's observation upon it. "By this act," says he, "it appears that no subject can be forced to take, in buying, or selling, or other payment, any money made but of lawful metal; that is of silver or gold."

The law of England gives the king all mines of

REPRESENT-

gold and silver, but not the mines of other metals; the reason of which prerogative or power, as it is given by my lord Coke, is, because money can be made of gold and silver, but not of other metals.

Pursuant to this opinion, halfpence and farthings were anciently made of silver, which is evident from the act of parliament of Henry IV., ch. 4, whereby it is enacted as follows: "Item, for the great scarcity that is at present within the realm of England of halfpence and farthings of silver, it is ordained and established that the third part of all the money of silver plate which shall be brought to the bullion shall be made into halfpence and farthings." This shows that by the words "halfpence and farthings of lawful money," in that statute concerning the passing of pence, is meant a small coin in halfpence and farthings of silver.

This is further manifest from the statute of the 9th Edward III., ch. 3, which enacts "that no sterling halfpenny or farthing be molten for to make vessels, or any other thing, by the goldsmiths or others, upon forfeiture of the money so molten" (or melted).

By another act in this king's reign, black money was not to be current in England. And by an act in the 11th year of his reign, ch. 5, galley halfpence were not to pass. What kind of coin these were I do not know, but I presume they were made of base metal. And these acts were no new laws, but further declarations of the old laws relative to the coin.

Thus the law stands in relation to coin. Nor is there any example to the contrary, except one in Davis's Reports, who tells us "that in the time of Tyrone's rebellion, queen Elizabeth ordered money of mixed metal to be coined in the Tower of London, and sent over hither for the payment of the army, obliging all people to receive it; and commanding that all silver money should be taken only as bullion;" that is, for as much as it weighed. Davis tells us several particulars in this matter, too long here to trouble you with, and "that the privy-council of this kingdom obliged a merchant in England to receive this mixed money for goods transmitted hither."

But this proceeding is rejected by all the best lawyers, as contrary to law, the privy-council here having no such legal power. And besides, it is to be considered that the queen was then under great difficulties by a rebellion in this kingdom, assisted from Spain; and whatever is done in great exigencies and dangerous times should never be an example to proceed by in seasons of peace and quietness.

I will now, my dear friends, to save you the trouble, set before you, in short, what the law obliges you to do, and what it does not oblige you to.

1st. You are obliged to take all money in payments which is coined by the king, and is of the English standard or weight, provided it be of gold or silver.

2dly. You are not obliged to take any money which is not of gold or silver; not only the halfpence or farthings of England, but of any other country. And it is merely for convenience or ease that you are content to take them; because the custom of coining silver halfpence and farthings has long been left off, I suppose on account of their being subject to be lost.

3dly. Much less are you obliged to take those vile halfpence of the same Wood, by which you must lose almost eleven pence in every shilling.

Therefore, my friends, stand to it one and all; refuse this filthy trash. It is no treason to rebel against Mr. Wood. His majesty, in his patent, obliges nobody to take these halfpence: our gracious prince has no such ill advisers about him: or, if he had, yet you see the laws have not left it in the king's power to force us to take any coin but what is lawful, of right standard gold and silver. Therefore you have nothing to fear.

And let me in the next place apply myself particularly to you who are the poorer sort of tradesmen. Perhaps you may think you will not be so great losers as the rich if these halfpence should pass; because you seldom see any silver, and your customers come to your shops or stalls with nothing but brass, which you likewise find hard to be got. But you may take my word, whenever this money gains footing among you you will be utterly undone. If you carry these halfpence to a shop for tobacco or brandy, or any other thing that you want, the shopkeeper will advance his goods accordingly, or else he must break, and leave the key under the door. "Do you think I will sell you a yard of ten-penny stuff for twenty of Mr. Wood's halfpence? no, not under 200 at least; neither will I be at the trouble of counting, but weigh them in a lump." I will tell you one thing further, that if Mr. Wood's project should take, it would ruin even our beggars; for when I give a beggar a halfpenny, it will quench his thirst, or go a good way to fill his belly; but the twelfth part of a halfpenny will do him no more service than if I should give him three pins out of my sleeve.

In short, these halfpence are like the "accursed thing, which," as the Scripture tells us, "the children of Israel were forbidden to touch." They will run about like the plague, and destroy every one who lays his hand upon them. I have heard scholars talk of a man who told the king that he had invented a way to torment people, by putting them into a bull of brass with fire under it; but the prince put the projector first into his brazen bull, to make the experiment. This very much resembles the project of Mr. Wood; and the like of this may possibly be Mr. Wood's fate; that the brass he contrived to torment this kingdom with may prove his own torment and his destruction at last.

N.B. The author of this paper is informed, by persons who have made it their business to be exact in their observations on the true value of these halfpence, that any person may expect to get a quart of twopenny ale for thirty-six of them.

I desire that all families may keep this paper carefully by them, to refresh their memories whenever they shall have further notice of Mr. Wood's halfpence, or any other the like imposture.

LETTER THE SECOND.

TO MR. HARDING, THE PRINTER,

On occasion of a paragraph in his Newspaper of Aug. 1, 1724, relating to Mr. Wood's Halfpence.

August 4, 1724.

In your Newsletter of the 1st instant there is a paragraph, dated from London, July 25, relating to Wood's halfpence; whereby it is plain, what I foretold in my letter to the shopkeepers, &c., that this vile fellow would never be at rest; and that the danger of our ruin approaches nearer; and therefore the kingdom requires new and fresh warning. However, I take this paragraph to be, in a great measure, an imposition upon the public; at least I hope so, because I am informed that Wood is generally his own newswriter. I cannot but observe from that paragraph that this public enemy of ours, not satisfied to ruin us with his trash, takes every occasion to treat this kingdom with the utmost contempt. He represents several of our merchants and traders, upon examination before a committee of council, agreeing that there was the utmost necessity of copper money here before his patent; so that several gentlemen have been forced to tally with their workmen, and give them bits of cards sealed and subscribed with their names. What then? If a physician prescribe to a patient a dram of physic,

shall a rascal apothecary cram him with a pound, and mix it up with poison? And is not a landlord's hand and seal to his own labourers a better security for 5*s.* or 10*s.* than Wood's brass, ten times below the real value, can be to the kingdom for 108,000*l.*?

But who are these merchants and traders of Ireland that made this report of the utmost necessity we are under for copper money? They are only a few betrayers of their country, confederates with Wood, from whom they are to purchase a great quantity of his coin, perhaps at half the price that we are to take it, and vend it among us to the ruin of the public, and their own private advantages. Are not these excellent witnesses, upon whose integrity the fate of the kingdom must depend, evidences in their own cause, and sharers in this work of iniquity?

If we could have deserved the liberty of coining for ourselves as we formerly did,—and why we have it not is everybody's wonder as well as mine,—ten thousand pounds might have been coined here in Dublin of only one-fifth below the intrinsic value, and this sum, with the stock of halfpence we then had, would have been sufficient. But Wood, by his emissaries,—enemies to God and this kingdom,—has taken care to buy up as many of our old halfpence as he could, and from thence the present want of change arises; to remove which by Mr. Wood's remedy would be to cure a scratch on the finger by cutting off the arm. But, supposing there were not one farthing of change in the whole nation, I will maintain that 25,000*l.* would be a sum fully sufficient to answer all our occasions. I am no inconsiderable shopkeeper in this town. I have discoursed with several of my own and other trades, with many gentlemen both of city and country, and also with great numbers of farmers, cottagers, and labourers, who all agree that 2*s* in change for every family would be more than necessary in all dealings. Now, by the largest computation (even before that grievous discouragement of agriculture which has so much lessened our numbers), the souls in this kingdom are computed to be one million and a half; which, allowing six to a family, makes 250,000 families, and, consequently, 2*s.* to each family will amount only to 25,000*l.*; whereas this honest, liberal hardwareman, Wood, would impose upon us above four times that sum.

Your paragraph relates further, that sir Isaac Newton reported an assay taken at the Tower of Wood's metal, by which it appears that Wood had in all respects performed his contract. His contract!—With whom? Was it with the parliament or people of Ireland? are not they to be the purchasers? But they detest, abhor, and reject it, as corrupt, fraudulent, mingled with dirt and trash. Upon which he grows angry, goes to law, and will impose his goods upon us by force.

But your Newsletter says that an assay was made of the coin. How impudent and insupportable is this! Wood takes care to coin a dozen or two halfpence of good metal, sends them to the Tower, and they are approved; and these must answer all that he has already coined or shall coin for the future. It is true, indeed, that a gentleman often sends to my shop for a pattern of stuff; I cut it fairly off, and, if he likes it, he comes, or sends, and compares the pattern with the whole piece, and probably we come to a bargain. But if I were to buy a hundred sheep, and the grazier should bring me one single wether, fat and well fleeced, by way of pattern, and expect the same price round for the whole hundred, without suffering me to see them before he was paid, or giving me good security to restore my money for those that were lean, or shorn, or scabby, I would be none of his customer. I have heard of a man who had a mind to sell his house, and therefore carried a piece of brick in his pocket, which he showed as a pattern to encourage purchasers; and this is directly the case in point with Mr. Wood's assay.

The next part of the paragraph contains Mr. Wood's voluntary proposals for preventing any further objections or apprehensions.

His first proposal is, "That whereas he has already coined 17,000*l.* and has copper prepared to make it up 40,000*l.*, he will be content to coin no more, unless the EXIGENCIES OF TRADE REQUIRE IT, although his patent empowers him to coin a far greater quantity."

To which if I were to answer, it should be thus:— "Let Mr. Wood, and his crew of founders and tinkers, coin on, till there is not an old kettle left in the kingdom,—let them coin old leather, tobacco pipe clay, or the dirt in the street, and call their trumpery by what name they please, from a guinea to a farthing,—we are not under any concern to know how he and his tribe of accomplices think fit to employ themselves. But I hope and trust that we are all to a man fully determined to have nothing to do with him or his ware."

The king has given him a patent to coin halfpence, but has not obliged us to take them; and I have already shown, in my Letter to the Shopkeepers, &c., that the law has not left it in the power of the prerogative to compel the subject to take any money besides gold and silver of the right sterling and standard.

Wood further purposes (if I understand him right, for his expressions are dubious) that he will not coin above 40,000*l.* unless the exigencies of trade require it.

First, I observe that this sum of 40,000*l.*, is almost double to what I proved to be sufficient for the whole kingdom, although we had not one of our old halfpence left. Again, I ask, who is to be judge when the exigencies of trade require it? Without doubt he means himself; for as to us of this poor kingdom, who must be utterly ruined if this project should succeed, we were never once consulted till the matter was over, and he will judge of our exigencies by his own. Neither will these be ever at an end till he and his accomplices shall think they have enough; and it now appears that he will not be content with all our gold and silver, but intends to buy up our goods and manufactures with the same coin.

I shall not enter into examination of the prices for which he now proposes to sell his halfpence, or what he calls his copper, by the pound; I have said enough of it in my former letter, and it has likewise been considered by others. It is certain that, by his own first computation, we were to pay 3*s.* for what was intrinsically worth but one, although it had been of the true weight and standard for which he pretended to have contracted; but there is so great a difference, both in weight and badness, in several of his coins, that some of them have been nine in ten below the intrinsic value, and most of them six or seven.

His last proposal, being of a peculiar strain and nature, deserves to be very particularly considered, both on account of the matter and the style. It is as follows:

"Lastly, in consideration of the direful apprehensions which prevail in Ireland, that Mr. Wood will, by such coinage, drain them of their gold and silver, he proposes to take their manufactures in exchange, and that no person be obliged to receive more than 5½*d.* at one payment."

First, observe this little impudent hardwareman turning into ridicule the direful apprehensions of a whole kingdom, priding himself as the cause of them, and daring to prescribe (what no king of England ever attempted) how far a whole nation shall be obliged to take his brass coin. And he has reason to insult; for sure there was never an example in history of a great kingdom kept in awe for above a year, in daily dread

of utter destruction,—not by a powerful invader, at the head of 20,000 men,—not by a plague or a famine,—not by a tyrannical prince (for we never had one more gracious) or a corrupt administration,—but by one single, diminutive, insignificant mechanic.

But to go on:—to remove our direful apprehensions that he will drain us of our gold and silver by his coinage, this little arbitrary mock-monarch most graciously offers to take our manufactures in exchange. Are our Irish understandings indeed so low in his opinion? Is not this the very misery we complain of, that his cursed project will put us under the necessity of selling our goods for what is equal to nothing? How would such a proposal sound from France or Spain, or any other country with which we traffic, if they should offer to deal with us only upon this condition, that we should take their money at ten times higher than the intrinsic value? Does Mr. Wood think, for instance, that we will sell him a stone of wool for a parcel of his counters, not worth sixpence, when we can send it to England, and receive as many shillings in gold and silver? Surely there was never heard such a compound of impudence, villany, and folly!

His proposals conclude with *perfect high treason.* He promises that no person shall be obliged to receive more than 5½*d.* of his coin in one payment. By which it is plain that he pretends to oblige every subject in this kingdom to take so much in every payment if it be offered; whereas his patent obliges no man, nor can the prerogative, by law, claim such a power, as I have often observed; so that here Mr. Wood takes upon him the entire legislature, and an absolute dominion over the properties of the whole nation.

Good God! who are this wretch's advisers? Who are his supporters, abettors, encouragers, or sharers? Mr. Wood will oblige me to take fivepence halfpenny of his brass in every payment; and I will shoot Mr. Wood and his deputies through the head, like highwaymen or housebreakers, if they dare to force one farthing of their coin on me in the payment of 100*l.* It is no loss of honour to submit to the lion; but who, with the figure of a man, can think with patience of being devoured alive by a rat? He has laid a tax upon the people of Ireland of 17*s.* at least, in the pound; a tax, I say, not only upon lands, but interest-money, goods, manufactures, the hire of handicraftsmen, labourers, and servants.

Shopkeepers, look to yourselves!—Wood will oblige and force you to take 5½*d.* of his trash in every payment, and many of you receive twenty, thirty, forty payments in one day, or else you can hardly find bread. And pray consider how much that will amount to in a year. Twenty times 5½*d.* is 9*s.* 2*d.* which is above 160*l.* a-year; wherein you will be losers of at least 140*l.* by taking your payments in his money. If any of you be content to deal with Mr. Wood on such conditions, you may; but, for my own particular, let his money perish with him! If the famous Mr. Hampden rather chose to go to prison than pay a few shillings to king Charles I. without authority of parliament, I will rather choose to be hanged than have all my substance taxed at 17*s.* in the pound, at the arbitrary will and pleasure of the venerable Mr. Wood.

The paragraph concludes thus:—"N.B." (that is to say, *nota bene*, or *mark well*) "No evidence appeared from Ireland, or elsewhere, to prove the mischiefs complained of, or any abuses whatsoever committed, in the execution of the said grant."

The impudence of this remark exceeds all that went before. First, the house of commons in Ireland, which represents the whole people of the kingdom, and, secondly, the privy-council, addressed his majesty against these halfpence. What could be done more to express the universal sense of the nation? If his copper were diamonds, and the kingdom were entirely against it, would not that be sufficient to reject it? Must a committee of the whole house of commons, and our whole privy-council, go over to argue *pro* and *con* with Mr. Wood? To what end did the king give his patent for coining halfpence for Ireland? Was it not because it was represented to his sacred majesty that such a coinage would be of advantage to the good of this kingdom and of all his subjects here? It is to the patentee's peril if this representation be false, and the execution of his patent be fraudulent and corrupt. Is he so wicked and foolish to think that his patent was given him to ruin a million and a half of people, that he might be a gainer of three or four score thousand pounds to himself? Before he was at the charge of passing a patent, much more of raking up so much filthy dross, and stamping it with his majesty's image and superscription, should he not first, in common sense, in common equity, and common manners, have consulted the principal party concerned,—that is to say, the people of the kingdom, the house of lords or commons, or the privy-council? If any foreigner should ask us whose image and superscription there is on Wood's coin, we should be ashamed to tell him it was Cæsar's. In that great want of copper halfpence which he alleges we were, our city set up our Cæsar's[1] statue in excellent copper, at an expense that is equal in value to 30,000 pounds of his coin, and we will not receive his image in worse metal.

I observe many of our people putting a melancholy case on this subject. "It is true," say they, "we are all undone if Wood's halfpence must pass; but what shall we do if his majesty puts out a proclamation commanding us to take them?" This has been often dinned in my ears: but I desire my countrymen to be assured that there is nothing in it. The king never issues out a proclamation but to enjoin what the law permits him. He will not issue out a proclamation against law; or, if such a thing should happen by a mistake, we are no more obliged to obey it than to run our heads into the fire. Besides, his majesty will never command us by a proclamation what he does not offer to command us in the patent itself. There he leaves it to our discretion, so that our destruction must be entirely owing to ourselves; therefore, let no man be afraid of a proclamation, which will never be granted, and if it should, yet, upon this occasion, will be of no force.

The king's revenues here are nearly 400,000*l.* a-year. Can you think his ministers will advise him to take them in Wood's brass, which will reduce the value to 50,000*l.*? England gets a million sterling by this nation; which, if this project goes on, will be almost reduced to nothing. And do you think those who live in England upon Irish estates will be content to take an eighth or tenth part by being paid in Wood's dross?

If Wood and his confederates were not convinced of our stupidity, they never would have attempted so audacious an enterprise. He now sees a spirit has been raised against him, and he only watches till it begins to flag: he goes about watching when to devour us. He hopes we shall be weary of contending with him; and at last, out of ignorance or fear, or of being perfectly tired with opposition, we shall be forced to yield; and therefore, I confess, it is my chief endeavour to keep up your spirits and resentments. If I tell you "there is a precipice under you, and that if you go forward you will certainly break your necks;" if I point to it before your eyes, must I be at the trouble of repeating it every morning? Are our people's hearts waxed gross? Are their ears dull of hearing? And have they closed their eyes? I fear

[1] A statue of George I. in Dublin.

there are some few vipers among us, who for 10*l.* or 20*l.* gain would sell all their souls and their country; although at last it should end in their own ruin, as well as ours. Be not like "the deaf adder, who refuseth to hear the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely."

Although my letter be directed to you, Mr. Harding, yet I intend it for all my countrymen. I have no interest in this affair but what is common to the public. I can live better than many others; I have some gold and silver by me, and a shop well furnished; and shall be able to make a shift when many of my betters are starving. But I am grieved to see the coldness and indifference of many people with whom I discourse. Some are afraid of a proclamation; others shrug up their shoulders, and cry, "What would you have us to do?" Some give out, there is no danger at all: others are comforted that it will be a common calamity, and they shall fare no worse than their neighbours. Will a man who hears midnight robbers at his door get out of bed and raise his family for a common defence; and shall a whole kingdom lie in a lethargy, while Mr. Wood comes, at the head of his confederates, to rob them of all they have, to ruin us and our posterity for ever? If a highwayman meets you on the road, you give him your money to save your life; but, God be thanked, Mr. Wood cannot touch a hair of your heads. You have all the laws of God and man on your side; when he or his accomplices offer you his dross, it is but saying no, and you are safe. If a madman should come into my shop with a handful of dirt raked out of the kennel, and offer it in payment for ten yards of stuff, I would pity or laugh at him; or, if his behaviour deserved it, kick him out of my doors. And if Mr. Wood comes to demand my gold and silver, or commodities for which I have paid my gold and silver, in exchange for his trash, can he deserve or expect better treatment?

When the evil day is come (if it must come), let us mark and observe those who presume to offer these halfpence in payment. Let their names and trades and places of abode be made public, that every one may be aware of them as betrayers of their country, and confederates with Mr. Wood. Let them be watched at markets and fairs; and let the first honest discoverer give the word about that Mr. Wood's halfpence have been offered, and caution the poor innocent people not to receive them.

Perhaps I have been too tedious; but there would never be an end if I attempted to say all that this melancholy subject will bear. I will conclude with humbly offering one proposal; which, if it were put into practice, would blow up this destructive project at once. Let some skilful judicious pen draw up an advertisement to the following purpose:—

"Whereas one William Wood, hardwareman, now or lately sojourning in the city of London, has, by many misrepresentations, procured a patent for coining 108,000*l.* in copper halfpence for this kingdom, which is a sum five times greater than our occasions require: And whereas it is notorious that the said Wood has coined his halfpence of such base metal and false weight that they are at least six parts in seven below the real value: And whereas we have reason to apprehend, that the said Wood may at any time hereafter clandestinely coin as many more halfpence as he pleases: And whereas the said patent neither doth nor can oblige his majesty's subjects to receive the said halfpence in any payment, but leaves it to their voluntary choice; because by law the subject cannot be obliged to take any money, except gold or silver: And whereas, contrary to the letter and meaning of the said patent, the said Wood has declared that every person shall be obliged to take 5½*d.* of his coin in every payment: And whereas the house of commons and privy council have severally addressed his most sacred majesty, representing the ill consequences which the said coinage may have upon this kingdom: And lastly, whereas it is universally agreed that the whole nation to a man (except Mr. Wood and his confederates) are in the utmost apprehensions of the ruinous consequences that must follow from the said coinage: Therefore we whose names are underwritten, being persons of considerable estates in this kingdom, and residers therein, do unanimously resolve and declare that we will never receive one farthing or halfpenny of the said Wood's coining, and that we will direct all our tenants to refuse the said coin from any person whatsoever; of which, that they may not be ignorant, we have sent them a copy of this advertisement, to be read to them by our stewards, receivers," &c.

I could wish that a paper of this nature might be drawn up and signed by two or three hundred principal gentlemen of this kingdom, and printed copies thereof sent to their several tenants. I am deceived if anything could sooner defeat this execrable design of Wood and his accomplices. This would immediately give the alarm, and set the kingdom on their guard; this would give courage to the meanest tenant and cottager. "How long, O Lord, righteous and true," &c.

I must tell you in particular, Mr. Harding, that you are much to blame. Several hundred persons have inquired at your house for my "Letter to the Shopkeepers," &c., and you had none to sell them. Pray keep yourself provided with that letter, and with this: you have got very well by the former; but I did not then write for your sake, any more than I do now. Pray advertise both in every newspaper; and let it not be your fault or mine if our countrymen will not take warning. I desire you likewise to sell them as cheap as you can.

I am your servant, M. B.

The following Report, taken from the "*Hibernian Patriot*" (Dublin, 1730), will be found extremely interesting from the circumstance of its containing all the arguments brought forward by the government in favour of Wood's patent, in order to fix the charge of contumacy and disaffection upon the dean in exciting the people of Ireland.

The Report of the committee of the lords of his majesty's most honourable privy council, in relation to Mr. Wood's halfpence and farthings, &c.

At the council-chamber at Whitehall, the 24th day of July, 1724.

In obedience to your majesty's order of reference, upon the several resolutions and addresses of both houses of parliament of Ireland, during their late session, the late address of your majesty's justices and privy council of that kingdom, and the petitions of the county and city of Dublin, concerning a patent granted by your majesty to William Wood, esq., for the coining and uttering copper halfpence and farthings in the kingdom of Ireland to such persons as would voluntarily accept the same; and upon the petition of the said William Wood concerning the same coinage, the lords of the committee have taken into their consideration the said patent, addresses, petitions, and all matters and papers relating thereto, and have heard and examined all such persons as, upon due and sufficient notice, were desirous and willing to be heard upon the subject-matter under their consideration, and have agreed upon the following report, containing a true state of the whole matter, as it appeared before them, with their humble opinion, to be laid before

your majesty for your royal consideration and determination upon a matter of such importance.

The several addresses to your majesty from your subjects of Ireland contain in general terms the strongest representations of the great apprehensions they were under from the importing and uttering copper halfpence and farthings in Ireland, by virtue of the patent granted to Mr. Wood, which they conceived would prove highly prejudicial to your majesty's revenue, destructive of the trade and commerce of the kingdom, and of dangerous consequence to the properties of a subject. They represent that the patent had been obtained in a clandestine and unprecedented manner, and by notorious misrepresentations of the state of Ireland; that if the terms of the patent had been complied with, this coinage would have been of infinite loss to the kingdom, but that the patentee, under colour of the powers granted to him, had imported and endeavoured to utter great quantities of different impressions and of less weight than required by the patent, and had been guilty of notorious frauds and deceit in coining the said copper-money: And they humbly beseech your majesty that you would give such directions as in your great wisdom you should think proper to prevent the fatal effects of uttering any halfpence or farthings by virtue of the said patent: And the house of commons of Ireland, in a second address upon this subject, pray that your majesty would be pleased to give directions to the several officers intrusted in the receipt of your majesty's revenue, that they do not, on any pretence whatever, receive or utter any of the said copper halfpence or farthings.

In answer to the addresses of the houses of parliament of Ireland, your majesty was most graciously pleased to assure them "that if any abuses had been committed by the patentee, you would give the necessary orders for inquiring into and punishing those abuses; and that your majesty would do everything that was in your power for the satisfaction of your people."

In pursuance of this your majesty's most gracious declaration, your majesty was pleased to take this matter into your royal consideration; and, that you might be the better enabled effectually to answer the expectations of your people of Ireland, your majesty was pleased, by a letter from lord Carteret, one of your principal secretaries of state, dated March 10, 1723-4, to signify your pleasure to your lord-lieutenant of Ireland, "That he should give directions for sending over such papers and witnesses as should be thought proper to support the objections made against the patent, and against the patentee in the execution of the powers given him by the patent."

Upon the receipt of these your majesty's orders, the lord-lieutenant, by his letter of the 20th March, 1723-4, represented the great difficulty he found himself under to comply with these your majesty's orders; and, by another letter, of the 24th of March, 1723-4, "after consulting the principal members of both houses who were immediately in your majesty's service, and of the privy-council," acquainted your majesty, "that none of them would take upon them to advise how any material persons or papers might be sent over on this occasion; but they all seemed apprehensive of the ill-temper any miscarriage, in a trial upon *scire facias* brought against the patentee, might occasion in both houses, if the evidence were not laid as full before a jury as it was before them," and did therefore a second time decline sending over any persons, papers, or materials whatsoever, to support this charge brought against your majesty's patent and the patentee.

As this proceeding seemed very extraordinary, that, in a matter that had raised so great and universal a clamour in Ireland, no one person could be prevailed upon to come over from Ireland in support of the united sense of both houses of parliament of Ireland; that no papers, no materials, no evidence whatsoever of the mischiefs arising from this patent, or of the notorious frauds and deceit committed in the execution of it, could now be had, to give your majesty satisfaction herein; "your majesty, however, desirous to give your people of Ireland all possible satisfaction, but sensible that you cannot in any case proceed against any of the meanest of your subjects but according to the known rules and maxims of law and justice," repeated your orders to your lord-lieutenant of Ireland, that, by persuasion, and making proper allowances for their expenses, new endeavours might be used to procure and send over such witnesses as should be thought material to make good the charge against the patent.

In answer to these orders, the lord-lieutenant of Ireland acquaints your majesty, by his letter of the 23rd of April to one of your principal secretaries of state, "that, in order to obey your majesty's commands as far as possibly he could, at a meeting with my lord chancellor, the chief judges, your majesty's attorney and solicitor-general, he had earnestly desired their advice and assistance to enable him to send over such witnesses as might be necessary to support the charge against Mr. Wood's patent, and the execution of it. The result of this meeting was such that the lord-lieutenant could not reap the least advantage or assistance from it, every one being so guarded with caution against giving any advice or opinion in this matter of state, apprehending great danger to themselves from meddling in it."

The lords of the committee think it very strange that there should be such great difficulty in prevailing with persons who had already given their evidence before the parliament of Ireland to come over and give the same evidence here, and especially that the chief difficulty should arise from a general apprehension of a miscarriage in an inquiry before your majesty, or in a proceeding by due course of law, in a case where both houses of parliament had declared themselves so fully convinced and satisfied, upon evidence and examinations taken in the most solemn manner.

At the same time that your majesty sent your orders to the lord-lieutenant of Ireland to send over such evidences as were thought material to support the charge against the patent, that your majesty might, without any further loss of time than was absolutely necessary, be as fully informed as was possible, and that the abuses and frauds alleged to be committed by the patentee, in executing the power granted to him, might be fully and strictly inquired into and examined, your majesty was pleased to order that an assay should be made of the fineness, value, and weight of this copper money, and the goodness thereof, compared with the former coinages of copper money for Ireland, and the copper money coined in your majesty's mint in England; and it was accordingly referred to sir Isaac Newton, Edward Southwell, and John Scrope, esqrs., to make the said assay and trial.

By the reports made of this assay, which are hereunto annexed, it appears "that the pix of the copper moneys coined at Bristol by Mr. Wood for Ireland, containing the trial pieces, which was sealed and locked up at the time of coining, was opened at your majesty's mint at the Tower; that the comptroller's account of the quantities of halfpence and farthings coined, agreed with Mr. Wood's account, amounting to 59 tons, 3 hundred, 1 quarter, 11 pounds, and 4 ounces; that by the specimens of this coinage which had from time to time been taken from the several parcels coined, and sealed up in papers, and put into the pix, 60 halfpence weighed fourteen ounces troy, and 18 pennyweight, which is about a quarter of an ounce above one pound weight avoirdupois; and 30

farthings weighed 3½ oz. 46 gr. troy, which is also above the weight required by the patent. It also appears that both halfpence and farthings, when heated red-hot, spread thin under the hammer without cracking; that the copper of which Mr. Wood's coinage is made is of the same goodness and value with the copper of which the copper money is coined in your majesty's mint for England, and worth, in the market, about 13*d.* per pound weight avoirdupois; that a pound of copper wrought into bars or fillets, and made fit for coinage, before brought into the mint at the Tower of London, is worth 18*d.* per pound, and always cost as much, and is coined into 23 pence of copper money, by tale, for England. It likewise appears that the halfpence and farthings coined by Mr. Wood, when compared with the copper money coined for Ireland in the reigns of king Charles II., king James II., and king William and queen Mary, considerably exceeds them all in weight, very far exceeds them all in goodness, fineness, and value of the copper, none of them bearing the fire so well, not being malleable, wasting very much in the fire, and great part of them burning into a cinder of little or no value at all; specimens of all which, as likewise of Mr. Wood's copper money, upon trials and assays made by sir Isaac Newton, Mr. Southwell, and Mr. Scrope, were laid before this committee, for their information."

"The lords of the committee beg leave, upon this article of the complaint, that notorious frauds and deceits had been committed by the patentee in executing the powers granted him, to observe to your majesty that this is a fact expressly charged upon the patentee, and; if it had in any manner been proved, it might have enabled your majesty, by due course of law, to have given the satisfaction to your people of Ireland that has been so much insisted upon; but, as it is now above four months since your majesty was pleased to send over to Ireland for such evidence as might prove a fact alleged to be so notorious, and no evidence at all has been as yet transmitted, nor the least expectation given of any that may hereafter be obtained, and the trials and assays that have been taken of the halfpence and farthings coined by Mr. Wood proving so unquestionably the weight, goodness, and fineness of the copper money coined, rather exceeding the conditions of the patent than being any way defective, the lords of the committee cannot advise your majesty, by a writ of *scire facias*, or any other manner, to endeavour vacating the said patent, when there is no probability of success in such an undertaking.

As these trials and assays fully show that the patentee hath acted fairly according to the terms and conditions of his patent, so they evidently prove that the care and caution made use of in this patent, by proper conditions, checks, and comptrols, have effectually provided that the copper money coined for Ireland by virtue of this patent should far exceed the like coinages for Ireland in the reigns of your majesty's royal predecessors.

And that your majesty's royal predecessors have exercised this undoubted prerogative of granting to private persons the power and privilege of coining copper halfpence and farthings for the kingdom of Ireland was proved to this committee by several precedents of such patents granted to private persons by king Charles II. and king James II., none of which were equally beneficial to your kingdom of Ireland, nor so well guarded with proper covenants and conditions for the due execution of the powers thereby granted, although the power and validity of those patents, and a due compliance with them, was never in any one instance, till this time, disputed or controverted.

By these former patents, the sole power of coining copper money for Ireland was granted to the patentees for the term of 21 years, to be coined in such place as they should think convenient, and such quantities as they could conveniently issue within the term of 21 years, without any restriction of the quantity to be coined within the whole term, or any provision of a certain quantity, only to be coined annually to prevent the ill consequences of too great a quantity to be poured in at once, at the will and pleasure of the patentees; no provision was made for the goodness and fineness of the copper, no comptroller appointed to inspect the copper in bars and fillets, before coined, and take constant assays of the money when coined, and the power of issuing not limited to such as would voluntarily accept the same; but, by the patent granted to John Knox, the money coined by virtue of that patent is made and declared to be the current coin of the kingdom of Ireland, and a pound-weight of copper was allowed to be coined into 2*s.* 8*d.*, and whatever quantity should be coined, a rent of 16*l.* per annum only was reserved to the crown, and 700 tons of copper were computed to be coined within 21 years, without any complaint.

The term granted to Mr. Wood for coining copper money is for 14 years only, the quantity for the whole term limited to 360 tons; 100 tons only to be issued within one year, and 20 tons each year, for the 13 remaining years: a comptroller is appointed by the authority of the crown, to inspect, comptrol, and assay the copper, as well not coined as coined; the copper to be fine British copper, cast into bars or fillets, which, when heated red-hot, would spread thin under the hammer; a pound weight of copper to be coined into 2*s.* 6*d.*, and without any compulsion or currency enforced to be received by such only as would voluntarily and wilfully accept the same; a rent of 800*l.* *per annum* is reserved to your majesty, and 200*l.* *per annum* to your majesty's clerk comptroller, to be paid annually by the patentee, for the full term of the 14 years, which, for 13 years, when 20 tons of copper only are coined, is not inconsiderable; these great and essential differences in the several patents that have been granted for coining copper money for the kingdom of Ireland seemed sufficiently to justify the care and caution that was used in granting the letters-patent to Mr. Wood.

It has been further represented to your majesty that these letters-patent were obtained by Mr. Wood in a clandestine and unprecedented manner, and by gross misrepresentations of the state of the kingdom of Ireland. Upon inquiring into this fact, it appears, that the petition of Mr. Wood for obtaining this coinage was presented to your majesty at the time that several other petitions and supplications were made to your majesty, for the same purpose, by sundry persons well acquainted and conversant with the affairs of Ireland, setting forth the great want of small money and change in all the common and lower parts of traffic and business throughout the kingdom, and the terms of Mr. Wood's petition seeming to your majesty most reasonable, thereupon a draught of warrant directing a grant of such coinage to be made to Mr. Wood, was then referred to your majesty's then attorney and solicitor-general of England, to consider and report their opinion to your majesty: sir Isaac Newton, as the committee is informed, was consulted in all the steps of settling and adjusting the terms and conditions of the patent; and after mature deliberation, your majesty's warrant was signed, directing an indenture in such manner as is practised in your majesty's mint in the Tower of London, for the coining of gold and silver moneys, to pass the great seal of Great Britain, which was carried through all the usual forms and offices without haste or precipitation; that the committee cannot discover the least

pretence to say this patent was passed or obtained in a clandestine or unprecedented manner, unless it is to be understood, that your majesty's granting a liberty of coining copper money for Ireland, under the great seal of Great Britain, without referring the consideration thereof to the principal officers of Ireland, is the grievance and mischief complained of. Upon this head, it must be admitted that letters-patent under the great seal of Great Britain, for coining copper money for Ireland, are legal and obligatory, a just and reasonable exercise of your majesty's royal prerogative, and in no manner derogatory or invasive of any liberties or privileges of your subjects of Ireland. When any matter or thing is transacting that concerns or may affect your kingdom of Ireland, if your majesty has any doubts concerning the same, or sees just cause for considering your officers of Ireland, your majesty is frequently pleased to refer such considerations to your chief governors of Ireland; but the lords of the committee hope it will not be asserted that any legal orders or resolutions of your majesty can or ought to be called in question or invalidated, because the advice or consent of your chief governors of that kingdom was not previously had upon them. The precedents are many wherein cases of great importance to Ireland, and that immediately affected the interests of that kingdom, warrants, orders, and directions, by the authority of your majesty and your royal predecessors, have been issued under the royal sign manual, without any previous reference, or advice of your officers of Ireland, which have always had their due force, and have been punctually complied with and obeyed. And as it cannot be disputed but this patent might legally and properly pass under the great seal of Great Britain, so their lordships cannot find any precedents or references to the officers of Ireland, of what passed under the great seal of England; on the contrary, there are precedents of patents passed under the great seal of Ireland, where in all the previous steps the references were made to the officers of England.

By the misrepresentation of the state of Ireland, in order to obtain this patent, it is presumed is meant, that the information given to your majesty of the great want of small money, to make small payments, was groundless, and that there is no such want of small money. The lords of the committee inquired very particularly into this article, and Mr. Wood produced several witnesses that directly asserted the great want of small money for change, and the great damage that retailers and manufacturers suffered for the want of such copper money. Evidence was given that considerable manufacturers have been obliged to give tallies, or tokens in cards, to their workmen, for want of small money, signed upon the back, to be afterwards exchanged for larger money: That a premium was often given to obtain small money for necessary occasions: Several letters from Ireland to correspondents in England were read, complaining of the want of copper money, and expressing the great demand there was for this money.

The great want of small money was further proved by the common use of *raps*, a counterfeit coin, of such base metal that what passes for a halfpenny is not worth half a farthing; which raps appeared to have obtained a currency out of necessity, and for want of better small money to make change with; and by the best accounts, the lords of the committee have reason to believe that there can be no doubt that there is a real want of small money in Ireland, which seems to be so far admitted on all hands, that there does not appear to have been any misrepresentation of the state of Ireland in this respect.

In the second address from the house of commons to your majesty, they most humbly beseech your majesty that you will be graciously pleased to give directions to the several officers intrusted with the receipt of your majesty's revenue, that they do not, on any pretence whatsoever, receive or utter such halfpence or farthings; and Mr. Wood, in his petition to your majesty, complains that the officers of your majesty's revenue had already given such orders to all the inferior officers not to receive any of this coin.

Your majesty, by your patent under the great seal of Great Britain, wills, requires, and commands your lieutenant, deputy, or other chief governor or governors of your kingdom of Ireland, and all other officers and ministers of your majesty, your heirs and successors, in England, Ireland, or elsewhere, to be aiding and assisting to the said William Wood, his executors, &c., in the execution of all or any the powers, authorities, directions, matters, or things, to be executed by him or them, or for his or their benefit and advantage, by virtue and in pursuance of the said indentures, in all things as becometh," &c.--And if the officers of the revenue have, upon their own authority, given any orders, directions, significations, or intimations, to hinder or obstruct the receiving and uttering the copper money coined and imported pursuant to your majesty's letters-patent, this cannot but be looked upon as a very extraordinary proceeding.

In another paragraph of the patent your majesty has covenanted and granted unto the said William Wood, his executors, &c. "That upon performance of covenants on his and their parts, he and they shall peaceably and quietly have, hold, and enjoy all the powers, authorities, privileges, licences, profits, advantages, and all other matters and things thereby granted, without any let, suit, trouble, molestation, or denial of your majesty, your heirs or successors, or of or by any of your or their officers or ministers, or any person or persons," &c.—This being so expressly granted and covenanted by your majesty, and there appearing no failure, non-performance, or breach of covenants, on the part of the patentee, the lords of the committee cannot advise your majesty to give directions to the officers of the revenue not to receive or utter any of the said copper halfpence or farthings, as has been desired.

Mr. Wood, having been heard by his counsel, produced his several witnesses; all the papers and precedents which he thought material having been read and considered; and having, as he conceived, fully vindicated both the patent and the execution thereof: For his further justification, and to clear himself from the imputation of attempting to make to himself any unreasonable profit or advantage, and to enrich himself at the expense of the kingdom of Ireland, by endeavouring to impose upon them, and utter a greater quantity of copper money than the necessary occasions of the people shall require and can easily take off, delivered a proposal in writing, signed by himself, which is hereunto annexed; and Mr. Wood having, by the said letters-patent, "covenanted, granted, and promised to, and with your majesty, your heirs and successors, that he shall and will, from time to time, in the making of the said copper farthings and halfpence in England, and in transporting the same from time to time in Ireland, and in uttering, vending, disposing, and dispersing the same there, and in all his doings and accounts concerning the same, submit himself to the inspection, examination, order, and comptrol of your majesty and your commissioners of the treasury, or high-treasurer, for the time being;" the lords of the committee are of opinion that your majesty, upon this voluntary offer and proposal of Mr. Wood, may give proper orders and directions for the execution and due performance of such parts of the said proposal as shall be judged most for the interest and accommodation of your subjects of Ireland. In the mean time, it not appearing to their lordships that Mr. Wood has done or

committed any act or deed that may tend to invalidate or make void his letters-patent, or to forfeit the privileges and advantages thereby granted to him by your majesty, it is but just and reasonable that your majesty should immediately send orders to your commissioners of the revenue, and all other your officers in Ireland, to revoke all orders, directions, significations, or intimations whatsoever, that may have been given by them or any of them, to hinder or obstruct the receiving and uttering this copper money, and that the halfpence and farthings already coined by Mr. Wood, amounting to about 17,000*l.*, and such further quantity as shall make up the said 17,000*l.* to 40,000*l.*, "be suffered and permitted, without any let, suit, trouble, molestation, or denial of any of your majesty's officers or ministers whatsoever, to pass and be received as current money by such as shall be willing to receive the same." At the same time, it may be advisable for your majesty to give the proper orders that Mr. Wood shall not coin, import into Ireland, utter, or dispose of any more copper halfpence or farthings than to the amount of 40,000*l.*, according to his own proposal, without your majesty's special licence or authority, to be had for that purpose; and if your majesty shall be pleased to order that Mr. Wood's proposal, delivered to the lords of the committee, shall be transmitted to your majesty's chief governor, deputies, or other your ministers or officers in Ireland, it will give them a proper opportunity to consider whether, after the reduction of 360 tons of copper, being in value 100,800*l.*, to 142 tons 17 cwt. 16 pounds, being in value 40,000*l.* only, anything can be done for the further satisfaction of the people of Ireland.

LETTER THE THIRD.

Some observations on a paper called The Report of the Committee of the most Honourable the Privy-Council in England, relating to Wood's halfpence.

TO THE NOBILITY AND GENTRY OF THE KINGDOM OF IRELAND.

August 25th, 1724.

HAVING already written two letters to the people of my own level and condition, and having now very pressing occasion for writing a third, I thought I could not more properly address it than to your lordships and worships.

The occasion is this:—A printed paper was sent to me on the 18th instant, entitled "A Report[a] of the Committee of the Lords of his Majesty's Most Honourable Privy-Council in England, relating to Mr. Wood's Halfpence and Farthings." There is no mention made where the paper was printed, but I suppose it to have been in Dublin; and I have been told that the copy did not come over in the Gazette, but in the London Journal, or some other print of no authority or consequence. And, for anything that legally appears to the contrary, it may be a contrivance to fright us; or a project of some printer who has a mind to make a penny by publishing something upon a subject which now employs all our thoughts in this kingdom. Mr. Wood, in publishing this paper, would insinuate to the world as if the committee had a greater concern for his credit and private emolument than for the honour of the privy-council and both houses of parliament here, and for the quiet and welfare of this whole kingdom; for it seems intended as a vindication of Mr. Wood, not without several severe reflections on the houses of lords and commons of Ireland.

The whole is indeed written with the turn and air of a pamphlet; as if it were a dispute between William Wood on the one part, and the lords-justices, privy-council, and both houses of parliament, on the other; the design of it being to clear William Wood, and to charge the other side with casting rash and groundless aspersions upon him.

But if it be really what the title imports, Mr. Wood has treated the committee with great rudeness, by publishing an act of theirs in so unbecoming a manner, without their leave, and before it was communicated to the government and privy-council of Ireland, to whom the committee advised that it should be transmitted. But, with all deference be it spoken, I do not conceive that a report of a committee of the council in England is hitherto a law in either kingdom; and, until any point is determined to be a law, it remains disputable by every subject.

This, may it please your lordships and worships, may seem a strange way of discoursing in an illiterate shopkeeper. I have endeavoured (although without the help of books) to improve that small portion of reason God has been pleased to give me; and when reason plainly appears before me, I cannot turn away my head from it. Thus, for instance, if any lawyer should tell me that such a point were law, from which many gross palpable absurdities must follow, I would not, I could not, believe him. If sir Edward Coke should positively assert (which he nowhere does, but the direct contrary) "that a limited prince could, by his prerogative, oblige his subjects to take half an ounce of lead, stamped with his image, for twenty shillings in gold," I should swear he was deceived, or a deceiver; because a power like that would leave the whole lives and fortunes of the people entirely at the mercy of the monarch; yet this in effect is what Wood has advanced in some of his papers, and what suspicious people may possibly apprehend from some passages in that which is called the report.

That paper mentions such persons to have been examined, who were desirous and willing to be heard upon this subject. I am told they were four in all—Coleby, Brown, Mr. Finley the banker, and one more, whose name I know not. The first of these was tried for robbing the treasury in Ireland; and though he was acquitted for want of legal proof, yet every person in the court believed him to be guilty. The second was tried for a rape, and stands recorded in the votes of the house of commons for endeavouring, by perjury and subornation, to take away the life of John Bingham, esq.

But, since I have gone so far as to mention particular persons, it may be some satisfaction to know who is this Wood himself, that has the honour to have a whole kingdom at his mercy for almost two years together. I find that he is in the patent entitled *esquire*, although he were understood to be only a hardwareman, and so I have been bold to call him in my former letters: however, a *'squire* he is, not only by virtue of his patent, but by having been a collector in Shropshire: where, pretending to have been robbed, and suing the county, he was cast, and, for the infamy of the fact, lost his employment.

I have heard another story of this 'squire Wood,

[a] "The Report, though drawn up with great precision and clearness, made no impression. It was answered by Swift in the Drapier's Letters: his hardy assertions and false representations were implicitly believed; and the popular outcry was so violent, that the lords justices refused to issue the orders for the circulation of the coin. A general panic seized even the king's best friends who were apprehensive of popular commotions. People of all descriptions and parties flocked in crowds to the bankers to demand their money, and drew their notes with an express condition to be paid in gold or silver. The publishers of the most treasonable pamphlets escaped with impunity, provided Wood and his patent were introduced into the work. The grand juries could scarcely be induced to find any bill against such delinquents; no witnesses in the prosecution were safe in their persons; and no juries were inclined, or if inclined could venture, to find them guilty. Not content with refusing to bring in a bill of indictment against the printer of the Drapier's Letters, the next grand jury of Dublin, in a presentment drawn up by Swift, presented all persons as enemies to the government who should endeavour, by fraud or otherwise, to impose Wood's halfpence on the people."—Coxe, [illegible] 226.

from a very honourable lady, that one Hamilton told her. Hamilton was sent for, six years ago, by sir Isaac Newton, to try the coinage of four men, who then solicited a patent for coining halfpence for Ireland; their names were Wood, Coster, Eliston, and Parker. Parker made the fairest offer, and Wood the worst; for his coin were three halfpence in a pound weight less value than the other. By which it is plain with what intentions he solicited his patent; but not so plain how he obtained it.

It is alleged in the said paper, called the Report, "that, upon repeated orders from a secretary of state for sending over such papers and witnesses as should be thought proper to support the objections made against the patent by both houses of parliament, the lord-lieutenant represented the great difficulty he found himself in, to comply with these orders; that none of the principal members of both houses, who were in the king's service or council, would take upon them to advise how any material, person, or papers, might be sent over on this occasion," &c. And this is often repeated, and represented as a proceeding that seems very extraordinary; and that, in a matter which had raised so great a clamour in Ireland, no one person could be prevailed upon to come over from Ireland in support of the united sense of both houses of parliament in Ireland; especially, that the chief difficulty should arise from a general apprehension of a miscarriage, in an inquiry before his majesty, or in a proceeding by due course of law, in a case where both houses of parliament had declared themselves so fully convinced and satisfied upon evidence and examinations taken in the most solemn manner.

How shall I, a poor ignorant shopkeeper, utterly unskilled in law, be able to answer so weighty an objection? I will try what can be done by plain reason, unassisted by art, cunning, or eloquence.

In my humble opinion, the committee of council has already prejudged the whole case, by calling the united sense of both houses of parliament in Ireland "a universal clamour." Here the addresses of the lords and commons of Ireland, against a ruinous destructive project of an obscure single undertaker, is called "a clamour." I desire to know how such a style would be resented in England from a committee of council there to a parliament; and how many impeachments would follow upon it? But supposing the appellation to be proper, I never heard of a wise minister who despised the universal clamour of a people; and if that clamour can be quieted by disappointing the fraudulent practice of a single person, the purchase is not exorbitant.

But, in answer to this objection: First, it is manifest that if this coinage had been in Ireland, with such limitations as have been formerly specified in other patents, and granted to persons of this kingdom, or even of England, able to give sufficient security, few or no inconveniences could have happened. As to Mr. Knox's patent, mentioned in the report, security was given into the exchequer, that the patentee should upon all demands be obliged to receive his halfpence back, and pay gold or silver in exchange for them. And Mr. Moor (to whom I suppose that patent was made over) was, in 1694, forced to leave off coining before the end of that year, by the great crowds of people continually offering to return his coinage upon him. In 1698 he coined again, and was forced to give over for the same reason. This entirely alters the case; for there is no such condition in Wood's patent; which condition was worth a hundred times all other limitations whatsoever.

Put the case, that the two houses of lords and commons of England, and the privy-council there, should address his majesty to recall a patent from whence they apprehend the most ruinous consequences to the whole kingdom; and, to make it stronger if possible, that the whole nation, almost to a man, should thereupon discover "the most dismal apprehensions," as Mr. Wood styles them; would his majesty debate half an hour what he had to do? Would any minister dare to advise him against recalling such a patent? Or would the matter be referred to the privy-council, or to Westminster-hall; the two houses of parliament plaintiffs, and William Wood defendant? And is there even the smallest difference between the two cases?

Were not the people of Ireland born as free as those of England? How have they forfeited their freedom? Is not their parliament as fair a representative of the people as that of England? And has not their privy-council as great or a greater share in the administration of public affairs? Are not they subjects of the same king? Does not the same sun shine upon them? And have they not the same God for their protector? Am I a freeman in England, and do I become a slave in six hours by crossing the Channel? No wonder, then, if the boldest persons were cautious to interpose in a matter already determined by the whole voice of the nation, or to presume to represent the representatives of the kingdom, and were justly apprehensive of meeting such a treatment as they would deserve at the next session. It would seem very extraordinary if any inferior court in England should take a great matter out of the hands of the high court of parliament during a prorogation, and decide it against the opinion of both houses.

It happens, however, that although no persons were so bold as to go over as evidences to prove the truth of the objections made against this patent by the high court of parliament here, yet these objections stand good, notwithstanding the answers made by Mr. Wood and his counsel.

The Report says, "that upon an assay made of the fineness, weight, and value of this copper, it exceeded in every article." This is possible enough in the pieces upon which the assay was made; but Wood must have failed very much in point of dexterity if he had not taken care to provide a sufficient quanity of such halfpence as would bear the trial; which he was able to do, although they were taken out of several parcels; since it is now plain that the bias of favour has been wholly on his side.

But what need is there of disputing, when we have a positive demonstration of Wood's fraudulent practices in this point? I have seen a large quantity of these halfpence weighed by a very skilful person, which were of four different kinds, three of them considerably under weight. I have now before me an exact computation of the difference of weight between these four sorts; by which it appears, that the fourth sort, or the lightest, differs from the first to a degree, that, in the coinage of three hundred and sixty tons of copper, the patentee will be a gainer, only by that difference, of 21,491*l.*; and, in the whole, the public will be a loser of 82,168*l.* 16*s.*, even supposing the metal in point of goodness to answer Wood's contract, and the assay that has been made, which it infallibly does *not*. For this point has likewise been inquired into by very experienced men; who, upon several trials on many of these halfpence, have found them to be at least one-fourth part below the real value, not including the raps or counterfeits that he or his accomplices have already made of his own coin, and scattered about. Now, the coinage of 360 tons of copper, coined by the weight of the fourth or lightest sort of his halfpence, will amount to 122,188*l.* 16*s.*; and if we subtract a fourth part of the real value by the base mixture in the metal, we must add to the public loss one-fourth part to be subtracted from the intrinsic value of the copper: which in 360 tons amount to 10,080*l.*; and this, added to the former

sum of 82,168*l.* 16*s.*, will make in all 92,218*l.* loss the public; besides the raps or counterfeits that he ma at any time hereafter think fit to coin. Nor do I kno whether he reckons the dross exclusive or inclusiv with his 360 tons of copper, which, however, will mak a very considerable difference in the account.

You will here please to observe that the profit al lowed to Wood by the patent is twelvepence out o every pound of copper valued at one shilling and six pence; whereas fivepence only is allowed for coinag of a pound weight for the English halfpence; and thi difference is almost twenty-five *per cent.*, which i double to the highest exchange of money, even unde all the additional pressures and obstructions to trade tha this unhappy kingdom lies at present. This one cir cumstance, in the coinage of 360 tons of copper, make a difference of 27,720*l.*, between English and Irish half pence, even allowing those of Wood to be all of th heaviest sort.

It is likewise to be considered, that of every halfpenny in a pound weight exceeding the number directed by the patent, Wood will be a gainer, in the coinage of 360 tons of copper, of 1680*l.* profit more than the patent allows him; out of which he may afford to make hi comptrollers easy upon that article.

As to what is alleged, that these halfpence far exceed the like coinage for Ireland in the reigns of his majesty's predecessors, there cannot well be a more exceptionable way of arguing, although the fact were true; which, however, is altogether mistaken; not by any fault in the committee, but by the fraud and impositio of Wood, who certainly produced the worst patterns he could find; such as were coined in small numbers by permissions to private men, as butchers' halfpence, black dogs, and others the like; or perhaps the sma St. Patrick's coin, which passes now for a farthing, or at best some of the smallest raps of the latest kind. For I have now by me halfpence coined in the year 1680, by virtue of the patent granted to my lord Dartmouth, which was renewed to Knox, and they are heavier by a ninth part than those of Wood, and of much better metal; and the great St. Patrick's halfpence are yet larger than either.

But what is all this to the present debate? If, under the various exigencies of former times, by wars, rebellions, and insurrections, the kings of England were sometimes forced to pay their armies here with mixed or base money, God forbid that the necessities of turbulent times should be a precedent for times of peace, and order, and settlement.

In the patent above mentioned, granted to lord Dartmouth in the reign of king Charles II., and renewed to Knox, the securities given into the exchequer, obliging the patentee to receive his money back upon every demand, were an effectual remedy against all inconveniences: and the copper was coined in our kingdom; so that we were in no danger to purchase it with the loss of all our silver and gold carried over to another, nor to be at the trouble of going to England for the redressing of any abuse.

That the kings of England have exercised their prerogative of coining copper for Ireland and for England is not the present question: but, to speak in the style of the report, it would seem a little extraordinary, supposing a king should think fit to exercise his prerogative by coining copper in Ireland, to be current in England, without referring it to his officers in that kingdom, to be informed whether the grant were reasonable, and whether the people desired it or not, and without regard to the addresses of his parliament against it. God forbid that so mean a man as I should meddle with the king's prerogative; but I have heard very wise men say "that the king's prerogative is bounded and limited by the good and welfare of his people." I desire to know whether it be not understood and avowed that the good of Ireland was intended by this patent? But Ireland is not consulted at all in the matter; and as soon as Ireland is informed of it, they declare against it: the two houses of parliament and the privy-council address his majesty upon the mischiefs apprehended by such a patent; the privy-council in England take the matter out of the parliament's cognisance; the good of the kingdom is dropped; and it is now determined, that Mr. Wood shall have the power of ruining a whole nation for his private advantage.

I never can suppose that such patents as these were originally granted with a view of being a job for the interest of a particular person, to the damage of the public. Whatever profit must arise to the patentee was surely meant at best, but as a secondary motive; and since somebody must be a gainer, the choice of the person was made either by favour or something else, or by the pretence of merit and honesty. This argument returns so often and strongly into my head, that I cannot forbear frequently repeating it. Surely his majesty, when he consented to the passing of this patent, conceived he was doing an act of grace to his most loyal subjects of Ireland, without any regard to Mr. Wood further than as an instrument; but the people of Ireland think this patent (intended, no doubt, for their good) to be a most intolerable grievance; and therefore Mr. Wood can never succeed without an open avowal that his profit is preferred, not only before the interest, but the very safety and being of a great kingdom, and a kingdom distinguished for its loyalty perhaps above all others upon earth; not turned from its duty by the jurisdiction of the house of lords abolished at a stroke, by the hardships of the act of navigation newly enforced, by all possible obstructions in trade, and by a hundred other instances, enough to fill this paper; nor was there ever among us the least attempt toward an insurrection in favour of the pretender. Therefore, whatever justice a free people can claim, we have at least an equal title to it with our brethren in England; and whatever grace a good prince can bestow on the most loyal subjects, we have reason to expect it. Neither has this kingdom any way deserved to be sacrificed to one single, rapacious, obscure, ignominious projector.

Among other clauses mentioned in this patent, to show how advantageous it is to Ireland, there is one which seems to be of a singular nature: "That the patentee shall be obliged, during his term, to pay 800*l.* a-year to the crown and 200*l.* a-year to the comptroller." I have heard, indeed, that the king's council do always consider, in the passing of a patent, whether it will be of advantage to the crown; but I have likewise heard that it is at the same time considered whether passing of it may be injurious to any other persons or bodies politic. However, although the attorney and solicitor be servants to the king, and therefore bound to consult his majesty's interest, yet I am under some doubt whether 800*l.* a-year to the crown would be equivalent to the ruin of a kingdom. It would be far better for us to have paid 8000*l.* a-year into his majesty's coffers, in the midst of all our taxes (which, in proportion, are greater in this kingdom than ever they were in England, even during the war), than purchase such an addition to the revenue at the price of our utter undoing.

But here it is plain that 14,000*l.* are to be paid by Wood, only as a small circumstantial charge for the purchase of his patent. What were his other visible costs I know not, and what were his latent is variously conjectured; but he must be surely a man of some wonderful merit. Has he saved any other kingdom at his own expense, to give him a title of reimbursing himself by the destruction of ours? Has he discovered

the longitude or the universal medicine? No; but he has found the philosopher's stone after a new manner, by debasing copper, and resolving to force it upon us for gold.

When the two houses represented to his majesty that this patent to Wood was obtained in a clandestine manner, surely the committee could not think the parliament would insinuate that it had not passed in the common forms, and run through every office where fees and perquisites were due. They knew very well, that persons in places were no enemies to grants; and that the officers of the crown could not be kept in the dark. But the late lord-lieutenant [duke of Grafton] of Ireland affirmed it was a secret to him; and who will doubt his veracity, especially when he swore to a person of quality, from whom I had it, "that Ireland should never be troubled with these halfpence?" It was a secret to the people of Ireland, who were to be the only sufferers; and those who best knew the state of the kingdom, and were most able to advise in such an affair, were wholly strangers to it.

It is allowed by the report that this patent was passed without the knowledge of the chief governor or officers of Ireland; and it is there elaborately shown that former patents have passed in the same manner, and are good in law. I shall not dispute legality of patents, but am ready to suppose it in his majesty's power to grant a patent for stamping round bits of copper to every subject he has. Therefore, to lay aside the point of law, I would only put the question, Whether, in reason and justice, it would not have been proper, in an affair upon which the welfare of this kingdom depends, that the said kingdom should have received timely notice; and the matter not be carried on between the patentee and the officers of the crown, who were to be the only gainers by it?

The parliament, who, in matters of this nature, are the most able and faithful counsellors, did represent this grant to be destructive of trade and dangerous to the properties of the people; to which the only answer is, that the king has a prerogative to make such a grant.

It is asserted "that, in the patent to Knox, his halfpence are made and declared the current coin of the kingdom; whereas, in this to Wood, there is only a power given to issue them to such as will receive them." The authors of the report, I think, do not affirm that the king can, by law, declare anything to be current money by his letters-patent. I dare say they will not affirm it; and if Knox's patent contained in it power contrary to law, why is it mentioned as a precedent in his majesty's just and merciful reign? But, although that clause be not in Wood's patent, yet possibly there are others the legality whereof may be equally doubted; and particularly that whereby a power is given to William Wood to break into houses in search of any coin made in imitation of his. This may perhaps be affirmed to be illegal and dangerous to the liberty of the subject; yet this is a precedent taken from Knox's patent, where the same power is granted, and is a strong instance what uses may be sometimes made of precedents.

But although, before the passing of this patent, it was not thought necessary to consult any persons of this kingdom, or make the least inquiry, whether copper money were wanting among us; yet now at length, when the matter is over, when the patent has long passed, when Wood has already coined 17,000*l.*, and has his tools and implements prepared to coin six times as much more, the committee has been pleased to make this affair the subject of inquiry; Wood is permitted to produce his evidences, which consist, as I have already observed, of four in number, whereof Coleby, Brown, and Mr. Finley the banker, are three. And these were to prove that copper money was extremely wanted in Ireland. The first had been out of the kingdom almost twenty years, from the time that he was tried for robbing the treasury; and therefore his knowledge and credibility are equal. The second may be allowed a more knowing witness, because I think it is not above a year since the house of commons ordered the attorney-general to prosecute him for endeavouring to take away the life of John Bingham, esq., member of parliament, by perjury and subornation. He asserted that he was forced to tally with his labourers for want of small money, which has often been practised in England by sir Ambrose Crawley,[a] and others; but those who knew him better give a different reason, if there be any truth at all in the fact, that he was forced to tally with his labourers, not for want of halfpence, but of more substantial money: which is highly possible, because the race of suborners, forgers, perjurers, and ravishers, are usually people of no fortune, or of those who have run it out by their vices and profuseness. Mr. Finley, the third witness, honestly confessed that he was ignorant whether Ireland wanted copper or not; but his only intention was to buy a certain quantity from Wood at a large discount, and sell them as well as he could; by which he hoped to get two or three thousand pounds for himself.

But suppose there were not one single halfpenny of copper coin in this whole kingdom (which Mr. Wood seems to intend, unless we will come to his terms, as appears by employing his emissaries to buy up our old ones at a penny in the shilling more than they pass for), it could not be any real evil to us, although it might be some inconvenience. We have many sorts of small silver coins, to which they are strangers in England; such as the French threepences, fourpence-halfpennies, and eightpence-farthings, the Scotch fivepences and tenpences, beside their twenty-pences and three-and-fourpences, by which we are able to make change to a halfpenny of almost any piece of gold and silver; and if we are driven to the expedient of a sealed card, with the little gold and silver still remaining, it will, I suppose, be somewhat better than to have nothing left but Wood's adulterated copper, which he is neither obliged by his patent, nor HITHERTO able by his estate, to make good.

The Report further tells us, "It must be admitted, that letters-patent, under the great seal of Great Britain for coining copper money for Ireland, are legal and obligatory, a just and reasonable exercise of his majesty's royal prerogative, and in no manner derogatory or invasive of any liberty or privilege of his subjects of Ireland." First, we desire to know why his majesty's prerogative might not have been as well asserted by passing this patent in Ireland, and subjecting the several conditions of the contract to the inspection of those who are only concerned, as was formerly done in the only precedents for patents granted for coining in this kingdom, since the mixed money in queen Elizabeth's time, during the difficulties of a rebellion; whereas now, upon the greatest imposition that can possibly be practised, we must go to England with our complaints, where it has been for some time the fashion to think, and to affirm, that we cannot be too hardly used. Again, the report says "that such patents are obligatory." After long thinking, I am not able to find out what can possibly be meant here by this word *obligatory*. The patent of Wood neither obliges him to utter his coin, nor us to take it; or, if it did the latter, it would be so far void, because no patent can oblige the subject against law; unless an illegal patent passed in one kingdom can bind another and not itself.

Lastly, it is added, "That such patents are in no manner derogatory, or invasive of any liberty or privilege of the king's subjects of Ireland." If this propo-

[a] Who was proprietor of an extensive iron-manufactory.

sition be true, as it is here laid down, without any limitation either expressed or implied, it must follow, that a king of England may at any time coin copper money for Ireland, and oblige his subjects here to take a piece of copper under the value of half a farthing for half-a-crown, as was practised by the late king James; and even without that arbitrary prince's excuse, from the necessity and exigencies of his affairs. If this be in no manner derogatory nor invasive of any liberties or privileges of the subjects of Ireland, it ought to have been expressed what our liberties and privileges are, and whether we have any at all; for, in specifying the word *Ireland*, instead of saying "his majesty's subjects," it would seem to insinuate that we are not upon the same foot with our fellow-subjects in *England;* which, however the practice may have been, I hope will never be directly asserted; for I do not understand that Poyning's act deprived us of our liberty, but only changed the manner of passing laws here (which, however, was a power most indirectly obtained), by leaving the negative to the two houses of parliament. But, waving all controversies relating to the legislature, no person I believe was ever yet so bold as to affirm that the people of Ireland have not the same title to the benefits of the common law with the rest of his majesty's subjects; and therefore, whatever liberties or privileges the people of England enjoy by common law, we of Ireland have the same; so that, in my humble opinion, the word *Ireland*, standing in that proposition, was, in the mildest interpretation, a lapse of the pen.

The Report further asserts, "that the precedents are many wherein cases of great importance to Ireland, and which immediately affected the interests of that kingdom, such as warrants, orders, and directions by the authority of the king and his predecessors, have been issued under the royal sign manual, without any previous reference or advice of his majesty's officers of Ireland, which have always had their due force, and have been punctually complied with and obeyed." It may be so, and I am heartily sorry for it; because it may prove an eternal source of discontent. However, among all these precedents, there is not one of a patent for coining money for Ireland.

There is nothing has perplexed me more than this doctrine of precedents. If a job is to be done, and upon searching records you find it has been done before, there will not want a lawyer to justify the legality of it by producing his precedents, without ever considering the motives and circumstances that first introduced them; the necessity or turbulence or iniquity of times; the corruptions of ministers, or the arbitrary disposition of the prince then reigning. And I have been told by persons eminent in the law, "that the worst actions which human nature is capable of may be justified by the same doctrine." How the first precedents began of determining cases of the highest importance to Ireland, and immediately affecting its interests, without any previous reference or advice to the king's officers here, may soon be accounted for. Before this kingdom was entirely reduced by the submission of Tyrone in the last year of queen Elizabeth's reign, there was a period of four hundred years which was a various scene of war and peace between the English pale and the Irish natives; and the government of that part of this island which lay in the English hands was, in many things, under the immediate administration of the king; silver and copper were often coined here among us; and once at last, upon great necessity, a mixed or base metal was sent from England. The reign of king James I. was employed in settling the kingdom after Tyrone's rebellion; and this nation flourished extremely till the time of the massacre, 1641. In that difficult juncture of affairs the nobility and gentry coined their own plate here in Dublin.

By all that I can discover, the copper coin of Ireland, for three hundred years past, consisted of small pence and halfpence; which particular men had licence to coin, and were current only within certain towns and districts, according to the personal credit of the owner, who uttered them, and was bound to receive them again, whereof I have seen many sorts; neither have I heard of any patent granted for coining copper for Ireland till the reign of king Charles II., which was in the year 1680, to George Legge, lord Dartmouth; and renewed by king James II., in the first year of his reign (1685), to John Knox. Both patents were passed in Ireland; and in both, the patentees were bound to receive their coin again from any that would offer them twenty shillings of it, for which they were obliged to pay gold or silver.

The patents, both of lord Dartmouth and Knox, were referred to the attorney-general here, and a report made accordingly; and both, as I have already said, were passed in this kingdom. Knox had only a patent for the remainder of the term granted to lord Dartmouth, the patent expired in 1701, and upon a petition by Roger Moor to have it renewed, the matter was referred hither; and upon the report of the attorney and solicitor, that it was not for his majesty's service, or interest of the nation, to have it renewed, it was rejected by king William. It should therefore seem very extraordinary, that a patent for coining copper halfpence, intended and professed for the good of the kingdom, should be passed without once consulting that kingdom for the good of which it is declared to be intended; and this, upon the application of a poor, private, obscure mechanic; and a patent of such a nature, that as soon as ever the kingdom is informed of its being passed, they cry out unanimously against it, as ruinous and destructive. The representatives of the nation in parliament, and the privy-council, address the king to have it recalled; yet the patentee, such a one as I have described, shall prevail to have this patent approved; and his private interest shall weigh down the application of a whole kingdom. St. Paul says, "All things are lawful, but all things are not expedient." We are answered "that this patent is lawful:" but, is it expedient? We read that the high-priest said "it was expedient that one man should die for the people;" and this was a most wicked proposition: but that a whole nation should die for one man was never heard of before.

But, because much weight is laid on the precedents of other patents for coining copper for Ireland, I will set this matter in as clear a light as I can. Whoever has read the Report will be apt to think that a dozen precedents at least could be produced of copper coined for Ireland by virtue of patents passed in England, and that the coinage was there too; whereas I am confident there cannot be one precedent shown of a patent passed in England for coining copper for Ireland for above one hundred years past; and if there were any before, it must be in times of confusion. The only patents I could ever hear of are those already mentioned to lord Dartmouth and Knox; the former in 1680, and the latter in 1685. Now let us compare these patents with that granted to Wood. First, the patent to Knox, which was under the same conditions as that granted to lord Dartmouth, was passed in Ireland; the government, and the attorney and solicitor-general, making report that it would be useful to this kingdom.

The patent was passed with the advice of the king's council here; the patentee was obliged to receive his coin from those who thought themselves surcharged, and to give gold and silver for it. Lastly, the patentee was to pay only 16*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* per annum to the crown.

Then, as to the execution of that patent. First, I

find the halfpence were milled, which, as it is of great use to prevent counterfeits (and therefore industriously avoided by Wood), so it was an addition to the charge of coinage. And as for the weight and goodness of the metal, I have several halfpence now by me, many of which weigh a ninth part more than those coined by Wood, and bear the fire and hammer a great deal better, and, which is no trifle, the impression is fairer and deeper. I grant indeed that many of the latter coinage yield in weight to some of Wood's, by a fraud natural to such patentees; but not so immediately after the grant, and before the coin grew current; for this circumstance Mr. Wood must serve for a precedent in future times.

Let us now examine this new patent granted to William Wood. It passed upon very false suggestions of his own, and of a few confederates; it passed in England, without the least reference hither; it passed unknown to the very lord-lieutenant, then in England. Wood is empowered to coin 108,000*l.*, and all the officers in the kingdom (civil and military) are commanded in the Report to countenance and assist him. Knox had only power to utter what we would take, and was obliged to receive his coin back again at our demand, and to enter into security for so doing. Wood's halfpence are not milled, and therefore more easily counterfeited by himself, as well as by others. Wood pays 1000*l. per annum* for 14 years: Knox paid only 16*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* per annum for 21 years.

It was the Report that set me the example of making a comparison between those two patents, wherein the committee was grossly misled by the false representation of William Wood; as it was by another assertion "that 700 tons of copper were coined during the 21 years of lord Dartmouth's and Knox's patents." Such a quantity of copper, at the rate of 2*s.* 8*d.* per pound, would amount to about 190,000 pounds; which was very near as much as the current cash of the kingdom in those days; yet during that period Ireland was never known to have too much copper coin; and for several years there was no coining at all: besides, I am assured that, upon inquiring into the custom-house books, all the copper imported into this kingdom from 1683 to 1692, which includes eight years of the 21 (besides one year allowed for the troubles), did not exceed 17 tons. And we cannot suppose even that small quantity to have been wholly applied to coinage: so that I believe there was never any comparison more unluckily made, or so destructive of the design for which it was produced.

The Psalmist reckons it an effect of God's anger when "he selleth his people for nought, and taketh no money for them." That we have greatly offended God by the wickedness of our lives is not to be disputed; but our king we have not offended in word or deed: and although he be God's vicegerent on earth, he will not punish us for any offences, except those we shall commit against his legal authority, his sacred person (which God preserve!), or the laws of the land.

The Report is very profuse in arguments, "that Ireland is in great want of copper money." Who were the witnesses to prove it has been shown already; but, in the name of God, who are to be judges? Does not the nation best know its own wants? Both houses of parliament, the privy-council, and the whole body of the people, declare the contrary. Or, let the wants be what they will, we desire they may not be supplied by Mr. Wood: we know our own wants but too well: they are many, and grievous to be borne, but quite of another kind. Let England be satisfied: as things go, they will in a short time have all our gold and silver, and may keep their adulterate copper at home; for we are determined not to purchase it with our manufactures, which Wood has graciously offered to accept. Our wants are not so bad by a hundredth part as the method he has taken to supply them. He has already tried his faculty in New England; and I hope he will meet at least with an equal reception here; what that was, I leave to public intelligence. I am supposing a wild case; that if there should be any persons already receiving a monstrous pension out of this kingdom,* who were instrumental in procuring this patent, they have not either well consulted their own interests, or Wood must put more dross into his copper, and still diminish its weight.

Upon Wood's complaint, "that the officers of the king's revenue here had already given orders to all the inferior officers not to receive any of his coin," the Report says "that this cannot but be looked upon as a very extraordinary proceeding, and contrary to the powers given in the patent." The committee says, "they cannot advise his majesty to give directions to the officers of the revenue here not to receive or utter any of the said coin, as has been desired in the addresses of both houses; but, on the contrary, they think it both just and reasonable that the king should immediately give orders to the commissioners of the revenue, &c., to revoke all orders, &c., that may have been given by them, to hinder or obstruct the receiving of the said coin." And accordingly, we are told, such orders are arrived. Now this was a cast of Wood's politics; for this information was wholly false and groundless, which he knew very well: and that the commissioners of the revenue here were all, except one, sent us from England, and love their employments too well to have taken such a step: but Wood was wise enough to consider that such orders of revocation would be an open declaration of the crown in his favour, would put the government here under a difficulty, would make a noise, and possibly create some terror in the poor people of Ireland. And one great point he has gained, that, although any orders of revocation will be needless, yet a new order is to be sent (and perhaps is already here) to the commissioners of the revenue, and all the king's officers in Ireland, that Wood's halfpence be suffered and permitted, without any let, suit, trouble, molestation, or denial, of any of the king's officers or ministers whatsoever, to pass and be received as current money by such as shall be willing to receive them. In this order there is no exception; and therefore, as far as I can judge, it includes all officers, both civil and military, from the lord high chancellor to a justice of peace, and from the general to an ensign; so that Wood's project is not likely to fail for want of managers enough. For my own part, as things stand, I have but little regret to find myself out of the number; and therefore I shall continue in all humility to exhort and warn my fellow-subjects never to receive or utter this coin, which will reduce the kingdom to beggary by much quicker and larger steps than have hitherto been taken.

But it is needless to argue any longer. The matter is come to an issue. His majesty, pursuant to the law, has left the field open between Wood and the kingdom of Ireland. Wood has liberty to offer his coin; and we have law, reason, liberty, and necessity to refuse it. A knavish jockey may ride an old foundered jade about the market, but none are obliged to buy it. I hope the words "voluntary" and "willing to receive it" will be understood and applied in their true natural meaning, as commonly understood by protestants. For if a fierce captain comes to my shop to buy six yards of scarlet cloth, followed by a porter laden with a sack of Wood's coin upon his shoulders; if we are agreed about the price, and my scarlet lies ready cut

* Alluding to the duchess of Kendal, who was to share in Wood's gains.

upon the compter; if he then gives me the word of command to receive my money in Wood's coin, and calls me "a disaffected, Jacobite dog," for refusing it (although I am as loyal a subject as himself, and without hire), and thereupon seizes my cloth, leaving me the price in this odious copper, and bids me take my remedy; in this case I shall hardly be brought to think that I am left to my own will. I shall therefore on such occasions first order the porter aforesaid to go off with his pack, and then see the money in silver and gold in my possession, before I cut or measure my cloth. But if a common soldier drinks his pot first, and then offers payment in Wood's halfpence, the landlady may be under some difficulty; for if she complains to his captain or ensign, they are likewise officers included in this general order for encouraging these halfpence to pass as current money. If she goes to a justice of peace, he is also an officer to whom this general order is directed. I do therefore advise her to follow my practice, which I have already begun, and be paid for her goods before she parts with them. However, I should have been content, for some reasons, that the military gentlemen had been excepted by name; because I have heard it said, that their discipline is best confined within their own district.

His majesty, in the conclusion of his answer to the address of the house of lords against Wood's coin, is pleased to say, "that he will do everything in his power to the satisfaction of his people." It should seem, therefore, that the recalling of the patent is not to be understood as a thing in his power. But however, since the law does not oblige us to receive this coin, and consequently the patent leaves it to our voluntary choice, there is nothing remaining to preserve us from ruin but that the whole kingdom should continue in a firm, determinate resolution never to receive or utter this fatal coin. After which let the officers to whom these orders are directed (I would willingly except the military), come with their exhortations, their arguments, and their eloquence, to persuade us to find our interest in our undoing. Let Wood and his accomplices travel about the country with cart-loads of their ware, and see who will take it off their hands: there will be no fear of his being robbed, for a highwayman would scorn to touch it.

I am only in pain how the commissioners of the revenue will proceed in this juncture; because I am told they are obliged by an act of parliament to take nothing but gold and silver in payment for his majesty's customs; and I think they cannot justly offer this coinage of Mr. Wood to others unless they will be content to receive it themselves.

The sum of the whole is this. The Committee advises the king to send immediate orders to all his officers here, that Wood's coin be suffered and permitted, without any let, suit, trouble, &c., to pass and be received as current money by such as shall be willing to receive the same. It is probable that the first willing receivers may be those who must receive it whether they will or not, at least under the penalty of losing an office. But the landed independing men, the merchants, the shopkeepers, and bulk of the people, I hope and am almost confident will never receive it. What must the consequence be? The owners will sell it for as much as they can get. Wood's halfpence will come to be offered for six a penny (yet then he will be a sufficient gainer), and the necessary receivers will be losers of two-thirds in their salaries or pay.

This puts me in mind of a passage I was told many years ago in England. At a quarter-session in Leicester, the justices had wisely decreed to take off a halfpenny in a quart from the price of ale. One of them who came in after the thing was determined, being informed of what had passed, said thus: "Gentlemen, you have made an order that ale should be sold in our country for three halfpence a quart; I desire you will now make another, to appoint who must drink it, for by G—, I will not."

I must beg leave to caution your lordships and worships in one particular. Wood has graciously promised to load us at present only with 40,000*l.* of his coin till the exigencies of the kingdom require the rest. I entreat you will never suffer Mr. Wood to be a judge of your exigencies. While there is one piece of silver or gold left in the kingdom, he will call it an exigency. He will double his present *quantum* by stealth as soon as he can; he will pour his own raps and counterfeits upon us; France and Holland will do the same; nor will our own coiners at home be behind them: to confirm which, I have now in my pocket a rap or counterfeit halfpenny, in imitation of his, but so ill performed that in my conscience I believe it is not of his coining.

I must now desire your lordships and worships, that you will give great allowance for this long undigested paper. I find myself to have gone into several repetitions, which were the effects of haste, while new thoughts fell in to add something to what I had said before. I think I may affirm that I have fully answered every paragraph in the report; which, although it be not unartfully drawn, and is perfectly in the spirit of a pleader who can find the most plausible topics in behalf of his client, yet there was no great skill required to detect the many mistakes contained in it; which however are by no means to be charged upon the right honourable committee, but upon the most false, impudent, and fraudulent representations of Wood and his accomplices. I desire one particular may dwell upon your minds, although I have mentioned it more than once; that after all the weight laid upon precedents, there is not one produced in the whole report of a patent for coining copper in England to pass in Ireland; and only two patents referred to (for indeed there were no more), which were both passed in Ireland, by references to the king's council here; both less advantageous to the coiner than this of Wood; and in both securities given to receive the coin at every call, and give gold and silver in lieu of it. This demonstrates the most flagrant falsehood and impudence of Wood, by which he would endeavour to make the right honourable committee his instruments (for his own illegal and exorbitant gain) to ruin a kingdom which has deserved quite different treatment.

I am very sensible that such a work as I have undertaken might have worthily employed a much better pen; but when a house is attempted to be robbed, it often happens the weakest in the family runs first to stop the door. All the assistance I had were some informations from an eminent person; whereof I am afraid I have spoiled a few, by endeavouring to make them of a piece with my own productions, and the rest I was not able to manage: I was in the case of David, who could not move in the armour of Saul, and therefore I rather chose to attack this uncircumcised Philistine (Wood I mean) with a sling and a stone. And I may say, for Wood's honour as well as my own, that he resembles Goliath in many circumstances very applicable to the present purpose; for Goliath had "a helmet of brass upon his head, and he was armed with a coat of mail; and the weight of the coat was five thousand shekels of brass; and he had greaves of brass upon his legs, and a target of brass between his shoulders." In short, he was like Mr. Wood, all over brass, and he defied the armies of the living God. Goliath's conditions of combat were likewise the same with those of Wood: "if he prevail against us, then shall we be his servants." But if it happens that I prevail over him, I renounce the other part of the condition; "he shall never be a servant of

mine; for I do not think him fit to be trusted in any honest man's shop."

I will conclude with my humble desire and request which I made in my second letter, that your lordships and worships would please to order a declaration to be drawn up, expressing in the strongest terms your resolution never to receive or utter any of Wood's halfpence or farthings, and forbidding your tenants to receive them: that the said declaration may be signed by as many persons as possible* who have estates in this kingdom, and be sent down to your several tenants aforesaid.

And if the dread of Wood's halfpence should continue until next quarter-sessions, which I hope it will not, the gentlemen of every county will then have a fair opportunity of declaring against them with unanimity and zeal.

I am, with the greatest respect,
(May it please your lordships and worships,)
Your most dutiful and obedient servant, M.B.

LETTER THE FOURTH.

TO THE WHOLE PEOPLE OF IRELAND.

[In this Letter the government of Ireland discovered matter for prosecution.]

MY DEAR COUNTRYMEN, Oct. 23, 1724.

HAVING already written three letters upon so disagreeable a subject as Mr. Wood and his halfpence, I conceived my task was at an end; but I find that cordials must be frequently applied to weak constitutions, political as well as natural. A people long used to hardships lose by degrees the very notions of liberty. They look upon themselves as creatures at mercy, and that all impositions laid on them by a stronger hand are, in the phrase of the Report, legal and obligatory. Hence proceed that poverty and lowness of spirit to which a kingdom may be subject, as well as a particular person. And when Esau came fainting from the field at the point to die, it is no wonder that he sold his birthright for a mess of pottage.

I thought I had sufficiently shown to all who could want instruction by what methods they might safely proceed, whenever this coin should be offered to them; and I believe there has not been for many ages an example of any kingdom so firmly united in a point of great importance, as this of ours is at present against that detestable fraud. But however it so happens that some weak people begin to be alarmed anew by rumours industriously spread. Wood prescribes to the newsmongers in London what they are to write. In one of their papers, published here by some obscure printer, and certainly with a bad design, we are told "That the Papists in Ireland have entered into an association against his coin," although it be notoriously known that they never once offered to stir in the matter; so that the two houses of parliament, the privy-council, the great number of corporations, the lord mayor and aldermen of Dublin, the grand juries and principal gentlemen of several counties, are stigmatized in a lump under the name of "papists."

This impostor and his crew do likewise give out, that by refusing to receive his dross for sterling we "dispute the king's prerogative, are grown ripe for rebellion, and ready to shake off the dependency of Ireland upon the crown of England." To countenance which reports he has published a paragraph in another newspaper, to let us know that "the lord-lieutenant is ordered to come over immediately to settle his halfpence."

I entreat you, my dear countrymen, not to be under the least concern upon these and the like rumours, which are no more than the last howls of a dog dissected alive, as I hope he has sufficiently been. These calumnies are the only reserve that is left him. For surely our continued and (almost) unexampled loyalty will never be called in question, for not suffering ourselves to be robbed of all that we have by one obscure ironmonger.

As to disputing the king's prerogative, give me leave to explain to those who are ignorant what the meaning of that word *prerogative* is.

The kings of these realms enjoy several powers, wherein the laws have not interposed. So they can make war and peace without the consent of parliament—and this is a very great prerogative: but if the parliament does not approve of the war, the king must bear the charge of it out of his own purse—and this is a great check on the crown. So the king has a prerogative to coin money without consent of parliament; but he cannot compel the subject to take that money except it be sterling gold or silver, because herein he is limited by law. Some princes have, indeed, extended their prerogative further than the law allowed them; wherein, however, the lawyers of succeeding ages, as fond as they are of *precedents*, have never dared to *justify them*. But to say the truth, it is only of late times that prerogative has been fixed and ascertained; for whoever reads the history of England will find that some former kings, and those none of the worst, have upon several occasions ventured to control the laws, with very little ceremony or scruple, even later than the days of queen Elizabeth. In her reign that pernicious counsel of sending base money hither very narrowly failed of losing the kingdom—being complained of by the lord-deputy, the council, and the whole body of the English here; so that soon after her death it was recalled by her successor, and lawful money paid in exchange.

Having thus given you some notion of what is meant by "the king's prerogative," as far as a tradesman can be thought capable of explaining it, I will only add the opinion of the great lord Bacon: "That, as God governs the world by the settled laws of nature, which he has made, and never transcends those laws but upon high and important occasions, so among earthly princes those are the wisest and the best who govern by the known laws of the country, and seldomest make use of their prerogative."

Now here you may see that the vile accusation of Wood and his accomplices, charging us with disputing the king's prerogative by refusing his brass, can have no place—because compelling the subject to take any coin which is not sterling is no part of the king's prerogative, and I am very confident if it were so we should be the last of his people to dispute it; as well from that inviolable loyalty we have always paid to his majesty as from the treatment we might, in such a case, justly expect from some who seem to think we have neither common sense nor common senses. But God be thanked, the best of them are only our fellow-subjects and not our masters. One great merit I am sure we have, which those of English birth can have no pretence to—that our ancestors reduced this kingdom to the obedience of England; for which we have been rewarded with a worse climate,—the privilege of being governed by laws to which we do not consent,—a ruined trade,—a house of peers without jurisdiction,—almost an incapacity for all employments,—and the dread of Wood's halfpence.

But we are so far from disputing the king's prerogative in coining, that we own he has power to give a patent to any man for setting his royal image and superscription upon whatever materials he pleases, and liberty to the patentee to offer them in any country from England to Japan; only attended with one small limitation—that nobody alive is obliged to take them.

Upon these considerations, I was ever against all

* A declaration was signed soon after by the most considerable persons of the kingdom.

recourse to England for a remedy against the present impending evil; especially when I observed that the addresses of both houses, after long expectance, produced nothing but a REPORT, altogether in favour of Wood; upon which I made some observations in a former letter, and might at least have made as many more, for it is a paper of as singular a nature as I ever beheld.

But I mistake; for before this Report was made, his majesty's most gracious answer to the house of lords was sent over, and printed; wherein are these words, granting the patent for coining halfpence and farthings, AGREEABLE TO THE PRACTICE OF HIS ROYAL PREDECESSORS, &c. That king Charles II. and king James II. (AND THEY ONLY) did grant patents for this purpose is indisputable, and I have shown it at large Their patents were passed under the great seal of Ireland, by references to Ireland; the copper to be coined in Ireland; the patentee was bound, on demand, to receive his coin back in Ireland and pay silver and gold in return. Wood's patent was made under the great seal of England; the brass coined in England not the least reference made to Ireland; the sum immense, and the patentee under no obligation to receive it again and give good money for it. This I only mention, because in my private thoughts I have sometimes made a query whether the penner of those words in his majesty's most gracious answer, "agreeable to the practice of his royal predecessors," had maturely considered the several circumstances which, in my poor opinion, seem to make a difference.

Let me now say something concerning the other great cause of some people's fear, as Wood has taught London newswriter to express it, that his excellency the lord-lieutenant is coming over to settle Wood's halfpence.

We know very well, that the lords-lieutenants, for several years past, have not thought this kingdom worthy the honour of their residence longer than was absolutely necessary for the king's business, which consequently wanted no speed in the dispatch. And therefore it naturally fell into most men's thoughts that a new governor, coming at an unusual time, must portend some unusual business to be done; especially if the common report be true that the parliament, prorogued to I know not when, is by a new summons revoking that prorogation to assemble soon after the arrival; for which extraordinary proceeding the lawyers on the other side the water have by great good fortune found two precedents.

All this being granted, it can never enter into my head, that so little a creature as Wood could find credit enough with the king and his ministers, to have the lord-lieutenant of Ireland sent hither in a hurry upon his errand.

For let us take the whole matter nakedly as it lies before us, without the refinements of some people, with which we have nothing to do. Here is a patent granted under the great seal of England, upon false suggestions, to one William Wood, for coining copper halfpence for Ireland. The parliament here, upon apprehensions of the worst consequences from the said patent, address the king to have it recalled. This is refused; and a committee of the privy council report to his majesty that Wood has performed the conditions of his patent. He then is left to do the best he can with his halfpence, no man being obliged to receive them; the people here, being likewise left to themselves, unite as one man, resolving they will have nothing to do with his ware.

By this plain account of the fact it is manifest, that the king and his ministry are wholly out of the case, and the matter is left to be disputed between him and us. Will any man, therefore, attempt to persuade me that a lord-lieutenant is to be dispatched over in great haste before the ordinary time, and a parliament summoned by anticipating a prorogation, merely to put a hundred thousand pounds into the pocket of a sharper, by the ruin of a most loyal kingdom?'

But supposing all this to be true, by what arguments could a lord-lieutenant prevail on the same parliament, which addressed with so much zeal and earnestness against this evil, to pass it into a law? I am sure their opinion of Wood and his project is not mended since their last prorogation; and supposing those methods should be used which detractors tell us have been sometimes put in practice for gaining votes, it is well known that in this kingdom there are few employments to be given; and if there were more it is as well known to whose share they must fall.

But, because great numbers of you are altogether ignorant of the affairs of your country, I will tell you some reasons why there are so few employments to be disposed of in this kingdom.

All considerable offices for life are here possessed by those to whom the reversions were granted; and these have been generally followers of the chief governors, or persons who had interest in the court of England. So the lord Berkeley of Stratton holds that great office of master of the rolls; the lord Palmerstown is first remembrancer, worth near 2000*l.* per annum. One Dodington, secretary to the earl of Pembroke, begged the reversion of clerk of the pells, worth 2500*l.* a-year, which he now enjoys by the death of the lord Newtown. Mr. Southwell is secretary of state, and the earl of Burlington lord high treasurer of Ireland by inheritance. These are only a few among many others which I have been told of, but cannot remember. Nay, the reversion of several employments during pleasure is granted the same way. This, among many others, is a circumstance whereby the kingdom of Ireland is distinguished from all other nations upon earth, and makes it so difficult an affair to get into a civil employ that Mr. Addison was forced to purchase an old obscure place, called keeper of the records in Bermingham's tower, of 10*l.* a-year, and to get a salary of 400*l.* annexed to it, though all the records there are not worth half-a-crown either for curiosity or use. And we lately saw a favourite secretary[a] descend to be master of the revels, which by his credit and extortion he has made pretty considerable. I say nothing of the under-treasurership, worth about 9000*l.* a-year, nor of the commissioners of the revenue, four of whom generally live in England, for I think none of these are granted in reversion. But the jest is, that I have known upon occasion some of these absent officers as keen against the interest of Ireland as if they had never been indebted to her for a single groat.

I confess I have been sometimes tempted to wish that this project of Wood's might succeed; because I reflected with some pleasure what a jolly crew it would bring over among us of lords and squires and pensioners of both sexes, and officers civil and military, where we should live together as merry and sociable as beggars, only with this one abatement, that we should neither have meat to feed nor manufactures to clothe us, unless we could be content to prance about in coats of mail or eat brass as ostriches do iron.

I return from this digression to that which gave me the occasion of making it. And I believe you are now convinced that if the parliament of Ireland were as temptable as any other assembly within a mile of Christendom (which God forbid!), yet the managers must of necessity fail for want of tools to work with. But I will yet go one step further, by supposing that a hundred new employments were erected on purpose to gratify compliers; yet still an insuperable difficulty would remain. For it happens, I know not how, that money

[a] Mr. Hopkins, secretary to the duke of Grafton.

is neither Whig nor Tory—neither of town nor country party; and it is not improbable, that a gentleman would rather choose to live upon his own estate, which brings him gold and silver, than with the addition of an employment, when his rents and salary must both be paid in Wood's brass at above 80 per cent. discount.

For these and many other reasons I am confident you need not be under the least apprehension from the sudden expectation of the lord lieutenant,[a] while we continue in our present hearty disposition, to alter which no suitable temptation can possibly be offered. And if, as I have often asserted from the best authority, the law has not left a power in the crown to force any money, except sterling, upon the subject, much less can the crown devolve such a power upon another.

This I speak with the utmost respect to the person and dignity of his excellency the lord Carteret, whose character was lately given me by a gentleman that has known him from his first appearance in the world. That gentleman describes him as a young man of great accomplishments, excellent learning, regular in his life, and of much spirit and vivacity. He has since, as I have heard, been employed abroad; was principal secretary of state; and is now, about the thirty-seventh year of his age, appointed lord-lieutenant of Ireland. From such a governor this kingdom may reasonably hope for as much prosperity as, under so many discouragements, it can be capable of receiving.

It is true, indeed, that within the memory of man there have been governors of so much dexterity as to carry points of terrible consequence to this kingdom by their power with those who are in office; and by their arts in managing or deluding others with oaths, affability, and even with dinners. If Wood's brass had in those times been upon the anvil, it is obvious enough to conceive what methods would have been taken. Depending persons would have been told in plain terms, "that it was a service expected from them, under the pain of the public business being put into more complying hands." Others would be allured by promises. To the country gentlemen, beside good words, burgundy, and closeting, it might perhaps have been hinted, "how kindly it would be taken to comply with a royal patent, although it were not compulsory; that if any inconveniencies ensued, it might be made up with other graces or favours hereafter; that gentlemen ought to consider whether it were prudent or safe to disgust England." They would be desired to think of some good bills for encouraging of trade and setting the poor to work; some further acts against popery, and for uniting protestants." There would be solemn engagements, "that we should never be troubled with above 40,000*l.* in his coin, and all of the best and weightiest sort, for which we should only give our manufactures in exchange, and keep our gold and silver at home." Perhaps a seasonable report of some invasion would have been spread in the most proper juncture; which is a great smoother of rubs in public proceedings; and we should have been told "that this was no time to create differences when the kingdom was in danger."

These, I say, and the like methods would, in corrupt times, have been taken to let in this deluge of brass among us; and I am confident, even then would not have succeeded; much less under the administration of so excellent a person as the lord Carteret, and in a country where the people of all ranks, parties, and denominations, are convinced to a man, that the utter undoing of themselves and their posterity for ever will be dated from the admission of that execrable coin; that if it once enters, it can be no more confined to a small or moderate quantity than a plague can be confined to a few families; and that no equivalent can be given by any earthly power, any more than a dead carcase can be recovered to life by a cordial.

There is one comfortable circumstance in this universal opposition to Mr. Wood, that the people sent over hither from England, to fill up our vacancies, ecclesiastical, civil and military, are all on our side. Money, the great divider of the world, has, by a strange revolution, been a great uniter of a most divided people. Who would leave 100*l.* a-year in England (a country of freedom) to be paid 1000*l.* in Ireland out of Wood's exchequer? The gentleman they have lately made primate [Dr. Hugh Boulter] would never quit his seat in an English house of lords, and his preferments at Oxford and Bristol, worth 1200*l.* a-year, for four times the denomination here but not half the value; therefore, I expect to hear he will be as good an Irishman, at least upon this one article, as any of his brethren, or even of us who have had the misfortune to be born in this island. For those who in the common phrase do not come hither to learn the language would never change a better country for a worse, to receive brass instead of gold.

Another slander spread by Wood and his emissaries is, "that by opposing him we discover an inclination to throw off our dependence upon the crown of England." Pray observe how important a person is this same William Wood, and how the public weal of two kingdoms is involved in his private interest. First, all those who refuse to take his coin are Papists; for he tells us, "that none but Papists are associated against him." Secondly, "they dispute the king's prerogative." Thirdly, "they are ripe for rebellion." And, fourthly, "they are going to shake off their dependence upon the crown of England;" that is to say, they are going to choose another king; for there can be no other meaning in this expression, however some may pretend to strain it.

And this gives me an opportunity of explaining to those who are ignorant another point, which has often swelled in my breast. Those who come over hither to us from England, and some weak people among ourselves, whenever in discourse we make mention of liberty and property, shake their heads, and tell us that "Ireland is a depending kingdom;"[a] as if they would seem by this phrase to intend that the people of Ireland are in some state of slavery or dependence different from those of England; whereas a depending kingdom is a modern term of art, unknown, as I have heard, to all ancient civilians and writers upon government; and Ireland is, on the contrary, called in some statutes "an imperial crown," as held only from God; which is as high a style as any kingdom is capable of receiving. Therefore, by this expression, "a depending kingdom," there is no more to be understood than that, by a statute made here in the 33rd year of Henry VIII., the king and his successors are to be kings imperial of this realm, as united and knit to the imperial crown of England. I have looked over all the English and Irish statutes without finding any law that makes Ireland depend upon England, any more than England does upon Ireland. We have indeed obliged ourselves to have the same king with them; and consequently they are obliged to have the same king with us. For the law was made by our own parliament; and our ancestors then were not such fools (whatever they were in the preceding reign) to bring themselves under I know not what dependence, which is now talked of without any ground of law, reason, or common sense.

Let whoever thinks otherwise, I, M.B., drapier, desire to be excepted; for I declare, next under God, I depend only on the king my sovereign and on the laws of my own country. And I am so far from depending upon

[a] Lord Carteret, afterwards earl Granville, in some respects a favourite of the dean.

[a] This passage was one of those selected for prosecution by the government.

the people of England, that if they should ever rebel against my sovereign (which God forbid!) I would be ready, at the first command from his majesty, to take arms against them, as some of my countrymen did against theirs at Preston. And if such a rebellion should prove so successful as to fix the Pretender on the throne of England, I would venture to transgress that statute so far as to lose every drop of my blood to hinder him from being king of Ireland."[a]

It is true, indeed, that within the memory of man the parliaments of England have sometimes assumed the power of binding this kingdom by laws enacted there;[b] wherein they were at first openly opposed (as far as truth, reason, and justice, are capable of opposing) by the famous Mr. Molyneux,[c] an English gentleman born here, as well as by several of the greatest patriots and best Whigs in England; but the love and torrent of power prevailed. Indeed the arguments on both sides were invincible. For in reason, all government without the consent of the governed is the very definition of slavery; but in fact, eleven men well armed will certainly subdue one single man in his shirt. But I have done; for those who have used power to cramp liberty, have gone so far as to resent even the liberty of complaining; although a man upon the rack was never known to be refused the liberty of roaring as loud as he thought fit.

And as we are apt to sink too much under unreasonable fears, so we are too soon inclined to be raised by groundless hopes, according to the nature of all consumptive bodies like ours. Thus it has been given about for several days past that somebody in England empowered a second somebody to write to a third somebody here to assure us that we should no more be troubled with these halfpence. And this is reported to have been done by the same person[d] who is said to have sworn some months ago "that he would ram them down our throats," though I doubt they would stick in our stomachs; but whichever of these reports be true or false it is no concern of ours. For in this point we have nothing to do with English ministers, and I should be sorry to leave it in their power to redress this grievance or to enforce it, for the report of the committee has given me a surfeit. The remedy is wholly in your own hands, and therefore I have digressed a little in order to refresh and continue that spirit so seasonably raised among you, and to let you see that, by the laws of GOD, of NATURE, of NATIONS, and of your COUNTRY, you ARE and OUGHT to be as FREE a people as your brethren in England.

If the pamphlets published at London by Wood and his journeymen, in defence of his cause, were reprinted here, and our countrymen could be persuaded to read them, they would convince you of his wicked design more than all I shall ever be able to say. In short, I make him a perfect saint in comparison of what he appears to be from the writings of those whom he hires to justify his project. But he is so far master of the field (let others guess the reason) that no London printer dare publish any paper written in favour of Ireland; and here, nobody as yet has been so bold as to publish anything in favour of him.

There was a few days ago a pamphlet sent me of near fifty pages, written in favour of Mr. Wood and his coinage, printed in London; it is not worth answering because probably it will never be published here. But it gave me occasion to reflect upon an unhappiness we lie under, that the people of England are utterly ignorant of our case; which however is no wonder, since it is a point they do not in the least concern themselves about, further than, perhaps as a subject of discourse in a coffeehouse when they have nothing else to talk of. For I have reason to believe that no minister ever gave himself the trouble of reading any papers written in our defence, because I suppose their opinions are already determined, and are formed wholly upon the reports of Wood and his accomplices; else it would be impossible that any man could have the impudence to write such a pamphlet as I have mentioned.

Our neighbours, whose understandings are just upon a level with ours (which perhaps are none of the brightest), have a strong contempt for most nations, but especially for Ireland. They look upon us as a sort of savage Irish whom our ancestors conquered several hundred years ago. And if I should describe the Britons to you as they were in Cæsar's time, when they painted their bodies or clothed themselves with the skins of beasts, I should act full as reasonably as they do. However, they are so far to be excused in relation to the present subject, that hearing only one side of the cause, and having neither opportunity nor curiosity to examine the other, they believe a lie merely for their ease; and conclude, because Mr. Wood pretends to power, he has also reason on his side.

Therefore to let you see how this case is represented in England by Wood and his adherents, I have thought it proper to extract out of that pamphlet a few of those notorious falsehoods, in point of fact and reasoning, contained therein; the knowledge whereof will confirm my countrymen in their own right sentiments, when they will see, by comparing both, how much their enemies are in the wrong.

1st. The writer positively asserts, "that Wood's halfpence were current among us for several months, with the universal approbation of all people, without one single gainsayer; and we all to a man thought ourselves happy in having them."

2dly. He affirms, "that we were drawn into dislike of them only by some cunning, evil-designing men among us, who opposed this patent of Wood to get another for themselves."

3dly. "That those who most declared at first against Wood's patent were the very men who intend to get another for their own advantage."

4thly. "That our parliament and privy-council, the lord mayor and aldermen of Dublin, the grand juries and merchants, and in short the whole kingdom, nay the very dogs," as he expresses it, "were fond of those halfpence, till they were inflamed by those few designing persons aforesaid."

5thly. He says directly, "that all those who opposed the halfpence were papists, and enemies to king George."

Thus far, I am confident, the most ignorant among you can safely swear from your own knowledge that the author is a most notorious liar in every article; the direct contrary being so manifest to the whole kingdom that, if occasion required, might get it confirmed under 500,000 hands.

6thly. He would persuade us, "that if we sell 5s. worth of our goods or manufactures for 2s. 4d. worth of copper, although the copper were melted down, and that we could get 5s. in gold and silver for the said goods; yet to take the said 2s. 4d. in copper would be greatly for our advantage."

And, lastly, he makes us a very fair offer, as empowered by Wood, "that if we will take off two hundred thousand pounds in his halfpence for our goods, and likewise pay him three per cent. interest for thirty years for a hundred and twenty thousand pounds (at which he computes the coinage above the intrinsic value of the copper) for the loan of his coin, he will after that time give us good money for what halfpence will be then left."

Let me place this offer in as clear a light as I can, to

[a] This paragraph gave great offence.
[b] Particularly in the reign of William III.
[c] William Molyneux, a philosopher, a scholar, and patriot, the friend of Locke.
[d] Mr. Walpole, afterwards earl of Orford.

show the insupportable villany and impudence of that incorrigible wretch. "First," says he, "I will send two hundred thousand pounds of my coin into your country; the copper I compute to be, in real value, eighty thousand pounds, and I charge you with a hundred and twenty thousand pounds for the coinage; so that, you see, I lend you a hundred and twenty thousand pounds for thirty years; for which you shall pay me three per cent., that is to say, three thousand six hundred pounds per annum, which in thirty years will amount to a hundred and eight thousand pounds. And when these thirty years are expired, return me my copper, and I will give you good money for it."

This is the proposal made to us by Wood in that pamphlet, written by one of his commissioners: and the author is supposed to be the same infamous Coleby, one of his under-swearers at the committee of council, who was tried for robbing the treasury here, where he was an under-clerk.

By this proposal he will, first, receive two hundred thousand pounds in goods or sterling, for as much copper as he values at eighty thousand pounds, but in reality not worth thirty thousand pounds. Secondly, he will receive for interest a hundred and eight thousand pounds: and when our children come thirty years hence to return his halfpence upon his executors (for before that time he will be probably gone to his own place), those executors will very reasonably reject them as raps and counterfeits, which they will be, and millions of them of his own coinage.

Methinks I am fond of such a dealer as this, who mends every day upon our hands, like a Dutch reckoning; wherein if you dispute the unreasonableness and exorbitance of the bill, the landlord shall bring it up every time with new additions.

Although these, and the like pamphlets published by Wood in London, are altogether unknown here, where nobody could read them without as much indignation as contempt would allow, yet I thought it proper to give you a specimen how the man employs his time, where he rides alone without any creature to contradict him; while our FEW FRIENDS there wonder at our silence: and the English in general, if they think of this matter at all, impute our refusal to wilfulness or disaffection, just as Wood and his hirelings are pleased to represent.

But although our arguments are not suffered to be printed in England, yet the consequence will be of little moment. Let Wood endeavour to persuade the people there, that we ought to receive his coin; and let me convince our people here, that they ought to reject it, under pain of our utter undoing; and then let him do his best and his worst.

Before I conclude, I must beg leave in all humility to tell Mr. Wood, that he is guilty of great indiscretion, by causing so honourable a name as that of Mr. Walpole to be mentioned so often and in such a manner upon this occasion. A short paper printed at Bristol, and reprinted here, reports Mr. Wood to say, "that he wonders at the impudence and insolence of the Irish in refusing his coin, and what he will do when Mr. Walpole comes to town." Where, by the way, he is mistaken; for it is the true English people of Ireland who refuse it, although we take it for granted that the Irish will do so too whenever they are asked. In another printed paper of his contriving, it is roundly expressed, "that Mr. Walpole will cram his brass down our throats." Sometimes it is given out "that we must either take those halfpence or eat our brogues:" and in another Newsletter, but of yesterday, we read, "that the same great man has sworn to make us swallow his coin in fireballs."

This brings to my mind the known story of a Scotchman, who, receiving the sentence of death with all the circumstances of hanging, beheading, quartering, embowelling, and the like, cried out, "What need all this COOKERY?" And I think we have reason to ask the same question; for if we believe Wood, here is a dinner getting ready for us: and you see the bill of fare; and I am sorry the drink was forgot, which might easily be supplied with melted lead and flaming pitch.

What vile words are these to put into the mouth of a great counsellor, in high trust with his majesty and looked upon as a prime-minister! If Mr. Wood has no better a manner of representing his patrons, when I come to be a great man he shall never be suffered to attend at my levee. This is not the style of a great minister; it savours too much of the kettle and the furnace, and came entirely out of Wood's forge.

As for the threat of making us eat our brogues, we need not be in pain; for if his coin should pass, that unpolite covering for the feet would no longer be a national reproach; because then we should have neither shoe nor brogue left in the kingdom. But here the falsehood of Mr. Wood is fairly detected; for I am confident Mr. Walpole never heard of a brogue in his whole life.

As to "swallowing these halfpence in fire-balls," it is a story equally improbable. For to execute this operation, the whole stock of Mr. Wood's coin and metal must be melted down, and moulded into hollow balls with wild-fire, no bigger than a reasonable throat may be able to swallow. Now, the metal he has prepared, and already coined, will amount to at least fifty millions of halfpence, to be swallowed by a million and a half of people: so that, allowing two halfpence to each ball, there will be about seventeen balls of wild-fire a-piece to be swallowed by every person in the kingdom; and to administer this dose, there cannot be conveniently fewer than fifty thousand operators, allowing one operator to every thirty; which, considering the squeamishness of some stomachs, and the peevishness of young children, is but reasonable. Now, under correction of better judgments, I think the trouble and charge of such an experiment would exceed the profit; and therefore I take this report to be spurious, or at least only a new scheme of Mr. Wood himself; which, to make it pass the better in Ireland, he would father upon a minister of state.

But I will now demonstrate beyond all contradiction, that Mr. Walpole is against this project of Mr. Wood and is an entire friend to Ireland, only by this one invincible argument; that he has the universal opinion of being a wise man, an able minister, and in all his proceedings pursuing the true interest of the King his master; and that as his integrity is above all corruption, so is his fortune above all temptation. I reckon, therefore, we are perfectly safe from that corner, and shall never be under the necessity of contending with so formidable a power, but be left to possess our brogues and potatoes in peace, as remote from thunder as we are from Jupiter.[a]

I am, my dear countrymen, your loving fellow-subject, fellow-sufferer, and humble servant, M. B.

TOM PUNSIBI'S DREAM.

Presented in the year 1724-5.

"Ἃ γὰρ προσεῖδον νυκτὶ τῇδε φάσματα
Δισσῶν ὀνείρων, ταῦτά μοι ——————
Εἰ μὲν πέφηνεν ἐσθλὰ, δὸς τελεσφόρα·
Εἰδ' ἐχθρὰ, τοῖς ἐχθροῖσιν ἔμπαλιν μέθες.
Καὶ μή με πλούτου τοῦ παρόντος εἴ τινες
Δόλοισι βουλεύουσιν ἐκβαλεῖν, ἐφῇς.—Soph. Elec.

SINCE the heat of this business, which has of late so much and so justly concerned this kingdom, is at last in a great measure over, we may venture to abate something of our former zeal and vigour in handling it, and,

[a] "Procul a Jove, procul à fulmine."

looking upon it as an enemy almost overthrown, consul more our own amusement than its prejudice, in attacking it in light excursory skirmishes. Thus much thought fit to observe, lest the world should be apt to make an obvious pun upon me; when beginning to dream on this occasion, I presented it with the nocturnal ravings of an unguided imagination, on a subject of so great importance as the final welfare or ruin of a whole nation.

But so it was, that upon reading one of the Drapier's letters I fell asleep and had the following dream:—

The first object that struck me was a woman of exquisite beauty, and a most majestic air, seated on a throne, whom, by the figure of a lion beneath her feet and of Neptune who stood by her and paid her the most respectful homage, I easily knew to be the Genius of England. At some distance from her (though not at so great a one as seemed to be desired) I observed a matron clothed in robes so tattered and torn that they had not only very nigh lost their original air of royalty and magnificence, but even exposed her to the inclemency of the weather in several places, which, with many other afflictions, had so affected her, that her natural beauty was almost effaced, and her strength and spirits very nigh lost. She hung over a harp, with which, if she sometimes endeavoured to sooth her melancholy, she had still the misfortune to find it more or less out of tune; particularly when, as I perceived at last, it was strung with a sort of wire of so base composition that neither she nor I could make anything of it. I took particular notice that, when moved by a just sense of her wrongs, she could at any time raise her head, she fixed her eyes so stedfastly on her neighbour, sometimes with an humble and entreating, at others with a more bold and resentful regard, that I could not help (however improbable it should seem from her generous and august appearance) in a great measure to attribute her misfortunes to her; but this I shall submit to the judgment of the world.

I should now at last mention her name, were not these circumstances too unhappily singular to make that any way necessary.

As I was taken up with many melancholy reflections on this moving object, I was on a sudden interrupted by a little sort of an uproar, which, upon turning my eyes towards it, I found arose from a crowd of people behind her throne. The cause it seems was this:—

There was I perceived among them the god of merchandise, with his sandals mostly of brass, but not without a small proportion of gold and silver, and his wings chiefly of the two latter metals, but allayed with a little of the former. With those he used to trudge up and down to furnish them with necessaries; with these he'd take a flight to other countries, but not so dexterously or to so good purpose as in other places of his office, not so much for want of encouragement among them here, as on account of the haughty jealousy of their neighbours, who it seems dreading in them a rival took care to clip his wings and circumscribe his flights; the former more especially being by these and other means so much worn, he performed his office but lamely, which gave occasion to some who had their own private interest more at heart than that of the public, to patch up some of the places of his office with a metal of the same nature, indeed, but so slight and base, that though at first it might serve to carry him on their errands, it soon failed, and by degrees grew entirely useless; insomuch that he would rather be retarded than promoted in his business; and this occasioned the above disturbance among his dependents, who thereupon turned their eyes towards their mistress, for by this time she will, I presume, be better known by that than the more homely and sociable name of neighbour, and not daring of late to say or do anything without her approbation, made several humble applications to her, beseeching that she would continue them that liberty of refitting these implements themselves, which she had been formerly pleased graciously to allow them; but these, however reasonable, were all rejected, whereupon I observed a certain person (a mean ill-looking fellow), from among a great number of people that stood behind the genius of England, who during the whole affair had kept his eyes intently fixed on his neighbours, watching all their motions, like a hawk hovering over his quarry, and with just the same design; him, I say, I observed to turn off hastily, and make towards the throne, where being arrived, after some preparations requisite, he preferred a petition, setting forth the wants and necessities (but taking care to make 'em appear at least four times greater than they really were) of his neighbours, or as he might have more truly and honestly said, his own, both which, for the latter, though not expressed, he chiefly intended, but modestly or rather knavishly left to be understood, he begged the royal licence to redress, by supplying those defects which were the occasion of 'em. This humble suppliant, I observed, both before and after this petition, seemed to employ his utmost industry and art to insinuate himself into the good graces of two persons that stood on each side the throne;[a] the one on the right was a lady of large make and swarthy complexion; the other a man that seemed to be between fifty and sixty, who had an air of deep designing thought. These two he managed with a great deal of art; for the lady he employed all the little arts that win her sex; particularly I observed that he frequently took hold of her hand as in raptures to kiss it, in such a manner as made me suspect she did not always draw it back empty; for this he did so slily that it was not easy for anybody to be certain of it. The man, on the other hand, he plied his own way with politics, remonstrating to him the several things he had before the throne; which, however, as might be presumed from his manner of attending to them, seemed to make little impression; but when he came to lay before him the great advantages that might accrue from thence to their mistress, and consequently to him, he heard him with the utmost eagerness and satisfaction; at last, he kissed his hand in the same manner as he had the lady's, and so retired. By these and the like means, he soon brought over both parties to him, who with a whisper or two procured him the licence; whereupon he immediately fell to making up a metal, if it deserved the name, of a very strange composition, wherewith he purposed to refit the implements of that useful deity, but in such manner that, for the base metal he put into them, he would take care to draw away from them an infinitely more than proportionable quantity of gold and silver, and thereby render him almost incapable of taking flight to foreign countries; nay, at last perhaps utterly so, when, under pretence of their not being completed, he should filch in more of his metal and filch away more of theirs.

These things being therefore prepared, he sends 'em over to his neighbours, and there endeavoured to get them admitted by fair words and promises, being too sensible that they were not of themselves the most willing to accept of his favour; and indeed he was not deceived; for they, being advertised of his designs, had taken the alarm, and had almost to a man united in one common faction against him. This generous ardour had first taken hold of the most active and important part: and if I may be allowed thence to call it the heart of this body, from thence was, on one side, by a quick passage and in its more refined parts, communicated through the blood to the contemplative and reasoning, the head, which it inspired with noble

[a] The duchess of Kendal and sir Robert Walpole.

thoughts and resolutions; and on the other, to the inferior extremities, which were thereby rendered more expedite and readier to obey the dictates of the head in a rougher method of opposition. From each of which extremities, being carried back to its fountain, it was returned to them from thence; and so backwards and forwards till the circulation and union were confirmed and completed; the sordid, unnatural, offensive parts being in the meantime thrown off as dregs of nature and nuisances of human society; but of these in so well-tempered a constitution there must be but few: however, when there are any to be found, though they had been of the most exalted nature and bore most noble offices in this body, by any corruption become so, they shared the common fate, with this only difference, that they were rejected with greater scorn and contempt on account of their former dignity, as was found in one notorious instance. But on the other hand, among all the parts that were serviceable to the constitution on this occasion, there was not one more so than a certain one, whose name indeed is not openly known, but whose good offices and usefulness are too great ever to be forgotten; for it, by its nice diligence and skill, selected out things of the most noble and exquisite nature, by infusing and dispersing them to enliven and invigorate the whole body, which how effectually they did our bold projector sadly experienced; for, finding all his endeavours to pass his ware upon them disappointed, he withdrew. But his patron on the other side, being informed of what had passed, fell into a most terrible passion, and threatened they say I know not what, of making to swallow and ramming down throats. But while they were in deep conference together, methought all on a sudden a trap-door dropped and down fell our projector. This unexpected accident did on many accounts not a little alarm the throne, and gave it but too great occasion to reflect a little on what had been doing, as what a mean ordinary fellow it had intrusted with the care of an affair of such great consequence, that, though their neighbours' refusal might possibly have put him to such straits as might be the great occasion of this disgrace, yet that very refusal could not be universal and resolute without some reason, which could arise from nothing else but the unseasonableness or unworthiness of his offers, or both, and he consequently might deserve as much to suffer as they did; now for the better information, therefore, in these surmises, some of the neighbours might be consulted, who confirming them, things seemed to bear a good face and be in a very fair way of clearing up. When I awoke, I cannot say whether more pleased at the present posture of affairs, when I recollected how indifferent an one they had lately been in, or anxious when upon considering that they were not yet firm and settled; I was led to reflect in general on the uncertainty of events, and in particular on the small reason the persons in hand can have to promise themselves prosperous ones, especially when they are depending in that part of the world.

SEASONABLE ADVICE TO THE GRAND JURY,

CONCERNING THE BILL PREPARING AGAINST THE PRINTER OF THE DRAPIER'S FOURTH LETTER.

[This piece was published when the bill against Harding was to be brought before the grand jury.]

Nov. 11, 1724.

Since a bill is preparing for the grand jury to find against the printer of the Drapier's last letter, there are several things maturely to be considered by those gentlemen before they determine upon it.

First, they are to consider, that the author of the said pamphlet did write three other discourses on the same subject, which, instead of being censured, were universally approved by the whole nation, and were allowed to have raised and continued that spirit among us which has hitherto kept out Wood's coin; for all men will grant, that if those pamphlets had not been written, his coin must have overrun the nation some months ago.

Secondly, it is to be considered, that this pamphlet, against which a proclamation has been issued, is written by the same author; that nobody ever doubted the innocence and goodness of his design; that he appears, through the whole tenor of it, to be a loyal subject to his majesty and devoted to the house of Hanover, and declares himself in a manner peculiarly zealous against the Pretender. And if such a writer, in four several treatises on so nice a subject, where a royal patent is concerned and where it was necessary to speak of England and of liberty, should in one or two places happen to let fall an inadvertent expression, it would be hard to condemn him, after all the good he had done, especially when we consider that he could have no possible design in view either of honour or profit, but purely the GOOD of his COUNTRY.

Thirdly, it ought to be well considered, whether any one expression in the said pamphlet be really liable to a just exception, much less to be found "wicked, malicious, seditious, reflecting upon his majesty and his ministry," &c.

The two points in that pamphlet which it is said the prosecutors intend chiefly to fix on are, first, where the author mentions the penner of the king's answer. First, it is well known his majesty is not master of the English tongue; and therefore it is necessary that some other person should be employed to pen what he has to say or write in that language. Secondly, his majesty's answer is not in the first person, but in the third. It is not said, WE are concerned, or OUR royal predecessors; but HIS MAJESTY is concerned, and HIS royal predecessors. By which it is plain, these are properly not the words of his majesty, but supposed to be taken from him and transmitted hither by one of his ministers. Thirdly, it will be easily seen, that the author of the pamphlet delivers his sentiments upon this particular with the utmost caution and respect, as any impartial reader will observe.

The second paragraph, which it is said will be taken notice of as a motive to find the bill, is what the author says of Ireland's being a dependent kingdom: he explains all the dependence he knows of, which is a law made in Ireland, whereby it is enacted "that whoever is king of England shall be king of Ireland." Before this explanation be condemned and the bill found upon it, it would be proper that some lawyers should fully inform the jury what other law there is, either statute or common, for this dependency; and if there be no law, there is no transgression.

The fourth thing very maturely to be considered by the jury is, what influence their finding the bill may have upon the kingdom. The people in general find no fault in the Drapier's last book, any more than in the three former; and therefore, when they hear it is condemned by a grand jury of Dublin, they will conclude it is done in favour of Wood's coin; they will think we of this town have changed our minds and intend to take those halfpence, and therefore that it will be in vain for them to stand out: so that the question comes to this, which will be of the worst consequence? to let pass one or two expressions, at the worst only unwary, in a book written for the public service; or to leave a free, open passage for Wood's brass to overrun us, by which we shall be undone for ever.

The fifth thing to be considered is, that the members of the grand jury, being merchants and principal shop-

keepers, can have no suitable temptation offered them as a recompense for the mischief they will do and suffer by letting in this coin; nor can be at any loss or danger by rejecting the bill. They do not expect any employments in the state, to make up in their own private advantages the destruction of their country; whereas those who go about to advise, entice, or threaten them to find that bill, have great employments, which they have a mind to keep, or to get a greater; as it was likewise the case of all those who signed the proclamation to have the author prosecuted.* And therefore it is known, that his grace the lord archbishop of Dublin, so renowned for his piety and wisdom, and love of his country, absolutely refused to condemn the book or the author.

Lastly, it ought to be considered what consequence the finding of the bill may have upon a poor man perfectly innocent. I mean the printer. A lawyer may pick out expressions, and make them liable to exception, where no other man is able to find any. But how can it be supposed that an ignorant printer can be such a critic? He knew the author's design was honest, and approved by the whole kingdom: he advised with friends, who told him there was no harm in the book, and he could see none himself: it was sent him in an unknown hand; but the same in which he received the three former. He and his wife have offered to take their oaths that they knew not the author. And therefore, to find a bill that may bring punishment upon the innocent will appear very hard, to say no worse. For it will be impossible to find the author, unless he will please to discover himself; although I wonder he ever concealed his name; but I suppose what he did at first out of modesty, he continues to do out of prudence. God protect us and him!

I will conclude all with a fable ascribed to Demosthenes. He had served the people of Athens with great fidelity in the station of an orator, when, upon a certain occasion, apprehending to be delivered over to his enemies, he told the Athenians, his countrymen, the following story: Once upon a time the wolves desired a league with the sheep, upon this condition, that the cause of strife might be taken away, which was the shepherds and mastiffs: this being granted, the wolves, without all fear, made havoc of the sheep.*

Lord chief-justice Whitshed, after he had discharged the grand jury that refused to find the bill against Harding, the printer, received hints of the illegality of his proceedings. The following extract was distributed through the city of Dublin.

EXTRACT FROM A BOOK ENTITLED, "AN EXACT COLLECTION OF THE DEBATE OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS HELD AT WESTMINSTER, OCTOBER 21, 1680," p. 150.

"Resolutions of the House of Commons in England, November 13, 1680.

"SEVERAL persons being examined about the dismissing a grand jury in Middlesex, the house came to the following resolutions:—

"Resolved, that the discharging of a grand jury by any judge, before the end of the term, assizes, or sessions, while matters are under their consideration, and not presented, is arbitrary, illegal, destructive to public justice, a manifest violation of his oath, and is a means to subvert the fundamental laws of this kingdom.

"Resolved, that a committee be appointed to examine the proceedings of the judges in Westminster-hall; and report the same, with their opinion herein, to this house."

* Copies of this paper were distributed to every person of the grand jury the evening before the bill was to be exhibited; who, probably for the reasons contained in it, refused to find the bill, upon which the lord chief-justice Whitshed, who had presided at a former prosecution of the dean's printer, discharged them in a rage. The following extract was soon after published to show the illegality of this proceeding; and the next grand jury that was empanneled made the subsequent presentment against all the abettors of Wood's project. See the letter to lord Molesworth.

A LETTER FROM A FRIEND TO THE RIGHT HON. THE LORD CHIEF-JUSTICE WHITSHED.

Cæteri, quanto quis servitio promptior, opibus et honoribus extollerentur: Invalido legum auxilio, quæ vi, ambitu, postremo pecunia turbabantur.—*Tacit. An.*

MY LORD, December 1, 1724.

I FEAR your lordship, in your wonted zeal for the interest of your country, will think this paper very unseasonable; but I am very confident not more than one man of this kingdom will be of your lordship's judgment.

In matters of law, your opinion has, from our first acquaintance, entirely guided me, and the things you have assured me I might depend upon as law have few of them escaped my memory, though I have had but little conversation with you since you first appeared in parliament, and moved the house to resolve, that it is the indispensable duty of the judges of this kingdom to go through their circuits; nor have I had any since you fell sick, and was made solicitor-general.

I have often heard your lordship affirm, and therefore I do affirm it, that the great ends for which grand juries were instituted, were the support of the government, the safety of every man's life and fortune; it being necessary some should be trusted to inquire after all disturbers of the peace, that they might be prosecuted and brought to condign punishment; and it is no less needful for every man's quiet and safety, that the trust of such inquisitions should be put into the hands of persons of understanding and integrity, that will suffer no man to be falsely accused or defamed; nor the lives of any to be put in jeopardy, by the malicious conspiracies of great or small, or the perjuries of any profligate wretches.

So material a part of our constitution are grand juries, so much does the security of every subject depend upon them, that though anciently the sheriff was, by express law, chosen annually by the people of the county, and trusted with the power of the county, yet the law left not the election of grand juries to the will of the sheriff, but has described their qualifications, which if they have, and the sheriff return them, no man, nay no judge, can object to their being sworn, much less may they to their serving when sworn; and to prevent the discretionary power (a new-fashioned term) of these judges over juries, you used to say was made the statute of the 11th of Henry IV.

Pardon me, my lord, if I venture to affirm, that a dissolving power is a breach of that law, or at least an evasion, as every citizen in Dublin, in sir Constantine Phips' time, perfectly understood, that disapproving the aldermen lawfully returned to the privy-council, was in effect assuming the power of choosing and returning. But your lordship and I know dissolving and disapproving are different terms.

I always understood from your lordship the trust and power of grand juries is, or ought to be, accounted amongst the greatest, and of most concern, next to the legislative; the honour, reputations, fortunes, and lives of every man being subject to their censure. The kings of England have an undoubted power of dissolving parliaments; but dissolving till one was returned to their or their ministers' liking has never been thought very righteous, and, Heaven be praised, never very successful.

I am entirely of your lordship's opinion, the oath of a grand juryman is not always sufficiently considered by the jurors, which is as follows:—

"You shall diligently inquire, and true presentment make of all such articles, matters, and things, as shall

be given you in charge; and of all other matters and things as shall come to your own knowledge, touching this present service. The king's counsel, your fellows', and your own, you shall keep secret," &c. And from some other men's behaviour, I fear oaths are not always as sacredly observed as they ought to be: "the king's counsel, your fellows', and your own, you shall keep secret." Though our grandmothers, my lord, might have thought there was a dispensing power in the pope, you and I profess no power upon earth can dispense with this oath; so that to force a man to discover the counsel he is sworn to keep, is to force him into direct perjury.

Suppose, upon information taken before your lordship of a rape committed, a bill of indictment were sent to a grand jury, and the grand jury return *ignoramus* on it, application is made to the court to recommend it to them to reconsider it, and they return as before *ignoramus*. Suppose a judge, with more than decent passion, should ask them their reasons (which is their counsel) for so doing, nay, should be so particular as to demand of them whether they thought the woman a whore, must not all the world conclude somebody had forgot the oath of a grand juryman? Yes sure, or his own, or worse. But suppose they should ask a juror a question might criminate himself? My lord, you know I put not bare possibilities, it is generally believed these things have been done within an oak of this town; and if I am rightly informed, the restraint a juror is under by his oath is so well understood, that a certain person desired the clerk of the crown to change the form of it by adding this exception,—"unless by leave or order of the court."

These things, my lord, would seem strange in Westminster-hall, and would be severely noted in St. Stephen's Chapel. The honour of the crown would be thought a very false, as well as weak, plea for such proceedings there, as indeed it is an infamous one everywhere; for 'tis a scandal upon a king, if he is represented in a court of justice as if he were partially concerned, or rather inclined to desire that a party should be found guilty, than that he should be declared innocent.

The king's interest and honour is more concerned in the protection of the innocent, than in the punishment of the guilty, as in all the immediate actions of his majesty we find that maxim pursued, a maxim can never run a prince into excesses. We do not only find those princes represented in history under odious characters who have basely betrayed the innocent, but such as, by their spies and informers, were too inquisitive after the guilty; whereas none was ever blamed for clemency, or for being too gentle interpreters of the law. Though Trajan was an excellent prince, endowed with all heroical virtues, yet the most eloquent writers, and his best friends, found nothing more to be praised in his government, than that, in his time, all men might think what they pleased, and every man speak what he thought. This I say, that if any amongst us, by violent measures, and a dictatorial behaviour, have raised jealousies in the minds of his majesty's faithful subjects, the blame may lie at their door.

I know it has been said for his majesty's service, grand juries may be forced to discover their counsels: but you will confess a king can do nothing against law, nor will any honest man judge that for his service which is not warranted by law. If a constant uninterrupted usage can give the force of law, then the grand jurymen are bound by law, as well as by their oaths, to keep their king's, their fellows', and their own counsel secret. Bracton and Britton, in their several generations, bear witness that it was then practised; and greater proof of it needs not be sought than the disputes that appear by the law-books to have been amongst the ancient lawyers, Whether it was treason or felony for a grand juryman to discover their counsels? The trust of grand juries was in those days thought so sacred, and their secrecy of so great concern to the kingdom, that whosoever should break their oaths, was by all thought worthy to die, only some would have them suffer as traitors, others as felons.

If a king's commands should come to the judges of a court of justice or to a jury, desiring them to vary from the direction of the law, (which it is criminal to say, and no man ought to be believed therein,) they are bound by their oaths not to regard them. The statute of 2nd of Edward III., 8th and 20th Edward III. 1., are express; and the substance of these and other statutes is inserted into the oaths taken by every judge; and if they be under the most solemn and sacred tie in the execution of justice, to hold for nothing the commands of the king under the great seal, then surely political views and schemes, the pleasure or displeasure of a minister, in the like case, ought to be less than nothing.

It is a strange doctrine that men must sacrifice the law to secure their properties. If the law is to be fashioned for every occasion, if grand jurymen, contrary to their oaths, must discover their fellows' and their own counsels, and betray the trust the law has reposed in them; if they must subject the reasons of their verdicts to the censure of the judges, whom the law did never design to trust with the liberty, property, or good name of their fellow-subjects,—no man can say he has any security for his life or fortune; and they who do not themselves, may, however, see their best friends and nearest relations suffer the utmost violences and oppressions.

Which leads me to say a few words of the petit jury, not forgetting Mr. Walters. I am assured by an eminent lawyer, that the power and office of a petit jury is judicial; that they only are the judges from whose sentence the indigent are to expect life or death. Upon their integrity and understanding the lives of all that are brought in judgment do ultimately depend; from their verdict there lies no appeal, by finding guilty or not guilty. They do complicately resolve both law and fact. As it hath been the law, so it hath always been the custom and practice of these juries (except as before) upon all general issues, pleaded in cases civil as well as criminal, to judge both of the law and fact. So it is said in the report of the lord chief-justice Vaughan in Bushell's case, that these juries determine the law in all matters, where issue is joined and tried, in the principal case, whether the issue be about trespass or debt, or decision in assizes, or a tort, or any such like; unless they should please to give a special verdict, with an implicit faith in the judgment of the court to which none can oblige them against their wills.

It is certain we may hope to see the trust of a grand juryman best discharged when gentlemen of the best fortunes and understandings attend that service; but it is as certain we must never expect to see such men or juries, if, for differing with a judge in opinion, when they only are the lawful judges, they are liable to be treated like villains, like perjurers, and enemies to their king and country; I say, my lord, such behaviour to juries will make all gentlemen avoid that duty, and instead of men of interest, of reputation, and abilities, our lives, our fortunes, and our reputations, must depend upon the basest and meanest of the people.

I know, it is commonly said, *boni judicis est ampliare jurisdictionem*. But I take that to be better advice, which was given by the lord-chancellor Bacon upon swearing a judge, That he would take care to contain the jurisdiction of the court within the ancient mere-stones, without removing the mark.

I intend to pay my respects to your lordship once

every month till the meeting of the parliament, when our betters may consider of these matters, and therefore will not trouble you with any more on this subject at present; but conclude, most heartily praying, that from depending upon the will of a judge, who may be corrupted or swayed by his own passions, interests, or the impulse of such as support him, and may advance him to greater honours, the God of mercy and of justice deliver this nation!

I am, my lord, your lordship's most obedient, humble servant, N. N.

A SECOND LETTER FROM A FRIEND TO THE RIGHT HON THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE WHITSHED.

Ubi semel recto deerratum est, in praeceps pervenitur—— a rectis in vitia, a vitiis in prava, a pravis in praecipitia.—*Vell. Pater.*

Self love is the love of oneself, and of everything else for one's own sake: it makes a man the idolater of himself, and the tyrant of others.—*Rochefoucault.*

MY LORD, January 4, 1724-5.

I THINK the best service men employed by his majesty can do for him and this country is to show such prudence and temper in their behaviour as may convince every man they are not intrusted with any power but what is necessary, and will always be exercised, for the advantage and security of his majesty's subjects.

For my own part, I hold it the duty of every man, though he has not the honour of serving his majesty in public employment, not only not to misrepresent the actions of his servants, but, in matters of small concern, to wink at their follies and mistakes. I know the jacobites and papists, our irreconcilable enemies, are too watchful to lay hold of every occasion to misrepresent his majesty, and turn the faults of ambitious and self-interested servants upon the best of kings.

I hear some men say, that in my last to your lordship, there appears more of the satirist than becomes a man engaged merely in the defence of liberty and justice; but I am satisfied, I can with charity affirm they are either such as have no knowledge of the several steps that have been taken to bring this poor country into ruin and disgrace, or they are of the number of those who have had a share in the actings and contrivances against it; for, my lord, he must rather be an insensible stoic than an angry cynic, who can survey the measures of some men without horror and indignation. To see men act as if they had never taken an oath of fidelity to their king, whose interest is inseparable from that of his people, but had sworn to support the ruinous projects of abandoned men (of whatever faction), must rouse the most lethargic if honest soul.

I, who have always professed myself a Whig, do confess it has mine.

I beg leave, in this place, to explain what I intended in my last by the words, "unless by leave or order of the court," lest, whilst I plead for justice, I should do an injury to your lordship.

I do declare I never heard that story of your lordship, and I hope no man did believe it of you. My intention was, by that hint, to remember you of judge U * * *, and a certain assizes held at Wicklow, as I believe your lordship understood it, and as I now desire all the world may.

Having learned from your lordship and other lawyers of undoubted abilities that no judge ought, by threats or circumvention, to make a grand-juryman discover the king's counsels, his fellows', or his own, I should not at present say anything in support of that position; but that I find a most ridiculous and false explanation seems to mislead some men in that point: say they, by the word counsel is understood such bills as are before the grand jury, and the evidence the prosecutors for the crown have to support the charge against the subject; lest, that being known, the party indictable may fly from justice, or he may procure false witnesses to discredit the evidence for the king, or he may, by bribes and other indirect measures, take off the witnesses for the crown.

I confess I take that to be the meaning of the word counsel, but I am certain that is not all that is meant by it; that is what must be understood when it is called the king's counsel, *id est*, the counsel or reasons for which the king, by his servants, his attorney-general, or coroner, has drawn and sent to the grand jury a charge against a subject.

But the counsel of a juror is a different thing; it is the evidence, the motives, and reasons, that induce him or his fellow-jurors to say *billa vera*, or *ignoramus*, and the opinion he or they happen to be of when the question is put by the foreman for finding or not finding: this counsel every man is sworn to keep secret, that so their opinion and advice may not be of prejudice to them hereafter; that as they are sworn to act without favour or affection, so may they also act without FEAR. Whereas, were it otherwise, the spirit of revenge is so universal, there are but few cases wherein a juror could act with safety to himself. Either the prosecuted, as where the bill is found, or the prosecutor, where it is returned *ignoramus*, may contrive to defame the jurors who differ from them in opinion, as I am told has happened to some very honest citizens who are represented to be jacobites since their opinions were known to be against * * *. And sometimes revenge or ambition may prompt men to carry it farther, as in the case of Mr. Wilmer, who, in king Charles II.'s time, was very severely handled for being one of the *ignoramus* jury. It is not necessary to say whom he disobliged by being so. But, if I remember right, his case was this:—

He was a merchant (and, as I said, an *ignoramus* juryman), had covenanted with a servant boy to serve him in the West Indies, and accordingly sent him beyond sea. Upon suggestion and affidavit, by which any person might have it, a writ *de homine replegiando* was granted against Mr. Wilmer; the sheriffs would have returned on the writ the agreement and the boy's consent, but the court, (in the case of this Wilmer,) Easter, 34, cha. ii. in B. R. ruled they must return *replegiari fecimus*, or *elongavit*, that is, they had replevied the boy, or that Wilmer had carried him away where they could not find him; in which last case, Mr. Wilmer, though an innocent person, must have gone to gaol until he brought the boy into court, or he must have been outlawed.—Shower's Rep. 2nd Part.

I do not say this, that I think the same thing will be practised again, or anything like it, though I know that very homely proverb, More ways of killing a dog than hanging him. But I instance it to show the counsels of every grand juryman should be kept secret, that he may act freely, and without apprehensions of resentment from the prosecuted or prosecutor.

My resolution, when I wrote to you last, was not to have said anything in this concerning the powers of dissolving or dispensing; but as I have been forced to say something of the dispensing, for the same reason I must of the dissolving, power—a power undoubtedly in effect including that of returning, which makes me wish two men of great interest in this kingdom, differing in every other thing, had not undertaken to defend it, or they had better reasons for it than I have yet heard.

'Tis said, "this power is in the court, as a right of resistance is in the people, as the people have a power superior to the prerogative of the prince, though no written or express law for it; so of necessity, though no statute directs it, and it may seem to overturn the greatest security men have for their liberties, yet the court has a power of dissolving grand juries, if they refuse to find or present as the court shall direct."

Pray let us consider how well this concludes.

The people may do anything in defence of their lives, their religion, and liberties, and consequently resistance is lawful; therefore an inferior court, a *bene placito* judge may. Monstrous absurdity!

Another, I am sorry I cannot say more modest, argument to support it is this:—

"Considering," say they, "grand juries, it is but reasonable a discretionary power of dissolving them should be lodged in the judges."

By the words "considering grand juries" I must understand considering their understanding, their fortunes, or their integrity; for from a want of one or more of those qualifications must arise the reason of such a discretionary power in the judges.

Though I shall not urge it as far as I could, I will venture to say the argument is at least as strong the other way—considering the judges.

First, as to their understandings, it must be confessed the benches are infinitely superior to the lower professors of the law; yet surely it cannot give offence to say the gentlemen of the several counties have understandings sufficient to discharge the duty of grand jurymen. If want of fortune be an objection to grand jurymen, *a pari ratione* it is an objection to some other men. Besides that the fact is not true; for in their circuits no judge goes into any county where he does not meet at least a dozen gentlemen returned upon every grand jury, every one of whom have better estates than he himself has, and these not during pleasure; which last consideration saves me the trouble of showing the weakness of the objection in the third qualification.

Ay. But it was a necessary expedient to keep out Wood's brass.

Are the properties of the commons of this kingdom better secured by the knight-errantry of that day? In the name of common sense, what are we to believe? Has the undaunted spirit, the tremendous voice of * * * frightened Wood and his accomplices from any further attempts? Or rather has not the ready compliance of * * * encouraged them to further trials? The officers and attendants of his court may tremble when he frowns; but who else regards it more than they do one of Wood's farthings?

"There is no comparison," says another, "between the affair of sir W. Scroggs and this of * * *. Sir W. discharged a grand jury because they were about to present the duke of York for being a papist, but * * * discharged the grand jury for not presenting a paper he recommended to them to present as scandalous (and in which I say he was a party reflected on)."

I agree there is a mighty difference, but whom does it make for?

A grand jury of a hundred (part of a county) takes upon them to present a no less considerable person than the king's brother and heir presumptive of the crown; the chief-justice thinks this a matter of too much moment for men of such degree to meddle in, but a matter more proper for the consideration of parliament. I would not be understood to condemn the jury; I think they acted as became honest Englishmen and lovers of their country; but I say if judges could in any case be allowed to proceed by rules of policy, surely here was a sufficient excuse. However the commons impeached him.

The determinations of ignorant or wicked judges, as they are precedents of little weight, so they are but of little danger, and therefore it will become the commons at all times to animadvert most carefully upon the actions of the most knowing men in that profession.

I say, my lord, at all times, because I hear former merit is pleaded to screen this action from any inquiry.

I am sensible much is due to the man who has always preferred the public interests to his private advantages, as * * * has done. When a man has signalized himself, when he has suffered for that principle, he deserves universal respect. Yet men should act agreeably to the motive of that respect, and not ruin the liberty of their country to show their gratitude; and so, my lord, where a men has the least pretence to that character, I think 'tis best to pass over small offences, but never such as will entail danger and dishonour upon us and our posterity.

The Romans, my lord, when a question was in the senate whether they should ransom fifteen thousand citizens who had merited much by their former victories, but losing one battle were taken prisoners, were determined by the advices of that noble Roman Attilius Regulus not to redeem them, as men unworthy their further care, though probably it was their misfortunes not their faults lost that day:—

—— Flagitio additis
Damnum: neque amissos colores
Lana refert medicata fuco:

He thought they were not worthy to be trusted again. To show them pity in his mind would betray the Romans to perpetual danger: Et exemplo trahenti

Perniciem veniens in ævum;
Si non periret immiserabilis
Captiva pubes.

I hear some precedents have been lately found out to justify that memorable action; but if precedents must control reason and justice, if a man may swear he will keep his counsels secret, and yet by precedents may be forced to divulge them, I would advise gentlemen very seriously to consider the danger we are in, and examine what precedents there are on each side of the question; for my part, I think the commons of England are not a worse precedent than the judges of England.

Besides, it must be remembered that precedents in some cases will not excuse a judge, even where they are according to the undoubted law of the land. As, for instance, suppose a man says what is true not knowing it to be true, though it be logically a truth as it is distinguished, yet it is morally false; and so suppose a judge gave judgment according to law, not knowing it to be so, as if he did not know the reason of it at that time, but bethought himself of a reason or precedent for it afterwards, though the judgment be legal and according to precedent, yet the pronouncing of it is unjust, and the judge shall be condemned in the opinions of all men; as happened to the lord chief-justice Popham, a person of great learning and parts, who upon the trial of sir Walter Raleigh, when sir Walter objected to reading or giving in evidence lord Cobham's affidavit taken in his absence without producing the lord face to face, the lord being then forthcoming, the chief-justice overruled the objection and was of opinion it should be given in evidence against sir Walter; and summing up the evidence to the jury, the chief-justice said, just then it came into his mind why the accuser should not come face to face to the prisoner, because, &c. Now if any judge has since found precedents, or has since picked up the opinion of lawyers, I fear he will come within the case I have put.

I foresee if ever this question happens to be debated you know where, gentlemen will be divided, some will be desirous to do their country justice, and free us from all future danger of this kind; others, upon motives not quite so laudable, will strive to screen; and with others private friendship will prevail. But I would recommend to your friends who really love their country to consider the several circumstances concurring in your lordship which probably may not in your successor. Let them suppose a person were to fill your place, from whose manifest ignorance in the law we may reasonably conclude his only merit is an inveteracy and

hatred to this country; I say, how could your best friends excuse themselves, if, in regard to your lordship, they should suffer such a precedent to be handed down to such a man unobserved or uncensured?

Invenit etiam æmulos infœlix nequitia. Ambitious men have not always been deterred by the unhappy fate of their predecessors. *Quid si floreat vigeatque?* But what lengths will they run if injustice and corruption shall ride triumphant?

Had somebody received a reprimand upon his knees in a proper place, for treating a printer's jury like men convicted of perjury, forcing them to find a special verdict, I dare to say he had not been quite so hardy as to have discharged the grand jury, or treated them in the manner he did because they had not an implicit faith in the court; nor had he dared not to receive a presentment made by the second grand jury against Wood's farthings upon pretence it was informed, which I mention because the worthy Drapier has mistaken the fact.

Some of your lordship's screens, I hear, advise you to show great humility and contrition for what is past, as the only means to appease the just indignation all sorts of men have conceived against you. Were I well secured you will not recommend this letter to the next grand jury to be presented, I could give you more seasonable advice; but, happen as it may, I will venture to give you a little.

Fawning and cajoling will have but little effect on those who have had the honour of your acquaintance these ten years past; for Caligula, who used to hide his head if he heard the thunder, would piss upon the statues of the gods when he thought the danger over.

A better expedient is this,—tell men the Drapier is a Tory and a Jacobite. That he writ the conduct of the allies. That he writ not his letter with a design to keep out Wood's halfpence, but to bring in the pretender; persuade them, if you can, the dispute is no longer about the power of judges over juries, nor how much the liberty of the subject is endangered by dissolving them at pleasure, but that it is now become mere Whig and Tory, a dispute between his majesty's friends and the Jacobites; and it were better to see a thousand grand juries discharged than the Tories carry a question, though in the right. *Hæc vulnera pro libertate publica excepi, hunc oculum pro vobis impendi.* Try this cant, pin a cloth over your eyes, look very dismal, and cry "I was turned out of employment when the Drapier was rewarded with a d * * * y." I say, my lord, if you can once bring matters thus to bear, I have not the least doubt you may escape without censure.

To your lordship's zeal and industry without doubt is owing that the papists and the Tories have not delivered this kingdom over to the pretender; so Cæsar conquered Pompey, that *Legum auctor et eversor*, and it was but just the liberty and laws of Rome should afterwards depend upon his will and pleasure. The Drapier in his letter to lord Molesworth has made a fair offer; secure his country from Wood's coinage, then condemn all he has writ and said as false and scandalous; when your lordship does as much, I must confess it will be somewhat difficult to discover the impostor.

Thus to keep my word with your lordship, I have, much against my inclinations, written this, which shall be my last upon the ungrateful subject. If I have leisure, and find a safe opportunity of giving it to the printer, my next shall explain what has long duped the true Whigs of this kingdom. I mean honesty in the worst of times.

Though your lordship object to my last, that what I wrote was taken out of lord Coke, lord Sommers, sir William Jones, or the writings of some other great men, yet I will venture to end this with the sentiments of Philip de Comines, upon some thorogoing courtiers.

"If a sixpenny tax is to be raised, they cry by all means it ought to be double. If the prince is offended with any man, they are directly for hanging him. In other instances they maintain the same character. Above all things, they advise their king to make himself terrible as they themselves are proud, fierce, and overbearing, in hopes to be dreaded by that means, as if authority and place were their inheritance."

I am, my lord, your lordship's most obedient and most humble servant, N. N.

THE PRESENTMENT OF THE GRAND JURY

OF THE COUNTY OF THE CITY OF DUBLIN.

[The discharge of the grand jury produced no change upon popular opinion.]

Whereas several great quantities of base metal coined, commonly called *Wood's halfpence*, have been brought into the port of Dublin and lodged in several houses of this city, with an intention to make them pass clandestinely among his majesty's subjects of this kingdom, notwithstanding the addresses of both houses of parliament and the privy-council, and the declarations of most of the corporations of this city against the said coin: And whereas his majesty has been graciously pleased to leave his loyal subjects of this kingdom at liberty to take or refuse the said halfpence:

We, the grand jury of the county of the city of Dublin, this Michaelmas term, 1724, having entirely at heart his majesty's interest and the welfare of our country, and being thoroughly sensible of the great discouragements which trade hath suffered by the apprehensions of the said coin, whereof we have already felt the dismal effects; and that the currency thereof will inevitably tend to the great diminution of his majesty's revenue, and the ruin of us and our posterity, do present all such persons as have attempted or shall endeavour by fraud, or otherwise, to impose the said halfpence upon us contrary to his majesty's most gracious intentions, as enemies to his majesty's government and to the safety, peace, and welfare of all his majesty's subjects of this kingdom; whose affections have been so eminently distinguished by their zeal to his illustrious family before his happy accession to the throne, and by their continued loyalty ever since.

As we do, with all just gratitude, acknowledge the services of all such patriots as have been eminently zealous for the interest of his majesty and this country, in detecting the fraudulent imposition of the said Wood, and preventing the passing of his base coin; so we do, at the same time, declare our abhorrence and detestation of all reflections on his majesty and his government; and that we are ready, with our lives and fortunes, to defend his most sacred majesty against the pretender, and all his majesty's open and secret enemies, both at home and abroad.

Given under our hands at the Grand Jury chamber, this 28th of November, 1724.

George Forbes,	David Tew,
William Empson,	Thomas How,
Nathaniel Pearson,	John Jones,
Joseph Nuttal,	James Brown,
William Aston,	Charles Lyndon,
Stearn Tighe,	Jerom Bredin,
Richard Walker,	John Sican,
Edmond French,	Anthony Brunton,
John Vereilles,	Thomas Gaven,
Philip Pearson,	Daniel Elwood,
Thomas Robins,	John Brunet.
Richard Dawson,	

LETTER THE FIFTH.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE LORD VISCOUNT MOLESWORTH.

Robert Molesworth, created by George I. viscount Molesworth of Swords in 1716, incurred the resentment of lord Oxford's administration in 1713, for an alleged affront to the clergy of Ireland.

"They compassed me about also with words of deceit, and fought against me without a cause.
"For my love they are my adversaries; but I give myself unto prayer.
"And they have rewarded me evil for good, and hatred for my love"—Psalm cix. 3, 4, 5.
"Seek not to be judge, being not able to take away iniquity; lest at any time thou fear the person of the mighty, and lay a stumbling-block in the way of thy uprightness.
"Offend not against the multitude of a city, and then thou shalt cast not thyself down among the people.
"Bind not one sin upon another, for in one thou shalt not be unpunished."—Eccl vii. 6, 7, 8.

Non jam prima peto Mnestheus, neque vincere certo:
Quanquam O! sed superent, quibus hoc, Neptune, dedisti.[a]
VIRG. Æn. V. 194.

DIRECTIONS TO THE PRINTER.

From my Shop in St. Francis' Street,
MR. HARDING, Dec. 24, 1724.

WHEN I sent you my former papers, I cannot say I intended you either good or hurt: and yet you have happened, through my means, to receive both. I pray God deliver you from any more of the latter, and increase the former. Your trade, particularly in this kingdom, is, of all others, the most unfortunately circumstantiated; for as you deal in the most worthless kind of trash, the penny productions of pennyless scribblers, so you often venture your liberty, and sometimes your lives, for the purchase of half-a-crown; and, by your own ignorance, are punished for other men's actions.

I am afraid you, in particular, think you have reason to complain of me. for your own and your wife's confinement in prison, to your great expense as well as hardship, and for a prosecution still impending. But I will tell you, Mr. Harding, how that matter stands.

Since the press has lain under so strict an inspection, those who have a mind to inform the world are become so cautious, as to keep themselves, if possible, out of the way of danger. My custom therefore is, to dictate to a 'prentice, who can write in a feigned hand, and what is written we send to your house by a blackguard boy.[b] But at the same time I do assure you, upon my reputation, that I never did send you anything for which I thought you could possibly be called to an account; and you will be my witness, that I always desired you, by letter, to take some good advice before you ventured to print,—because I knew the dexterity of dealers in the law at finding out something to fasten on, where no evil is meant. I am told, indeed, that you did accordingly consult several very able persons, and even some who afterwards appeared against you: to which I can only answer, that you must either change your advisers, or determine to print nothing that comes from a Drapier.

I desire you will send the enclosed letter, directed "To my lord viscount Molesworth, at his house at Brackdenstown, near Swords;" but I would have it sent printed, for the convenience of his lordship's reading, because this counterfeit hand of my apprentice is not very legible. And, if you think fit to publish it, I would have you first get it read over by some notable lawyer. I am assured, you will find enough of them who are friends to the Drapier, and will do it without a fee; which I am afraid, you can ill afford after all your expenses. For although I have taken so much care, that I think it impossible to find a topic out of the following papers for sending you again to prison, yet I will not venture to be your guarantee.

This ensuing letter contains only a short account of myself, and an humble apology for my former pamphlets, especially the last,—with little mention of Mr. Wood or his halfpence, because I have already said enough upon that subject, until occasion shall be given for new fears; and, in that case, you may perhaps hear from me again.

I am your friend and servant, M. B.

P.S.—For want of intercourse between you and me, which I never will suffer, your people are apt to make very gross errors in the press, which I desire you will provide against.

[a] I seek not now the foremost palm to gain;
Though yet—but, ah! that haughty wish !
Let those enjoy it whom the gods ordain.
DRYDEN.

[b] His butler acted as amanuensis.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE LORD VISCOUNT MOLESWORTH,

At his house at Brackdenstown, near Swords.

From my Shop in St Francis' Street,
MY LORD, Dec. 14, 1724.

I REFLECT too late on the maxim of common observers, "that those who meddle in matters out of their calling will have reason to repent;" which is now verified in me, for by engaging in the trade of a writer, I have drawn upon myself the displeasure of the government signified by a proclamation, promising a reward of 300*l.* to the first faithful subject who shall be able and inclined to inform against me; to which I may add the laudable zeal and industry of my lord chief-justice Whitshed, in his endeavours to discover so dangerous a person. Therefore, whether I repent or not, I have certainly cause to do so; and the common observation still stands good.

It will sometimes happen, I know not how, in the course of human affairs, that a man shall be made liable to legal animadversion where he has nothing to answer for, either to God or his country, and condemned at Westminster-hall for what he will never be charged with at the day of judgment.

After strictly examining my own heart, and consulting some divines of great reputation, I cannot accuse myself of any malice or wickedness against the public,—of any designs to sow sedition,—of reflecting on the king and his ministers,—or of endeavouring to alienate the affections of the people of this kingdom from those of England.[a] All I can charge myself with is, a weak attempt to serve a nation in danger of destruction by a most wicked and malicious projector, without waiting until I were called to its assistance; which attempt, however it may perhaps give me the title of *pragmatical* and *overweening*, will never lie a burden upon my conscience. God knows whether I may not, with all my caution, have already run myself into a second danger by offering thus much in my own vindication; for I have heard of a judge who, upon the criminal's appeal to the dreadful day of judgment, told him he had incurred a *premunire*, for appealing to a foreign jurisdiction; and of another in Wales, who severely checked the prisoner for offering the same plea, taxing him with "reflecting on the court by such a comparison, because comparisons were odious."

But in order to make some excuse for being more speculative than others of my condition, I desire your lordship's pardon while I am doing a very foolish thing; which is to give you some little account of myself.

I was bred at a free-school, where I acquired some little knowledge in the Latin tongue. I served my ap-

[a] Articles mentioned in the indictment and proclamation.

prenticeship in London, and there set up for myself with good success; until, by the death of some friends and the misfortunes of others, I returned into this kingdom and began to employ my thoughts in cultivating the woollen manufacture through all its branches, wherein I met with great discouragement and powerful opposers, whose objections appeared to be very strange and singular. They argued "that the people of England would be offended if our manufactures were brought to equal theirs;" and even some of the weaving trade were my enemies, which I could not but look upon as absurd and unnatural. I remember, your lordship at that time did me the honour to come into my shop, where I showed you a piece of black and white stuff just sent from the dyer,[a] which you were pleased to approve of and be my customer for.

However I was so mortified, that I resolved for the future to sit quietly in my shop, and deal in common goods like the rest of my brethren; until it happened some months ago, considering with myself that the lower and poorer sort of people wanted a plain strong coarse stuff, to defend them against cold easterly winds, which then blew very fierce and blasting for a long time together, I contrived one[b] on purpose, which sold very well all over the kingdom, and preserved many thousands from agues. I then made a second and a third kind of stuffs[c] for the gentry, with the same success; insomuch that an ague has hardly been heard of for some time.

This incited me so far that I ventured upon a fourth piece,[d] made of the best Irish wool I could get; and I thought it grave and rich enough to be worn by the best lord or judge of the land. But of late some great folks complain, as I hear, "that when they had it on they felt a shuddering in their limbs,"—and have thrown it off in a rage, cursing to hell the poor drapier who invented it; so that I am determined never to work for persons of quality again, except for your lordship and a very few more.

I assure your lordship, upon the word of an honest citizen, that I am not richer by the value of one of Mr. Wood's halfpence, with the sale of all the several stuffs I have contrived, for I give the whole profit to the dyers and pressers [printers]; and therefore I hope you will please to believe, that no other motive beside the love of my country could engage me to busy my head and hands to the loss of my time, and the gain of nothing but vexation and ill-will.

I have now in hand one piece of stuff, to be woven on purpose for your lordship; although I might be ashamed to offer it to you after I have confessed, that it will be made only from the shreds and remnants of the wool employed in the former. However I shall work it up as well as I can; and at worst you need only give it among your tenants.

I am very sensible how ill your lordship is likely to be entertained with the pedantry of a drapier, in the terms of his own trade. How will the matter be mended, when you find me entering again, although very sparingly, into an affair of state; for such is now grown the controversy with Mr. Wood, if some great lawyers are to be credited. And as it often happens at play that men begin with farthings, and go on to gold, till some of them lose their estates and die in jail; so it may possibly fall out in my case, that by playing too long with Mr. Wood's halfpence I may be drawn in to pay a fine double to the reward for betraying me, be sent to prison, and not be delivered thence until I shall have paid the uttermost farthing.

There are, my lord, three sorts of persons with whom I am resolved never to dispute, a highwayman with a pistol at my breast; a troop of dragoons who come to plunder my house, and a man of the law who can make a merit of accusing me. In each of these cases, which are almost the same, the best method is to keep out of the way; and the next best is to deliver your money, surrender your house, and confess nothing.

I am told that the two points in my last letter, from which an occasion of offence has been taken, are, where I mention his majesty's answer to the address of the house of lords upon Mr. Wood's patent; and where I discourse upon Ireland's being a dependent kingdom. As to the former, I can only say, that I have treated it with the utmost respect and caution; and I thought it necessary to show where Wood's patent differed, in many essential parts, from all others that ever had been granted; because the contrary had, for want of due information, been so strongly and so largely asserted. As to the other, of Ireland's dependency, I confess to have often heard it mentioned, but was never able to understand what it meant. This gave me the curiosity to inquire among several eminent lawyers, who professed they knew nothing of the matter. I then turned over all the statutes of both kingdoms, without the least information, further than an Irish act, that I quoted, of the 33rd of Henry VIII., uniting Ireland to England under one king. I cannot say I was sorry to be disappointed in my search, because it is certain I could be contented to depend only upon God and my prince, and the laws of my own country, after the manner of other nations. But since my betters are of a different opinion, and desire further dependencies, I shall outwardly submit; yet still insisting, in my own heart, upon the exception I made of M. B., drapier. Indeed, that hint was borrowed from an idle story I had heard in England, which perhaps may be common and beaten; but because it insinuates neither treason nor sedition, I will just barely relate it.

Some hundred years ago, when the peers were so great that the commons were looked upon as little better than their dependents, a bill was brought in for making some new additions to the power and privileges of the peerage. After it was read, one Mr. Drewe, a member of the house, stood up, and said, he very much approved the bill, and would give his vote to have it pass; but however, for some reasons best known to himself, he desired that a clause might be inserted for excepting the family of the Drewes. The oddness of the proposition taught others to reflect a little, and the bill was thrown out.

Whether I were mistaken or went too far in examining the dependency must be left to the impartial judgment of the world as well as to the courts of judicature, although indeed not in so effectual and decisive a manner. But to affirm, as I hear some do in order to countenance a fearful and servile spirit, that this point did not belong to my subject, is a false and foolish objection. There were several scandalous reports industriously spread by Wood and his accomplices to discourage all opposition against his infamous project. They gave it out "that we were prepared for a rebellion, that we disputed the king's prerogative and were shaking off our dependency." The first went so far, and obtained so much belief against the most visible demonstrations to the contrary, that a great person of this kingdom, now in England, sent over such an account of it to his friends as would make any good subject both grieve and tremble. I thought it therefore necessary to treat that calumny as it deserved. Then I proved, by an invincible argument, that we could have no intention to dispute his majesty's prerogative; because the prerogative was not concerned in the question; the civilians and lawyers of all nations agreeing that copper is not money. And lastly, to clear us from the imputation of shaking off our dependency, I showed wherein I thought, and shall ever think, this dependence

[a] The Proposal for the universal Use of Irish Manufactures.
[b] The Drapier's first letter.
[c] The second and third letters.
[d] The fourth letter, against which the proclamation was issued.

consisted, and cited the statute above mentioned, made in Ireland, by which it is enacted, "that whoever is king of England shall be king of Ireland, and that the two kingdoms shall be for ever knit together under one king." This, as I conceived, did wholly acquit us of intending to break our dependency, because it was altogether out of our power; for surely no king of England will ever consent to the repeal of this statute.

But upon this article I am charged with a heavier accusation. It is said "I went too far when I declared that if ever the pretender should come to be fixed upon the throne of England (which God forbid), I would so far venture to transgress this statute, that I would lose the last drop of my blood before I would submit to him as king of Ireland."

This, I hear on all sides, is the strongest and weightiest objection against me, and which has given the most offence; that I should be so bold to declare against a direct statute, and that any motive, how strong soever, could make me reject a king whom England should receive. Now if, in defending myself from this accusation, I should freely confess "that I went too far; that the expression was very indiscreet, although occasioned by my zeal for his present majesty and his protestant line in the house of Hanover; that I shall be careful never to offend again in the like kind; and that I hope this free acknowledgment and sorrow for my ..... will be some atonement and a little soften the hearts of my powerful adversaries;" I say, if I should offer such a defence as this, I do not doubt but some people would wrest it to an ill meaning by a spiteful interpretation. And therefore, since I cannot think of any other answer which that paragraph can admit, I will leave it to the mercy of every candid reader; but still without recanting my own opinion.

I will now venture to tell your lordship a secret wherein I fear you are too deeply concerned. You will therefore please to know that this habit of writing and discoursing, wherein I unfortunately differ from almost the whole kingdom, and am apt to grate the ears of more than I could wish, was acquired during my apprenticeship in London and a long residence there after I had set up for myself. Upon my return and settlement here, I thought I had only changed one country of freedom for another. I had been long conversing with the writings of your lordship,* Mr. Locke, Mr. Molyneux, Colonel Sidney, and other dangerous authors, who talk of liberty as a blessing to which the whole race of mankind have an original title, whereof nothing but unlawful force can divest them. I knew a great deal of the several Gothic institutions in Europe, and by what incidents and events they came to be destroyed; and I ever thought it the most uncontrolled and universally agreed maxim, that *freedom* consists in a people's being governed by laws made with their own consent, and *slavery* in the contrary. I have been likewise told, and believed it to be true, that *liberty* and *property* are words of known use and signification in this kingdom; and that the very lawyers pretend to understand and have them often in their mouths. These were the errors which have misled me, and to which alone I must impute the severe treatment I have received. But I shall in time grow wiser and learn to consider my driver, and the road I am in, and with whom I am yoked. This I will venture to say,—that the boldest and most obnoxious words I ever delivered would in England have only exposed me as a stupid fool who went to prove that the sun shone on a clear summer's day; and I have witnesses ready to depose that your lordship has said and writ fifty times worse; and, what is still an aggravation, with infinitely more wit and learning, and stronger arguments: so that, as politics run, I do not know a person of more exceptionable principles than yourself; and if ever I shall be discovered, I think you will be bound in honour to pay my fine and support me in prison, or else I may chance to inform against you by way of reprisal.

In the meantime, I beg your lordship to receive my confession, that if there be any such thing as a dependency of Ireland upon England, otherwise than as I have explained it, either by the law of God, of nature, of reason, of nations, or of the land (which I shall die rather than grant), then was the proclamation against me the most merciful that ever was put out; and instead of accusing me as malicious, wicked, and seditious, it might have been directly, as guilty of high treason.

All I desire is, that the cause of my country against Mr. Wood may not suffer by any inadvertency of mine. Whether Ireland depends upon England, or only upon God, the king, and the law, I hope no man will assert that it depends upon Mr. Wood. I should be heartily sorry that this commendable spirit against me should accidentally (and what, I hope, was never intended) strike a damp upon that spirit in all ranks and corporations of men against the desperate and ruinous design of Mr. Wood. Let my countrymen blot out those parts in my last letter which they dislike; and let no rust remain on my sword, to cure the wounds I have given to our most mortal enemy. When sir Charles Sedley was taking the oaths, where several things were to be renounced, he said, "he loved renouncing;" asked "if any more were to be renounced; for he was ready to renounce as much as they pleased." Although I am not so thorough a renouncer, yet let me have but good city security against this pestilent coinage, and I shall be ready not only to renounce every syllable in all my four letters, but to deliver them cheerfully with my own hands into those of the common hangman, to be burnt with no better company than the coiner's effigies; if any part of it has escaped out of the secular hands of my faithful friends, the common people.

But, whatever the sentiments of some people may be, I think it is agreed that many of those who subscribed against me are on the side of a vast majority in the kingdom who opposed Mr. Wood; and it was with great satisfaction that I observed some right honourable names very amicably joined with my own, at the bottom of a strong declaration against him and his coin. But if the admission of it among us be already determined, the worthy person who is to betray me ought in prudence to do it with all convenient speed; or else it may be difficult to find 300*l.* sterling for the discharge of his hire, when the public shall have lost 500,000*l.*, if there be so much in the nation; besides four-fifths of its annual income for ever.

I am told by lawyers that in quarrels between man and man it is of much weight which of them gave the first provocation or struck the first blow. It is manifest that Mr. Wood has done both, and therefore I should humbly propose to have him first hanged and his dross thrown into the sea, after which the drapier will be ready to stand his trial. "It must needs be that offences come, but woe unto him by whom the offence comes." If Mr. Wood had held his hand, everybody else would have held their tongues; and then there would have been little need of pamphlets, juries, or proclamations upon this occasion. The provocation must needs have been very great which could stir up an obscure indolent drapier to become an author. One would almost think the very stones in the street would rise up in such a cause, and I am not sure they will not do so against Mr. Wood if ever he comes within their reach. It is a known story of the dumb boy whose tongue forced a passage for speech by the horror of seeing a dagger at his father's throat. This may les-

* Alluding to lord Molesworth's account of the arbitrary government of Denmark.

sen the wonder that a tradesman hid in privacy and silence should cry out, when the life and being of his political mother are attempted before his face, and by so infamous a wretch.

But in the mean time Mr. Wood, the destroyer of a kingdom, walks about in triumph (unless it be true that he is in jail for debt), while he who endeavoured to assert the liberty of his country is forced to hide his head for occasionally dealing in a matter of controversy. However, I am not the first who has been condemned to death for gaining a great victory over a powerful enemy, by disobeying for once the strict orders of military discipline.

I am now resolved to follow (after the usual proceeding of mankind, because it is too late) the advice given me by a certain dean.[a] He showed the mistake I was [illegible] he ge[illegible] "that I had succeeded hitherto better than could be expected; but that some unfortunate circumstantial lapse would bring me within the reach of power; that my good intentions would be no security against those who watched every motion of my pen in the bitterness of my soul." He produced an instance of "a person as innocent, as disinterested, and as well-meaning as myself, who had written a very seasonable and inoffensive treatise, exhorting the people of this kingdom to wear their own manufactures; for which however the printer was prosecuted with the utmost virulence, the jury sent back nine times, and the man given up to the mercy of the court." The dean further observed "that I was in a manner left alone to stand the battle, while others who had ten thousand times better talents than a drapier were so prudent as to lie still; and perhaps thought it no unpleasant amusement to look on with safety, while another was giving them diversion at the hazard of his liberty and fortune; and thought they made a sufficient recompense by a little applause. Whereupon he concluded with a short story of a Jew at Madrid, who being condemned to the fire on account of his religion, a crowd of schoolboys following him to the stake, and apprehending they might lose their sport if he should happen to recant, would often clap him on the back and cry, "*sta firme, Moyse:* Moses, continue steadfast."

I allow this gentleman's advice to have been very good, and his observations just; and in one respect my condition is worse than that of the Jew, for no recantation will save me. However, it should seem by some late proceedings that my state is not altogether deplorable. This I can impute to nothing but the steadiness of two impartial grand juries, which has confirmed in me an opinion I have long entertained, that, as philosophers say, virtue is seated in the middle, so in another sense the little virtue left in the world is chiefly to be found among the middle rank of mankind, who are neither allured out of her paths by ambition, nor driven by poverty.

Since the proclamation occasioned by my last letter, and a due preparation for proceeding against me in a court of justice, there have been two printed papers clandestinely spread about; whereof no man is able to trace the original, further than by conjecture; which, with its usual charity, lays them to my account. The former is entitled, "Seasonable Advice," and appears to have been intended for the information of the grand jury, upon the supposition of a bill to be prepared against that letter. The other is an extract from a printed book of parliamentary proceedings in the year 1680, containing an angry resolution of the house of commons in England against dissolving grand juries. As to the former, your lordship will find it to be the work of a more artful hand than that of a common drapier. It has been censured for endeavouring to influence the minds of a jury, which ought to be wholly free and unbiassed; and for that reason it is manifest that no judge was ever known, either upon or off the bench, either by himself or his dependents, to use the least insinuation that might possibly affect the passions or interests of any one single juryman, much less of a whole jury; whereof every man must be convinced who will just give himself the trouble to dip into the common printed trials: so as it is amazing to think what a number of upright judges there have been in both kingdoms for above sixty years past; which, considering how long they held their offices during pleasure, as they still do among us, I account next to a miracle.

As to the other paper, I must confess it is a sharp censure from an English house of commons against dissolving grand juries by any judge, before the end of the term, assizes, or sessions, while matters are under their consideration and not presented, as arbitrary, illegal, destructive to public justice, a manifest violation of his oath, and as a means to subvert the fundamental laws of the kingdom.

However, the publisher seems to have been mistaken in what he aimed at. For whatever dependence there may be of Ireland upon England, I hope he would not insinuate that the proceedings of a lord chief-justice in Ireland must depend upon a resolution of an English house of commons. Besides, that resolution, although it were levelled against a particular lord chief-justice, sir William Scroggs, yet the occasion was directly contrary. For Scroggs dissolved the grand jury of London for fear they should present; but ours in Dublin was dissolved because they would not present; which wonderfully alters the case. And therefore a second grand jury supplied that defect, by making a presentment that pleased the whole kingdom. However, I think it is agreed by all parties that both the one and the other jury behaved themselves in such a manner as ought to be remembered to their honour, while there shall be any regard left among us for virtue or public spirit.

I am confident your lordship will be of my sentiments in one thing—that some short, plain, authentic tract might be published for the information both of petty and grand juries, how far their power reaches, and where it is limited; and that a printed copy of such a treatise might be deposited in every court, to be consulted by the jurymen before they consider of their verdict: by which abundance of inconveniences would be avoided, whereof innumerable instances might be produced from former times; because I will say nothing of the present.

I have read somewhere of an Eastern king, who put a judge to death for an iniquitous sentence, and ordered his hide to be stuffed into a cushion, and placed upon the tribunal for the son to sit on, who was preferred to his father's office. I fancy such a memorial might not have been unuseful to a son of sir William Scroggs, and that both he and his successors would often wriggle in their seats as long as the cushion lasted. I wish the relater had told us what number of such cushions there might be in that country.

I cannot but observe to your lordship how nice and dangerous a point it is grown for a private person to inform the people, even in an affair where the public interest and safety are so highly concerned as that of Mr. Wood; and this, in a country where loyalty is woven into the very hearts of the people, seems a little extraordinary. Sir William Scroggs was the first who introduced that commendable acuteness into the courts of judicature; but how far this practice has been imitated by his successors, or strained upon occasion, is out of my knowledge. When pamphlets unpleasing to the ministry were presented as libels, he would order the offensive paragraphs to be read before him; and he was often so very happy in applying the initial letters of names, and expounding dubious hints, (the two common

[a] The author is supposed to mean himself.

expedients among writers of that class for escaping the law,) that he discovered much more than ever the authors intended, as many of them, or their printers, found to their cost. If such methods are to be followed in examining what I have already written, or may write hereafter, upon the subject of Mr. Wood, I defy any man of fifty times my understanding and caution to avoid being entrapped; unless he will be content to write what none will read, by repeating over the old arguments and computations, whereof the world is already grown weary. So that my good friend Harding lies under this dilemma,—either to let my learned works hang for ever drying upon his lines, or venture to publish them at the hazard of being laid by the heels.

I need not tell your lordship where the difficulty lies. It is true that the king and the laws permit us to refuse this coin of Mr. Wood; but at the same time it is equally true that the king and the laws permit us to receive it. Now it is barely possible that the ministers of England may not suppose the consequences of uttering that brass among us to be so ruinous as we apprehend; because, perhaps, if they understood it in that light, they would, in common humanity, use their credit with his majesty for saving a most loyal kingdom from destruction. But, as long as it shall please those great persons to think that coin will not be so very pernicious to us, we lie under the disadvantage of being censured as obstinate in not complying with a royal patent. Therefore nothing remains but to make use of that liberty which the king and the laws have left us, by continuing to refuse this coin; and, by frequent remembrances, to keep up that spirit raised against it which otherwise may be apt to flag, and perhaps in time to sink altogether. For any public order against receiving or uttering Mr. Wood's halfpence is not reasonably to be expected in this kingdom, without directions from England; which I think nobody presumes or is so sanguine as to hope.

But to confess the truth, my lord, I begin to grow weary of my office as a writer, and could heartily wish it were devolved upon my brethren, the makers of songs and ballads, who perhaps are the best qualified at present to gather up the gleanings of this controversy. As to myself, it has been my misfortune to begin and pursue it upon a wrong foundation. For, having detected the frauds and falsehoods of this vile impostor Wood in every part, I foolishly disdained to have recourse to whining, lamenting, and crying for mercy; but rather chose to appeal to law and liberty, and the common rights of mankind, without considering the climate I was in.

Since your last residence in Ireland I frequently have taken my nag to ride about your grounds, where I fancied myself to feel an air of freedom breathing round me; and I am glad the low condition of a tradesman did not qualify me to wait on you at your house; for then I am afraid my writings would not have escaped severer censures. But I have lately sold my nag and honestly told his greatest fault, which was that of snuffing up the air about Brackdenstown; whereby he became such a lover of liberty that I could scarce hold him in. I have likewise buried at the bottom of a strong chest your lordship's writings under a heap of others that treat of liberty, and spread over a layer or two of Hobbes, Filmer, Bodin, and many more authors of that stamp, to be readiest at hand whenever I shall be disposed to take up a new set of principles in government. In the mean time I design quietly to look to my shop, and keep as far out of your lordship's influence as possible; and if you ever see any more of my writings on this subject, I promise you shall find them as innocent, as insipid, and without a sting, as what I have now offered you. But if your lordship will please to give me an easy lease of some part of your estate in Yorkshire, thither will I carry my chest, and, turning it upside down, resume my political reading where I left off, feed on plain homely fare, and live and die a free honest English farmer; but not without regret for leaving my countrymen under the dread of the brazen talons of Mr. Wood;—my most loyal and innocent countrymen, to whom I owe so much for their good opinion of me and my poor endeavours to serve them.

I am, with the greatest respect, my lord, your lordship's most obedient and most humble servant, M. B.

*** These papers (for the sixth and seventh letters were not published till long afterward) prevailed, notwithstanding threats, prosecutions, and imprisonment, against all the influence of power and all the artifices of cunning: persons of every sect united with the drapier in the common cause, his health was a perpetual toast, and his effigies was displayed every street; Wood was compelled to withdraw his patent, and his halfpence were totally suppressed.

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE READER.

From the edition in the year 1735.

The former of the two following papers is dated October 6th, 1724, by which it appears to be written a little after the proclamation against the author of the Drapier's Fourth Letter. It is delivered with much caution, because the author confesses himself to be dean of St. Patrick's, and I could discover his name subscribed at the end of the original, although blotted out by some other hand. I can tell no other reason why it was not printed than what I have heard, that the writer, finding how effectually the drapier had succeeded, and at the same time how highly the people in power seemed to be displeased, thought it more prudent to keep it in his cabinet. However, having received some encouragement to collect into one volume all the papers relating to Ireland supposed to be written by the drapier, and knowing how favourably the author's writings of that kind have been received by the public, to make the volume more complete I procured a copy of the following letter from one of the author's friends, with whom it was left while the author was in England; and I have printed it as near as I could in the order of time.

The next treatise is called "An Address," &c. It is without a date, but seems to be written during the first session of parliament in lord Carteret's government. The title of this address is in the usual form, by M. B., Drapier. There is but a small part of it that relates to William Wood and his coin. The rest contains several proposals for the improvement of Ireland; the many discouragements it lies under; and what are the best remedies against them.

By many passages in some of the drapier's former letters, but particularly in the following address, concerning the great drain of money from Ireland by absentees, importation of foreign goods, balances of trade, and the like, it appears that the author had taken much pains and been well informed in the business of computing; all his reasonings upon that subject, although he doth not here descend to particular sums, agreeing generally with the accounts given by others who have since made that inquiry their particular study. And it is observable that in this address, as well as in one of his printed letters, he hath specified several articles that have not been taken notice of by others who came after him.

LETTER THE SIXTH.

TO THE LORD CHANCELLOR MIDDLETON.

My Lord, Deanery House, October, 1724.

I desire you will consider me as a member who comes in at the latter end of a debate, or as a lawyer who

speaks to a cause when the matter has been almost exhausted by those who spoke before.

I remember some months ago I was at your house upon a commission where I am one of the governors; but I went thither, not so much on account of the commission as to ask you some questions concerning Mr. Wood's patent to coin halfpence for Ireland; where you very freely told me, in a mixed company, how much you had been always against that wicked project,[a] which raised in me an esteem for you so far that I went in a few days to make you a visit after many years' intermission. I am likewise told that your son wrote two letters from London (one of which I have seen) empowering those to whom they were directed to assure his friends, that, whereas there was a malicious report spread of his engaging himself to Mr. Walpole for 40,000*l.* of Wood's coin to be received in Ireland, the said report was false and groundless, and he had never discoursed with that minister on this subject, nor would ever give his consent to have one farthing of the said coin current here. And although it be a long time since I have given myself the trouble of conversing with people of titles or stations, yet I have been told, by those who can take up with such amusements, that there is not a considerable person of the kingdom scrupulous in any sort to declare his opinion. But all this is needless to allege when we consider that the ruinous consequences of Wood's patent have been so strongly represented by both houses of parliament, by the privy-council, the lord mayor and aldermen of Dublin, by so many corporations, and the concurrence of the principal gentlemen in most counties at their quarter-sessions, without any regard to party, religion, or nation.

I conclude from hence that the currency of these halfpence would, in the universal opinion of our people, be utterly destructive to this kingdom; and consequently that it is every man's duty, not only to refuse this coin himself, but, as far as in him lies, to persuade others to do the like: and whether this be done in private or in print is all a case; as no layman is forbidden to write or to discourse upon religious or moral subjects, although he may not do it in a pulpit, at least in our church. Neither is this an affair of state until authority shall think fit to declare it so; or, if you should understand it in that sense, yet you will please to consider that I am not now preaching.

Therefore I do think it my duty, since the drapier will probably be no more heard of, so far to supply his place as not to incur his fortune; for I have learned from old experience that there are times wherein a man ought to be cautious as well as innocent. I therefore hope that, preserving both those characters, I may be allowed, by offering new arguments or enforcing old ones, to refresh the memory of my fellow-subjects, and keep up that good spirit raised among them, to preserve themselves from utter ruin by lawful means, and such as are permitted by his majesty.

I believe you will please to allow me two propositions: First, that we are a most loyal people; and, secondly, that we are a free people, in the common acceptation of that word applied to a subject under a limited monarch. I know very well that you and I did, many years ago, in discourse differ much, in the presence of lord Wharton, about the meaning of that word *liberty* with relation to Ireland. But, if you will not allow us to be a free people, there is only another appellation left, which I doubt my lord chief-justice Whitshed would call me to account for if I venture to bestow: for I observed (and I shall never forget upon what occasion) the device upon his coach to be, ***Libertas et natale solum***, at the very point of time when he was sitting in his court, and perjuring himself to betray both.

Now, as for our loyalty to his present majesty, if it has ever been equalled in any other part of his dominions, I am sure it has never been exceeded: and I am confident he has not a minister in England who could ever call it once in question; but that some hard rumours, at least, have been transmitted from the other side of the water, I suppose you will not doubt; and rumours of the severest kind, which many good people have imputed to the indirect proceeding of Mr. Wood and his emissaries, as if he endeavoured it should be thought that our loyalty depended upon the test of refusing or taking his copper. Now, as I am sure you will admit us to be a loyal people, so you will think it pardonable in us to hope for all proper marks of favour and protection from so gracious a king that a loyal and free people can expect; among which we all agree in reckoning this to be one, that Wood's halfpence may never have entrance into this kingdom. And this we shall continue to wish when we dare no longer express our wishes, although there were no such mortal as a drapier in the world.

I am heartily sorry that any writer should, in a cause so generally approved, give occasion to the government and council to charge him with paragraphs "highly reflecting upon his majesty and his ministers; tending to alienate the affections of his good subjects in England and Ireland from each other, and to promote sedition among the people."[a] I must confess that, with many others, I thought he meant well, although he might have the failing of better writers, not to be always fortunate in the manner of expressing himself.

However, since the drapier is but one man, I shall think I do a public service by asserting that the rest of my countrymen are wholly free from learning out of his pamphlets to reflect on the king or his ministers, and to breed sedition.

I solemnly declare that I never once heard the least reflection cast upon the king on the subject of Mr. Wood's coin; for in many discourses on this matter, I do not remember his majesty's name to be so much as mentioned. As to the ministry in England, the only two persons hinted at were the duke of Grafton and Mr. Walpole: the former, as I have heard you and a hundred others affirm, declared "that he never saw the patent in favour of Mr. Wood before it was passed," although he was then lord-lieutenant; and therefore I suppose everybody believes that his grace has been wholly unconcerned in it ever since.

Mr. Walpole was indeed supposed to be understood by the letter W. in several newspapers, where it is said that some expressions fell from him not very favourable to the people of Ireland, for the truth of which the kingdom is not to answer, any more than for the discretion of the publishers. You observe, the drapier wholly clears Mr. Walpole of this charge by very strong arguments, and speaks of him with civility. I cannot deny myself to have been often present where the company gave their opinion that Mr. Walpole favoured Mr. Wood's projects, which I always contradicted; and for my own part never once opened my lips against that minister, either in mixed or particular meetings; and my reason for this reservedness was, because it pleased him in the queen's time (I mean queen Anne of ever blessed memory) to make a speech directly against me by name, in the house of commons, as I was told a very few minutes after, in the court of requests, by more than fifty members.

But you, who are in a great station here (if anything here may be called great), cannot be ignorant that whoever is understood by public voice to be chief minister will, among the general talkers, share the

[a] Lord Middleton, though he signed the proclamation against the drapier, was an enemy to Wood's patent.

[a] The expressions of the proclamation.

blame, whether justly or not, of everything that is disliked; which I could easily make appear in many instances from my own knowledge, while I was in the world; and particularly in the case of the greatest, the wisest, and the most uncorrupt minister I ever conversed with.

But whatever unpleasing opinion some people might conceive of Mr. Walpole on account of those halfpence, I dare boldly affirm it was entirely owing to Mr. Wood. Many persons of credit come from England have affirmed to me and others, that they have seen letters under his hand, full of arrogance and insolence towards Ireland, and boasting of his favour with Mr. Walpole; which is highly probable, because he reasonably thought it for his interest to spread such a report, and because it is the known talent of low and little spirits to have a great man's name perpetually in their mouths.

Thus I have sufficiently justified the people of Ireland from learning any bad lesson out of the drapier's pamphlets with regard to his majesty and his ministers; and therefore, if those papers were intended to sow sedition among us, God be thanked the seeds have fallen upon a very improper soil.

As to alienating the affections of the people of England and Ireland from each other, I believe the drapier, whatever his intentions were, has left that matter just as he found it.

I have lived long in both kingdoms, as well in country as in town; and therefore take myself to be as well informed as most men in the dispositions of each people toward the other. By the people I understand here only the bulk of the common people, and I desire no lawyer may distort or extend my meaning.

There is a vein of industry and parsimony that runs through the whole people of England, which, added to the easiness of their rents, makes them rich and sturdy. As to Ireland, they know little more of it than they do of Mexico; further than that it is a country subject to the king of England, full of bogs, inhabited by wild Irish papists, who are kept in awe by mercenary troops sent from thence; and their general opinion is, that it were better for England if this whole island were sunk into the sea; for they have a tradition that every forty years there must be a rebellion in Ireland. I have seen the grossest suppositions passed upon them; "that the wild Irish were taken in toils; but that in some time they would grow so tame as to eat out of your hands." I have been asked by hundreds, and particularly by my neighbours your tenants at Pepper-hara, "whether I had come from Ireland by sea?" and, upon the arrival of an Irishman to a country-town, I have known crowds coming about him, and wondering to see him look so much better than themselves.

A gentleman, now in Dublin, affirms "that, passing some months ago through Northampton, and finding the whole town in a flurry, with bells, bonfires, and illuminations, upon asking the cause, he was told that it was for joy that the Irish had submitted to receive Wood's halfpence." This I think plainly shows what sentiments that large town has of us; and how little they made it their own case; although they lie directly in our way to London, and therefore cannot but be frequently convinced that we have human shapes.

As to the people of this kingdom, they consist either of Irish papists, who are as inconsiderable in point of power as the women and children; or of English protestants, who love their brethren of that kingdom, although they may possibly sometimes complain when they think they are hardly used. However I confess I do not see that it is of any great consequence how the personal affections stand to each other, while the sea divides them, and while they continue in their loyalty to the same prince. And yet I will appeal to you whether those from England have reason to complain when they come hither in pursuit of their fortunes? or whether the people of Ireland have reason to boast when they go to England upon the same design?

My second proposition was, that we of Ireland are a free people; this I suppose you will allow, at least with certain limitations remaining in your own breast. However I am sure it is not criminal to affirm it; because the words liberty and property, as applied to the subject, are often mentioned in both houses of parliament, as well as in yours and other courts below; whence it must follow that the people of Ireland do or ought to enjoy all the benefits of the common and statute law; such as to be tried by juries, to pay no money without their own consent as represented in parliament, and the like. If this be so, and if it be universally agreed that a free people cannot by law be compelled to take any money in payment except gold and silver, I do not see why any man should be hindered from cautioning his countrymen against this coin of William Wood, who is endeavouring by fraud to rob us of that property which the laws have secured. If I am mistaken, and this copper can be obtruded on us, I would put the drapier's case in another light, by supposing that a person going into his shop would agree for thirty shillings' worth of goods, and force the seller to take his payment in a parcel of copper pieces intrinsically not worth above a crown; I desire to know whether the drapier would not be actually robbed of five-and-twenty shillings; and how far he could be said to be master of his property? The same question may be applied to rents, and debts on bond or mortgage, and to all kind of commerce whatsoever.

Give me leave to do what the drapier has done more than once before me, which is to relate the naked fact as it stands in the view of the world.

One William Wood, esq., a hardwareman, obtains by fraud a patent in England to coin 108,000*l*. in copper to pass in Ireland, leaving us liberty to take or refuse. The people here, in all sorts of bodies and representatives, do openly and heartily declare that they will not accept this coin. To justify these declarations, they generally offer two reasons; first, because by the words of the patent they are left to their own choice; and, secondly, because they are not obliged by law; so that you see there is *bellum atque virum*, a kingdom on one side, and William Wood on the other. And if Mr. Wood gets the victory, at the expense of Ireland's ruin, and the profit of one or two hundred thousand pounds (I mean by continuing and counterfeiting as long as he lives) for himself, I doubt both present and future ages will at least think it a very singular scheme.

If this fact be truly stated, I must confess I look upon it as my duty, so far as God has enabled me, and as long as I keep within the bounds of truth, of duty, and of decency, to warn my fellow-subjects, as they value their king, their country, and all that ought or can be dear to them, never to admit this pernicious coin; no, not so much as one single halfpenny; for if one single thief forces the door, it is in vain to talk of keeping out the whole crew behind.

And while I shall be thus employed I will never give myself leave to suppose that what I say can either offend my lord-lieutenant, whose person and great qualities I have always highly respected (as I am sure his excellency will be my witness), or the ministers in England, with whom I have nothing to do, or they with me; much less the privy-council here, who, as I am informed, did send an address to his majesty against Mr. Wood's coin; which, if it be a mistake, I desire I may not be accused for a spreader of false news; but I confess I am so great a stranger to affairs that, for anything I know, the whole body of the council may since

have been changed; and although I observe some of the very same names in a late declaration against that coin which I saw subscribed to the proclamation against the drapier, yet possibly they may be different persons; for they are utterly unknown to me, and are likely to continue so.

In this controversy, where the reasoners on each side are divided by St. George's Channel, his majesty's prerogative perhaps would not have been mentioned if Mr. Wood and his advocates had not made it necessary, by giving out that the currency of his coin should be enforced by a proclamation. The traders and common people of the kingdom were heartily willing to refuse this coin, but the fear of a proclamation brought along with it most dreadful apprehensions. It was therefore absolutely necessary for the drapier to remove this difficulty; and accordingly, in one of his former pamphlets, he produced invincible arguments (wherever he picked them up) that the king's prerogative was not at all concerned in the matter; since the law had sufficiently provided against any coin to be imposed on the subject except gold and silver; and that copper is not money, but, as it has been properly called, *nummorum famulus*.

The three former letters from the drapier having not received any public censure, I look upon them to be without exception, and that the good people of the kingdom ought to read them often in order to keep up that spirit raised against this destructive coin of Mr. Wood. As for his last letter, against which a proclamation is issued, I shall only say that I could wish it were stripped of all that can be any way objectionable; which I would not think it below me to undertake if my abilities were equal; but being naturally somewhat slow of comprehension, no lawyer, and apt to believe the best of those who profess good designs without any visible motive either of profit or honour, I might pore for ever without distinguishing the cockle from the corn.

That which I am told gives the greatest offence in this last letter is where the drapier affirms, "that if a rebellion should prove so successful as to fix the pretender on the throne of England, he would venture so far to transgress the Irish statute which unites Ireland to England under one king as to lose every drop of his blood to hinder him from being king of Ireland."

I shall not presume to vindicate any man who openly declares he would transgress a statute, and a statute of such importance; but with the most humble submission and desire of pardon for a very innocent mistake, I should be apt to think that the loyal intention of the writer might be at least some small extenuation of his crime, for in this I confess myself to think with the drapier.

I have not been hitherto told of any other objections against that pamphlet; but I suppose they will all appear at the prosecution of the drapier. And I think, whoever in his own conscience believes the said pamphlet to be "wicked and malicious, seditious and scandalous, highly reflecting upon his majesty and his ministers," &c., would do well to discover the author, (as little a friend as I am to the trade of informers,) although the reward of 300*l.* had not been tacked to the discovery. I own it would be a great satisfaction to me to hear the arguments not only of judges, but of lawyers, upon this case; because you cannot but know there often happen occasions wherein it would be very convenient that the bulk of the people should be informed how they ought to conduct themselves; and therefore it has been the wisdom of the English parliaments to be very reserved in limiting the press. When a bill is debating in either house of parliament there, nothing is more usual than to have the controversy handled by pamphlets on both sides, without the least animadversion upon the authors.

So here in the case of Mr. Wood and his coin, since the two houses gave their opinion by addresses how dangerous the currency of copper would be to Ireland, it was without all question both lawful and convenient that the bulk of the people should be let more particularly into the nature of the danger they were in, and of the remedies that were in their own power, if they would have the sense to apply them; and this cannot be more conveniently done than by particular persons to whom God has given zeal and understanding sufficient for such an undertaking. Thus it happened in the case of that destructive project for a bank in Ireland which was brought into parliament a few years ago; and it was allowed that the arguments and writings of some without doors contributed very much to reject it.

Now, I should be heartily glad if some able lawyers would prescribe the limits how far a private man may venture in delivering his thoughts upon public matters; because a true lover of his country may think it hard to be a quiet stander-by, and an indolent looker-on, while a public error prevails, by which a whole nation may be ruined. Every man who enjoys property has some share in the public; and therefore the care of the public is in some degree every such man's concern.

To come to particulars, I could wish to know whether it be utterly unlawful in any writer so much as to mention the prerogative; at least so far as to bring it into doubt upon any point whatsoever. I know it is often debated in Westminster-hall; and sir Edward Coke, as well as other eminent lawyers, do frequently handle that subject in their books.

Secondly, How far the prerogative extends to force coin upon the subject which is not sterling; such as lead, brass, copper mixed metal, shells, leather, or any other material; and fix upon it whatever denomination the crown shall think fit?

Thirdly, What is really and truly meant by that phrase of a "depending kingdom," as applied to Ireland, and wherein that dependency consists?

Lastly, In what points relating to liberty and property the people of Ireland differ, or at least ought to differ, from those of England?

If these particulars were made so clear that none could mistake them, it would be of infinite ease and use to the kingdom, and either prevent or silence all discontents.

My lord Somers, the greatest man I ever knew of your robe, and whose thoughts of Ireland differed as far as heaven and earth from those of some others among his brethren here, lamented to me that the prerogative of the crown, or the privileges of parliament, should ever be liable to dispute in any single branch of either; by which means he said the public often suffered great inconveniences, whereof he gave me several instances. I produce the authority of so eminent a person to justify my desires that some high points might be cleared.

For want of such known ascertainment how far a writer may proceed in expressing his good wishes for his country, a person of the most innocent intentions may possibly, by the oratory and comments of lawyers, be charged with many crimes which from his very soul he abhors; and consequently may be ruined in his fortunes, and left to rot among thieves in some stinking jail, merely for mistaking the purlieus of the law. I have known, in my lifetime, a printer prosecuted and convicted for publishing a pamphlet[a] where the author's intentions, I am confident, were as good and innocent as those of a martyr at his last prayers. I did very lately, as I thought it my duty, preach to the people under my inspection upon the subject of Mr. Wood's coin; and although I never heard that my sermon gave the least offence, as I am sure none was intended, yet,

[a] "A proposal for the universal use of Irish manufactures."

if it were now printed and published, I cannot say I would ensure it from the hands of the common hangman, or my own person from those of a messenger.*

I have heard the late chief-justice Holt affirm that, in all criminal cases, the most favourable interpretation should be put upon words that they can possibly bear. You meet the same position asserted in many trials for the greatest crimes; though often very ill practised, by the perpetual corruption of judges. And I remember at a trial in Kent, where sir George Rook was indicted for calling a gentleman knave and villain, the lawyer for the defendant brought off his client by alleging that the words were not injurious; for *knave*, in the old and true signification, imported only a servant; and *villain* in Latin is *villicus*, which is no more than a man employed in country labour, or rather a bailiff.

If sir John Holt's opinion were a standard maxim for all times and circumstances, any writer, with a very small measure of discretion, might easily be safe; but I doubt in practice it has been frequently controlled, at least before his time; for I take it to be an old rule in law.

I have read or heard a passage of seignior Gregorio Leti, an Italian, who, being in London, busying himself with writing the History of England, told king Charles II. "that he endeavoured as much as he could to avoid giving offence, but found it a thing impossible, although he should have been as wise as Solomon." The king answered, "that, if this were the case, he had better employ his time in writing proverbs, as Solomon did." But Leti lay under no public necessity of writing; neither would England have been one halfpenny the better or the worse whether he writ or not.

This I mention, because I know it will readily be objected, "What have private men to do with the public?—what call had a drapier to turn politician, to meddle in matters of state?—would not his time have been better employed in looking to his shop, or his pen in writing proverbs, elegies, ballads, garlands, and wonders? He would then have been out of all danger of proclamations and prosecutions. Have we not able magistrates and counsellors hourly watching over the public weal?" All this may be true; and yet, when the addresses from both houses of parliament against Mr. Wood's halfpence failed of success, if some pen had not been employed to inform the people how far they might legally proceed in refusing that coin; to detect the fraud, the artifice, and insolence of the coiner; and to lay open the most ruinous consequences to the whole kingdom, which would inevitably follow from the currency of the said coin; I might appeal to many hundred thousand people whether any one of them would ever have had the courage or sagacity to refuse it.

If this copper should begin to make its way among the common ignorant people, we are inevitably undone. It is they who give us the greatest apprehension, being easily frighted, and greedy to swallow misinformations; for, if every man were wise enough to understand his own interest, which is every man's principal study, there would be no need of pamphlets upon this occasion; but as things stand, I have thought it absolutely necessary, from my duty to God, my king, and my country, to inform the people that the proclamation lately issued against the drapier doth not in the least affect the case of Mr. Wood and his coin, but only refers to certain paragraphs in the drapier's last pamphlet (not immediately relating to his subject, nor at all to the merits of the cause) which the government was pleased to dislike; so that any man has the same liberty to reject, to write, and to declare against this coin, which he had before; neither is any man obliged to believe that those honourable persons (whereof you are the first) who signed that memorable proclamation against the drapier have at all changed their opinions with regard to Mr. Wood or his coin.

Therefore, concluding myself to be thus far upon a safe and sure foot, I shall continue upon any proper occasion, as God enables me, to revive and preserve that spirit raised in the nation (whether the real author were a real drapier or not is little to the purpose) against this horrid design of Mr. Wood; at the same time carefully watching every stroke of my pen, and venturing only to incur the public censure of the world as a writer, not of my lord chief-justice Whitshed as a criminal. Whenever an order shall come out by authority, forbidding all men, upon the highest penalties, to offer anything in writing or discourse against Mr. Wood's halfpence, I shall certainly submit. However, if that should happen, I am determined to be somewhat more than the last man in the kingdom to receive them, because I will never receive them at all; for, although I know how to be silent, I have not yet learned to pay active obedience against my conscience and the public safety.

I desire to put a case which I think the drapier in some of his books has put before me, although not so fully as it requires:—

You know the copper halfpence in England are coined by the public; and every piece worth pretty near the value of the copper. Now suppose that, instead of the public coinage, a patent had been granted to some private obscure person for coining a proportionable quantity of copper in that kingdom to what Mr. Wood is preparing in this, and all of it at least five times below the intrinsic value: the current money of England is reckoned to be 20,000,000*l.*; and ours under 500,000*l.*; by this computation, as Mr. Wood has power to give us 108,000*l.*, so the patentee in England, by the same proportion, might circulate 4,320,000*l.*, besides as much more by stealth and counterfeits; I desire to know from you whether the parliament might not have addressed upon such an occasion; what success they probably would have had; and how many drapiers would have risen to pester the world with pamphlets? Yet that kingdom would not be so great a sufferer as ours in the like case; because their cash would not be conveyed into foreign countries, but lie hid in the chests of cautious thrifty men until better times. Then I desire, for the satisfaction of the public, that you will please to inform me why this country is treated in so very different a manner in a point of such high importance; whether it be on account of Poinings' act, of subordination, dependence, or any other term of art which I shall not contest, but am too dull to understand.

I am very sensible that the good or ill success of Mr. Wood will affect you less than any person of consequence in the kingdom; because I hear you are so prudent as to make all your purchases in England: and truly so would I if I had money, although I were to pay 100 years' purchase; because I should be glad to possess a freehold that could not be taken from me by any law to which I did not give my own consent; and where I should never be in danger of receiving my rents in mixed copper, at the loss of sixteen shillings in the pound. You can live in ease and plenty at Pepper-hara, in Surrey, and therefore I thought it extremely generous and public-spirited in you to be of the kingdom's side in this dispute, by showing without reserve your disapprobation of Mr. Wood's design: at least if you have been so frank to others as you were to me, which indeed I could not but wonder at, considering how much we differ in other points; and therefore I could get but few believers when I attempted to justify you in this article from your own words.

I would humbly offer another thought, which I do

* The sermon "On doing Good, occasioned by Wood's Project."

not remember to have fallen under the drapier's observation. If these halfpence should once again admittance, it is agreed that, in no long space of time, what by the clandestine practices of the coiner, what by his own counterfeits, and those of others, either from abroad or at home, his limited quantity would be tripled upon us, until there would not be a grain of gold or silver visible in the nation. This, in my opinion, would lay a heavy charge upon the crown, by creating a necessity of transmitting money from England to pay the salaries at least of the principal civil officers; for I do not conceive how a judge, for instance, could support his dignity with 1000*l.* a-year in Wood's coin; which would not intrinsically be worth near 200*l.* To argue that these halfpence, if no other coin were current, would answer the general ends of commerce among ourselves, is a great mistake; and the drapier has made that matter too clear to admit an answer, by showing us what every owner of land must be forced to do with the products of it in such a distress. You may read his remarks at large in his 2nd and 3rd Letters, to which I refer you.

Before I conclude I cannot but observe that for several months past there have more papers been written in this town, such as they are, all upon the best public principle, the love of our country, than perhaps has been known in any other nation in so short time (I speak in general from the drapier down to the maker of ballads), and all without any regard to the common motives of writers, which are profit, favour, and reputation. As to profit, I am assured by persons of credit that the best ballad upon Mr. Wood will not yield above a groat to the author; and the unfortunate adventurer Harding[a] declares he never made the drapier any present except one pair of scissors. As to favour, whoever thinks to make his court by opposing Mr. Wood, is not very deep in politics. And as to reputation, certainly no man of worth and learning would employ his pen upon so transitory a subject, and in so obscure a corner of the world, to distinguish himself as an author. So that I look upon myself, the drapier, and my numerous brethren, to be all true patriots in our several degrees.

All that the public can expect for the future is only to be sometimes warned to beware of Mr. Wood's halfpence, and to be referred for conviction to the drapier's reasons. For a man of the most superior understanding will find it impossible to make the best use of it while he writes in constraint, perpetually softening, correcting, or blotting out expressions, for fear of bringing his printer or himself under a prosecution from my lord chief-justice Whitshed. It calls to my remembrance the madman in Don Quixote, who, being soundly beaten by a weaver for letting a stone (which he always carried on his shoulder) fall upon a spaniel, apprehended that every cur he met was of the same species.

For these reasons I am convinced that what I have now written will appear low and insipid, but if it contributes in the least to preserve that union among us for opposing this fatal project of Mr. Wood, my pains will not be altogether lost.

I sent these papers to an eminent lawyer, (and yet a man of virtue and learning into the bargain,) who, after many alterations, returned them back with assuring me that they are perfectly innocent, without the least mixture of treason, rebellion, sedition, malice, disaffection, reflection, or wicked insinuation whatsoever.

If the bellman of each parish, as he goes his circuit, would cry out every night, "Past twelve o'clock!—beware of Wood's halfpence!" it would probably cut off the occasion for publishing any more pamphlets; provided that in country-towns it were done upon market-days. For my own part, as soon as it shall be determined that it is not against law, I will begin the experiment in the liberty of St. Patrick's; and hope my example may be followed in the whole city. But if authority shall think fit to forbid all writings or discourses upon this subject, except such as are in favour of Mr. Wood, I will obey as it becomes me; only, when I am in danger of bursting, I will go and whisper among the reeds, not any reflection upon the wisdom of my countrymen, but only these few words—

BEWARE OF WOOD'S HALFPENCE!

I am, with due respect, your most obedient humble servant, J. S.

[a] The printer of the Drapier's Letters.

LETTER THE SEVENTH.

AN HUMBLE ADDRESS TO BOTH HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.[a]

By M. B. DRAPIER.

"Multa gemens plagasque superbi
Victoris———"

I HAVE been told that petitions and addresses to either king or parliament are the right of every subject, provided they consist with that respect which is due to princes and great assemblies. Neither do I remember that the modest proposals or opinions of private men have been ill received, when they have not been delivered in the style of advice; which is a presumption far from my thoughts. However, if proposals should be looked upon as too assuming, yet I hope every man may be suffered to declare his own and the nation's wishes. For instance, I may be allowed to wish that some further laws were enacted for the advancement of trade; for the improvement of agriculture, now strangely neglected, against the maxims of all wise nations; for supplying the manifest defects in the acts concerning the plantation of trees; for setting the poor to work; and many others.

Upon this principle I may venture to affirm it is the hearty wish of the whole nation, very few excepted, that the parliament, in this session, would begin by strictly examining into the detestable fraud of one William Wood, now or late of London, hardwareman, who illegally and clandestinely, as appears by your own votes and addresses, procured a patent in England for coining halfpence in that kingdom to be current here. This I say is the wish of the whole nation, very few excepted, and upon account of those few is more strongly and justly the wish of the rest; those few consisting either of Wood's confederates, some obscure tradesmen, or certain bold UNDERTAKERS of weak judgment and strong ambition, who think to find their accounts in the ruin of the nation by securing or advancing themselves. And because such men proceed upon a system of politics to which I would fain hope you will be always utter strangers, I shall humbly lay it before you.

Be pleased to suppose me in a station of 1500*l.* a-year, salary and perquisites, and likewise possessed of 800*l.* a-year real estate. Then suppose a destructive project to be set on foot—such for instance as this of Wood—which, if it succeed in all the consequences naturally to be expected from it, must sink the rents and wealth of the kingdom one half, although I am confident it would have done so five-sixths: suppose I conceive that the countenancing or privately supporting this project will please those by whom I expect to be preserved or higher exalted; nothing then remains but to compute and balance my gain and my loss, and sum up the whole. I suppose that I shall keep my

[a] This address is without a date; but it appears to have been written during the first session in lord Carteret's government, though it did not appear till it was inserted, with the preceding Letter, in the Dublin edition of 1735.

employment ten years, not to mention the fair chance of a better. 'This, at 1500*l.* a-year, amounts in ten years to 15,000*l.*' My estate, by the success of the said project, sinks 400*l.* a-year; which, at 20 years' purchase, is but 8000*l.*; so that I am clear gainer of 7000*l.* upon the balance. And during all that period I am possessed of power and credit, can gratify my favourites, and take vengeance on my enemies. And if the project miscarry, my private merit is still entire. This arithmetic, as horrible as it appears, I knowingly affirm to have been practised and applied in conjunctures whereon depended the ruin or safety of a nation; although probably the charity and virtue of a senate will hardly be induced to believe that there can be such monsters among mankind. And yet the wise lord Bacon mentions a sort of people (I doubt the race is not yet extinct) who would "set a house on fire for the convenience of roasting their own eggs at the flame."

But whoever is old enough to remember, and has turned his thoughts to observe, the course of public affairs in this kingdom from the time of the Revolution, must acknowledge that the highest points of interest and liberty have been often sacrificed to the avarice and ambition of particular persons, upon the very principles and arithmetic that I have supposed. The only wonder is, how these artists were able to prevail upon numbers, and influence even public assemblies, to become instruments for effecting their execrable designs.

It is, I think, in all conscience, latitude enough for vice if a man in station be allowed to act injustice upon the usual principles of getting a bribe, wreaking his malice, serving his party, or consulting his preferment, while his wickedness terminates in the ruin only of particular persons; but to deliver up our whole country, and every living soul who inhabits it, to certain destruction, has not, as I remember, been permitted by the most favourable casuists on the side of corruption. It were far better that all who have had the misfortune to be born in this kingdom should be rendered incapable of holding any employment whatsoever above the degree of a constable, (according to the scheme and intention of a great minister,[a] *gone to his own place*,) than to live under the daily apprehension of a few false brethren among ourselves; because in the former case we should be wholly free from the danger of being betrayed,—since none could then have impudence enough to pretend any public good.

It is true that, in this desperate affair of the new halfpence, I have not heard of any man above my own degree of a shopkeeper to have been hitherto so bold as, in direct terms, to vindicate the fatal project; although I have been told of some very mollifying expressions which were used, and very gentle expedients proposed and handed about, when it first came under debate; but since the eyes of the people have been so far opened that the most ignorant can plainly see their own ruin in the success of Wood's attempt, these grand compounders have been more cautious.

But that the same spirit still subsists has manifestly appeared, (among other instances of great compliance,) from certain circumstances that have attended some late proceedings in a court of judicature. There is not any commonplace more frequently insisted on by those who treat of our constitution than the great happiness and excellency of trials by juries; yet, if this blessed part of our law be eludible at pleasure, by the force of power, frowns, and artifice, we shall have little reason to boast of our advantage in this particular over other states or kingdoms in Europe. And surely these high proceedings, exercised in a point that so nearly concerned the life-blood of the people, their necessary subsistence, their very food and raiment, and even the public peace, will not allow any favourable appearance; because it was obvious that so much superabundant zeal could have no other design, or produce any other effect, than to damp that spirit raised in the nation against this accursed scheme of William Wood and his abettors,—to which spirit alone we owe, and for ever must owe, our being hitherto preserved, and our hopes of being preserved for the future, if it can be kept up and strongly countenanced by your wise assemblies. I wish I could account for such a demeanour upon a more charitable foundation than that of putting our interest in over balance with the ruin of our country.

I remember some months ago, when this affair was fresh in discourse, a person nearly allied to SOMEBODY, or (as the hawkers called him) NOBODY, who was thought deeply concerned, went about very diligently among his acquaintance to show the bad consequences that might follow from any public resentment to the disadvantage of his ally Mr. Wood, principally alleging the danger of all employments being disposed of from England. One of these emissaries came to me and urged the same topic. I answered naturally, "that I knew there was no office of any kind which a man from England might not have if he thought it worth his asking; and that I looked upon all who had the disadvantage of being born here as only in the conditions of leasers and gleaners." Neither could I forbear mentioning the known fable of "the countryman who entreated his ass to fly, for fear of being taken by the enemy; but the ass refused to give himself that trouble, and upon a very wise reason—because he could not possibly change his present master for a worse; the enemy could not make him fare harder, beat him more cruelly, or load him with heavier burdens."

Upon these and many other considerations, I may affirm it to be the wish of the whole nation that the power and privileges of juries were declared, ascertained, and confirmed by the legislature, and that whoever has been manifestly known to violate them might be stigmatized by public censure; not from any hope that such a censure will amend their practices or hurt their interest (for it may probably operate quite contrary in both), but that the nation may know their enemies from their friends.

I say not this with any regard or view to myself, for I write in great security, and am resolved that none shall merit at my expense, further than by showing their zeal to discover, prosecute, and condemn me, for endeavouring to do my duty in serving my country; and yet I am conscious to myself that I never had the least intention to reflect on his majesty's ministers, nor any other person except William Wood, whom I neither did, nor do yet, conceive to be of that number. However, some would have it that I went too far; but I suppose they will now allow themselves mistaken. I am sure I might easily have gone farther, and I think I could not easily have fared worse. And, therefore, I was no further affected with their proclamation and subsequent proceedings than a good clergyman is with the sins of the people. And as to the poor printer, he is now gone to appear before a higher and before a righteous tribunal.

As my intention is only to lay before your great assemblies the general wishes of the nation, and as I have already declared it our principal wish that your first proceeding would be to examine into the pernicious fraud of William Wood, so I must add, as the universal opinion, that all schemes of commutation, composition, and the like expedients, either avowed or implied, will be of the most pernicious consequences to the public,—against the dignity of a free kingdom,—and prove an encouragement to future adventurers in the same destructive projects. For it is a maxim

[a] The earl of Sunderland.

which no man at present disputes, that even a connivance to admit 1000*l.* in these halfpence, will produce, in time, the same ruinous effects as if we openly consented to admit 1,000,000. It were, therefore, infinitely more safe and eligible to leave things in the doubtful, melancholy state they are at present (which, however, God forbid!), and trust entirely to the general aversion of our people against this coin, using all honest endeavours to preserve, continue, and increase, that aversion, than submit to apply those palliatives which weak, perfidious, or abject politicians are, upon all occasions and in all diseases, so ready to administer.

In the small compass of my reading (which however has been more extensive than is usual to men of my inferior calling) I have observed that grievances have always preceded supplies. And if ever grievances had a title to such pre-eminence, it must be this of Wood; because it is not only the greatest grievance that any country could suffer, but a grievance of such a kind that, if it should take effect, would make it impossible for us to give any supplies at all, except in adulterate copper; unless a tax were laid for paying the civil and military lists and the large pensions with real commodities instead of money. Which however might be liable to some few objections, as well as difficulties; for although the common soldiers might be content with beef, and mutton, and wool, and malt, and leather, yet I am in some doubt as to the generals, the colonels, the numerous pensioners, the civil officers, and others, who all live in England upon Irish pay, as well as those few who reside among us only because they cannot help it.

There is one particular which, although I have mentioned more than once in some of my former papers, yet I cannot forbear to repeat, and a little enlarge upon it; because I do not remember to have read or heard of the like in the history of any age or country, neither do I ever reflect upon it without the utmost astonishment.

After the unanimous addresses to his sacred majesty, against the patent of Wood, from both houses of parliament, which are the three estates of the kingdom, and likewise an address from the privy-council, to whom, under the chief governors, the whole administration is intrusted, the matter is referred to a committee of council in London. Wood and his adherents are heard on one side, and a few volunteers, without any trust or direction from hence, on the other. The question, as I remember, chiefly turned upon the want of halfpence in Ireland. Witnesses are called on the behalf of Wood, of what credit I have formerly shown. Upon the issue, the patent is found good and legal; all his majesty's officers here (not excepting the military) commanded to be aiding and assisting to make it effectual; the addresses of both houses of parliament, of the privy-council, and of the city of Dublin, the declarations of most counties and corporations through the kingdom, are altogether laid aside as of no weight, consequence, or consideration whatsoever; and the whole kingdom of Ireland nonsuited in default of appearance, as if it were a private cause between John Doe, plaintiff, and William Roe, defendant.

With great respect to those honourable persons, the committee of council in London, I have not understood them to be our governors, councillors, or judges. Neither did our case turn at all upon the question whether Ireland wanted halfpence or no? For there is no doubt but we do want both halfpence, gold, and silver; and we have numberless other wants, and some that we are not so much as allowed to name, although they are peculiar to this nation; to which no other is subject whom God has blessed with religion and laws, or any degree of soil and sunshine; but for what demerits on our side, I am altogether in the dark.

But I do not remember that our want of halfpence was either affirmed or denied in any of our addresses or declarations against those of Wood. We alleged the fraudulent obtaining and executing of his patent; the baseness of his metal, and the prodigious sum to be coined, which might be increased by stealth from foreign importation and his own counterfeits, as well as those at home; whereby we must infallibly lose all our little gold and silver, and all our poor remainder of a very limited and discouraged trade. We urged that the patent was passed without the least reference hither, and without mention of any security given by Wood to receive his own halfpence upon demand; both which are contrary to all former proceedings in the like cases. These and many other arguments we offered, but still the patent went on; and at this day our ruin would have been half completed if God in his mercy had not raised a universal detestation of these halfpence in the whole kingdom, with a firm resolution never to receive them; since we are not under obligations to do so by any law, either human or divine.

But in the name of God and of all justice and piety, when the king's majesty was pleased that this patent should pass, is it not to be understood that he conceived, believed, and intended it as a gracious act for the good and benefit of his subjects, for the advantage of a great and fruitful kingdom; of the most loyal kingdom upon earth, where no hand or voice was ever lifted up against him; a kingdom where the passage is not of three hours from Britain, and a kingdom where papists have less power and less land than in England? Can it be denied or doubted that his majesty's ministers understood and proposed the same end, the good of this nation, when they advised the passing of this patent? Can the person of Wood be otherwise regarded than as the instrument, the mechanic, the head-workman, to prepare his furnace, his fuel, his metal, and his stamps? If I employ a shoe-boy, is it in view to his advantage, or to my own convenience? I mention the person of William Wood alone, because no other appears; and we are not to reason upon surmises, neither would it avail if they had a real foundation.

Allowing therefore (for we cannot do less) that this patent for the coining of halfpence was wholly intended by a gracious king and a wise public-spirited ministry for the advantage of Ireland, yet when the whole kingdom to a man, for whose good the patent was designed, do, upon maturest consideration, universally join in openly declaring, protesting, addressing, petitioning against these halfpence, as the most ruinous project that ever was set on foot to complete the slavery and destruction of a poor innocent country; is it, was it, can it, or will it ever be a question, not, whether such a kingdom, or William Wood, should be a gainer; but whether such a kingdom should be wholly undone, destroyed, sunk, depopulated, made a scene of misery and desolation, for the sake of William Wood? God of his infinite mercy avert this dreadful judgment! And it is our universal wish that God would put it into your hearts to be his instruments for so good a work.

For my own part, who am but one man of obscure condition, I do solemnly declare, in the presence of Almighty God, that I will suffer the most ignominious and torturing death, rather than submit to receive this accursed coin, or any other that shall be liable to these objections, until they shall be forced upon me by a law of my own country; and if that shall ever happen, I will transport myself into some foreign land, and eat the bread of poverty among a free people.

Am I legally punishable for these expressions? shall another proclamation issue against me because I presume to take my country's part against William Wood where her final destruction is intended? But whenever you shall please to impose silence upon me I will submit, because I look upon your unanimous voice to be the voice of the nation; and this I have

been taught and do believe to be in some manner the voice of God.

The great ignominy of a whole kingdom lying so long at mercy under so vile an adversary is such a deplorable aggravation, that the utmost expressions of shame and rage are too low to set it forth; and therefore I shall leave it to receive such a resentment as is worthy of a parliament.

It is likewise our universal wish that his majesty should grant liberty to coin halfpence in this kingdom, for our own use, under such restriction as a parliament here shall advise; since the power of coining even gold and silver is possessed by every petty prince abroad, and was always practised by Scotland to the very time of the Union; yet surely Scotland, as to soil, climate, and extent, is not in itself the fourth part the value of Ireland, for bishop Burnet says, "it is not above the fortieth part in value to the rest of Britain;" and with respect to the profit that England gains from hence, not the forty thousandth part. Although I must confess that a mote in the eye or a thorn in the side is more dangerous and painful than a beam or spike at a distance.

The histories of England and of most other countries abound in relating the miserable, and sometimes the most tragical, effects from the abuses of coin by debasing the metal, by lessening or enhancing the value upon occasions to the public loss; of which we have an example within our own memory in England, and another very lately in France. It is the tenderest point of government, affecting every individual in the highest degree. When the value of money is arbitrary or unsettled, no man can well be said to have any property at all; nor is any wound so suddenly felt, so hardly cured, or that leaves such deep and lasting scars behind.

I conceive this poor unhappy island to have a title to some indulgence from England, not only upon the score of christianity, natural equity, and the general rights of mankind, but chiefly on account of that immense profit they receive from us; without which that kingdom would make a very different figure in Europe from what it does at present.

The rents of land in Ireland, since they have been of late so enormously raised and screwed up, may be computed to about two millions; whereof one-third part at least is directly transmitted to those who are perpetual absentees in England, as I find by a computation made with the assistance of several skilful gentlemen.

The other articles, by which we are altogether losers, and England a gainer, we found to amount to almost as much more.

I will only set down as many heads of them as I can remember, and leave them to the consideration of those who understand accounts better than I pretend to do:—

The occasional absentees for business, health, or diversion.

Three-fourths of the revenue of the chief governor during his absence, which is usually four-fifths of his government.

The whole revenue of the post-office.

The numerous pensions paid to persons in England.

The pay of the chief officers of the army absent in England, which is a great sum.

Four commissioners of the revenue always absent.

Civil employments very numerous, and of great income.

The vast charge of appeals to the house of lords and to the court of delegates.

Students at the inns of court and the two universities.

Eighty thousand pounds sent yearly to England for coals, whereof the prime cost is nothing, and therefore the profit wholly theirs.

One hundred thousand pounds paid several years past for corn sent over hither from England, the effect of our own great wisdom in discouraging agriculture.

The kind liberty granted us of wearing Indian stuffs and calicoes to gratify the vanity and folly of our women, which, besides the profit to England, is an inconceivable loss to us, forcing the weavers to beg in our streets, or transport themselves to foreign countries.

The prodigious loss to us, and gain to England, by selling them all our wool at their own rates, whereof the manufacture exceeds above ten times the prime cost; a proceeding without example in the christian or heathen world.

Our own wool returned upon us in English manufactures, to our infinite shame and damage, and the great advantage of England.

The full profit of all mines accruing to England, an effect of great negligence and stupidity.

An affectation among us of liking all kind of goods made in England.

These, and many other articles which I cannot recollect at present, are agreed by judicious men to amount to near 700,000*l.* per annum clear profit to England; and, upon the whole, let any man look into those authors who write upon the subject of commerce, he shall find that there is not one single article in the essentials or circumstances of trade, whereby a country can be a loser, which we do not possess in the highest perfection; somewhat in every particular that bears a kind of analogy to William Wood; and now the branches are all cut off, he stands ready with his axe at the root.

Upon this subject of perpetual absentees I have spent some time in very insignificant reflections; and, considering the usual motives of human actions, which are pleasure, profit, and ambition, I cannot yet comprehend how those persons find their account in any of the three. I speak not of those English peers or gentlemen who, besides their estates at home, have possessions here, for in that case the matter is desperate; but I mean those lords and wealthy knights or squires, whose birth, and partly their education, and all their fortune (except some trifle, and that in a very few instances), are in this kingdom. I knew many of them well enough during several years when I resided in England, and truly I could not discover that the figure they made was by any means a subject for envy, at least it gave me two very different passions. For, excepting the advantage of going now and then to an opera, or sometimes appearing behind a crowd at court, or adding to the ring of coaches at Hyde Park, or losing their money at the chocolate-house, or getting news, votes, and minutes about five days before us in Dublin; I say besides these, and a few other privileges of less importance, their temptations to live in London were beyond my knowledge or conception. And I used to wonder how a man of birth and spirit could endure to be wholly insignificant and obscure in a foreign country, when he might live with lustre in his own, and even at less than half that expense which he strains himself to make without obtaining any one end, except that which happened to the frog when he would needs contend for size with the ox. I have been told by scholars that Cæsar said he would rather be the first man in I know not what village than the second in Rome. This perhaps was a thought only fit for Cæsar: but to be preceded by thousands and neglected by millions; to be wholly without power, figure, influence, honour, credit, or distinction, is not, in my poor opinion, a very amiable situation of life to a person of title or wealth, who can so cheaply and easily shine in his native country.

But besides the depopulating of the kingdom, leaving so many parts of it wild and uncultivated, the ruin of so many country-seats and plantations, the cutting

down of all the woods to supply expenses in England, the absence of so many noble and wealthy persons has been the cause of another fatal consequence which few perhaps have been aware of. For if that very considerable number of lords who possess the amplest fortunes here had been content to live at home and attend the affairs of their own country in parliament, the weight, reputation, and dignity thereby added to that noble house would in all human probability have prevented certain proceedings which are now ever to be lamented, because they never can be remedied; and we might have then decided our own properties among ourselves without being forced to travel five hundred miles by sea and land to another kingdom for justice, to our infinite expense, vexation, and trouble; which is a mark of servitude without example from the practice of any age or nation in the world.

I have sometimes wondered upon what motives the peerage of England were so desirous to determine our controversies, because I have been assured and partly know that the frequent appeals from hence have been very irksome to that illustrious body, and whoever has frequented the painted chamber and courts of requests must have observed that they are never so nobly filled as when an Irish appeal is under debate.

The peers of Scotland, who are very numerous, were content to reside in their castles and houses in that bleak and barren climate, and although some of them made frequent journeys to London, yet I do not remember any of their greatest families till very lately to have made England their constant habitation before the Union; or if they did, I am sure it was generally to their own advantage, and whatever they got was employed to cultivate and increase their own estates; and by that means enrich themselves and their country.

As to the great number of rich absentees under the degree of peers, what particular ill effects their absence may have upon this kingdom beside those already mentioned may perhaps be too tender a point for me to touch. But whether those who live in another kingdom upon great estates here, and have lost all regard to their own country, further than upon account of the revenues they receive from it; I say, whether such persons may not be prevailed on to recommend others to vacant seats who have no interest here except a precarious employment, and consequently can have no views but to preserve what they have got, or to be higher advanced; this I am sure is a very melancholy question, if it be a question at all.

But besides the prodigious profit which England receives by the transmittal thither of two-thirds of the revenues of this old kingdom, it has another mighty advantage by making our country a receptacle wherein to disburden themselves of their supernumerary pretenders to offices, persons of second-rate merit in their own country, who, like birds of passage, most of them thrive and fatten here, and fly off when their credit and employments are at an end. So that Ireland may justly say what Luther said of himself, POOR Ireland makes many rich!

If amid all our difficulties I should venture to assert that we have one great advantage, provided we could improve it as we ought, I believe most of my readers would be long in conjecturing what possible advantage could ever fall to our share. However it is certain that all the regular seeds of party and faction among us are entirely rooted out; and if any new ones shall spring up they must be of equivocal generation, without any seed at all; and will be justly imputed to a degree of stupidity beyond even what we have been ever charged with upon the score of our birthplace and climate.

The parties in this kingdom (including those of modern date) are, 1st, of those who have been charged or suspected to favour the pretender, and those who were zealous opposers of him. 2ndly, of those who were for and against a toleration of dissenters by law 3rdly, of high and low church, or (to speak in the cant of the times) of Whig and Tory. And, 4thly, of court and country. If there be any more they are beyond my observation or politics; for as to subaltern or occasional parties, they have been all derivations from the same originals.

Now it is manifest that all these incitements to faction, party, and division, are wholly removed from among us. For as to the pretender, his cause is both desperate and obsolete. There are very few now alive who were men in his father's time, and in that prince's interest; and in all others the obligation of conscience has no place.* Even the papists in general, of any substance or estates, and their priests almost universally, are what we call Whigs in the sense which by that word is generally understood. They feel the smart and see the scars of their former wounds, and very well know that they must be made a sacrifice to the least attempts toward a change; although it cannot be doubted that they would be glad to have their superstition restored under any prince whatsoever.

2ndly, The dissenters are now tolerated by law, neither do we observe any murmurs at present from that quarter except those reasonable complaints they make of persecution, because they are excluded from civil employments, but their number being very small in either house of parliament, they are not yet in a situation to erect a party; because, however indifferent men may be with regard to religion, they are now grown wise enough to know that if such a latitude were allowed to dissenters the few small employments left us in cities and corporations would find other hands to lay hold on them.

3rdly, The dispute between high and low church is now at an end; two-thirds of the bishops having been promoted in this reign, and most of them from England, who have bestowed all preferments in their gift to those they could well confide in; the deaneries, all except three, and many principal church-livings, are in the donation of the crown: so that we already possess such a body of clergy as will never engage in controversy upon that antiquated and exploded subject.

Lastly, as to court and country parties, so famous and avowed under most reigns in English parliaments, this kingdom has not for several years past been a proper scene whereon to exercise such contentions, and is now less proper than ever; many great employments for life being in distant hands, and the reversions diligently watched and secured; the temporary ones of any inviting value are all bestowed elsewhere as fast as they drop; and the few remaining are of too low consideration to create contests about them, except among younger brothers or tradesmen like myself. And therefore to institute a court and country party without materials would be a very new system in politics, and what I believe was never thought on before, nor unless in a nation of idiots can ever succeed, for the most ignorant Irish cottager will not sell his cow for a groat.

Therefore I conclude that all party and faction, with regard to public proceedings, are now extinguished in this kingdom; neither does it appear in view how they can possibly revive, unless some new causes be administered; which cannot be done without crossing the interests of those who are the greatest gainers by continuing the same measures. And general calamities, without hope of redress, are allowed to be the great uniters of mankind.

However we may dislike the causes, yet this effect of begetting a universal concord among us in all national

* The obligation arising from their having sworn allegiance.

debates, as well as in cities, corporations, and country neighbourhoods, may keep us at least alive, and in condition to eat the little bread allowed us in peace and amity. I have heard of a quarrel in a tavern, where all were at daggers drawing, till one of the company cried out, desiring to know the subject of the quarrel; which when none of them could tell, they put up their swords, sat down, and passed the rest of the evening in quiet. The former part has been our case, I hope the latter will be so too; that we shall sit down amicably together, at least until we have something that may give us a title to fall out, since nature has instructed even a brood of goslings to stick together while the kite is hovering over their heads.

It is certain that a firm union in any country, where every man wishes the same thing with relation to the public, may, in several points of the greatest importance, in some measure supply the defect of power, and even of those rights which are the natural and undoubted inheritance of mankind. If the universal wish of the nation upon any point were declared by the unanimous vote of the house of commons and a reasonable number of lords, I should think myself obliged in conscience to act in my sphere according to that vote; because in all free nations I take the proper definition of law to be the will of the majority of those who have the property in land; which, if there be a monarchy, is to be confirmed by the royal assent. And although such votes or declarations have not received such a confirmation for certain accidental reasons, yet I think they ought to be of much weight with the subject, provided they neither oppose the king's prerogative, endanger the peace of the nation, nor infringe any law already in force; none of which, however, can reasonably be supposed. Thus, for instance, if nine in ten of the house of commons, and a reasonable number of native temporal peers, should declare that whoever received or uttered brass coin, excepting under certain limitations and securities, should be deemed as enemies to the king and nation, I should think it a heinous sin in myself to act contrary to such a vote: and if the same power should declare the same censure against those who wore Indian stuffs and calicoes, or woollen manufactures imported from abroad, whereby this nation is reduced to the lowest ebb of misery, I should readily, heartily, and cheerfully pay obedience and to my utmost power persuade others to do the like; because there is no law of this land obliging us either to receive such coin or to wear such foreign manufactures.

Upon this last article I could humbly wish that the reverend the clergy would set us an example, by contenting themselves with wearing gowns and other habiliments of Irish drapery; which, as it would be some incitement to the laity, and set many hands to work, so they would find their advantage in the cheapness, which is a circumstance not to be neglected by too many among that venerable body. And in order to this, I could heartily desire that the most ingenious artists of the weaving trade could contrive some decent stuffs and silk for clergymen at reasonable rates.

I have pressed several of our most substantial brethren, that the whole corporation of weavers in silk and woollen would publish some proposals (I wish they would do it to both houses of parliament) inviting persons of all degrees, and of both sexes, to wear the woollen and silk manufactures of our own country; entering into solemn mutual engagements that the buyer shall have good, substantial, merchantable ware for his money, and at a certain rate without the trouble of cheapening; so that if I sent a child for a piece of stuff of a particular colour and fineness, I should be sure not to be deceived; or, if I had reason to complain, the corporation should give me immediate satisfaction; and the name of the tradesman who did me the wrong should be published and warning given not to deal with him for the future, unless the matter plainly appeared to be a mistake: for, besides the trouble of going from shop to shop, an ignorant customer runs the hazard of being cheated in the price and goodness of what he buys, being forced to an unequal combat with a dexterous and dishonest man in his own calling. Thus our goods fall under a general disreputation; and the gentry call for English cloth, or silk, from an opinion they have (and often too justly by our own faults) that the goodness more than makes up for the difference of price.

Besides it has been the sottish and ruinous practice of us tradesmen, upon any great demand of goods, either at home or from abroad, to raise the prices immediately, and manufacture the said goods more slightly and fraudulently than before.

Of this foul and foolish proceeding too many instances might be produced; and I cannot forbear mentioning one, whereby this poor kingdom has received such a fatal blow, in the only article of trade allowed us of any importance, that nothing but the success of Wood's project could outdo it. During the late plague in France, the Spaniards, who buy their linen cloths in that kingdom, not daring to venture thither for fear of infection, a very great demand was made here for that commodity, and exported to Spain: but, whether by the ignorance of the merchants, or dishonesty of the northern weavers, or the collusion of both, the ware was so bad and the price so excessive, that, except some small quantity which was sold below the prime cost, the greatest part was returned: and I have been told by very intelligent persons that, if we had been fair dealers, the whole current of the linen trade to Spain would have taken its course from hence.

If any punishments were to be inflicted on numbers of men, surely there could none be thought too great for such a race of traitors and enemies to God and their country; who, for the prospect of a little present gain, do not only ruin themselves (for that alone would be an example to the rest and a blessing to the nation), but sell their souls to hell and their country to destruction. And if the plague could have been confined only to those who were partakers in the guilt, had it travelled hither from Marseilles, those wretches would have died with less title to pity than a highwayman going to the gallows.

But it happens very unluckily that, for some time past, all endeavours or proposals from private persons to advance the public service, however honestly and innocently designed, have been called FLYING IN THE KING'S FACE; and this, to my knowledge, has been the style of some persons, whose ancestors (I mean those among them who had any), and themselves, have been flying in princes' faces these four score years; and from their own inclinations would do so still, if their interest did not lead them rather to fly in the face of a kingdom which has given them wings to enable them for such a flight.

Thus about four years ago, when a discourse was published endeavouring to persuade our people to wear their own woollen manufactures, full of the most dutiful expressions to the king, and without the least party hint, it was termed "flying in the king's face;" the printer was prosecuted in the manner we all remember, and I hope it will somewhere be remembered further, the jury kept eleven hours, and sent back nine times, till they were under the necessity of leaving the prisoner to the mercy of the court, by a special verdict, the judge on the bench invoking God for his witness when he asserted "that the author's design was to bring in the pretender."

And thus also my own poor endeavours to prevent

the ruin of my country by the admission of Wood's coin were called by the same persons "flying in the king's face," which I directly deny; for I cannot allow that vile representation of the royal countenance in William Wood's adulterate copper to be his sacred majesty's face; or, if it were, my flying was not against the impression, but the baseness of the metal, because I well remembered that the image which Nebuchadnezzar commanded to be set up for all men to fall down and worship it, was not of COPPER, but pure GOLD. And I am heartily sorry we have so few royal images of that metal among us; the sight whereof, although it could hardly increase our veneration for his majesty, which is already so great, yet would very much enliven it with the mixture of comfort and satisfaction.

Alexander the Great would suffer no statuary, except Phidias, to carve his image in stone or metal. How must he have treated such an operator as Wood, who goes about with sacksful of dross, odiously misrepresenting his prince's countenance; and would force them by thousands upon every one of us, at about six times the value!

But notwithstanding all that has been objected by William Wood himself, together with his favourers, abettors, supporters, either public or private; by those who connive at this project, or discountenance his opposers, for fear of lessening their favour or hazarding their employments; by those who endeavour to damp the spirit of the people raised against this coin, or check the honest zeal of such as, by their writings or discourses, do all they can to keep it up; by those softeners, sweeteners, compounders, and expedient-mongers, who shake their heads so strongly that we can hear their pockets jingle; I did never imagine that, in detecting the practices of such enemies to the kingdom, I was flying in the king's face; or thought they were better representers of his majesty than that very coin for which they are secret or open advocates.

If I were allowed to recite only those wishes of the nation which may be in our power to attain, I think they might be summed up in these few following.

1st. That an end might be put to our apprehensions of Wood's halfpence, and to any danger of the like destructive scheme for the future.

2dly. That halfpence might be coined in this kingdom by a public mint, with due limitations.

3dly. That the sense of both houses of parliament, at least of the house of commons, were declared, by some unanimous and hearty votes, against wearing any silk or woollen manufactures imported from abroad; as likewise against wearing Indian silks or calicoes, which are forbidden under the highest penalties in England: and it behoves us to take example from so wise a nation, because we are under a greater necessity to do so, since we are not allowed to export any woollen manufactures of our own, which is the principal branch of foreign trade in England.

4thly. That some effectual methods may be taken to civilize the poorer sort of our natives, in all those parts of this kingdom where the Irish abound, by introducing among them our language and customs; for want of which they live in the utmost ignorance, barbarity, and poverty, giving themselves wholly up to idleness, nastiness, and thievery, to the very great and just reproach of too many landlords. And if I had in me the least spirit of a projector, I would engage that this might be effected in a few years at a very inconsiderable charge.

5thly. That due encouragement should be given to agriculture; and a stop put to that pernicious practice of graziers engrossing vast quantities of land, sometimes at great distance, whereby the country is extremely depopulated.

6thly. That the defects in those acts for planting forest-trees might be fully supplied, since they have hitherto been wholly ineffectual, except about the demesnes of a few gentlemen; and even there, in general, very unskilfully made, and thriving accordingly. Neither has there yet been due care taken to preserve what is planted, or to enclose grounds; not one hedge in a hundred coming to maturity, for want of skill and industry. The neglect of copsing woods cut down hath likewise been of very ill consequence. And if men were restrained from that unlimited liberty of cutting down their own woods before the proper time, as they are in some other countries, it would be a mighty benefit to the kingdom. For I believe there is not another example in Europe of such a prodigious quantity of excellent timber cut down in so short a time, with so little advantage to the country, either in shipping or building.

I may add that absurd practice of cutting turf without any regularity, whereby great quantities of restorable land are made utterly desperate, many thousands of cattle destroyed, the turf more difficult to come at and carry home, and less fit for burning; the air made unwholesome by stagnating pools and marshes; and the very sight of such places offensive to those who ride by. Neither should that odious custom be allowed of cutting scraws, (as they call them,) which is flaying off the green surface of the ground to cover their cabins, or make up their ditches; sometimes in shallow soils, where all is gravel within a few inches; and sometimes in low ground, within a thin greensward, and sloughy underneath; which last turns all into bog by this mismanagement. And I have heard from very skilful countrymen that by these two practices in turf and scraws the kingdom loses some hundreds of acres of profitable land every year, besides the irreparable loss of many skirts of bogs, which have a green coat of grass, and yet are mangled for turf; and besides the want of canals by regular cutting, which would not only be a great convenience for bringing their turf home at an easy rate, but likewise render even the larger bogs more dry and safe for summer pasture.

These and some other speculations of the like kind I had intended to publish in a particular discourse against this session of parliament; because in some periods of my life I had opportunity and curiosity to observe from what causes those great errors in every branch of country management have arisen; of which I have now ventured to relate but few out of very many; whereof some, perhaps, would not be mentioned without giving offence, which I have endeavoured by all possible means to avoid. And for the same reason I chose to add here the little I thought proper to say on this subject.

But as to the lands of those who are perpetual absentees, I do not see any probability of their being ever improved. In former times their tenants sat at easy rents; but for some years past they have been, generally speaking, more terribly racked by the dexterity of merciless agents from England than even those who hold under the severest landlords here. I was assured upon the place by a great number of credible people that a prodigious estate in the county of Cork being let upon leases for lives and great fines paid, the rent was so high that the tenants begged leave to surrender their leases, and were content to lose their fines.

The cultivating and improvement of land is certainly a subject worthy of the highest inquiry in any country, but especially in ours, where we are so strangely limited in every branch of trade that can be of advantage to us, and utterly deprived of those which are of the greatest importance; whereof I defy the most learned man in Europe to produce me an example from any other kingdom in the world; for we are denied the benefit which God and nature intended to us, as manifestly

appears by our happy situation for commerce, and t great number of our excellent ports. So that I thi little is left us, besides the cultivating of our own so encouraging agriculture, and making great plantatio of trees, that we might not be under the necessity o sending for corn and bark from England, and timbei from other countries. This would increase the num of our inhabitants, and help to consume our natu products as well as manufactures at home. And shall never forget what I once ventured to say to a great man in England, "That few politicians, with al their schemes, are half so useful members of a com monwealth as an honest farmer; who, by skilfull draining, fencing, manuring, and planting, has increase the intrinsic value of a piece of land, and thereby don a perpetual service to his country;" which it is a grea controversy whether any of the former ever did sinc the creation of the world, but no controversy at al that ninety-nine in a hundred have done abundance o mischief.

WOOD REVIVED,

OR A SHORT DEFENCE OF HIS PROCEEDINGS IN LONDON, BRISTOL, ETC., IN REFERENCE TO THE KINGDOM OF IRELAND.

A SHORT DEFENCE OF WOOD'S CONDUCT.

Gentlemen,—The chief reason why, in the late controversy between my brass and your silver, I was so long silent is this: When my patent was on foot, and all my barrels ready charged, waiting only for the word of command, if I should have offered anything in my own defence for such an unusual attack, you would justly have thought it a political stratagem, since my private interest was so principally concerned; but that fear (to my sorrow) being now blown over, my patent being on its last legs, as plain Will Wood, brazier, I offer this to your consideration. About five years ago my thoughts were as humble as any one of my vocation, till my wife, thinking my name something ominous, out of natural affection to her dear husband, would needs persuade me to get above the reach of her suspicion, often telling me she knew not what might happen, but what could she or young Sapharia my child do in case I should die a violent death. This, sirs, you must confess, was a very moving argument; so that by her continual persuasions, the frequent admonitions of three or four Irish runagate rogues, who were copartners, and my own natural aversion to standing timber and its appurtenances, I at last consented to put in a claim for my patent, thinking by that means to free myself from such an unfortunate destiny (which more than once threatened me and my companions). Now I think these reasons were very sufficient, and I am as certain that even the disinterested drapier himself would have accepted of a lordship, and been content to be honest on less terms than those that compelled me to be a coiner and made me a rogue. I had no sooner got his patent but my head ran upon politics. My Irish confidants represented your kingdom as a poor, pliable, soft people, in love with imposition; they said that when they were in the kingdom they were the only knaves in it and had all the stings to themselves; and that when they came away they left only poor simple honest men behind them.

Upon hearing of this, gentlemen, I took into my serious consideration the softness of your tempers and the shallowness of your judgments, and after a short debate between my authority and your stupidity, I concluded that the coin prescribed in my patent was too good for you. I thought if I gave you the worth of your money, or anything beyond the worst trash a brazier could prepare, I should in my conscience be guilty of a great extravagance, since my honesty would be lost upon you; for I was assured there was not one among you knew the difference, or could tell when you were well used. I could not believe your mechanics were men of speculation, or that your drapiers pretended to law and letters, and so I coined on, and, to say the truth, mended by experience; for the last parcel I coined were of just the same value I thought your worships deserved, not worth a peck of potatoes. By this you may see how great was my opinion of you. But though your drapier be a very shrewd counsellor for others, I think he is not very wise for himself; for what could he expect by turning a public enemy to what I intended a private design, but to be made a saint, I hope, or a privy councillor? No, for I am humbly of opinion he has not gold enough for either. Then what wonderful prospects, consistent with his great wisdom, could excite so unprofitable a passion? Why, certainly, either like the dog in the manger, because he expected no advantage he would suffer nobody to get any; or else, because I coined nothing but brass, he thought I could command neither silver nor gold; but if he had been so wise and good-natured as to have directed the copy of his first letter to the people of Ireland, to Will Wood, founder in Bristol, &c., he should never have had occasion for a second, if gold could have salved up the matter. But what has he got by it? Praise! The glorious, immortal, and ever famous drapier has, by dint of pen and ink, most manfully and courageously conquered and put to flight a poor insignificant wretch of a brazier, who, like the frog in the fable, would fain have been an ox, had not this noble protector so valiantly proved him a worm. And for this windy honour he has refused what would give him real honour:—refused money for honour! I don't believe there were ten of his worship's principles among the train of his fraternity. But if every one had been of his opinion I should have stayed at my furnace still. Gold was pretty prevalent, which the drapier and some others of those honourable principles had like to have found to their cost. I must confess I was very unfortunate in my distribution, for I have ruined myself and benefited nothing; my patent and I both, I am afraid, are now going, one to courts, and t'other to gaol. I wish your politician gentleman could now show a little more of his skill in persuading the gaoler, since, if I go, 'tis certainly he sends me. I am now, gentlemen, in a very poor melancholy condition. I think with a great deal of grief on my wife's suspicious words; I even doubt myself, nay, imagination has carried me so far (since that fatal news of my patent's being laid before the council) that I have often believed myself at the gallows, with the knot under my ear, ready to be turned off. I look upon my last actions and this wicked patent as the fulfilling of my wife's ominous prophecy, for what can I otherwise expect if my late behaviour (as I am told it will) should be known? the very thoughts of it bring Tyburn full in my view. Heaven make my wife a liar, and me a false prophet! but how can a man forget it when he knows he deserves it? This wicked drapier has made the people of England themselves consider my honesty; could I purchase a little now, how happy should I be! It is a strange thing a man can't be a cheat but he must give offence to every one. When I was an honest man my next neighbour hardly knew it; nobody then took care to proclaim it; but now I am a rogue the whole world must witness it. My friends, I mean my Irish vagabonds, say I was a fool to believe them, for they told me at first they were knaves, and so I should find them, and really that I might have observed if they had not mentioned a word of it. I would say something in my vindication, but my conscience throws this in my

face, and points out my destiny. However, gentlemen, I leave this to your consideration—would not any man, the drapier and such kind excepted, who was fed up with the same hopes, do as I have done? Would not any man cheat his brother, if he could, to gain so considerably? I expected by this time it would have been at least honourable sir William Wood, baronet, and that my lady wife would have been no longer kitchen-maid. These you must confess, gentlemen, were arguments very prevailing. I did not strive to cheat Ireland for nothing; I had many thousand valuable reasons for what I did; I expected to coin all Munster into halfpence and farthings for my private use; I had the seats in Ireland in my eye ready for purchasing; in short, when all my brass was gone, I thought I should be nothing but gold and silver. But how unluckily are my hopes frustrated!—my patent almost turned to an indictment; my title of knight to that of a rogue; my fine seats to Bristol gaol, and my coach going to parliament to a cart, I am afraid, travelling to Tyburn. While there was water between me and my accusation, I thought myself pretty secure; but when I am arraigned in my own hearing, attacked in my own garrison, what can I expect? The honourable Mr. Shippen (Lord, that I should have the misfortune to deal with honest men!) has emphatically condemned and executed me. He says he hopes to see my patent laid before the House, which is as much as to say, he hopes to see me hanged and gibbeted; for that shall certainly be if it comes under their inspection. You will perhaps ask why I was a rogue, when it was in my own power to hinder it, and why I did not go according to the rules of my patent, since my safety depended upon it. To this I answer, it was not to oblige Ireland, but myself, that I got this patent. I thought I might easily have slipped in one barrel of mine among ten of yours; I could not believe it was any way dishonest to cheat, so that it was done cunningly; much less did I ever expect to be called to account for it after; for if my money had once been current, you should never have wanted change as long as there were men and mines in England. Others would have thanked me for my kindness; but you strive to reward me with an halter,—a kindness I had much rather see than feel; but if it be ordained, designed, and resolved that I must die by myself, and my patent return from whence it came, I shall proclaim myself a sad example to all unfortunate covetous rogues to shun my destiny, and beware of brass, lest they fall into the same snare, and, if they expect to thrive, never to cheat Ireland, but continually remember, Hibernia, *nemo te impunè lacessit.* But what is a much greater grief to me, I am afraid that my dear friends and correspondents, and other partakers in iniquity, will undergo the same punishment; for though their names do not much resemble the gallows, their faces are shrewdly suspicious, and mostly carry violent signs and tokens. It has been my misfortune to determine whether roguery is an innate principle in me, or one infused by their inflicting example. What Mr. Shippen has said of lord Stafford and lord Essex has so touched me that the effects have left me in a dismal condition. Not that I fear! nor should my friends fear an axe; for I believe and am partly assured that, since our crimes and confidence have been mutual, we shall all certainly be rewarded alike, and de—pend on my namesake. Now, gentlemen, I shall conclude this paper with as much sincerity as if I was already at the highest step of the ladder, God knows how soon that may come, and so I will speak truth. My blessings to the drapier, for, though he has ruined me, if I survive I shall return the acknowledgment, and so conclude, gentlemen, your unfortunately disappointed and humble servant,

WILLIAM WOOD.

The true State of the Case between the kingdom of Ireland of the one part, and Mr. William Wood of the other part. By a Protestant of Ireland.

THE said William Wood obtains letters-patent under the seal of Great Britain for the kingdom of Ireland, to coin halfpence for the use of such persons there as should be willing to take them. These letters-patent were procured without consulting either the lord-lieutenant, lords-justices, or privy-council of Ireland, or any other proper method taken (as in all cases of importance is most reasonable, and has so been used) rightly to inform his majesty whether the coining such halfpence and farthings would be for his majesty's service, or the benefit of his subjects of that kingdom where they were intended to be made current. When a patent of this sort is granted to any private undertaker, it is highly reasonable, and accordingly (as I am informed) has always so been practised, that he should give good and sufficient security at all times to indemnify all such persons as take his coin at the current value. Whether any such security has been given by William Wood I know not; but suppose it to be so, yet, since he and his security are both in Great Britain, how is it possible for us here in Ireland to tender his halfpence to him when at any time we would have them exchanged, or to get remedy against him and his security in case they refuse to change them? By virtue of these letters-patent, the said Mr. Wood sets up his said coinage in Great Britain. And if at that distance he should coin double the quantity of copper which he was allowed to do, and import the same into Ireland, it would be morally impossible for the people of Ireland to detect him; or in case they should detect him, yet it does not appear how they could well come by any remedy or reparation for the great loss which they must undoubtedly sustain thereby. If the said William Wood should coin no more than 360 tons of the best copper which he has yet made use of, and in all other things should exactly keep to the rule prescribed to him by his said letters-patent; the halfpence and farthings arising out of that quantity of copper are computed to amount to 90,000*l.*; whereas the value of the copper itself is computed to amount to no more than 36,000*l.* If therefore the kingdom of Ireland should receive just that quantity of halfpence and farthings, and according to the weight directed by the said letters-patent, the loss upon the balance would be no less than 54,000*l.* But a very great number of his halfpence being found to be much below the weight prescribed by the letters-patent, and there being no effectual way that we know to hinder him from coining as many more of the same lightness as he pleases, and sending whatever quantity of them he has a mind to into this kingdom, the consequence must be that it will be in his power to double and redouble the loss upon us, until he has reduced the kingdom to the utmost poverty. About five or six and forty years bygone there were certain brass tokens current in the city of Dublin, commonly called the butcher's halfpence, for the exchanging of which the undertaker who coined them had given sufficient security to the lord mayor and corporation. This same undertaker privately counterfeited his own halfpence, insomuch that for one of the original stamp ten or more counterfeits were going, which when some person brought to him to be exchanged, he alleged that he was not bound to change them, because they were counterfeits; and having so cunningly carried on the matter as that the cheat could not easily be proved against him; nor would any one man upon account of the loss of (it may be) 40 or 50*s.* undertake the lawsuit; the people never had any satisfaction that I can hear of, although the whole city taken together were among them all losers of perhaps little less than 1000*l.* or thereby. Whether the like fraud may be charged

on Mr. Wood, I cannot positively say; but certain it is that some halfpence (and some casks of them I am told), of a stamp somewhat different from the first which he put out and of less weight, were brought into Ireland, with which when he was charged, I am informed that he declared that all those halfpence which did not exactly agree with the original stamp were counterfeits, for which he was not obliged to answer; and who shall secure the kingdom against such a cheat, in case that Mr. Wood or any other person shall counterfeit his halfpence, and send casks of them over hither, which may easily be vended before the fraud be discovered? If these new halfpence and farthings should ever be suffered to become current, the factors for them would made no difficulty of giving large allowance to all who would give gold, silver, or valuable commodities for them. Of this I say they would make no difficulty, partly because it would be the only way speedily and easily to bring a very great quantity of them into the kingdom; and partly because it would be in their own power, by coining more and more of them (wherein I see not how we could restrain or control them), to repair to themselves whatever seeming loss they may be supposed to sustain by the discount; and the present gain by this allowance would make many here so greedy of them as to strive who should first get and vend them before their value should fall; so that in a short time the nation would probably be glutted with them, and they would unavoidably become a very great burden and clog upon all sorts of trade and business, as shall presently be shown. If one twentieth part of circulating cash of a country be in halfpence and farthings, it will be very sufficient for exchange in all the retailing trade; and if the retailing value of so much small money be somewhat below what it passes for, the inconvenience will not be great, because being in no great quantity it keeps in constant motion, and quickly passes from hand to hand, so that no man will be supposed to have more of it at a time than what he has almost present occasion to pass away, or may easily put into the hands of another who may have such occasion for it. But if a tenth, or much more if a fifth or fourth part, of the nation's cash be in such sort of money, and the real value thereof not above one third (or thereabout) of what it is made to be current for, the damage to the people must thereby be very great. A fifth part is four twentieths, one of those twentieths is abundantly sufficient in very small sums to answer all the necessities of the retailing trade, which is the proper and only profitable use of such sort of small money; and where greater sums are to be paid every man, as much as he can, will avoid taking such coin as is far short of the real value for which it is made to go, so that the other three twentieths must either lie dead upon the hands of those who have taken them, or at least circulate at great disadvantage, as we shall see by and by. Since then the whole circulating cash of Ireland has never been computed at more than 500,000*l.* (and by many is reckoned to be much short of that), and we have already in the kingdom at least 20,000*l.* in halfpence (which was the sum allowed by the last patent to be coined; nor is it improbable that the patentee exceeds rather than comes short of what he was allowed to do), and since this stock of halfpence which we thus have is by experience found to be abundantly sufficient for all the uses of such sort of money, so that we want no more of it, except perhaps a few farthings for the sake of the most minute part of the retailing trade and the poorest of the people, I may well leave it to the consideration of every sober man what a sad condition this poor kingdom will soon be reduced to, in case that not only Mr. Wood's halfpence to the quantity (for I cannot say the *value*) of 90,000*l.* should be made current amongst us, but also he should happen to pour in double that sum upon us, from the doing of which we have no way to hinder him in case that for the sake of gain he should be tempted to do so; it being notorious that the very best of his halfpence are not in real value above two-fifths, and the bulk of them not above one-third at most, of what they are intended to pass for.

When a base sort of coin, in a much greater quantity than what is necessary for exchange in the retailing trade, is made current in a country, it in a little time naturally sinks from its current value, which it only retains in name, to its real and intrinsic value. Thus the late king James's brass money sunk every day more and more in its value, though the name of each piece was still the same, until at last one of his shillings, though still called a shilling, would not purchase above the worth of an halfpenny, even in that part of the kingdom which was under his power; and if so great an inundation of Mr. Wood's halfpence, as I have but now mentioned, should break in upon us, the consequence in as little a time would be, that for three shillings in those halfpence, more could not be bought than for one shilling in silver. I do not indeed find by Mr. Wood's patent that a man would be bound to receive his debts, or a landlord his rents, in these halfpence, in case they should become current, but yet from their currency these evil effects must unavoidably arise: First, The poor labourer would always be paid his wages, and the alewife for her drink, in these halfpence. Secondly, From hence it must follow that almost all the king's hearth-money and excise would be paid in the same coin; and if the halfpence are allowed to become current by royal authority, I see not how they can be refused by the officers of his majesty's revenue, especially when those who pay the greatest part of these two branches of it have no other money wherewith to make their payments. Thirdly, It is most probable that a great part of his majesty's customs, quit-rents, &c., and the postages of all letters, would also be paid in this sort of money; and that, for that very purpose, men would buy it up at a low rate, as they used to do the late king James's brass coin. Fourthly, That all the private men in the army (to say nothing of officers civil and military) would be forced to receive their pay in the same; for what other way would the king have to dispose of the vast quantity of halfpence which unavoidably must come into his treasury; and if the poor soldier can get no more for [illegible] shillings in halfpence than what he might for a [illegible]at in silver (which unavoidably must be the consequence), how will it be possible for him to subsist? Fifthly, If landlords will not receive their rents, or any considerable part of them, in this sort of money (as we may be sure they will not, except some law, not now in being, be made to compel them), this must break a multitude of tenants, especially of the poorer sort, who will sell their goods in small quantities, for which they will generally receive no other money but halfpence; and if the poor under-tenants are broke, it will not be easy for the head tenants, or even the landlords themselves, who depend upon their rents, long to subsist. Lastly, If more than 500,000*l.* has not room to circulate in Ireland (as is generally computed), and one-fifth part of this, or probably much more, be thus debased, the consequence will be, that at least one-fifth part of our good coin, or perhaps a much greater proportion of it, being not to be employed here, will soon be carried away (and so *toties quoties*) to some other country, which being added to the other evils already mentioned will be a greater diminution to our stock and trade, if not the destruction of both, and consequently a very great lessening of his majesty's revenue.

I will not upon this occasion pretend to insist upon it that the protestants of Ireland may be entitled to some favour from his majesty. It is a satisfaction to

us, that we have all along been faithful to and zealous for his interest, and that of his illustrious house, together with the succession of the crown, as by law established. But what we therein did was our duty, and therefore I shall not plead it as our merit. All I desire is, that we may stand in the common rank of good subjects, to which I hope we have an undoubted title; and when all that I have here said is duly weighed, I may well leave it to the consideration of every sober man, whether it can be for his majesty's service or our benefit that these same halfpence of William Wood should be even connived at being made current amongst us in Ireland.

P.S.—One thing will be worth remarking, which I had like to have forgotten. When the last patent was granted for coining of halfpence here, the sum was confined to 20,000*l.*, and, by the care of the government, I believe was not much exceeded; and yet in a short time the collectors everywhere throughout the kingdom received so great a part of the hearth-money and excise in these halfpence, that, being not able otherwise to dispose of them, they were forced to pay a great quantity of them in specie into the commissioners of the revenue, who often complained of them as a burden. And if this were the case when all the copper money in the kingdom made up little more than 20,000*l.* what must it be when an addition is made not only of 90,000*l.*, which is the express allowance of Mr. Wood's patent, but also of as much more as he shall think fit to send us? For the coinage being at such a distance from us, it is impossible that the government here can have any effectual check upon him.

A LETTER TO WILLIAM WOOD, Esq.,

FROM HIS ONLY FRIEND IN IRELAND.

To William Wood, Esq., at his Copper-Works at Bristol, or elsewhere.

Sir,—I cannot tell why it should be so, but I have made it my constant observation that men of the most profound learning and greatest genius, who by their elaborate study have found out secrets and mysteries that have proved of the greatest advantage to mankind, have thereby gained more enemies than others with the grossest ignorance and vile qualification, which observation I have found summed up in you, who (except one) has not a friend in this whole kingdom; nay, what is worse, they are one and all your enemies. Know then, sir, I am that one who dare own myself your friend, and glory in being your admirer.—Miserable! That such an adept should not be admired among men as the sun, for its glorious rays, is above all the planets. How have our witlings and little snarling scribblers been busy in setting the press at work! But go on, sir, they blacken their paper, and not you. That which many men have destroyed great estates and cracked their brains to find out (I mean the grand secret), and have burnt mountains of charcoal in making menstrua and tinctures to transmute metals into gold, and are still as far from it as the longitude,—you have, without all this cost and trouble, brought to perfection, that out of copper, nay, the basest of copper, can extract pure gold and silver, at above cent. per cent. profit. Monstrous gain! prodigious art! And all this without the art of chemistry, only by greasing and daubing in a proper place. You shall be styled the High German Artist.

I think, like lower artists on any new invention, you have got a patent only for fourteen years; but then I consider you are loaded with honour, as intrinsically valuable and weighty as your coin. Ay! and you are the phœnix of your order; for I dare swear you are the only tinker esquire in Great Britain. Had you consulted me or any friend, we would have told you that you might have been a peer at a cheaper rate; but no matter for that. As the world goes, he that has money enough has birth and parts and every qualification; so, when you wallow in one, the other will come of course. And then for your preamble, your personal endowment and merits, as well as those of your ancestors, although you were never heard of till now, unless when the parish cess was gathered for nursing of * * *, your name perhaps was read in the list; and you know, sir, names have occasionally been given, some from colour, as White, Brown, &c., others from place, as having been left in a street, lane, field, or wood. But I think you did well to get the honour of an esquire first; for, when you come to have greater conferred, a lord, without being an esquire, will be something like a knight and no gentleman; so I think you have made a prudent step.

Would you, dear sir, but take a trip over hither to browbeat those snarling scribblers who will not dare to open their mouths to your face? I cannot but think, when you go in your gilt chariot to the tavern, to remember your cousin-german, and the rest of your friends and abettors on the other side the water, how you will look down on those sorry invidious railers, who will go sneaking thither with small purses of gold in their pockets, when you will be followed with a train of tumbrils, loaded with your coin, one for every bottle of wine, and a waggon with six horses to pay for the supper. Then you will see the scene change, and the loud acclamations of the people, and the shouts of the mob, who will rejoice to lay their hands on you to present you with a fine cravat, for the good of our linen and hempen manufacture.

But let us for a while lay aside all our joys and thoughts of honour and grandeur, and turn our thoughts a little on answering our sorry politicians who advance such paradoxes to injure you, when envy, only envy, is at the bottom. They cry out the nation will be undone by having too much money imported; and then they would fain draw all his majesty's officers and servants into their quarrel by saying the revenue will be lessened, and then all salaries must be ill paid. Poor politicians! they don't consider what a patriot you are; for you never began this project out of self-interest, but the good of his majesty's dominions in general, and for this country in particular. As for the latter, it will increase trade amongst us in several particulars, and consequently raise the revenue; for we shall have money enough, and we shall all drink wine—that or water—for we shall not have a brewing-pan left. It will advance the coopers' trade, which will be employed in making casks to hold your coin; it will advance house-rent, for every moneyed man, instead of a scriptore, or an iron chest, or strong box, must have a warehouse; it will also employ the poor, for every person must have a man or two to wait on him to carry the common expenses of the day. Then, as to the general good, what a noble alliance will it make! When we drink nought but wine, sure then France will never quarrel with us. You showed your great foresight in making this general friendship; you counterfeited your own coin, not out of any ill design; but, when it was objected to you, you alleged that it was done in Holland. Oh, rare subterfuge! This was your policy to secure them; by giving them a hint what they may do, and what I am sure they will do; and when they can send their trash to a market at so great advantage, I dare swear all that while they will be our humble servants. Then there is Sweden with its copper will truckle to us. I cannot but be pleased to think how we shall put the proud Spaniard, with his Peru and Mexico, out of countenance.

Then, besides all this, I cannot but admire your religious goodness, for I find your aim in reformation

of manners, which in a great measure has taken effect; for, among a great many other societies and bodies that have entered into associations against your coins, our mercenary ladies are resolved not to vend their wares for it. They say they have brass enough already; and if they keep firm to that resolution, we must be chaste in our own defence. Then there are your pickpockets, who by diving can fetch up between their fingers as much as, with good management, may keep them some days, but when your coin comes in vogue, a back-burthen of it will hardly fill their belly, and that is more than they daily acquire by their sleight of hand; so they must reform, and take up some other trade. Well, I protest I think you deserve to be highly exalted, and though every man does not get his reward in this world, that is no argument against his deserving it, and every good man ought to wish it. When a poor rogue picks a pocket for want, or robs on the road, we all wish him hanged for it, and sooner or later he gets it. Then what must that villain deserve that, under the colour of law or authority, would plunder a whole nation? I have read in a very good book that formerly there was one Alexander, a coppersmith, who did much harm to a good man, who thought it lawful in his language to pray the Lord to reward him according to his works; and since you, the coppersmith of this age, have wrought such confusion to this nation, we may, from so good a precedent, in plain English, and I hope the papists, who say their prayers in Latin, will join with us in one English prayer, which is, The Lord confound you and all your devices that would ruin our nation! Which is the hearty prayer of,

Dear Will, your real friend, and humble servant,

HIBERNICUS.

A LETTER TO WILLIAM WOOD,

FROM A MEMBER OF THAT SOCIETY OF MEN WHO IN DERISION ARE CALLED QUAKERS.

FRIEND WILLIAM,

I WRITE not these lines to thee from any regard I have to thy person or thy coin, so much as in obedience to some elders, who commanded I should expostulate with thee upon thy great presumption, inasmuch as thou dost still continue obstinately to persist in the evil of thy ways; and for which thou mayest surely expect to receive the reward due unto thy great and manifold devices. Believe me, if it please thee, for verily in my time I remember not to have known a greater numbskull than thou art, even thyself; notwithstanding all the friendly admonitions thou hast received time after time, thou art still soothing thy vanity, in expectation of what I am bold to affirm to thee will never come to pass. Believe me, friend, 'tis not in the power of thee or thine emissaries to compel me to take one single doit of thy filth in part payment for the worst yard of cloth in my warehouse, and I may assure thee the rest of the brethren (some few excepted) are of the same mind as to this particular. So that nothing can prompt thee to such vile wickedness, unless thou hast, to all intents and purposes, delivered thyself up to the workings of the evil spirit, who is like unto a wily adversary that seeketh all methods of plying his engines until he receiveth men into his clutches; and then it is not thy Britannias, nor thy Hibernias, nor thy much more valuable Mammon of unrighteousness (I mean thy gold or thy silver), will extricate thee from the many sorrows thou wilt then be compassed with. And what, I pray thee, will avail thy patents, or thy grants, or thy other honours, which thou hast by thy false insinuations received by the great men of this world; who are not always moved by the spirit to do those things which appertain to our peace, but contrariwise to such as are not meet to be named. It doth not at present concern thy friend to speak to such sort of people, saving than as it falleth in the customs of discourse; so far as it may relate to thyself, and to whom it behoveth not I should prescribe matters convenient to be done, otherwise than such as shall seem meet according to fleshly wisdom and maxims of profane men, who delight marvellously in heaping together worldly dross, that they may (as it is written) consume it on their lusts; and therefore, according to my first motive, I shall lay aside the further consideration of the subject-matter I fell into, and more closely pursue the intention of this epistle, which is writ in all simplicity of mind, to bring thee, if possible, to some sense of thy duty, and the regard thou oughtest to have for the welfare of thy friends in particular and thy neighbours in general.

Wert not thou then the vainest of sots to imagine thy scheme should be successful, without communing with the men who were to be the purchasers of thy coin? Shouldest thou not look before thou'd leap? which would have prevented everybody from calling thee an ignorant ass, destitute of brains, in thinking to surmount such insuperable difficulties, which maketh all people to laugh at thy calamity, as it is owing to thyself; and verily, friend, I cannot better illustrate what I am saying than to tell thee the history of the fox and the goat, who, both being very much a-thirst, went into a well; but when they had drank somewhat plentiful, the matter remained how to come out. The fox proposed to the other; stand thou, saith he, on thy hinder legs upright, even thus, and then it will be easy for me to mount upon thy head and get clear: it seemeth Reynard had nothing in view but his own profit, and, lacking all compassion to his distressed friend, reproaching his simplicity, saying, If thou hadst as much brains in thy skull as beard on thy chops, thou would'st consider in thy going in how thou should come forth again. But this, although it may seem somewhat foreign to the matter in hand, is indeed exactly thy case; and truly I marvel at thy great imprudence in feeding thyself up with hopes of ever accomplishing thy sinister ends, since thou canst not but hear report of friend Jonathan's miraculous performances in three successive operations, wherein he hath given sight unto those which be blind, hearing unto the deaf, and speech unto them which lacketh understanding; and hath also laid open thy foul impostures to such a degree as maketh me astonished at thy gross ignorance and stupidity; insomuch that thy unrighteous gain—the wages of sin—which, should thy project succeed, thou wouldest have appropriated to thine own proper behoof, must in the end prove hurtful to thy future happiness, insomuch as to puzzle thee in great abundance how to adjust thy Flemish account, which thou wilt be obliged to put in the clearest light before thou canst be received in the land of Canaan. 'Tis therefore the reason thy friend concerneth himself so much in thy behalf, not that he would give hinderance to the due execution of thy grant, but fearing lest, the matter being reversed, execution should perchance be done upon thy carcase, that thou mightest on thy namesake, *wood*, expiate thy manifold offences, they being such as maketh men affirm this to be very much a just tribute due from thee for the disturbances thou hast given them in times past.

Therefore let me exhort thee in brotherly charity that thou repent thee of thine abominations, lest peradventure thou art forced unwillingly to go the way of all flesh, inasmuch as thou dwellest among a wicked and untoward generation; which if thou shalt luckily escape, I do verily affirm, even as my soul liveth, thou art not the only man who hath gone off in a whole skin, nevertheless deserving stripes in abundance. But if thou shalt still continue obstinately perverse in thy impious practices, thou mayest surely expect the most severe treatment from such of the elders as thinketh themselves

indispensably obliged to exclude thee their society, and then thy condition will be greatly astonishing when thou wilt be delivered up to the government of the Prince of Darkness, even Beelzebub, to whom thou seemeth to me to bear some sort of resemblance in thy manner of proceeding, both of ye bearing enmity to the children of men. I shall forbear any further admonitions to thee at this time, fearing lest I should tire thy patience. But if aught should offer itself which may chance be material to thy purpose, thou mayest expect still to hear from thy friend, as the spirit shall move. This being all the needful from him who writeth himself in brotherly affection thine,

ABRAHAM WOODHATER.

A FULL AND TRUE ACCOUNT OF THE SOLEMN PROCESSION TO THE GALLOWS, AT THE

EXECUTION OF WILLIAM WOOD,

ESQUIRE AND HARDWAREMAN, 1724.

SOME time ago, upon a report spread that William Wood, hardwareman, was concealed in his brother-in-law's[a] house here in Dublin, a great number of people of different conditions, and of both sexes, crowded about the door, determinedly bent to take revenge upon him as a coiner and a counterfeiter. Among the rest, a certain curious person standing in a corner observed that they all discovered their resentments in the proper terms and expressions of their several trades and callings; whereof he wrote down as many as he could remember; and he was pleased to communicate them to me, with leave to publish them for the use of those who, at any time hereafter, may be at a loss for proper words wherein to express their good disposition toward the said William Wood.

The people cried out to have him delivered into their hands.

Says the *Parliament Man*. *Expel* him from the *house*.
2nd Parliament Man. I second that *motion*.
Cook. I'll *baste* him.
2nd Cook. I'll give him his *bellyful*.
3rd Cook. I'll give him a *lick* in the *chops*.
4th Cook. I'll *souse* him.
Drunken Man. I'll beat him as long as I can *stand*.
Bookseller. I'll turn over a *new leaf* with him.
Saddler. I'll *pummel* him.
Glazier. I'll make the *light* shine through him.
Grocer. I'll *pepper* him.
Groom. I'll *curry* him.
'Pothecary. I'll *pound* him.
2nd 'Pothecary. I'll beat him to *mummy*.
Schoolmaster. I'll make him an *example*.
Rabbit catcher. I'll *ferret* him.
Paver. I'll *thump* him.
Coiner. I'll give him a *rap*.
WHIG. *Down* with him.
TORY. *Up* with him.
Miller. I'll dash out his *grinders*.
2nd Miller. *Dam* him.
Boatman. *Sink* him.
Scavenger. Throw him in the *kennel*.
Dyer. I'll beat him *black* and *blue*.
Bagnio Man. I'll make the *house* too *hot* for him.
Whore. *Pox* rot him.
2nd Whore. Let me *alone* with him.
3rd Whore. *Clap* him up.
Mustard-maker. I'll take him by the *nose*.
Curate. I'll make the *devil come out of him*.
Popish priest. I'll *send him* to the devil.
Dancing-master. I'll *teach him better manners*.
2nd Dancing-master. I'll make him cut a *caper* three story high.
Farmer. I'll *thrash* him.
Tailor. I'll sit on his *skirts*.
2nd Tailor. *Hell* is too good for him.
3rd Tailor. I'll *pink* his *doublet*.
4th Tailor. I'll make his *a— buttons*.
Basket-maker. I'll *hamper* him.
Fiddler. I'll have him by the *ears*.
2nd Fiddler. I'll hang him to some *tune*.
Barber. I'll have him by the *beard*.
2nd Barber. I'll pull his *whiskers*.
3rd Barber. I'll make his *hair* stand on end.
4th Barber. I'll *comb* his *locks*.
Tinker. I'll try what *metal* he's made of.
Cobbler. I'll make *an end* of him.
Tobacconist. I'll make him set up his *pipes*.
2nd Tobacconist. I'll make him *smoke*.
Goldfinder. I'll make him *stink*.
Hackney-coachman. I'll make him know his *driver*.
2nd Hackney-coachman. I'll *drive* him to the devil.
Butcher. I'll have a *limb* of him.
2nd Butcher. Let us *blow him up*.
3rd Butcher. My *knife* in him.
Nurse. I'll *swaddle* him.
Anabaptist. We'll *dip* the rogue in the pond.
Ostler. I'll *rub* him *down*.
Shoemaker. Set him in the *stocks*.
Banker. I'll kick him to *half-crowns*.
2nd Banker. I'll *pay* him off.
Bowler. I'll have a *rubber* with him.
Gamester. I'll make his *bones rattle*.
Bodice-maker. I'll *lace* his sides.
Gardener. I'll make him *water his plants*.
Alewife. I'll *reckon* with him.
Cuckold. I'll make him pull in his *horns*.
Old Woman. I'll *mumble* him.
Hangman. I'll *throttle* him.

But at last, the people, having received assurances that William Wood was neither in the house nor kingdom, appointed certain commissioners to hang him in effigy, whereof the whole ceremony and procession deserve to be transmitted to posterity.

First, the way was cleared by a detachment of the *black-guards*, with short sticks in their hands, and cockades of paper in their hats.

Then appeared William Wood, esq., represented to the life by an old piece of carved timber, taken from the keel of a ship. Upon his face, which looked very dismal, were fixed, at proper distances, several pieces of his own coin, to denote who he was, and to signify his calling and his crime. He wore on his head a peruke, very artfully composed of four old mops; a halter about his neck served him for a cravat. His clothes were indeed not so neat and elegant as is usual with persons in his condition, (which some censorious people imputed to affectation,) for he was covered with a large rug of several colours in patchwork. He was borne on the shoulders of an able-bodied porter. In his march by St. Stephen's Green he often bowed on both sides to show his respects to the company. His deportment was grave; and his countenance, though somewhat pensive, was very composed.

Behind him followed his father alone, in a long mourning-cloak, with his hat over his nose, and a handkerchief in his hand to wipe tears from his face.

Next in order marched the executioner himself in person, whose venerable aspect drew the eyes of the whole assembly upon him; but he was further distinguished by a halter, which he bore upon his left shoulder as a badge of his office.

Then followed two persons hand in hand. The one representing William Wood's brother-in-law; the other a certain saddler his intimate friend, whose name I forget. Each had a small kettle in his hand, wherein was a reasonable quantity of the new halfpence. At

[a] One Molyneux, an ironmonger.

proper periods they shook their kettles, which made a melancholy sound, like the ringing of a knell for their partner and confederate.

After these followed several officers, whose assistance was necessary for the more decent performance of the great work in hand.

The procession was closed with an innumerable crowd of people, who frequently sent out loud huzzas; which were censured by wiser heads as a mark of inhumanity, and an ungenerous triumph over the unfortunate, without duly considering the various vicissitudes of human life. However, as it becomes an impartial historian, I will not conceal one observation, that Mr. Wood himself appeared wholly unmoved, without the least alteration in his countenance; only when he came within sight of the fatal tree, which happened to be of the same species of timber with his own person, he seemed to be somewhat pensive.

At the place of execution he appeared undaunted, nor was seen to shed a tear. He made no resistance, but submitted himself with great resignation to the hangman, who was indeed thought to use him with too much roughness, neither kissing him nor asking him pardon. His dying SPEECH was printed and deserves to be written in letters of GOLD. Being asked whether it were his own true genuine SPEECH, he did not deny it.

Those of the softer sex who attended the ceremony lamented that so comely and well-*timbered* a man should come to so untimely an end. He hung but a short time, for, upon feeling his breast, they found it cold and stiff.

It is strange to think how this melancholy spectacle turned the hearts of the people to compassion. When he was cut down, the body was carried through the whole city to gather contributions for his wake, and all sorts of people showed their liberality according as they were able. The ceremony was performed in an alehouse of distinction, and in a manner suitable to the quality of the deceased.

While the attendants were discoursing about his funeral, a worthy member of the assembly stood up and proposed that the body should be carried out the next day and burned with the same pomp and formalities used at his execution, which would prevent the malice of his enemies and all indignities that might be done to his remains. This was agreed to; and about nine o'clock on the following morning there appeared a second procession. But burning not having been any part of the sentence, authority thought fit to interpose, and the corpse was rescued by the civil power.

We hear the body is not yet interred, which occasions many speculations. But what is more wonderful, it is positively affirmed by many who pretend to have been eye-witnesses that there does not appear to be the least alteration in any one lineament or feature of his countenance, nor visible decay in his whole frame, further than what had been made by worms long before his execution. The solution of which difficulty I shall leave among naturalists.

WOOD'S CONFESSION

TO THE MOB OF THE CITY OF DUBLIN.

GENTLEMEN,

As justice manifestly proves the mainspring on which men endowed with the most noble faculties generally move, so it exerts itself as the most rigid antagonist to human nature when once violated, even in the most minute respect.

I, William Wood, whose chief inclinations were to leave you in a wood, am sufficiently convinced that I have in a great respect incurred your displeasure by aiming at your ruin, at the levelling of so noble a country even to the ground, the inhabitants whereof never prejudiced me nor mine. With an aspect veiled over with gloomy confusion, and a conscience agitated by the greatest remorse, I am convinced that I have merited, and am liable to suffer, this punishment which the laws of a just and a most wronged country have deemed convenient to be inflicted on me.

In the first respect, I have most vilely abused a gift conferred on me by so good a protector and so gracious a king; and in the next place, proposed to build my fortune on the ruined foundations of an innocent kingdom. Yet I hope that my damnable inclinations may not survive me, or my degeneracy from my indigent yet honest ancestors remain an aspersion to my innocent posterity.

My parents' fortune proving insufficient, and my faculties somewhat incapable, they endeavoured (and to be sure with no small expense) to procure me an employment whereby I might enjoy an honest living, and prove a credit both to them and myself.

At the expiration of my apprenticeship, being by an indenture bound to a brazier, they endeavoured by degrees to purchase for me instruments, and by my own sedulity I endeavoured to increase them. But setting up for myself in a short time, I came into tolerable good acquaintance and good business, and at length obtained a patent from our most gracious king George, by the interest of others, for the coining of halfpence and farthings for the use of one of his majesty's dominions called Ireland.

But I, like a grand juror, a designing knave, and perfidious villain (which humble confession, with my life, I am apt to think are sufficient to make a restitution for my frustrated stratagem), applied my gift to a wrong use.

Therefore as it hath been my misfortune to trace the paths of unhappiness, pity my disconsolate condition. Reproach me not hereafter so vilely as ye have done me heretofore, but let your rebukes be mitigated with the sweets of lenity, and say, as it was told to Alexander the coppersmith,—I have done you much wrong, for which I pray that I may be indulged at the great bar of my offended Creator.

You'll see, gentlemen of the mob, that in a little time I hope to find out some way or other to make you all satisfaction for the great care that you have taken of me. Some of you have made a good hand by me already, and will make more in a short time; but I assure you that you shall not have one halfpenny or farthing of my money into your country, for I will find some other place for them.

Sure this will quell your loud acclamations against me, and prevent any further mobs.

For the performance of the above I give under my hand, WILL. WOOD.

THE DRAPIER'S LETTER

TO THE GOOD PEOPLE OF IRELAND. 1745.

In the year 1745 lord Chesterfield arrived as lord-lieutenant in Ireland. Swift was then in a state of imbecility, and soon after died. The following paper was published under so popular a name, to divert the Irish from the schemes of the Jacobites.

MY DEAR COUNTRYMEN,

It is now some considerable time since I troubled you with my advice; and as I am growing old and infirm, I was in good hopes to have been quietly laid in my grave before any occasion offered of addressing you again; but my affection for you, which does not decay though my poor body does, obliges me once more to put you in mind of your true interests, that you may

not unwarily run yourselves into danger and distress for want of understanding or seriously considering it.

I have many reasons to believe that there are not few among you who secretly rejoice at the rebellion which is now raised in Scotland, and perhaps conceive hopes of some alteration for the better in their circumstances and condition if it should succeed. It is those mistaken people whom I design to talk to in this letter, and I desire no more of them than to give me a fair hearing, examining coolly with themselves whether what I shall say be true.

It is no objection to my speaking to them that they are generally papists I do not know how other people are disposed; but for my part, I hate no man for his religion; I look upon a papist as my countryman and neighbour, though I happen myself to be a protestant. And if I know what advice is good for him, I can see no reason why I should not give it him, or why he should not take it.

A papist has sense, I suppose, like other men, to see his interest and advantage, and the same natural desire to embrace it where he finds it; and if I can show him where it lies, he will not, I believe, kick it from him, barely to spite me as a protestant.

I have nothing to say to the popish gentry of this kingdom. They would hardly take such a plain man's advice; and besides, they have so many ways of coming off safe themselves, though the poor people were undone, that I need not be concerned for them.

My care is for the common people—the labourers, farmers, artificers, and tradesmen of this nation; who are in danger of being deluded by their betters, and made tools of to serve their purposes, without any advantage to themselves. It is possible that, among the lords and squires, one perhaps of a hundred would get something by a change. Places and employments will be promised them, no doubt; and a few of those promises, perhaps, the French and Scotch friends of the pretender might give him leave to keep. But what are the poorer sort the better all this while? Will the labourer get one farthing a-day more? Will the farmer's rent be lowered? Will the artificer be more employed, or better paid? Will the tradesman get more customers, or have fewer scores upon his books?

I have been bred in a careful way of life, and never ventured upon any project without consulting my pillow first how much I should be a gainer in the upshot. I wish my good countrymen would do so too, and, before they grow fond of change, ask themselves this sober question, Whether it would better their condition if it were really brought about? If it would not, to what purpose do we wish it? If the poor labourer, when all is over, is to be a labourer still, and earn his groat a-day as hardly as he did before, I cannot find why he should think it worth his while to venture a leg or an arm, and the gallows too into the bargain, to be just where he set out. If he must dig and delve when the pretender is settled on the throne, he had as good stick to it now, for any difference I can see.

I believe my countrymen are not so mad as to imagine the pretender can, or will, give every one of them estates; and I am sure, if he does not, they can be only where they were. If a farmer must pay his rent, I see no reason that he should be much concerned whether he pays it to one man or to another. His popish landlord will, I suppose, demand it as soon and as strictly as a protestant; and if he does not pay it, pound his cattle, or distrain his goods, as readily at least.

I have not observed that tenants to popish landlords wear tighter clothes, ride better cattle, or spend more money at markets and fairs, than the tenants on protestants' estates; therefore I cannot believe they are better used. On the contrary, I know from long experience that there is more money taken in my shop from the latter than the former; and therefore I suppose that, generally speaking, they are in better circumstances. I could wish all of them had better bargains; but since they will not be mended by the best successes that their own hearts could wish to the pretender, they may as well be quiet, and make the best of such as they have already.

There is not a more foolish trade than fighting for nothing; and I hope my good countrymen will be too wise to be persuaded into it. Fine speeches and fair promises will not be wanting to delude them; but let them remember the warning I now give them, that, when all is over, the very best that can befall them is to have their labour for their pains.

I doubt not but you are told "that you will all be made;" and I do not expect that you should take my word to the contrary. I desire only that you would trust the understanding God has given you, and not be fooled out of your senses. Will the manufacturer be made by an entire stop to business? or the tradesman by being obliged to shut up shop? And yet you all must know that in a civil war no work can be carried on, nor any trade go forward. I hope you are not yet so stupid as to think that people will build houses, buy rich furniture, or make up fine clothes, when we are altogether by the ears, and nobody can tell to whose share they will fall at last: and if there be no buyers, you can have no employers. Merchants will not stock themselves with goods when there is no demand for them, to have their shops rifled and their storehouses broken open and plundered by one side or the other.

Indeed, my good friends and countrymen, let designing people say what they please, you will all be ruined in the struggle, let it end which way it will; and it well deserves your thoughts, whether it is worth your while to beggar yourselves and families that the man's name upon the throne may be James instead of George. You will probably see neither of them while you live, nor be one penny the richer for the one or for the other; and, if you take my advice, you will accordingly not trouble your heads about them.

You may think it a fine thing, when you get drunk over your ale, to throw up your caps and cry, "Long live king James!" but it would be a wiser thing to think how you will live yourselves after you are beggared in his cause. Will he make good your losses? pay one man for the plundering of his warehouse, and another for the rifling of his shop? Will he give you money, think ye, to release your own and your wives' clothes, which you must pawn for bread, because no work is stirring? Will he buy new looms and tackle for you, because yours have been burnt and destroyed? If you fancy so, you are strangely imposed upon indeed. He will have other things to do with his money; or, if he had any to spare, there will be hungry Frenchmen enough about him to snap it up before it comes to you.

I will not say anything to you about the dangers you must run in the course of a civil war, though they are very dreadful and more horrid than you can possibly imagine, because I cannot think that there is any need of it. I have shown you very plainly that if you should be deluded to take arms, you fight for less than nothing, for the undoing of yourselves and families; and if this argument will not prevail upon you to be quiet, I can only pray for you that God will be pleased to restore you to the right use of your understanding.

I am your old and faithful friend,

THE DRAPIER.

A TRIPOS,

OR SPEECH, DELIVERED AT A COMMENCEMENT IN THE UNIVERSITY OF DUBLIN,

Held there, July 11, 1688,

BY MR. JOHN JONES,

THEN A.B., AFTERWARDS D.D.

The researches of Dr. Barrett have thrown light upon most of the persons satirized in the following Tripos: besides which, we are indebted to his essay on the earlier part of the Life of Swift for the following general information.—

"At the commencement, in July 1688, when this Tripos was pronounced, I find that the under-named persons took the following degrees; to all of whom allusions are made in it:

"Mr. William King, (afterwards archbishop of Dublin,) B.D. and D.D.; Mr. Charles Gwithers, M.D.; and Jeremy Marsh, Alexander Jephson, Thomas Cox, Richard Barry, William Tirrell, Allen Maddison, William Warren, Jo. Travers, &c., were admitted to the degree of A.M.

"Jephson was afterwards a clergyman, and had the school of Camberwell. He and Gwithers, and several others, were censured on various occasions by the board, as was also Nich. Knight, whose name occurs in this Tripos. At the same time appear on the books of the buttery, among the resident doctors and masters, the names of Dr. Foy, (who had been a senior fellow, but, like Foley, had resigned,) Dr. Gwithers, Mr. Napper, Mr. Jephson, Mr. Cox, Mr. Terrill, and Mr. Delauny. The other names occurring in the Tripos are all names of persons who had been students in the college, but at that time some of them had left it. We also may find some of the names occurring in King's State of the Protestants, such as that of dean Glandee, a person of abilities, but whose character has been reproached with the imputation of immorality."

ACT I.

Occidit miseros crambe repetita magistros.

Your *probabo*, *probabo*, is as dull as a Trinity-Sunday sermon.

Dii boni, quas novas aves hic video! Tot habemus barbaros ignoramos et foppos: tot doctores indoctos, nummos academicos, cives aldermanicos, rusticos personas, and so many pretty, pretty little rogues, that should I speak Latin, I should banter ten parts of the company. Wherefore, for the sake of the ladies, bullies, the Rums, and fellow-commoners, I'll order it (as I know you all would have it) that the English be ten to one against the Roman.

Lenite clamorem, till I show these gentlemen the civilities of the house.

Non temere decet quidem ut salutemus libenter. Salvete igitur quotquot reverenda vel ridicula, docta vel rummosa capita; sed imprimis salvus sit Doctor Acton, (ut inquit Erasmus) Athleticè: superannuati omnes salvi sint pancraticè: et, si qui adsint cornuti, quod verisimile est, valeant tauricè; deinde si quis adsit medicus immedicabilis, qui skulkat subter id manticæ, quod in tergo est, docto in cujus capite Æsculapius viget, sed in omnibus dominatus astronomiæ et effœto corpore totus inhæret Galenus et Hippocrates, si possibile sit, inquam, valeat ille; sed præ cæteris clericum istum clericorum salvere jubeo, who preaches in an oven, and is of the same name and heraldry with an eminent blind cobbler, who, when the kingdom was all out of the stitches, vamped himself a colonel: if his gravity be here, I salute him for seven several reasons.

First, Because he drinks and goes to the bog-house for fourteen reasons; but cannot give one for selling his organs to a mass-house.

Secondly, Because (according to his own phrase) he preaches by the London standard, which never lessened, as I know of, but thrice, and then Stillingfleet and Tillotson themselves were not one jot better or worse, unless we say with the poet,

> Sed malè dum recitas, incipit esse tuus.

Thirdly, Because, when he came from England, he wore as much silk for a doublet as made his sister (joy be with her, as he said) a manteau and petticoat. Quere, Whether then Mr. Parson wore the breastplate of righteousness? It is plain he did, and that his intentions were honourable, for the next Sunday following he preached,—Give Cæsar his due. It is ill-nature, then, in Bunbury's wife's husband to revile him for this; and, to speak in the phrase of a pretty little senior fellow, There's no Jew but would be more gentle.

Fourthly, Because he consecrates as much water at once as makes Christians for a month.

Fifthly, Because he invited to his sister's funeral none but (as he was pleased to call them) the cream of the parish, *viz.*, those that kept coaches. Now himself upon himself; his conclusion in such a case will be thus, That all the curds and cream in the parish tour it in coaches, while the poor skim-milk and bonny-clobber trudge a-foot. I wonder Mr. Leeson, with his cream of theology, is not his parishioner. There is a mess for the freshmen. But,

Sixthly, Because he lives by the canon, and yet corrects the Rubrick.

Seventhly, and lastly, Because he made himself a large and ponderous night-cap, after the exact model of his church; and this he did for two reasons:—

1st. To show that no noddle in the diocese could bear such a weight as his. 2dly, To cure a distemper which, to the grief of his congregation, has troubled his brains these many years. Sed ad rem.

Salvus sit ille inter socios juniores cum pede brevi et naso rhinocerotis, who by his own sermon of angles and triangles has thrice shown his smattering in the mathematics. Valeat etiam Doctor ille Civilis, sed Polygamister, edentulus sed Polyglottus; qui adeo plenus est literis, ut in ipsa facie omnes linguarum characteres graphicè scribuntur: frustra igitur, reverende doctor, susurrant invidi, te jam senio confectum orientales linguas non callere, cum revera index tui animi sit vultus. Sed etiam atque etiam salvus sit purpuratus nos grandiloquus, cui dedit ore rotundo Musa loqui:—

> Quem quoad faciem et linguam vocamus Ulyssem:
> Non formosus erat, sed erat facundus Ulysses—
> No Tartar is more fair, no Athenian better hung,
> Sol varnish'd o'er his face, and Mercury his tongue.—

Quoad altitudinem salutemus Ajacem, quod gracilitatem Tithonem, quoad caput versatile Priamum paralyticum, quod pedes Achillem, quoad crura denique, Colossum.

> Sponte suâ properant, labor est inhibere volentes.
> Anglicè,
> With awkward gown tuck'd up, he scow'rs along,
> And at each stride measures a parasang.

Inter cæteros, peculiari dignus est salutatione bellus quidam homunculus; I do not mean Mr. Brady's pretty little man, but the neat, spruce, dapper, finical, nice spark, who'd rather sing and dance in his chamber than bowl without an umbrella: who constantly carries as many patch-boxes in his pocket as would beautify our beadle, as many several sorts of snuff as would furnish major-general Maccarty and colonel Dempsy for a year, and as much essence as would perfume sir Stampe's chamber; as many comfits as would sweeten Mr. Travers's hacksters, together with as many jewels as would make sir Jephson a gentleman, or buy Mr. Delauny a coat of arms. Besides, he has such a veneration for the fair sex, that he would not presume to visit a lady in a shirt he had worn a day, but by way of apology sent her this billet-doux:—

"I'gad, madam, I beg your pardon ten thousand times for not paying my devoir to your ladyship to-day: of which transcendent happiness nothing under the planets could have deprived me but the damned disappointment of my sempstress; by whose neglect I have at present but seven day-shirts, by which means I am unprovided with linen, and so rendered utterly incapable of attending your ladyship now; but, as soon as my dress is agreeable, I fly with the wings of duty and obe-

dience to implore your ladyship's mercy for my un nate absence, and will ever snatch at all opportunities of manifesting myself,

Madam, your ladyship's most humble and devoted slave, to the stars or centre,

TOMMY WEAVER.

O curas hominum, O quantum est in rebus inane.

Ipsissimum hunc homuncionem hoc in epigrammate notat Martialis:

Cotile, bellus homo es, &c.

Anglicè,

There's scarce a well-dress'd coxcomb but will own
Tommy's the prettiest spark about the town:
This all the tribe of fringe and feather say,
Because he nicely moves by algebra;
And does with method tie his cravat-string,
Takes snuff with art, and shows his sparkling ring;
Can set his fore-top, manage well his wig,
Can act a proverb, and can dance a jig;
Does sing French songs; can rhyme, and furnish chat
To inquisitive Miss, from Letter or Gazette:
Knows the affair of cockpit and the race,
And who were conquerors at either place;
If Crop or Trotter took the prize away,
And who a fortune gain'd the other day.
He swings fring'd gloves, sees plays, writes billets-doux,
Fill'd up with beauty, love, oaths, lies, and vows;
Does scent his eyebrows, perfum'd comfits eat,
And smells like phœnix' nest, or civet cat;
Does shave with pumice-stone, compose his face,
And rolls his stockings by a looking-glass.
Accomplish'd thus, Tommy you'll grant, I hope,
A pretty spark at least, if not a fop.

Finitâ salutatione (more Erasmiano) paucis vobiscum confabulandum est. Sed uti solet graculus ille Maddison, mihi cordi est totum occupare sermonem; I'll take all the chat to myself.

In familiaritatem me nuper exceperunt virtuosi (hominum genus in minimis non minimùm laborans), et mihi quædam naturæ non vulgaria nota fecere; quæ humanitatis ergo, et publicæ salutis gratiâ, in lucem jam profero.

First, Mr. Allen's infallible cure for the maw-worms:

℞. Poti fortis ab hatcho quartum unum; rowlorum, sive brownorum sive alborum, ad minimum tres; his addatur butyri culinaris quantum valet duos denarios, cum buncho radishorum vel watergrassi; deinde stomachi equini quantum sufficit. Hæc omnia horâ octavâ antemeridianâ quotidie devorentur, et certè vix ad prandium usque latrabit stomachus.

Secondly, Dr. Molyneux,[a] his rare discovery of part of the meat's sudden digestion and corruption in the mouth, thus:—

℞. Pinquis caponis leggum unum et wingum, tosti shouldro-motontis et carnis bovinæ unà slicum unum vel alterum; anseris juvenilis cum sauso gooseberiano modicum quid; panis domestici lunsheum moderatum; vini rubri et poti minoris pocula bina vel tria; et, quod instar omnium est, fœtidissimi spiritus quantum sufficit: compressu oris fiat bolus, et proculdubio inter hiatus dentium et super gingivas tam statim fœtida fiat concoctio; quod primus omnium mortalium, si modo credibile sit, ingenuus notavit ille medicus.

Thirdly, the college butler's admirable invention of selling a mixture of ale and mum for ninepence per quart; and his water bewitched, *viz.*, small beer and water, for a penny a bottle; likewise his elixir bonæ famæ, or cure for his first fault. The experiment of the liquids is wrought by the help of a trap-door at midnight.

The elixir is made thus:—

℞. Vini rubri flaskum duplex, Canarii, sive vini Hispanici, amphoram unam, vel alteram; academici et grubbinorum tolemanni quantum sufficit: deferantur ad cameram Junioris Decani, quo participante ingurgitentur omnia post nocturnum catalogum.

[a] Dr. Thomas Molyneux, the younger brother of William Molyneux, the correspondent of Mr. Locke, commenced M. D. July, 1687.

If this will not work the effect alone, I refer you to his wonderful sympathetic prescription, which is thus:—

℞. The tongue of Mother Jenkinson, *alias* Madam University, which will soothe the affections of the head of the society. This being done, let the patient dine thrice a-week on a national dish; and if this fail, 'tis an odd thing, nam probatum est.

Moreover, I recommend to you,

Dean Manby's and archdeacon Baynard's ointment for a warping conscience.

Mr. Oliver Talent's[a] prescription for the worms in the noddle.

Sir Conolly's new Treatise of Armory, entitled Ex quovis ligno non fit Mercurius.

Madam Dicky Barry's ingenious machine for putting on finical bands.

Mr. Scrogg's composition of puns.

Mr. Griffith's approved-of opium matutinum, for soaking.

Mr. Downes's excellent potio coffiana, for expelling soporiferous humours.

Priscianus vulneratus, aliàs, methodus credendi Articulos, by the Rev. Dr. King.

Doctor Nappier's[b] Elegy on a broken Bellarmine of Ale, entitled, Amphora non meruit tam pretiosa mori.

An excellent engine for working embroidery, by my very good lord Charlemont.

Likewise his lordship's Praxis Arithmetica, showing that 21 and 21 make 48; this, as simple as it seems to be, cost the honourable lord some pains, and his lady some blushes.

An infallible unguent for the spleen in the toe, by the rev. Dr. Foy.

And, lastly, Mr. Smith's Art of Compliance, proving humility to be the practice of the age, and showing how the college butler may be the dear companion of the junior dean. For all which I refer you to the respective authors, except the last, which Mr. Smith proves syllogistically thus:—

Moris est humilitas, ergo
Junior Decanus et Promus Senior
possunt esse magni.

Probo antecedens.

Si generosus marmorizat cum puero,
Anglicè, Plays marbles with his boy,
Tunc moris est humilitas.
Sed generosus marmorizat cum puero. Ergo, &c.

Probo minorem instantiam.

Magister Sayers marmorizat cum puero,
Sed magister Sayers est generosus. Ergo, &c.

Probo aliter.

Si doctissimus, altissimus, necnon longè notissimus Doctor in Universitate scrubbat suas tabulas et brushat suas cathedras, tunc moris est humilitas.

Sed talis doctor scrubbat suas tabulas, &c. Ergo, &c.

Hoc etiam probari potest instantiâ.

But the tall gentleman in the robes would not have it known. Cum itaque magister (te Decanum alloquor) argumentis hisce validis vindicetur tua humilitas, quid obstat quo minus inter te et Danielum mutua oveatur familiaritas.

Ede, bibe, dormi, post mortem nulla voluptas,
Namque inter Tanaim nihil est soceruumque Visellì.
Coach it away, then, and empty his pitchers:
A lord in Fingall plays tennis with ditchers.

Heu, heu, quanti hic desiderantur socci et handkerchiefi, tantum est inter vos clamoris, sudoris; tantum est hogorum, ut piget usque morari. Pergat igitur (ut inquit Dr. Acton) suo modo Dominus Barry. Sed heus tu, Magister Will-be, sive graduate maxime, Serenissimæ Elizabethæ dormiant cineres. Not a word of Protestant Bess.

[a] Oliver Tallant, admitted 20th May, 1677.

[b] Gerard Nappier, admitted 18th July 1677.

ACT II.

Oppon. Dom. Barry.—In tempore veni, quod omnium rerum est primum.

Nam vereor, Domine, you are brought as low as Witherton in Chevy Chase, or Mr. Lloyd in the chapel. Ridicula capita! inepto risu res ineptior nulla est.

Absint joci (as sir Jephson said, when he had none), res seria jam, imo de funeribus, agitur. Muliercula enim misella humanissima, nobis vicina, et Magistri Hewetson soror unica, non ita pridem moriebatur; nec amicorum immemor ingrata dicessit: sed quicquid vel corpusculi sui vel rei humano foret usui, hoc supremo testamento, amicis suis in formam subsequentem benigna legavit.

The Last Will and Testament of Mrs. Mary Hewetson.

She bequeathed her brains to a learned grave gentleman, who has shaked his own out of his noddle, whose name I was forbid to tell you, but I'll do as good as will, I'll find somebody here that——Amoveate quæso, amoveate paulisper. Oh! salve, Magister Burridge;[a] I remember Tommy Cox told me yours were addle, and therefore I present them to you, if her brother lays no claim to them.

Her tongue (which even after death is the cause of controversy) some affirm she left to Mrs. Hornecastle:[b] the true opinion is, she bequeathed to Mrs. Jenkinson, whose speaking organ (as I told you before) is employed in Mrs. Donell's elixir bonæ famæ.

Her teeth she left to Mrs. Horncastle, who has such an unruly member of her own, that it needs at least a double guard.

She bequeathed her hair to Mr. Leeson, to make him a wig.

Her coloured silk petticoat to furnish Mr. Delauny with a pair of breeches; and her looking-glass and night-rail to my lady Neddy Hall. Her toothpick to Dr. Loftus, and patch box to Mrs. Lucy Coghill,[c] which so disguised her at the Confirmation in St. Werburgh's church, that the zealous archdeacon did not know sir John's daughter; sed zelo verè Fitzgeraldina exclamavit, "My lord, my lord, her face is against the canon: I know not who she is, and I won't present her."

Sed, reverende vir, monstrat tibi poeta, quo pacto agnosceres virginem

> Cui numerosa linunt stellantem splenia frontem,
> Ignoras, quæ sit? Splenia tolle, leges.

But to return; she left her courageous heart to pretty Mr. Weaver.

Her beauty (now you all expect I'll say, to sir Bayly and Fitzsimons; no truly, but) to as worthy a gentleman, the reverend the provost; and her conscience to the clerk of the kitchen, of whom (by way of digression[d]) take this character:—

A College Steward[e]

is an animal mixture, a medley or hodge-podge of butcher and cook, of scullion and scholar. He lives negatively by the privation of others, and mortifies more flesh than all the divines in the kingdom. Did he live among the ancients, he would be taken for a wrestling-master, with his skin oiled for the palæstra. Hence it comes to pass that his greasy shirt pays his laundress, and finds her in soap and candles. You may follow him (like the old pie-woman) by his smell. Strangers passing by his door take it for the college chandler's: an ignorant woman went there, directed by her nose, to sell her kitchen-stuff. The butchers' dogs fawn upon him, and follow him, for his hogoes. Without doubt, they fancy he carries a slaughter-house about him. He spends half his salary a-year in wash-balls, fuller's-earth, and socks. The scent of the kitchen has infected his breath, and poisoned his whole mass of blood. What the hyperbolical poet said of the Cappadocian is verified in him without a trope:—

> Vipera Cappadocem malesana momordit, at ipsa
> Gustato periit sanguine Cappadocis.

Anglicè,

> A famish'd rat, progging one night for food,
> Bit Mr Hogoe's toe, and suck'd the blood:
> Then dull and drooping the pensive vermin sat,
> Gorged with infectious gore, and pois'ning fat.

If he goes to market fasting, he taints all the meat he cheapens; therefore the butchers in their own defence treat him to a breakfast. Every Sunday morning he so stuffs himself, that if you come nigh him you'll know what is for dinner. Every belch[a] is a bill of fare; his bedfellow dreams of grubbins all night. One that lay with him by accident fancied himself at the mouth of an oven, full of tainted mutton-pies. Mr. Butler, junior,[b] who, to stifle his hogoes, lies in his socks, would match him for a bedfellow, provided that they lay heads and points. The pestilence of the head would be requited by the plague of the heels. Were he in orders, it would be dangerous for him to baptize; he would make more ghosts than Christians, and, with good words, send the sucklings packing to the other world. Were he doctor in the civil law, his brother would rather not commence than kiss him: he would be as terrible as the old gentleman with the rainbow about his eyes. He never says grace before meat, and very good reason; his victuals, like the Scotchman's snuff, will not bide a blessing: the holy words would transubstantiate them into maggots. The greatest sin he has to struggle with is the flesh, and (which is wonderful) the oftener he gains the victory, the wickeder he becomes. He thwarts the Rubrick, and makes more Good Fridays than Sundays in the year. When we keep Lent,[c] he keeps Carnival; and well he may, when other men fast for his sins. He takes upon him to be deputy-bursar, and is called Mr. Steward; but by the same figure that the hangman is called the king's officer. In the kitchen he rules the roast, is absolute lord over the cleavemen, half master of the scullions, and partly tutor, partly companion, to the cooks; but always sworn brother in iniquity to the clerks of the buttery, which brings me to consider them together in one word, and so have done. When these two meet (like malevolent planets in conjunction) 'tis ominous, and denotes a dearth in commons and sizings. Nay, sometimes it foretels a general punishment. The making of either of these is the spoiling of a scholar; as a gentleman bound 'prentice forfeits his heraldry, or the knighthood of an alderman spoils a cit. They live plentifully with traffic between themselves, and yet every day eat and drink their bargains. To conclude, they cast up their sins once a-month, but do not repent, because their iniquities are confirmed by the senior fellows.

[a] Ezekiel Burridge, who is mentioned in the beginning of the second act, was elected scholar in June 1683, commenced A.B February 1683—4, and A M July 1687. He is mentioned by Ware, in his account of the Writers of Ireland, and by King, in his State of the Protestants.—Dr Barrett.

[b] A person of this name is mentioned in King's State of the Protestants.

[c] Daughter of sir John Coghill, and sister to Dr. Marmaduke Coghill.

[d] These digressions, interspersed, may remind us of the digressions in the Tale of a Tub.

[e] The office of college steward was formerly exercised by a scholar of the house who was called clerk of the kitchen. It is probable that he might derive some advantages from the punishment that consisted in depriving delinquents of commons. These advantages are here alluded to.

[a] This reminds us of the author of the Tale of a Tub, who enlarges so much upon the *eructations* of the Æolists.

[b] Probably Brinsley Butler, at that time a student in the college.

[c] That is, when we, by way of punishment, are put out of commons, he derives some advantage to himself by it.

But to return to the will:—

She bequeathed her breasts to Mrs. Mary C——ll,[a] of whom hear the poet:

> Mammas atque tatas habet Afra: sed ipsa tatarum
> Dici et mammarum maxima mamma potest.

Her paint she left to one of those ladies; and her nose she knew not whether to leave to Mr. Loftus or Mr. Lloyd, but at last ordered it for the former; and out of her great charity, gave permission to the latter (I mean Mr. Lloyd) to furnish himself after the Hudibrasian manner with a supplemental snout out of her posteriors.

Lastly, she bequeathed all her money for the founding and endowment of a new college, and therefore ordered that there be a fair tract of ground purchased out of Jack Cusack's estate, on a convenient part whereof there be erected a stately pile of building, after the model of Mr. Allen's mansion-house. That sir Butler's famous library be bought for the college use, together with Stillingfleet's and Tillotson's Sermons for the assistance of young divines. That Mr. Doyle, for his excellent morals and profound learning, be provost; and Mr. Boreman,[b] for the same reasons, be vice-provost. That Nickumbottom be university orator; sir Stampe,[c] singing-master and magician; and that ingenious bachelor of arts, who read out all Gassendus's Astronomy in a week, but the a's and b's, if sir Moore pleases, be mathematic professor; and Dr. Mercer be bursar. Several officers are yet wanting, as divinity professor, preachers, physicians, lecturers, surgeons, historians, chemists, civilians, register, linguist, and many others, all which are to be supplied by that colossus of learning, Mr. Foley.

Hic vero dubium oritur; num Dr. Mercer, cum sponsa sua (satis eleganti) inhabitare possit academiam; si negatur, tunc actum est de bursario, qui adeo integer vitæ, scelerisque purus: si affirmatur, dii boni, quam clamosum necnon rixosum habituri sumus collegium! nam fama refert esse inter illos conjugium conjurium, quod Martiali parum credibile videtur, ut ex his versiculis constat:—

> Cum sitis similes, paresque vita,
> Uxor pessima, pessimus maritus,
> Miror, non bene convenire vobis.

It was first ordered that Mr. Lloyd should be the university poet; ferunt autem, Magister, te quondam pessimum egisse poetastrum, ideoque

> ———— mutato nomine, de te
> Fabula narratur.

Qui Bavium non odit, amet tua carmina, Mævi.—

> Nam tu, Cosconi, disticha longa facis.

Hanc igitur provinciam habeat dean Glandee, vel Mr. Hewetson.

Ordered, moreover, that all the fellows dine and sup constantly in the hall, uti apud nos moris est. Hortemur etiam, ut præpositus parcius absit,[d] and to be strictly observed that all the students in the hall, especially at meat, speak Latin, as we do.

It was lately ordered that, for the honour and dignity of the university, there should be introduced a society of freemasons, consisting of gentlemen, mechanics, porters, parsons, ragmen, hucksters, bailiffs, divines, tinkers, knights, thatchers, coblers, poets, justices, drawers, beggars, aldermen, paviours, sculls, freshmen, bachelors, scavingers, masters, sow-gelders, doctors, ditchers, pimps, lords, butchers, and tailors, who shall bind themselves by an oath never to discover their mighty no-secret; and to relieve whatsoever strolling distressed brethren they meet with, after the example of the fraternity of freemasons in and about Trinity College, by whom a collection was lately made for, and the purse of charity well stuffed for, a reduced brother, who received their charity as follows in this list of benefactors:—

[a] Perhaps Coghill.

[b] Edward Boreman, admitted 11th June, 1678: his name was taken off the books on 15th October, 1686.

[c] Timothy Stampe, admitted 16th May, 1682.

[d] It appears from the buttery books that provost Huntington had generally a non co., and therefore was absent from the hall.

From Sawney Richardson, a bottle of ale and two rolls.

From Mr. Hassit, a pair of old shoes.

From a kind-hearted butcher at Lazy Hill, a calf's countenance.

From the right honourable lord Charlemont, a cast hat.

From Long Lawrence, an inch of tobacco.

From Mr. Ryder, a groat.

From Dr. Gwithers, an old glister-pipe.

From Mr. Marsh and sir Tenison, a bundle of godly ballads.

From Mr. Smith, an old pair of quilted stockings.

From a tapster at the sign of the Hog in Armour, a comfit.

From sir Goodlet,[a] a piece of an old smiglesius for a natural use, cunningly procured by the means of sir Goodlet.

From sir Warren, for being freemasonized the new way, 5s.

From Mr. Edward Hall,[b] a pair of cast night-gloves.

Lastly, from Mr. Hancock, a slice of Cheshire cheese; which the hungry brother eat up with such a gusto, and liked so well, that he stole away the rest in his breeches.

Tam liberâ potitus contributione, frater scoundrellus sarcinulas suas discessurus colligit, et vultu hilari, ori solito, quadrangulum transit; dumque præ nimio gaudio porrectiore incedit fronte, altioresque tendit gressus, quisnam inter homines obviam dedit illi, nisi frater fraterrimus Cooper;[c] qui ut fidelem novit hominem, festinatius accurrit, humaniter corripit dextram, utque moris est, spississimo conspuit basio: deinde Bibliothecam versus, comiter ambulant, ut inter cætera admirabilia Ridlæum[d] visitent: quem dum hospes curiosis lynceis oculis perscrutatur, et diligentius rimatur, quantum homuncionis judices, carnifex, et medici, reliquerunt; proh dolor, inter partes an nobiliores, an posteriores nescio privatum fraternitatis notavit signum (Anglicè, the freemasons' mark). Quo viso, Dii boni, quanto clamore totam infecit domum. Ter et sæpius pulsavit pectus, exsangues dilaniavit genas, et eheu nimium dilaceratas dilaceravit vestes. Tandem vero paulo modestius insaniens, hujusmodi versiculis ridiculum effudit dolorem.

EULOGIUM RIDLÆANUM. AN ELEGY UPON RIDLEY.

> Unhappy brother, what can be
> In wretchedness compared to thee?
> Thou grief and shame of our society!
> Had we in due time understood
> That thou wert of the brotherhood,
> By fraud or force thou had'st got loose
> From shameful tree and dismal noose:
> And now perhaps with life been blest,
> As comely a brother as the best,
> Not thus exposed a monumental jest;
> When lady longs for college beer,
> Or little dame or country squire
> Walk out an afternoon, to look
> On thee, and devil-raising book;
> Who kindly rather chose to die,
> Than blemish our fraternity;
> The first of us e'er hang'd for modesty.
> And now, alack and welladay,
> Thy parchment hide is stuff'd with hay.

[a] James Goodlatt was admitted in February, 1683-4: elected scholar in 1687.

[b] We must not confound this person with one of the same name among the then junior fellows. This last was Dr. John Hall, whom Swift, in his account of lord Wharton, mentions with approbation. To him the Tripos nowhere alludes.

[c] I find a person named Nat. Cooper, who, with Edward Hall, commenced A B. in February 1682-3.

[d] Said to have been an informer against priests.

Nay, worse; the Æsculapians,
Thy mighty misery to enhance,
Have cruelly cut thee out of countenance;
And, to show witty spite, at once
Preserved thy skin and lost thy bones.
Thus here in wooden hatch you stand,
With scornful musket at your hand:
The mice' and rats' mock sentinel,
A poor ridiculous spectacle
To gibing Joan, to Kate and Nan,
Thou worse than skeleton of man —
So does he measure out his grief,
For loss of brother and of thief.
Nor less concern'd does Cooper stand;
But sobbing with his clout in hand,
And destitute of consolation,
Kept time with all his tribulation.
Their grumbling woe runs through and through them,
If all were known 'twould quite undo them.
The sighs which up and downward go
Their unfeigned sorrow show;
For the devil's in't, if they pretend
Who vent their grief at either end.

Hoc munere elaborato, non diutius lacrymis indulgent, sed dolore policè suppresso, taciti discedunt. Protinus lodgum convocant, fratresque omnes certiores faciunt, quantum sibi infamiae et quantum miseriæ infelicissimo accedit fraterculo; graviter luget fraterculus et societas; et suspiriis ex imo pectore petitis, statim provisum est in posterum, nominem qui crucem meretur, vel qui suspendendus est, in societatem freemasonorum admitti: quo authoritate statuto, et albo lodgi prolato, singuli, tam generosi quam scoundrelli, solidissimis basiis promiscuè dicunt valedictionem.

ACT III.

Enter a waddling Doctor, and his man JAMES.

Doctor. James, have you read out the chapter, and can you tell how many days' work was the Creation?

James. Marry, here's so many hard words, I can't remember.

Doctor. Well, but this is not the business now: you must get things in readiness against to-morrow.

James. Master, what's the matter with to-morrow more than another day?

Doctor. (*Aside.*) Oh, the ignorance of those people who are not mathematicians!—I tell you a supernatural thing will happen.

James. (*Aside.*) Oh, oh! this is the eclipse[a] now, I warrant.—Nay, master, as you say it, it is as sure as a gun.—Then what mun I do, say you?

Doctor. Go to the steward and provide double commons; and be sure you call at the chandler's, for tomorrow I dine by candlelight.

James. Oh, the wonderful wonderfulness of you schollards! And what mun I bring drink in?

Doctor. A material question:—in the tankard, and do that in the morning.

James. Marry, but I had better buy a pitcher, so I had; and then I need not go so often as I do. This tankard, I wish it were hanged, so I do.

Doctor. What ails you at it? Why do you grumble?

James. Grumble, quoth-a? I am sure it wears me more shoe-leather than a little; and I cannot say my prayers in a morning for it, so I can't.

Doctor. If I thought it did you any injury, or contributed to the doing you any harm, or were an irregular vessel, I would part with it; I would entertain it no more than I did my bed: go, then, and bring a pitcher. [*Exeunt severally.*

Enter SAINTY ASHE,[b] *and* SAMUEL FOLEY, *Senior Fellows.*

Sainty. Where do you keep your eclipse[c] to-morrow?

Sam. In my chamber. I do not care for groping my way to my dinner.

Sainty. What, will it be total? No glimmering to be allowed to eat our meat by?

Sam. So it seems. I have taken a great deal of pains to calculate it, and can now demonstrate it.

Sainty. If you please, I would be very glad to see your calculation.

Sam. Thus then:—Invenitur ex tabulis plenilunium medium, additâ, dimidia, lunatione; et tunc, ex postaphæresi et motu lunæ horario, inveniantur digiti ecliptici et parallexis altitudinis.

Sainty. 'Tis wonderful well; from whence I conclude, we are all like to be in the dark.

Sam. Ay, doubtless; or I'll burn my books. I would not want this little smattering in astronomy for a great deal, I protest.

Sainty. I confess there's some advantage in it.

Sam. Advantage! I could not live without it. I cut my hair by the stars; and will tell the physiognomy and sex of my child before my wife's brought to bed.

Sainty. But do the planets never wander? are you not sometimes mistaken?

Sam. Oh, never; at least in things of this kind: it is as easy to calculate an eclipse as to curl; and if you doubt in any point, I'll——

Sainty. No, no, I'm satisfied: 'twill be as clear as the sun. [*Exeunt.*

The Scene, DROGHEDA.

Enter MR. DOYLE[a] *and his Damsel* NELLY: *after them the Tapster, with a porringer of burnt brandy and a mutton-pie.*

Doyle. Come, Nelly, sit down, and give me a kiss.

Nelly. Fough, sir, stand off. I protest you smell so strong of brandy and tobacco, a body can't endure you.

Doyle. Nay, leave this peevish humour, and sit down: if you knew who I'm to be, you'd be as kind to me as to the smith's boy.

Nelly. Pr'ythee, let go my apron, and do not pull me so.

Doyle. But you won't hear me!—I tell you, woman as simple as I stand here, I'm to be a fellow of Dublin College.

Nelly. You a fellow! Never the sooner for an hasty word. Pray keep your filthy hand away, or I'll cry

[a] In the "Art of Verifying Dates," mention is made of an eclipse of the sun on the 5th November, 1686, and of another eclipse on 30th April, 1688. One of them is probably alluded to here.

[b] The rev. *St.* George Ashe, Swift's tutor.

[c] In the Philosophical Transactions we have an account of an eclipse observed at Dublin in 1684, by Ashe and Molyneux.

[a] We are now come to the infamous Bernard Doyle, who is the next person censured in the Tripos. He was admitted as a sizar on 14th April, 1678, under the tuition of Richard Acton, at the age of nineteen, and was born at Athlone. On 11th July, 1685, he had the grace of the House for A.M. "per specialem gratiam." He was usher of the school at Drogheda; and on the merit of conforming to the religion of James II. sought to be admitted to the place of a Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin. To this end he presented a mandamus from the king on February 13, 1687-8, directed to the provost and senior fellows, and dated January 11, 1687-8, which required them to admit the said Doyle to a fellowship, then vacant (by the cession of Dr. George Mercer, who is mentioned also in the Tripos), or the first that should become so, without taking any oath but that of a fellow. When this oath was tendered to him by them, he refused to take it, as it was inconsistent with the religion he professed. And it having been represented by the college to the lord-lieutenant that Doyle was a person of shameful ignorance and scandalous immorality, he was pleased to order the mayor of Drogheda to take examinations upon oath relative to Mr. Doyle's conduct while usher of that school. For this purpose Mr. Downes, one of the fellows, went down thither; and it was proved, by examinations taken on the 9th, 10th, and 11th of March, that Doyle was guilty of fornication (having had two bastards), drunkenness, theft, and other crimes, such as violently assaulting and beating various persons. Notwithstanding this representation, Doyle persevered in his applications to lord Tyrconnel, and spared no kind of scandalous assertions against the college; but, in the mean time, Mr. Arthur Hasset procured a mandamus in his own favour, which he presented to the provost and fellows on the 16th April, 1688, and having satisfied them on the points which they proposed to him, he was sworn and admitted as fellow. He is mentioned in the Tripos, as is also Eleanor Wall, who was one of Doyle's mistresses.—DR. BARRETT.

out, so I will. Come, come, sir, don't think you are with Peggy what-do-you-call-her.

Doyle. But I'll tell you, Nelly,——

Nelly. Tell me no tellings; keep down your fingers and do not you tear my petticoats. I'm afraid 'twas for what you did in the blankets the dean[a] made you stand in the white sheet.

Doyle. Here, drawer, t'other porringer of brandy, and so to pay. That, and this quarter cob, will put you into a little better humour. Come let us——now let us——

Nelly. In verity, Mr. Doyle, you have the cunningest way with you of pleasing a woman.—You see how loth I am to refuse a gentleman that's just on the point of preferment: but hold, there's somebody coming.

Enter the Drawer.

Drawer. This makes two and twopence now, besides the nineteen and sevenpence before; and my mistress bid me tell you she can trust no longer.

Doyle. Why so, you scoundrel?

Drawer. Because you put her off with mandrakes from the king.

Doyle. Bid your mistress go hang herself; and look for her money, you whore's kitling. (*Throws the mutton pie at him.*) (*Exit Drawer, maundering.*

Nelly. Why so sleepy, Mr. Doyle?

Doyle. Oh, this scowering and lying most plagues me. Here, Nelly, here's to you. Aw, aw, I am damn'd sleepy, e'gad, damn'd sleepy. (*Drops asleep.*

Nelly. Lie there, for a drunken sot. The collegians are like to have a sweet tool of thee for a fellow. But let me see what we have got in his pockets. Out upon the scoundrel! nothing but a pair of beads, two inches of tobacco and one of pipe. (*The scene closes.*

And here we leave him, and as he sleeps, take a view of his breeches, which I would describe, but they have so many ends, I know not where to begin. He that would presume to mend them would run the risk of a tinker botching a kettle, for, hydra-like, out of one hole would come three or four. You may compare them to Jason's ship, they have not one jot of their primitive stuff left: or to Dr. Mercer's yarn stockings that were darned into worsted. The lining had served a long apprenticeship for itself, and therefore away it crept to set up for itself at the paper-mill. They were most worn at the codpiece and least at the pockets. The crow that borrowed feathers from her neighbours is the living emblem of these. Should every tailor's boy take his own cabbage, Mr. Doyle would be an heathen philosopher. Doll Kitchen coming into his kennel before he rose thought he had purloined her mop. By their shreds of all nations you would have thought they belonged to one of the freemasons that built Babel; but by the multiplicity of white fleas you would swear they had been campaigning with the Vacancy. 'Tis almost incredible so many cattle should thrive on so bare a pasture. Every night he dares venture them off he's in danger of losing them. Once when he lay without them they crept from the garret to the street-door, and had bid him adieu for ever, but his landlady seized them by an *habeas corpus*, and brought them to him with a pair of tongs. I believe the ladies for once are tired of the breeches; and therefore, as dean Glandee says, "This one word of comfort and so have done." One morning, crawling their progress, they were devoured by a monkey, and the next day poor pug died of Pym's disease.

Quid obstat, Dii boni, quominus Dr. Bladen fiat Episcopus? Why should not Nick Knight be dean of St. Patrick's? En hominem, qui sodalitium ambit! (ut inquit Mr. Griffith) qui licet socius sit, nollem tamen ut socius esset meus. Et jam in mentem venit mihi, unde est quod nondum reddit socius ille erraticus; ni fallor, causam assignat Barclæus poeta hunc in modum:

> Urbs spatiosa, potens opibus, tectisque superba,
> O et præsidium, deliciæque meæ.
> Quicquid mortalis fingit solertia curæ,
> Vel natura suo parturit alma sinu;
> Hæc tu sola dabis, &c.

Anglicè.[a]

> Let formal priests look grave and dull at home,
> To whom the worth of a licentious town
> Nor the gay blessings of a court are known.
> Thither my wiser inclinations tend,
> Where I a chirping bottle with a friend
> May drink without control, nor stand in fear
> Of every saucy ill bred censurer;
> Where I may strut along the mall, look big
> In point cravat, and toss a flaxen wig,
> Dress in a gawdy waistcoat, and may wear
> A sword, cock'd hat, gold fringe, and whatsoe'r
> The libertine town affords, to charm the fair.

Miror quod his de causis Magister Patrickson non huc usque commoratus est Londini: sed

> Quantum quisque sua nummorum servat in arca,
> Tantum habet et *gaudii.*

Salve, Magister, gratulor tibi reduci; sunt qui affirmant te pedestri itinere Londinum versus ambulasse, quod mihi equidem vix credibile videtur; perfacetus etenim Milesb se tibi socium præbuit, et jucundus comes est pro vehiculo (a good companion is as good as a coach).

Enter Sir Michael Creagh,[c] *and another Alderman.*

Alderman. I have been man and boy in this town, let me see, some six-and-fifty years, and never knew the little penny so hard to be got as now.

Sir Michael. Never despair, old boy. We have a brave young prince[d] and the world's our own.

Ald. Nay, I have not remembered salt butter so scarce a commodity, I know not the day when.

Sir M. Hang sorrow! Boy, fill me a glass of wine; more, more, yet, fill it higher still. So here, father Greybeard, here is a health to the family of the Creaghs.

Ald. I pledge you if it be sack. But now I think on't, sir Michael, who was your father?

Sir M. My father was a worthy gentleman, inferior to none of his rank, upon my honour.

Ald. Adsheartlikens, you may be mistaken in that, I assure you.

Sir M. Mistaken? No, sir; he was a travelling merchant; one that saw more towns than you have done chimneys.

Ald. But, under favour, sir Michael, I have heard scollards say he was a losopher?

Sir M. Ay, that may be too: he always took delight to carry books about with him.

Ald. But take me along with you: you apprehend me not; they say he carried books on his back.

Sir M. I say, I say, he was a north-country merchant, as I told you before. Come, drink your wine, and let us begone. (*Exeunt.*

Now you'll ask to what end I brought all these on the stage: to which I answer, I brought them in by head and shoulders, and out by head and shoulders, for nothing at all, as Mr. Bayes did his beasts.

Plurimis denuo salutatis et tot hominum ordinibus comiter exceptis, videor forsan reprehensione dignus, quod Machaonas omnes (Anglicè, the Simplers) negligenter prætermisi. Cur autem tristia horum fata et lacrymabilis nova metamorphosis non vos diutius latent,

[a] Tobias Pullein, the great patron of Doyle, until the enormities of the latter caused him to withdraw his protection.

[a] This piece of poetry seems levelled at John Griffith, a senior fellow, then absent by a king's letter.—Dr. Barrett.

[b] I suppose the person here alluded to may have been Miles Sumner, who originally received his education in Trinity College; after leaving it he had a command in the army of the parliament during the civil wars. He was made, by the then ruling powers, a fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, in 1652. He died shortly before the delivering of this piece. See more of him in the Harleian Miscellany. -Dr. Barrett.

[c] Sir Michael Creagh was lord mayor of Dublin in 1688, and represented that city in the parliament of 1689. He was paymaster-general of King James's army.—Dr. Barrett.

[d] The son of James II., born 10th June, 1688.—Dr. Barrett.

cum certiores facti eritis ingenuos hosce Æsculapii filios in plantas transmigrasse; injuriâ tamen non sum arguendus, quod schemate mortuos non excepi, the sad causes of whose death are at large described in this

HEROIC POEM.

A worthy sage dwelt at All-Hallows,
That did defy all gaols and gallows:
His punctual honesty was such,
Some authors write, he had too much:
And lo! Actonio was his name,
Actonio loudly sung by Fame:
A wight inferior to none
For ponderosity of bum,[a]
And that took more pains to go
Than coarse Jephsonio would to plough;
A mortal enemy to punning,
Nor mightily inclined to running.
He still with care did guard his heart
From all the wounds of Cupid's dart,
And yet was plump and soft confess'd
All but his petrified breast,
That still, alas, did stubborn prove
To all the charming powers of love:
In town or court, no beauteous dame
E'er fann'd his passion to a flame;
For though he enjoy'd luxurious peace,
Melting his hours in holy ease,
He ne'er was vex'd by that unruly member,
But lived as chaste as cold December:
Though Cupids in his eyes did play,
Yet in his heart Diana lay.
Lively and sanguine was his face,
Though phlegmatic the other place;
Colour as good as ever struck,
But other things belied his look.
When drowsy Aurora rubb'd her eyes,
And came down stealing from the skies
While that Sol's nags at manger tarry,
Before the clerks say, Ave-Mary,
Actonio with his learned friends,
From soaking downy bed descends,
And, with the charioteer's assistance,
Heaving himself with all puissance,
He waddles into coach marine,
And jogs his way, a-simpleing.
And now they reach the enchanted shore,
Where Circe, in the days of yore,
By powerful herbs disposed of doom,
And magic spells did charm the moon;
Whilst tired here with the toils of day,
Our hero picking scions lay;
Rolling securely on the grass,
Too nigh a fatal precipice,
Adown,[b] adown he drops,
'Twixt cruel unrelenting rocks:
Three times he made effort to rise,
But thrice and thrice would not suffice;
His weighty crupper kept him down,
To seas and rocks to make his moan.

Dumque[c] hic vicini maris auget murmura, dum liquido dolore tristissimum plorat fatum, et philosophorum adagiis se miserum solari conatur, Æsculapius filii sui querelis mitem præbens aurem, et paternâ commotus misericordia, heroem nostrum in umbilicum Veneris transformavit.

Socii nequicquam plorant amissum:
Non illos Cereris, non illos cura quietis
Abstrahere inde potest.

Sed iteratis clamoribus surdum feriunt littus: ægra terque quaterque pulsant pectora: altâ voce deorum proclamant tyrannidem; nec diutius insano luctui indulgent, sed pedibus telluri affixis, pellibusque in cortices mutatis,

————nulli color qui fuit ante, manet.

Singulis novæ subeunt formæ; et mirâ quadam metamorphosi in plantas proinde, ut hic sequitur, transmutantur:

Magister Downes in cupressum; Magister Smith in pinguidinem (Anglicè fat-wort); Magister Scroggs in hyacinthum; Mr. Lloyd in quercum; Magister Ashe into a red-headed poppy; sir Fitzsimons, who always dropped after (as our town of Berwick-upon-Tweed) into a thistle, which still retains its primitive roughness; Magister Sayers in Narcissum, de quo olim Buchananus sic:—

Nescio an inspext. Narcissi, Posthume, fontem:
Hoc scio, deliras, Posthume, amore tui.
Ille tamen meritò: nam quod malesanus amavit,
Ante quidem id multis causa furoris erat.
At tua non paulo est major vesania, qui te,
Sed sine rivali, Posthume, solus amas.

Sed dicat mihi quis, quod in totâ hâc corona, vel potius crowdo et presso, nondum vidi dominum Terrill: ni fallor, if he be not here, he's at home with his wife, who, to gain entirely his affections, sent him this stratagemical epistle.

The quondam widow, sir Terrill's mistress, hearing he had laid siege to the bookbinder's sister, and therefore fearing he should give her the willow, partly to be revenged of her rival, partly to secure him to herself, writes to him this epistle:—

Sir,—I am informed you design to *bind* yourself to the stationer's sister; if so, take it from a friend, she's a gentlewoman in *folio*, and consequently will be very tedious to a young student. I was concerned to hear the crafty citizen intended to put into your hands the lumber of his shop; and therefore entreat you, if you have any kindness for yourself, to have nothing to do with that musty piece, whose *worm-eaten cover* may inform you she has been cheapened above these twenty years; and the reason she did not go off is, she was found so old and thumbed that she was not fit to be *perused*, and of so little value that none thought her worthy the *press*. Besides, sir, she has lived some time in a learned house, where, it may be presumed, for good reasons, that some of the young scholars, for their curiosity, might ruffle her *leaves*.—If what I've said cannot dissuade you, do but turn her over carefully, and 'tis very probable you'll find she has been abused, at least in the *sheets*, if not in the setting forth of a *new edition* blotted in the *impression*.

Sir, your humble servant, JANE BANKS.

And now, belike I have made a fair afternoon's work on't. I have not left myself one friend of the mammon of unrighteousness. If I go to the kitchen, the steward will be my enemy as long as he breathes; if to the cellar, the butler will dash my ale with water; and the clerk of the buttery will score up my offences five-fold. If I betake myself to the library, Ridley's ghost will haunt me for scandalizing him with the name of freemason. If I fly to the divines for succour, dean Manby and archdeacon Baynard will pervert me; Dr. King will break my head because I am a Priscian; and Dr. Foy is so full of spleen he'll worry me. Mrs. Hornecastle and sir Maddison will talk with me. Mother Jenkinson won't furnish me with cale and bacon on Christmas-day, and Dr. Loftus will bite me. The virtuosi will set their brains a-work for gimcracks to pull my eyes out. The freemasons will banish me their lodge, and bar me the happiness of kissing Long Lawrence. And the astronomers won't allow me one good star, nor inform me when the sun will be totally eclipsed that I may provide myself with candles. Mr. Loftus and Mr. Lloyd will nose me; Mr. Allen will eat me without salt; Dr. Acton too I fear will *fall* on me. Nay, the very provost will shake his head at me, and scour away from me.—But that which makes my calamity most insupportable and me weary of your company is, that in all my tribulation you do nothing but laugh[a] at me, and therefore I take my leave.

[a] In a satire written in 1682, upon the members of the college, Acton is thus described:

Next him sat Acton's belly, big as tun.

[b] In "The Lady's Dressing-room," we have an instance of Swift using this uncommon word, *adown*.

[c] These lines strongly resemble the style of John Barclay. At the beginning of the ARGENIS we find the words, "sermonem occupavit," as in this Tripos, in Act I. we find "totum occupare sermonem."

[a] From this passage it appears that the author of this performance had no malicious intentions towards the persons whom he censured, but only wished to indulge a little pleasantry, which he conceived the usual practice on such occasions warranted.

A LETTER TO A MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT IN IRELAND,

ON CHOOSING A NEW SPEAKER THERE IN THE YEAR 1708.

[The Whig ministers were determined to abolish the sacramental test, and Swift finally succeeded in frustrating their plan. The letter has immediate reference to the controversy.]

SIR,—You may easily believe I am not at all surprised at what you tell me, since it is but a confirmation of my own conjecture that I sent you last week, and made you my reproaches upon at a venture. It looks exceedingly strange, yet I believe it to be a great truth, that, in order to carry a point in your house, the two following circumstances are of great advantage; first to have an ill cause, and secondly to be a minority. For both these circumstances are extremely apt to invite men to make them assiduous in their attendance, watchful of opportunities, zealous for gaining over proselytes, and often successful; which is not to be wondered at when favour and interest are on the side of their opinion. Whereas, on the contrary, a majority with a good cause are negligent and supine. They think it sufficient to declare themselves upon opinion in favour of their party; but sailing against the tide of favour and preferment they are easily scattered and driven back. In short they want a common principle to cement, and motive to spirit them: for the bare acting upon a principle from the dictates of a good conscience, or prospect of serving the public, will not go very far under the present dispositions of mankind. This was amply verified last session of parliament upon occasion of the money-bill, the merits of which I shall not pretend to examine. It is enough that, upon the first news of its transmission hither in the form which it afterwards appeared, the members, upon discourse with their friends, seemed unanimous against it; I mean those of both parties except a few who were looked upon as persons ready to go any lengths prescribed them by the court. Yet, with only a weak canvassing among a very few hands, the bill passed after a full debate by a very great majority. Yet I believe you will hardly attempt persuading me or anybody else that one man in ten of those who changed their language were moved by reasons any way affecting the merits of the cause, but merely through hope, fear, indolence or good manners. Nay, I have been assured from good hands that there was still a number sufficient to make a majority against the bill if they had not apprehended the other side to be secure; and therefore thought it imprudence by declaring themselves to disoblige the government to no purpose.

Reflecting upon this and forty other passages in the several houses of commons since the revolution makes me apt to think there is nothing a chief governor can be commanded to attempt here wherein he may not succeed with a very competent share of address, and with such assistance as he will always find ready at his devotion. And therefore I repeat what I said at first, that I am not at all surprised at what you tell me. For, if there had been the least spark of public spirit left, those who wished well to their country and its constitution in church and state should, upon the first news of the late speaker's promotion, (and you and I know it might have been done a great deal sooner,) have immediately gone together and consulted about the fittest person to succeed him. But by all I can comprehend, you have been so far from proceeding thus, that it hardly ever came into any of your heads. And the reason you give is the worst in the world: That none offered themselves, and you knew not whom to pitch upon. It seems however the other party was more resolved, or at least not so modest: for you say your vote is engaged against your opinion, and several gentlemen in my neighbourhood tell me the same story of themselves. This I confess is of an unusual strain, and a good many steps below any condescensions a court will I hope ever require from you. I shall not trouble myself to inquire who is the person for whom you and others are engaged, or whether there be more candidates from that side than one. You tell me nothing of either; and I never thought it worth the question to anybody else. But in so weighty an affair, and against your judgment, I cannot look upon you as irrevocably determined. Therefore I desire you will give me leave to reason with you a little upon the subject; lest your compliance or inadvertency should put you upon what you may have cause to repent of as long as you live.

You know very well the great business of the high-flying Whigs at this juncture is to endeavour a repeal of the test clause. You know likewise that the moderate men, both of high and low church, profess to be wholly averse from this design, as thinking it beneath the policy of common gardeners to cut down the only hedge that shelters from the north. Now I will put the case: If the person to whom you have promised your vote be one of whom you have the least apprehension that he will promote or assent to the repealing of that clause, whether it be decent or proper he should be the mouth of an assembly whereof a very great majority pretend to abhor his opinion! Can a body whose mouth and heart must go so contrariwise ever act with sincerity or hardly with consistency? Such a man is no proper vehicle to retain or convey the sense of the house, which in so many points of the greatest moment will be directly contrary to his. It is full as absurd as to prefer a man to a bishopric who denies revealed religion. But it may possibly be a great deal worse. What if the person you design to vote into that important post should not only be a declared enemy of the sacramental test, but should prove to be a solicitor and encourager, or even a penner, of addresses to complain of it? Do you think it so indifferent a thing that a promise of course, the effect of compliance, importunity, shame of refusing, or any the like motive, shall oblige you past the power of retracting?

Perhaps you will tell me, as some have already had the weakness, that it is of little importance to either party to have a speaker of their side, his business being only to take the sense of the house and report it; that you often at committees put an able speaker into the chair on purpose to prevent him from stopping a bill. Why, if it were no more than this, I believe I should hardly choose, even among my footmen, such a one to deliver a message whose interest and opinion led him to wish it might miscarry. But I remember I have heard colonel Birch of Herefordshire say, "That he was a very sorry speaker whose single vote was not better than fifty common ones." I am sure it is reckoned in England the first great test of the prevalency of either party in the house. Sir Thomas Lyttleton thought that a house of commons with a stinking breath (supposing the speaker to be the mouth) would go near to infect everything within the walls, and a great deal without. It is the smallest part of an able speaker's business what he performs in the house, at least if he be in with the court, when it is hard to say how many converts may be made in a circle of dinners or private cabals. And you and I easily call to mind a gentleman in that station in England who, by his own arts and personal credit, was able to draw over a majority, and change the whole power of a prevailing side in a nice juncture of affairs, and make a parliament expire in one party who had lived in another.

I am far from an inclination to multiply party causes; but surely the best of us can with very ill

grace make that an objection, who has not been so nice in matters of much less importance. Yet I have heard some persons of both sides gravely deliver themselves in this manner: "Why should we make the choosing of a speaker a party cause? Let us fix upon one who is well versed in the practices and methods of parliament." And I believe there are too many who would talk at the same rate, if the question were not only about abolishing the sacramental test, but the sacrament itself.

But suppose the principles of the most artful speaker would have no influence either to obtain or obstruct any point in parliament; who can answer what effects such a choice may produce without doors? It is obvious how such a matter serves to raise the spirits and hopes of the dissenters, and their high-flying advocates: what lengths they run, what conclusions they form, and what hopes they entertain. Do they hear of a new friend in office? that is encouragement enough to practise the city, against the opinion of a majority, into an address to the queen for repealing the sacramental test; or issue out their orders to the next fanatic parson to furbish up his old sermons, and preach and print new ones directly against episcopacy. I would lay a good wager that, if the choice of a new speaker succeeds exactly to their liking, we shall see it soon followed by many new attempts, either in the form of pamphlet, sermon, of address, to the same or perhaps more dangerous purposes.

Supposing the speaker's office to be only an employment of profit and honour, and a step to a better; since it is in your own gift, will you not choose to bestow it upon some person whose principles the majority of you pretends to approve, if it were only to be sure of a worthy man hereafter in a high station, on the bench or at the bar?

I confess, if it were a thing possible to be compassed, it would seem most reasonable to fill the chair with some person who would be entirely devoted to neither party; but since there are so few of that character, and those either unqualified or unfriended, I cannot see how a majority will answer it to their reputation to be so ill provided of able persons that they must have recourse to their adversaries for a leader; a proceeding of which I never met with above one example, and even that succeeded but ill, though it was recommended by an oracle, which advised some city in Greece to beg a general from their enemies, who in scorn sent them either a fiddler or a poet, I have forgotten which; and so much I remember, that his conduct was such that they soon grew weary of him.

You pretend to be heartily resolved against repealing the sacramental test; yet at the same time give the only great employment you have to dispose of to a person who will take that test against stomach (by which word I understand many a man's conscience); who earnestly wishes it repealed, and will endeavour it to the utmost of his power; so that the first action after you meet will be a sort of contravention to that test: and will anybody go further than your practice to judge of your principles?

And now I am upon this subject I cannot conclude without saying something to a very popular argument against that sacramental test, which may be apt to shake many of those who would otherwise wish well enough to it. They say it was a new hardship put upon the dissenters, without any provocation; and it is plain could be no way necessary, because we had peaceably lived together so long without it. They add some other circumstances, of the arts by which it was obtained, and the person by whom it was inserted. Surely such people do not consider that the penal laws against dissenters were made wholly ineffectual by the connivance and mercy of the government; so that all employments of the state lay as open to them as they did to the best and most legal subjects. And what progress they would have made, by the advantages of a late conjunction, is obvious to imagine; which I take to be a full answer to that objection.

I remember, upon the transmission of that bill with the test clause inserted, the dissenters and their partisans among other topics spoke much of the good effects produced by the lenity of the government; that the presbyterians were grown very inconsiderable in their number and quality, and would daily come into the church, if we did not fright them from it by new severities. When the act was passed they presently changed their style, and raised a clamour through both kingdoms of the great numbers of considerable gentry who were laid aside, and could no longer serve their queen and country; which hyperbolical way of reckoning, when it came to be melted down into truth, amounted to about fifteen country justices, most of them of the lowest size for estate, quality, or understanding. However, this puts me in mind of a passage told me by a great man, although I know not whether it be anywhere recorded: That a complaint was made to the king and council of Sweden, of a prodigious swarm of Scots, who, under the condition of pedlars, infested that kingdom to such a degree as, if not suddenly prevented, might in time prove dangerous to the state, by joining with any discontented party. Meanwhile the Scots, by their agents, placed a good sum of money to engage the officers of the prime minister in their behalf; who, in order to their defence, told the council, "He was assured they were but a few inconsiderable people, that lived honestly and poorly and were not of any consequence." Their enemies offered to prove the contrary: whereupon an order was made to take their number, which was found to amount, as I remember, to about thirty thousand. The affair was again brought before the council, and great reproaches made to the first minister for his ill computation; who, presently taking the other handle, said, "He had reason to believe the number yet greater than what was returned;" and then gravely offered to the king's consideration, "Whether it was safe to render desperate so great a body of able men, who had little to lose, and whom any hard treatment would only serve to unite into a power capable of disturbing, if not destroying, the peace of the kingdom." And so they were suffered to continue.

A PROPOSAL

FOR THE UNIVERSAL USE OF IRISH MANUFACTURE, IN CLOTHING AND FURNITURE OF HOUSES;

Utterly rejecting and renouncing everything wearable that comes from England.

SWIFT himself gives the following account of this interesting question in a letter to Pope: "I have written in this kingdom a discourse to persuade the wretched people to wear their own manufactures, instead of those from England. This treatise soon spread very fast, being agreeable to the sentiments of the whole nation, except those gentlemen who had employments or were expectants. Upon which a person in great office here immediately took the alarm: he sent in haste for the chief-justice, and informed him of a seditious, factious, and virulent pamphlet, lately published, with a design of setting the two kingdoms at variance; directing at the same time that the printer should be prosecuted with the utmost rigour of the law. The chief justice has so quick an understanding, that he resolved if possible to outdo his orders. The grand juries of the county and city were effectually practised with to represent the said pamphlet with all aggravating epithets, for which they had thanks sent them from England, and their presentments published for several weeks in all the newspapers. The printer was seized, and forced to give great bail. After his trial the jury brought him in not guilty, although they had been culled with the utmost industry. The chief-justice sent them back nine times, and kept them eleven hours; until, being perfectly tired out, they were forced to leave the matter to the

mercy of the judge, by what they call a *special verdict*. During the trial, the chief justice, among other singularities, laid his hand on his breast, and protested solemnly that the author's design was to bring in the pretender, although there was not a single syllable of party in the whole treatise; and although it was known that the most eminent of those who professed his own principles publicly disallowed his proceedings. But the cause being so very odious and unpopular, the trial of the verdict was deferred from one term to another, until, upon the duke of Grafton's, the lord-lieutenant's, arrival, his grace, after mature advice and permission from England, was pleased to grant a *noli prosequi*."

It is the peculiar felicity and prudence of the people in this kingdom, that whatever commodities or productions lie under the greatest discouragements from England, those are what they are sure to be most industrious in cultivating and spreading. Agriculture, which has been the principal care of all wise nations, and for the encouragement whereof there are so many statute-laws in England, we countenance so well, that the landlords are everywhere, by penal clauses, absolutely prohibiting their tenants from ploughing; not satisfied to confine them within certain limitations, as is the practice of the English: one effect of which is already seen in the prodigious dearness of corn, and the importation of it from London, as the cheaper market. And because people are the riches of a country, and that our neighbours have done, and are doing, all that in them lies to make our wool a drug to us, and a monopoly to them, therefore the politic gentlemen of Ireland have depopulated vast tracts of the best land for the feeding of sheep.

I could fill a volume as large as the history of the Wise Men of Gotham with a catalogue only of some wonderful laws and customs we have observed within thirty years past. It is true, indeed, our beneficial traffic of wool with France has been our only support for several years, furnishing us with all the little money we have to pay our rents and go to market. But our merchants assure me this trade has received a great damp by the present fluctuating condition of the coin in France; and that most of their wine is paid for in specie, without carrying thither any commodity from hence.

However, since we are so universally bent upon enlarging our flocks, it may be worth inquiring what we shall do with our wool, in case Barnstaple* should be overstocked, and our French commerce should fail?

I could wish the parliament had thought fit to have suspended their regulation of church matters, and enlargements of the prerogative until a more convenient time, because they did not appear very pressing, at least to the persons principally concerned; and, instead of these great refinements in politics and divinity, had amused themselves and their committees a little with the state of the nation. For example: What if the house of commons had thought fit to make a resolution, *nemine contradicente*, against wearing any cloth or stuff in their families which were not of the growth and manufacture of this kingdom? What if they had extended it so far as utterly to exclude all silks, velvets, callicoes, and the whole lexicon of female fopperies; and declared that whoever acted otherwise should be deemed and reputed an enemy to the nation? What if they had sent up such a resolution to be agreed to by the house of lords, and by their own practice and encouragement spread the execution of it in their several countries? What if we should agree to make burying in woollen a fashion, as our neighbours have made it a law? What if the ladies would be content with Irish stuffs for the furniture of their houses, for gowns and petticoats for themselves and their daughters? Upon the whole, and to crown all the rest, let a firm resolution be taken, by male and female, never to appear with one single shred that comes from England, and let all the people say Amen.

I hope and believe nothing could please his majesty better than to hear that his loyal subjects of both sexes in this kingdom celebrated his birthday (now approaching) universally clad in their own manufacture. Is there virtue enough left in this deluded people to save them from the brink of ruin? If men's opinions may be taken, the ladies will look as handsome in stuffs as in brocades; and since all will be equal, there may be room enough to employ their wit and fancy in choosing and matching patterns and colours. I heard the late archbishop of Tuam mention a pleasant observation of somebody's, that Ireland would never be happy till a law were made for burning everything that came from England, except their people and their coals. I must confess that, as to the former, I should not be sorry if they would stay at home; and for the latter, I hope in a little time we shall have no occasion for them.

Non tanti mitra est, non tanti judicis ostrum——

but I should rejoice to see a staylace from England be thought scandalous, and become a topic for censure at visits and tea-tables.

If the unthinking shopkeepers in this town had not been utterly destitute of common sense, they would have made some proposal to the parliament with a petition to the purpose I have mentioned; promising to improve the cloths and stuffs of the nation into all possible degrees of fineness and colours, and engaging not to play the knave, according to their custom, by exacting and imposing upon the nobility and gentry, either as to the prices or the goodness. For I remember, in London, upon a general mourning, the rascally mercers and woollen-drapers would in four-and-twenty hours raise their cloths and silks to above a double price, and if the mourning continued long, then come whining with petitions to the court that they were ready to starve and their fineries lay upon their hands.

I could wish our shopkeepers would immediately think on this proposal, addressing it to all persons of quality and others; but first be sure to get somebody who can write sense to put it into form.

I think it needless to exhort the clergy to follow this good example; because in a little time those among them who are so unfortunate as to have had their birth and education in this country will think themselves abundantly happy when they can afford Irish crape and an Athlone hat; and, as to the others, I shall not presume to direct them. I have indeed seen the present archbishop of Dublin [Dr. William King] clad from head to foot in our own manufacture; and yet, under the rose be it spoken, his grace deserves as good a gown as if he had not been born among us.

I have not courage enough to offer one syllable on this subject to their honours of the army; neither have I sufficiently considered the great importance of scarlet and gold lace.

The fable in Ovid of Arachne and Pallas is to this purpose.—The goddess had heard of one Arachne, a young virgin, very famous for spinning and weaving. They both met upon a trial of skill; and Pallas, finding herself almost equalled in her own art, stung with rage and envy, knocked her rival down, and turned her into a spider, enjoining her to spin and weave for ever out of her own bowels, and in a very narrow compass.

I confess that, from a boy, I always pitied poor Arachne, and could never heartily love the goddess, on account of so cruel and unjust a sentence; which however is fully executed upon us by England with further additions of rigour and severity; for the greatest part

* A seaport in Devonshire, at that time the principal market in England for Irish wool.

of our bowels and vitals is extracted without allowing us the liberty of spinning and weaving them.

The scripture tells us that "oppression makes a wise man mad;" therefore, consequently speaking, the reason why some men are not mad is because they are not wise. However it were to be wished that oppression would in time teach a little wisdom to fools.

I was much delighted with a person who has a great estate in this kingdom, upon his complaints to me how grievously poor England suffers by impositions from Ireland:—that we convey our own wool to France, in spite of all the harpies at the custom-house; that Mr. Shuttleworth and others, on the Cheshire coasts, are such fools to sell us their bark at a good price for tanning our own hides into leather; with other enormities of the like weight and kind. To which I will venture to add more:—that the mayoralty of this city is always executed by an inhabitant, and often by a native, which might as well be done by a deputy with a moderate salary, whereby poor England loses at least one thousand pounds a-year upon the balance: that the governing of this kingdom costs the lord-lieutenant 3600*l.* a-year—so much net loss to poor England: that the people of Ireland presume to dig for coals on their own grounds: and the farmers in the county of Wicklow send their turf to the very market of Dublin, to the great discouragement of the coal-trade of Mostyn [Flintshire] and Whitehaven [Cumberland]: that the revenues of the post-office here, so righteously belonging to the English treasury, as arising chiefly from our own commerce with each other, should be remitted to London clogged with that grievous burden of exchange; and the pensions paid out of the Irish revenues to English favourites should lie under the same disadvantage, to the great loss of the grantees. When a divine is sent over to a bishopric here, with the hopes of 2500*l.* a-year, and upon his arrival he finds, alas! a dreadful discount of 10 or 12 per cent.; a judge, or a commissioner of the revenue, has the same cause of complaint. Lastly, the ballad upon Cotter is vehemently suspected to be Irish manufacture, and yet is allowed to be sung in our open streets, under the very nose of the government.

These are a few among the many hardships we put upon that poor kingdom of England, for which, I am confident, every honest man wishes a remedy. And I hear there is a project on foot for transporting our best wheaten straw, by sea and land carriage, to Dunstable, and obliging us by a law to take off yearly so many ton of straw hats for the use of our women; which will be a great encouragement to the manufacture of that industrious town.

I should be glad to learn among the divines whether a law to bind men without their own consent be obligatory *in foro conscientiæ;* because I find scripture, Sanderson, and Suarez, are wholly silent on the matter. The oracle of reason, the great law of nature, and general opinion of civilians, wherever they treat of limited governments, are indeed decisive enough.

It is wonderful to observe the bias among our people in favour of things, persons, and wares of all kinds, that come from England. The printer tells his hawkers that he has got an excellent new song, just brought from London. I have somewhat of a tendency that way myself; and upon hearing a coxcomb from thence displaying himself, with great volubility, upon the park, the playhouse, the opera, the gaming ordinaries, it was apt to beget in me a kind of veneration for his parts and accomplishments. It is not many years since I remember a person, who, by his style and literature, seems to have been the corrector of a hedge-press in some blind alley about Little Britain, proceed gradually to be an author, at least a translator[a] of a lower rate, although somewhat of a larger bulk, than any that now flourishes in Grub-street; and upon the strength of this foundation come over here, erect himself up into an orator and politician, and lead a kingdom after him. This, I am told, was the very motive that prevailed on the author [lord Grimston] of a play, called "Love in a hollow Tree," to do us the honour of a visit; presuming, with very good reason, that he was a writer of a superior class. I know another, who, for thirty years past, has been the common standard of stupidity in England, where he was never heard a minute in any assembly or by any party, with common Christian treatment; yet, upon his arrival here, could put on a face of importance and authority, talk more than six, without either gracefulness, propriety, or meaning, and at the same time be admired and followed as the pattern of eloquence and wisdom.

Nothing has humbled me so much, or shown a greater disposition to a contemptuous treatment of Ireland in some chief governors, than that high style of several speeches from the throne, delivered as usual, after the royal assent, in some periods of the two last reigns. Such exaggerations of the prodigious condescensions in the prince to pass those good laws would have but an odd sound at Westminster; neither do I apprehend how any good law can pass wherein the king's interest is not as much concerned as that of the people. I remember, after a speech on the like occasion delivered by my lord Wharton [lord-lieutenant] (I think it was his last), he desired Mr. Addison to ask my opinion on it. My answer was, "That his excellency had very honestly forfeited his head on account of one paragraph, wherein he asserted, by plain consequence, a dispensing power in the queen." His lordship owned it was true, but swore "the words were put into his mouth by direct orders from court." Whence it is clear that some ministers in those times were apt, from their high elevation, to look down upon this kingdom as if it had been one of their colonies of outcasts in America. And I observed a little of the same turn of spirit in some great men from whom I expected better; although, to do them justice, it proved no kind of difficulty to make them correct their idea, whereof the whole nation quickly found the benefit.—But that is forgotten. How the style has since run I am wholly a stranger, having never seen a speech since the last of the queen.

I would now expostulate a little with our country landlords; who, by unmeasurable screwing and racking their tenants all over the kingdom, have already reduced the miserable people to a worse condition than the peasants in France or the vassals in Germany and Poland; so that the whole species of what we call substantial farmers will in a very few years be utterly at an end. It was pleasant to observe these gentlemen labouring with all their might for preventing the bishops from letting their revenues at a moderate half-value, (whereby the whole order would in an age have been reduced to manifest beggary,) at the very instant when they were everywhere canting[a] their own land upon short leases and sacrificing their oldest tenants for a penny an acre advance. I know not how it comes to pass (and yet, perhaps, I know well enough) that slaves have a natural disposition to be tyrants; and that, when my betters give me a kick, I am apt to revenge it with six upon my footman, although, perhaps, he may be an honest and diligent fellow. I have heard great divines affirm that nothing is so likely to call down a universal judgment from heaven upon a nation as universal oppression; and whether this be not already verified in part, their worships, the landlords, are now

[a] Supposed to be Cæsar's Commentaries, dedicated to the duke of Marlborough by colonel Bladen.

[a] Canting their land is letting it to the highest bidder. Cant signifies the same as auction.

at full leisure to consider. Whoever travels this country, and observes the face of nature, or the faces and habits and dwellings of the natives, will hardly think himself in a land where law, religion, or common humanity is professed.

I cannot forbear saying one word upon a thing they call a bank, which I fear is projecting in this town.[a] I never saw the proposals, nor understand any one particular of their scheme. What I wish for at present is only a sufficient provision of hemp, and caps and bells, to distribute according to the several degrees of honesty and prudence in some persons. I hear only of a monstrous sum already named; and if others do not soon hear of it too, and hear with a vengeance, then I am a gentleman of less sagacity than myself, and very few beside myself, take me to be. And the jest will be still the better if it be true, as judicious persons have assured me, that one half of this money will be real and the other half altogether imaginary. The matter will be likewise much amended if the merchants continue to carry off our gold, and our goldsmiths to melt down our heavy silver.

AN ESSAY ON ENGLISH BUBBLES;

BY THOMAS HOPE, ESQ.

The three following pieces refer to a project in circulation in 1720, for the establishment of a national bank in Dublin, and the Essay upon English Bubbles is to be considered as introductory to the others.

To the right reverend, right honourable, and right worshipful, and to the reverend, honourable, and worshipful, &c., Company of Stockjobbers, whether honest or dishonest, pious or impious, wise or otherwise, male or female, young or old, one with another, who have suffered depredation by the late bubbles,—Greeting.

Having received the following scheme from Dublin, I give you the earliest notice how you may retrieve DECUS ET TUTAMEN,[b] which you have sacrificed by permits in bubbles. This project is founded on a parliamentary security; besides, the devil is in it if it can fail, since a dignitary of the Church [dean of St. Patrick's] is at the head of it. Therefore you who have subscribed to the stocking insurance, and are out at the heels, may soon appear tight about the leg; you who encourage the hemp manufacture may leave the halter to rogues, and prevent the odium of *felo de se*. Medicinal virtues are to be had without the expense and hazard of a dispensary. You may sleep without dreaming of bottles at your tail, and a looking-glass shall not affright you; and since the glass bubble proved as brittle as its ware, and broke, together with itself, the hopes of its proprietors, they may make themselves whole by subscribing to our new fund.

Here indeed may be made three very grave objections by incredulous, interested priests, ambitious citizens, and scrupulous statesmen. 1. The stocking manufactory gentlemen do not know how swearing can bring them to any probability of covering their legs anew, unless it be by the means of a pair of stocks. 2. That the hemp-snared men apprehend that such an encouragement for oaths can tend to no other advancement, promotion, and exaltation of their persons than that of the gallows; the late old ordinary Paul[c] having grown gray in the habit of making this accurate observation in every month's Sessions Paper, "That swearing had as great a hand in the suspension of every living soul under his cure, as Sabbath-breaking itself." And 3rd, That the glass-bubble-men cannot, for their lives, with the best pair of spectacles (which is the only thing left neat and whole out of all their ware) see how they shall make anything out of this his oath-project, supposing he should even confirm by one its goodness—an oath being, as they say, as brittle as glass, and only made to be broken.

But those incredulous priests shall not go without an answer that will, I am sure, induce them to place a great confidence in the benefit arising from christians who damn themselves every hour of the day; for, while they speak of the vainness and fickleness of oaths as an objection against our project, they little consider that this fickleness and vainness is the common practice among all the people of this sublunary world; and that, consequently, instead of being an objection against the project, is a concluding argument of the constancy and solidity of their sure gain by it; a never-failing argument, as he tells us, among the brethren of his cloth.

The ambitious citizens who, from being plunged deep in the wealthy whirlpool of the South Sea, are in hopes of rising to such seats of fortune and dignity as would best suit with their mounting and aspiring hopes, may imagine that this new fund in the sister nation may prove a rival to theirs, and by drawing off a multitude of subscribers will, if it makes a flood in Ireland, cause an ebb in England. But it may be answered, That though our author avers "that this fund will vie with the South Sea," yet it will not clash with it. On the contrary the subscribers to this must wish the increase of the South Sea (so far from being its rival), because the multitude of people raised by it who were plain speakers as they were plain dealers before, must learn to swear in order to become their clothes, and to be gentlemen *à la mode;* while those who are ruined, I mean Jobed by it, will dismiss the patience of their old pattern, swear at their condition and curse their Maker in their distress: and so the increase of that English fund will be demonstratively an ample augmentation of the Irish one, so far will it be from being rivalled by it; so that each of them may subscribe to a fund they have their own security for augmenting.

The scrupulous statesmen (for we know that statesmen are usually very scrupulous) may object against having this project secured by votes in parliament, by reason, as they may deem it in their great wisdom, of its being an impious project, and that therefore so illustrious an assembly as the Irish parliament ought by no means, according to the opinion of a christian statesman, to be concerned in supporting any impious thing in the world. The way that some may take to prove it impious is because it will tend highly to the interest of swearing. But this, I take to be plain downright sophistry and playing upon words: if this be called the Swearing project, or the Oath-Act, the increase of swearing will be very much for the benefit and interest of swearing, *i. e.* to the subscribers in the fund to be raised by this fruitful Swearing-act, if it should be so called, but not to the swearers themselves who are to pay for it; so that it will be, according to this distinction, piously indeed an act for a benefit to mankind from swearing, not impiously a benefit in swearing; so that I think that argument entirely answered and defeated. Far be it from the dean to have entered into so unchristian a project as this had been so considered. But then these politicians (being generally, as the world knows, mighty tender of conscience) may raise these new doubts, fears, and scruples, *viz.*—That it will, however, cause the subscribers to

[a] This project for a bank in Ireland was afterwards brought into parliament and rejected.

[b] The motto round a crown-piece, which was the usual price of permits.

[c] Paul Lorrain, many years ordinary of Newgate. He died October 7, 1719.

wish in their minds for many oaths to fly about, which is a heinous crime, and to lay stratagems to try the patience of men of all sorts, to put them upon the swearing train, in order to bring grist to their own mill, which is a crime still more enormous; and that therefore, for fear of these evil consequences, the passing of such an act is not consistent with the really extraordinary and tender conscience of a true modern politician. But in answer to this I think I can plead the strongest plea in nature, and that is called precedent, I think, which I take thus from the South Sea: one man, by the very nature of that subscription, must naturally pray for the temporal damnation of another man in his fortune in order for gaining his own salvation in it, yea, even though he knows the other man's temporal damnation would be the cause of his eternal, by his swearing and despairing. Neither do I think this in casuistry any sin, because the swearing undone man is a free agent, and can choose whether he will swear or no, anybody's wishes whatsoever to the contrary notwithstanding. And in politics I am sure it is even a Machiavelian holy maxim, "That some men should be ruined for the good of others." Thus I think I have answered all the objections that can be brought against this project's coming to perfection, and proved it to be convenient to the state, of interest to the protestant church, and consonant with christianity, nay, with the very scruples of modern squeamish statesmen.

To conclude: the laudable author of this project squares the measures of it so much according to the scripture rule, that it may reasonably be presumed all good christians in England will come as fast into the subscriptions for his encouragement as they have already done throughout the kingdom of Ireland; for what greater proof could this author give of his christianity than for bringing about this Swearing-act, charitably to part with his coat, and sit starving in a very thin waistcoat in his garret, to do the corporeal virtues of feeding and clothing the poor, and raising them from the cottage to the palace, by punishing the vices of the rich? What more could have been done even in the primitive times? THOMAS HOPE.

From my house in St. Faith's Parish,
London, August 10, 1720

P.S.—For the benefit of the author, application may be made to me at the Tilt-yard Coffeehouse, Whitehall.

SUBSCRIBERS TO THE BANK,

PLACED ACCORDING TO THEIR ORDER AND QUALITY, WITH NOTES AND QUERIES.

THE commissioners appointed to receive subscriptions for the bank, had circulated lists of the subscribers, marking those who were qualified to be governors and directors, and those who were entitled to vote.

A TRUE and exact account of the nobility, gentry and traders of the kingdom of Ireland, who upon mature deliberation are of opinion that the establishing a bank upon real security would be highly for the advantage of the trade of the said kingdom; and for increasing the current species of money in the same. Extracted from the list of the subscribers to the Bank of Ireland, published by order of the commissioners appointed to receive subscriptions.

Nobility.

Archbishops	0	Barons	1
Marquises	0	Bishops	2
Earls	0	French Barons	1
Viscounts	3		

N.B.—The temporal lords of Ireland are 125, the bishops, 22. In all 147, exclusive of the aforesaid French count.

Gentry:—Baronets, 1. Knights, 1.

N.B.—Total of baronets and knights in Ireland uncertain, but in common computation supposed to be more than two.

Members of the house of commons—41; one whereof reckoned before amongst the two knights.

N.B.—Number of commoners, in all 300.

Esquires not members of Parliament—37.

N.B.—There are at least 20 of the said 37 esquires whose names are little known, and whose qualifications as esquires are referred to the king at arms; and the said king is desired to send to the publisher hereof a true account of the whole number of such real or reputed esquires as are to be found in this kingdom.

Clergy.

Deans	1	Rectors	3
Arch-Deacons	2	Curates	2

N.B.—Of this number one French dean, one French curate, and one bookseller.

Officers not members of parliament—16.

N.B.—Of the above number 10 French; but uncertain whether on whole or half-pay, broken, or of the militia.

Women.

Ladies 1

Widows 3, whereof one qualified to be dep.-governor.

Maidens 4.

N.B.—It being uncertain in what class to place the eight female subscribers, whether in that of nobility, gentry, &c., it is thought proper to insert them here betwixt the officers and traders.

Traders.

Aldermen of Dublin	1	a Frenchman	
Aldermen of Cork	1		
Limerick	1	Drogheda	0
Waterford	0	&c.	0

Merchants 29, *viz.*, 10 French, of London 1, of Cork 1, of Belfast 1.

N.B.—The place of abode of three of the said merchants, *viz.*, of London, Cork, Belfast, being mentioned, the publisher desires to know where the rest may be wrote to, and whether they deal in wholesale or retail, *viz.*

Master dealers, &c., 59, cashiers 1, bankers 4, chemist 1, player 1, Popish vintner 1, Bricklayer 1, chandler 1, doctors of physic 4, chirurgeons 2, pewterer 1, attorneys 4 (besides one esquire), barbers or markees, uncertain. As to the rest of the members, the publisher of this paper, though he has used his utmost diligence, has not been able to get a satisfactory account, either as to their country, trade, or profession.

N.B.—The total of men, women, and children in Ireland, besides Frenchmen, is 2,000,000. Total of the land of Ireland acres 16,800,000. (Vide Reasons for a Bank, &c.)

Quære, How many of the said acres are in possession of 1 French baron, 1 French dean, 1 French curate, 1 French alderman, 10 French merchants, Messieurs Frances, 1 esquire projector, 1 esquire attorney, 6 officers of the army, 8 women, 1 London merchant, 1 Cork merchant, 1 Belfast merchant, 18 merchants whose places of abode are not mentioned, 1 cashier, 4 bankers, 1 gentleman projector, 1 player, 1 chemist, 1 Popish vintner, 1 bricklayer, 1 chandler, 4 doctors of physic, 2 chirurgeons, 1 pewterer, 4 gentlemen attorneys, besides 58 gentlemen dealers, yet unknown, ut supra?

A LETTER FROM A LADY IN TOWN TO HER FRIEND IN THE COUNTRY, CONCERNING THE BANK;

OR THE LIST OF THE SUBSCRIBERS FURTHER EXPLAINED.

DEAR MADAM, Dublin, December 1, 1721.

I CAME to town three days before the bank-books were opened, and resolving to lose no time, I sent for your friend, and told him of your resolutions to sub-

scribe 2000*l.*, that I had directions from you to apply to him, and a commission to transact for you.

At first he looked very grave and reserved, saying that he doubted I was come too late, for that so many persons of interest and distinction of both sexes had applied, he was afraid that the books would be full before they were opened; however, he said, he would use all his interest, and rather than you should be disappointed he would assign one half of his own subscription to you; at the same time letting me understand, that it was in effect a gift of so much money, with some innuendos as if he expected a premium.

He then ran out in high raptures upon the bank, and upon the great advantages it would be both to the subscribers and to the kingdom; he extolled the conduct of the managers, who had procured this bank from the government without any consideration, for which former projectors had offered no less than 50,000*l.* He affirmed that the subscribers could make no more than 25 per cent. for their whole subscriptions, of which only one-twentieth part was to be deposited; and then desired me to compute the value of the present he had made.

I asked him whether he were sure that this bank would succeed? He told me there was not the least doubt of it; that the necessity of affairs required it, whereof the managers were so confident, that they had actually brought over the iron chests to secure the money; that the nobility, gentry, and traders of the kingdom were, upon mature deliberation, unanimously of opinion that a bank was necessary, &c.; that he had particularly discoursed with three eminent persons of great honour, experience, and sagacity, distinguished for the love of their country and their profound knowledge in the general interests of kingdoms, and far above any paltry self-interests, the first of which, with great strength of argument, asserted, That we must have a bank, and will have a bank; the second, That the South-Sea had occasioned such a dearth of money in the kingdom that paper money was as necessary now as brass money was in the time of king James, and make us better able to pay our taxes and our pensions; and the third, with greater volubility of tongue and uncommon eloquence, affirmed that if people would not confide and believe in such a set of directors and governors, as were intended to be chosen, neither would they believe in Moses or the prophets.

He then began to enlarge upon the great advantages this bank would be to the public; that it would improve trade, navigation, manufactories, and the cultivation of our land; enable us to govern foreign markets, and make other nations factors for us who were now only factors for them. He then proceeded to a jargon, which I did not comprehend, of imports, exports, building ships, erecting warehouses, draining bogs, opening rivers, finding coals, building towers, raising land, sinking interest, &c. And when he was out of breath presented me with a paper called Reasons for a Bank, written, as he affirmed, with force of reason, conciseness and perspicuity of style, elegancy in phrase, propriety in diction, and with masterly strokes in political calculations; and believing he had now fully convinced me, he advised me, by all means, that the money I was to deposit should be guineas, presuming the crowds would be so great that the clerks would despatch me sooner.

We parted. I prepared my gold and the bonds, waited impatiently all the next day when the books were opened, and being informed that vast crowds of coaches were attending in Dirty Lane, and receiving no message from our friend, concluded that the books were filled as he had alleged, but still expected to come in upon half his subscription; and accordingly I received notice to prepare against next morning.

During this time I accidentally heard that some of the nobility and gentry were violently bent against this project, and among the rest a certain lord to whom I have the honour to be related and well known. I waited on him, and gave him the whole history of my proceedings in this affair, desiring his advice and opinion. I had no sooner ended my story, than he fell into an immoderate fit of laughter, and the first words he was able to speak distinctly were, that he laughed with greater pleasure to himself, and as he hoped less pain to me, because I had neither paid in my money nor given bonds. He begged of me to be in no pain about the cluster of coaches in Dirty Lane, for he suspected that the greatest part of gentlemen's coaches which made that appearance were either lent or hired to make a figure, and he presumed I would be of the same opinion when I saw a list of the subscribers; and I do affirm (says he) that to my certain knowledge, the managers and their understrappers are running about the town all this time persuading, pressing, and perhaps bribing, men, women, and children, to fill their books.

He told me he had seen the books that very day; that there was not half the capital subscribed, and it was a doubt and matter of great speculation whether all the subscribers had paid in the twentieth part, and given all the bonds and judgments for the remainder. He confessed there were some persons of honour, estates, and good distinction amongst the subscribers, but these were in some alliance with the managers and chief promoters of the bank; and generally speaking the rest consisted of pressed men and French volunteers.

He allowed the (since chosen) intended governor to be a person of great integrity and honourable intentions, and gave the greatest credit to the projectors; but was sorry he was drawn in upon any considerations, or by any persuasions, into a project to which the nation was so utterly averse.

I was exceedingly surprised, and entreated him to let me know for what reasons so great a majority could oppose this scheme? His answer was, that he could assign a great number. But the principal which prevailed with him were those that follow:—

First, Because he could not conceive that any sufficient security had been offered or could be given by the bank for the properties of the subscribers, and transferrers and their heirs.

Secondly, That no security could possibly be given that the presumptive power, which must be lodged in this bank if it succeeds, may not be exerted to the destruction of the liberties of the people, and then the next evil to that of being dragooned is that of being dragoonable.

Thirdly, Because it is evident if this bank shall take place, and acquire that degree of wealth and power which may reasonably be apprehended, all that wealth and power must be naturally applied to its own preservation, that is to the arbitrary will and power of those to whom it owes its very being and subsistence.

Fourthly, It is highly probable that this is presumed, and actually is now a protestant bank; it may drain the greatest part of the species of money from the protestants, and leave them in lieu thereof only paper, which can be of no effect in times of confusion, either for their defence or subsistence; and consequently the ready money which must be allowed the sinews of war, being in the hands of the Irish papists, may render them more formidable upon such a juncture to the English protestant interest of Ireland than they have ever been since the reformation.

Besides these reasons his lordship further added that he could not well understand how a country wholly cramped in every branch of its trade, of large extent, ill peopled, and abounding in commodities which they had neither liberty to export nor encouragement to

manufactures could be benefited by a bank which, by all he had read or heard, or observed in his travels, was only useful in free countries where the territory was small, and the trade general and unlimited; and consequently where the profit consisted in the buying and selling of goods imported from other nations, and wholly accrued to the public; whereas the bank proposed amongst us was to be the monopoly of a few. He added that Mr. Maxwell, in his letter to Mr. Rowley, had in several particulars given up the cause; but especially in one, where he allowed that before the convulsion occasioned by the South Sea, from the natural advantages of peace, and the very small share of trade allowed us, the interest of money fell of itself to 6 and 5½ per cent., which came very near to the only advantage the bank proposed; and his lordship saw no reason why he might not now hope for the same effect from time, and our natural advantages, when we have recovered this loss, as well as we did the ruins of a long war, upon the revolution, without venturing upon new experiments, under which France, Holland, and England have sunk, and which our poor crazy constitution is ill able to support and less able to retrieve. He said plainly that he looked upon Mr. Maxwell as a gentleman whose intentions were better than his abilities; that from poring upon Davenant, Petty, Child, and other reasoners from political arithmetic, he hath drawn conclusions by no means calculated for the circumstances and condition of Ireland.

As a great part of what he said was above my capacity, so I could never have repeated it, if he had not been at the trouble, at my request, to have given it me in writing, together with Mr. Rowley's letter, where he told me the subject was treated in so handsome a manner that he was sure it would both please and convince me.

After these general arguments he got up and shut the door, and in a very low voice told me in confidence the history of this project from its first commencement, comparing it to the machine of a watch, with its various wheels and movements, while the main spring was out of sight, yet plainly discovered where the hands pointed and directed. I dare not trust to your eyes what he could hardly trust to his own ears; but I was so thoroughly convinced from what he whispered, that I instantly wrote a note to your friend and told him you had altered your opinion, and would not subscribe to the bank, desiring he would give himself no further trouble.

After this I presumed to ask his lordship two questions; first, Whether the report were true that the lord-lieutenant had interested himself in favour of the bank? He assured me it was notoriously false and groundless; for his grace had behaved himself with the utmost candour and indifferency, which appeared throughout the whole transaction betwixt his grace and the negotiators, leaving it to the wisdom of the nation to determine what might be profitable for us, whereof I hope the whole kingdom, without distinction of party, will ever retain a grateful remembrance.

My second question was, How came it to pass that the commissioners and managers of the bank opened the books and proceeded to take subscriptions after the king in his speech, in tenderness to his people, had left it to the consideration of parliament, and after it appeared that a great majority of both houses, with the voice of the nation without doors, had declared against it. He answered with a smile that, for his own part, he could conceive no possible reason for this proceeding, but that the managers were resolved, at all hazards, to recover the expenses they had been at in negotiating the affair of the bank in England; that by this bold attempt, they seemed wholly to misrepresent and misapply the gracious intentions of his majesty, as if after he had loudly proclaimed in his speech from the throne, that the people of Ireland should have a bank if they pleased, he did at the same time whisper the managers that they should have a bank whether we pleased or no.

I took leave of his lordship, and in a few days found a great deal of what he told me to be true. For a list of the subscribers being published by order of the governors and directors, there came out a printed paper, with notes and queries, wherein the subscribers were ranked in their proper classes, which placed them in so ridiculous a light, [see preceding tract,] that they all began to be ashamed of one another. I took pains to examine that paper very carefully by the original list, and found it in every article to be a notorious truth, but not the whole truth, for the author hath omitted,

One French corn-cutter,	One anabaptist clothier,
One French drawer,	One barrack-master,
One deal merchant,	One butcher,
One French apothecary,	One agent's clerk,

Besides several South Seaers and Mississippians.

When I saw this list, and observed the situation of the subscribing ladies betwixt the soldiers and traders, I was highly delighted that you were not one of the number. I was intimately acquainted with one of them, and going to pay her a visit was, with some difficulty, admitted. She told me that she had kept her chamber some days since the publishing of that scandalous list; that she had been rallied to death by all her acquaintance; that she had endeavoured to get her money back, or at least her bond and judgment, but could prevail for neither; that she resolved to petition the lord chancellor for relief, and confessed freely to me that a proposal was made her of a very advantageous match, which was brought almost to a conclusion, but was broken off when the gentleman came to know that her fortune was in the bank, alleging that he could not depend upon it, because that her bond and judgment was lodged in the bank and that any part, or the whole thereof, was liable to the demands of the directors.

THE SWEARER'S BANK;

OR, PARLIAMENTARY SECURITY FOR ESTABLISHING A NEW BANK IN IRELAND, WHEREIN THE MEDICAL USE OF OATHS IS CONSIDERED.

"Si populus vult decipi, decipiatur."

"To believe everything that is said by a certain set of men, and to doubt of nothing they relate, though ever so improbable," is a maxim that has contributed as much, for the time, to the support of Irish banks as it ever did to the Popish religion; and they are not wholly beholden to the latter for their foundation, but they have the happiness to have the same patron saint; for Ignorance, the reputed mother of the devotion of one, seems to bear the same affectionate relation to the credit of the other.

To subscribe to banks without knowing the scheme or design of them, is not unlike to some gentlemen's signing addresses without knowing the contents of them: to engage in a bank that has neither act of parliament, charter, nor lands to support it, is like sending a ship to sea without a bottom; to expect a coach and six by the former, would be as ridiculous as to hope a return by the latter.

It was well known some time ago that our banks would be included in the bubble-bill; and it was believed those chimeras would necessarily vanish with the first easterly wind that should inform the town of the royal assent.

It was very mortifying to several gentlemen who dreamed of nothing but easy chariots, on the arrival

of the fatal packet, to slip out of them into their walking shoes. But should those banks, as it is vainly imagined, be so fortunate as to obtain a charter, and purchase lands; yet, on any run on them in a time of invasion, there would be so many starving proprietors, reviving their old pretensions to land and a bellyful, that the subscribers would be unwilling upon any call to part with their money, not knowing what might happen; so that in a rebellion, where the success was doubtful, the bank would infallibly break.

Since so many gentlemen of this town have had the courage, without any security, to appear in the same paper with a million or two; it is hoped, when they are made sensible of their safety, that they will be prevailed to trust themselves in a neat skin of parchment, with a single one.

To encourage them, the undertaker proposes the erecting of a bank on parliamentary security, and such security as no revolution or change of times can affect.

To take away all jealousy of any private view of the undertaker, he assures the world that he is now in a garret, in a very thin waistcoat, studying the public good; having given an undeniable pledge of his love to his country, by pawning his coat in order to defray the expense of the press.

It is very well known that, by an act of parliament, to prevent profane swearing, the person so offending, on oath made before a magistrate, forfeits a shilling, which may be levied with little difficulty.

It is almost unnecessary to mention that this is become a pet-vice among us; and though age renders us unfit for other vices, yet this, where it takes hold, never leaves us but with our speech.

So vast a revenue might be raised by the execution of this act, that I have often wondered, in a scarcity of funds, that methods have not been taken to make it serviceable to the public.

I dare venture to say, if this act was well executed in England, the revenue of it, applied to the navy, would make the English fleet a terror to all Europe.

It is computed by geographers that there are 2,000,000 in this kingdom (of Ireland), of which number there may be said to be 1,000,000 of swearing souls.

It is thought there may be 5000 gentlemen; every gentleman, taking one with another, may afford to swear an oath every day, which will yearly produce 1,825,000 oaths; which number of shillings makes the yearly sum of 91,250*l.*

The farmers of this kingdom, who are computed to be 10,000, are able to spend yearly 500,000 oaths, which gives 25,000*l.*; and it is conjectured that, from the bulk of the people, 20,000*l.* or 25,000*l.* may be yearly collected.

These computations are very modest, since it is evident that there is a much greater consumption of oaths in this kingdom, and consequently a much greater sum might be yearly raised.

That it may be collected with ease and regularity, it is proposed to settle informers in great towns in proportion to the number of inhabitants, and to have riding-officers in the country; and since nothing brings a greater contempt on any profession than poverty, it is determined to settle very handsome salaries on the gentlemen that are employed by the bank, that they may, by a generosity of living, reconcile men to an office that has lain under so much scandal of late as to be undertaken by none but curates, clerks of meeting-houses, and broken tradesmen.

It is resolved that none shall be preferred to those employments but persons that are notorious for being constant churchmen, and frequent communicants; whose piety will be a sufficient security for their honest and industrious execution of their office.

It is very probable that 20,000*l.* will be necessary to defray all expenses of servants, salaries, &c. However, there will be the clear yearly sum of 100,000*l.*, which may very justly claim a million subscription.

It is determined to lay out the remaining unapplied profits, which will be very considerable, toward the erecting and maintaining of charity schools. A design so beneficial to the public, and especially to the protestant interest of this kingdom, has met with so much encouragement from several great patriots in England, that they have engaged to procure an act to secure the sole benefit of informing on this swearing act to the agents and servants of this new bank. Several of my friends pretend to demonstrate, that this bank will in time vie with the South Sea Company: they insist, that the army dispend as many oaths yearly as will produce 100,000*l.* nett.

There are computed to be 100 pretty fellows in this town that swear 50 oaths a-head daily; some of them would think it hard to be stinted to a hundred: this very branch would produce a vast sum yearly.

The FAIRS of this kingdom will bring in a vast revenue; the oaths of a little Connaught one, as well as they could be numbered by two persons, amounted to three thousand. It is true that it would be impossible to turn all of them into ready money, for a shilling is so great a duty on swearing, that if it was carefully exacted, the common people might as well pretend to drink wine as to swear; and an oath would be as rare among them as a clean shirt.

A servant that I employed to accompany the militia their last muster day had scored down, in the compass of eight hours, three hundred oaths; but, as the putting of the act in execution on those days would only fill the stocks with porters, and pawn-shops with muskets and swords; and as it would be matter of great joy to papists and disaffected persons to see our militia swear themselves out of their guns and swords; it is resolved that no advantage shall be taken of any militiaman's swearing while he is under arms; nor shall any advantage be taken of any man's swearing in the four courts, provided he is at hearing in the exchequer, or has just paid off an attorney's bill.

The medicinal use of oaths is what the undertaker would by no means discourage, especially where it is necessary to help the lungs to throw off any distilling humour. On certificate of a course of swearing prescribed by any physician, a permit will be given to the patient by the proper officer of the bank, paying no more than sixpence. It is expected that a scheme of so much advantage to the public will meet with more encouragement than their chimerical banks; and the undertaker hopes, that as he has spent a considerable fortune in bringing this scheme to bear, he may have the satisfaction to see it take place for the public good, though he should have the fate of most projectors, to be undone.

It is resolved, that no compositions shall be made, nor licences granted, for swearing, under a notion of applying the money to pious uses; a practice so scandalous, as is fit only for the see of Rome, where the money arising from whoring licenses is applied *ad propagandam fidem:* and to the shame of Smock-alley and of all protestant whores (especially those who live under the light of the gospel-ministry), be it spoken, a whore in Rome never lies down but she hopes it will be the means of converting some poor heathen or heretic.

The swearing revenues of the town of Cork will be given for ever by the bank to the support of poor clergymen's widows: and those of Ringsend will be allowed to the maintenance of sailors' bastards.

The undertaker designs in a few days to appoint time and place for taking subscriptions; the sub-

scribers must come prepared to pay down one-fourth on subscribing.

P.S.—The Jews of Rotterdam have offered to farm the revenues of Dublin at 20,000*l.* per annum. Several eminent quakers are also willing to take them at that rent; but the undertaker has rejected their proposals, being resolved to deal with none but christians.

Application may be made to him about them, any day, at Patt's coffee-house, where attendance will be given.

A LETTER TO THE KING AT ARMS,

FROM A REPUTED ESQUIRE, ONE OF THE SUBSCRIBERS TO THE BANK.

THE title esquire was anciently only applied to the younger sons of nobility, baronets, and the eldest sons of judges, sheriffs, justices of the peace, of knights, and to such as had employment in the service of the crown.

SIR, November 18, 1721.

IN a late printed paper, containing some notes and queries upon that list of the subscribers' names which was published by order of the commissioners for receiving subscriptions, I find some hints and innuendoes that would seem to insinuate as if I and some others were only reputed esquires; and our case is referred to you, in your kingly capacity. I desire you will please to let me know the lowest price of a real esquire's coat of arms, and if we can agree, I will give my bond to pay you out of the first interest I receive for my subscription; because things are a little low with me at present, by throwing my whole fortune into the bank, having subscribed for 500*l.* sterling.

I hope you will not question my pretensions to this title when I let you know that my godfather was a justice of peace, and I myself have been often a keeper of it. My father was a leader and commander of horse, in which post he rode before the greatest lords of the land [a postilion]; and, in long marches, he alone presided over the baggage, advancing directly before it. My mother kept open house in Dublin, where several hundreds were supported with meat and drink bought at her own charge, or with her personal credit, until some envious brewers and butchers forced her to retire.[a]

As to myself, I have been for several years a foot-officer, and it was my charge to guard the carriages, behind which I was commanded to stick close, that they might not be attacked in the rear. I have had the honour to be a favourite of several fine ladies; who each of them, at different times, gave me such coloured knots and public marks of distinction, that every one knew which of them it was to whom I paid my address. They would not go into their coach without me, nor willingly drink unless I gave them the glass with my own hand. They allowed me to call them my mistresses, and owned that title publicly. I have been told, that the true ancient employment of a squire was to carry a knight's shield, painted with his colours and coat of arms. This is what I have witnesses to produce that I have often done; not indeed in a shield, like my predecessors, but that which is full as good, I have carried the colours of a knight upon my coat [as a footman]. I have likewise borne the king's arms in my hand, as a mark of authority [as a constable]; and hung them painted before my dwelling-house, as a mark of my calling [as an innkeeper]; so that I may truly say, his majesty's arms have been my supporters. I have been a strict and constant follower of men of quality. I have diligently pursued the steps of several squires, and am able to behave myself as well as the best of them whenever there shall be occasion.

I desire it may be no disadvantage to me that, by the new act of parliament going to pass for preserving the game, I am not yet qualified to keep a greyhound. If this should be the test of squirehood, it will go hard with a great number of my fraternity, as well as myself, who must all be unsquired, because a greyhound will not be allowed to keep us company; and it is well known I have been a companion to his betters. What has a greyhound to do with a squireship? might I not be a real squire, although there was no such thing as a greyhound in the world? Pray tell me, sir, are greyhounds to be from henceforth the supporters of every squire's coat of arms? Although I cannot keep a greyhound, may not a greyhound help to keep me? May not I have an order from the governors of the bank to keep a greyhound, with a *non obstante* to the act of parliament, as well as they have created a bank against the votes of the two houses? But however this difficulty will soon be overcome. I am promised 125*l.* a-year for subscribing 500*l.*; and of this 500*l.* I am to pay in only 25*l.* ready money: the governors will trust me for the rest, and pay themselves out of the interest by 25*l.* per cent. So that I intend to receive only 40*l.* a-year to qualify me for keeping my family and a greyhound, and let the remaining 85*l.* go on till it makes 500*l.*, then 1000*l.*, then 10,000*l.*, then 100,000*l.*, then a million, and so forwards. This, I think, is much better (betwixt you and me) than keeping fairs, and buying and selling bullocks; by which I find, from experience, that little is to be gotten in these hard times.

I am, sir, your friend and servant to command,

A. B., ESQUIRE.

P.S.—I hope you will favourably represent my case to the publisher of the paper above-mentioned.

Direct your letter for A. B., esq., at ***, in ***; and pray get some parliament-man to frank it, for it will cost a groat postage to this place.

[a] His mother kept an eating-house.

THE LAST SPEECH AND DYING WORDS OF EBENEZER ELLISTON.[a]

EXECUTED THE SECOND OF MAY, 1722.

Published at his desire for the common good.

I AM now going to suffer the just punishment for my crimes prescribed by the law of God and my country. I know it is the constant custom that those who come to this place should have speeches made for them, and cried about in their own hearing as they are carried to execution; and truly they are such speeches that, although our fraternity be an ignorant, illiterate people, they would make a man ashamed to have such nonsense and false English charged upon him even when he is going to the gallows. They contain a pretended account of our birth and family, of the fact for which we are to die, of our sincere repentance, and a declaration of our religion. I cannot expect to avoid the same treatment with my predecessors.

However, having had an education one or two degrees better than those of my rank and profession, I have been considering ever since my commitment what it might be proper for me to deliver upon this occasion.

And First—I cannot say from the bottom of my heart that I am truly sorry for the offence I have given to God and the world; but I am very much so for the bad success of my villainies in bringing me to this untimely end; for it is plainly evident that after having some time ago obtained a pardon from the crown, I again took up my old trade; my evil habits were so rooted in me, and I was grown so unfit for any other kind of employment And therefore although in

[a] A malefactor executed for street robbery. His parents, according to Faulkner, were rigid dissenters, had given him a good education, put him apprentice to a silk-weaver, and settled him in that profession, which he gradually exchanged for those of a fine gentleman, a gamester, and a housebreaker.

compliance with my friends, I resolved to go to the gallows after the usual manner, kneeling, with a book in my hand and my eyes lifted up; yet I shall feel no more devotion in my heart than I have observed in my comrades, who have been drunk among common whores the very night before their execution. I can say further, from my own knowledge, that two of my fraternity, after they had been hanged and wonderfully came to life and made their escapes, as it sometimes happened, proved afterwards the wickedest rogues I ever knew, and so continued until they were hanged again for good and all; and yet they had the impudence at both times they went to the gallows to smite their breasts and lift up their eyes to heaven all the way.

Secondly.—From the knowledge I have of my own wicked dispositions, and that of my comrades, I give it as my opinion that nothing can be more unfortunate to the public than the mercy of the government in ever pardoning or transporting us, unless when we betray one another, as we never fail to do if we are sure to be well paid, and then a pardon may do good: by the same rule, That it is better to have one fox in a farm than three or four. But we generally make a shift to return after being transported, and are ten times greater rogues than before and much more cunning. Besides, I know it by experience, that some hope we have of finding mercy when we are tried, or after we are condemned, is always a great encouragement to us.

Thirdly.—Nothing is more dangerous to idle young fellows than the company of those odious common whores we frequent, and of which this town is full. These wretches put us upon all mischief to feed their lusts and extravagancies: they are ten times more bloody and cruel than men; their advice is always not to spare if we are pursued: they get drunk with us, and are common to us, and yet if they can get anything by it are sure to be our betrayers.

Now as I am a dying man I have done something which may be of good use to the public. I have left with an honest man (and, indeed, the only honest man I was ever acquainted with) the names of all my wicked brethren, the present places of their abode, with a short account of the chief crimes they have committed, in many of which I have been their accomplice, and heard the rest from their own mouths: I have likewise set down the names of those we call our setters, of the wicked houses we frequent, and of those who receive and buy our stolen goods. I have solemnly charged this honest man and have received his promise upon oath, that whenever he hears of any rogue to be tried for robbing or housebreaking, he will look into his list, and if he finds the name there of the thief concerned, to send the whole paper to the government. Of this I here give my companions fair and public warning, and hope they will take it.

In the paper above mentioned, which I left with my friend, I have also set down the names of several gentlemen who have been robbed in Dublin streets for three years past; I have told the circumstances of those robberies, and shown plainly that nothing but the want of common courage was the cause of their misfortune. I have therefore desired my friend that whenever any gentleman happens to be robbed in the streets, he will get that relation printed and published, with the first letters of those gentlemen's names, who by their own want of bravery are like to be the cause of all the mischief of that kind which may happen for the future.

I cannot leave the world without a short description of that kind of life which I have led for some years past; and it is exactly the same with the rest of our wicked brethren.

Although we are generally so corrupted from our childhood has to have no sense of goodness, yet some thing heavy always hangs about us, I know not what it is, that we are never easy till we are half-drunk among our whores and companions, nor sleep sound unless we drink longer than we can stand. If we go abroad in the day, a wise man would easily find us to be rogues by our faces, we have such a suspicious, fearful, and constrained countenance, often turning back and slinking through narrow lanes and alleys. I have never failed of knowing a brother thief by his looks, though I never saw him before. Every man among us keeps his particular whore, who is, however, common to us all when we have a mind to change. When we have got a booty, if it be in money, we divide it equally among our companions, and soon squander it away on our vices in those houses that receive us, for the master and the mistress, and the very tapster, go snacks, and besides make us pay triple reckonings. If our plunder be plate, watches, rings, snuff-boxes, and the like, we have customers in all quarters of the town to take them off. I have seen a tankard worth 15*l.* sold to a fellow in —— street for 20*s.*, and a gold watch for 30*s.* I have set down his name and that of several others in the paper already mentioned. We have setters watching in corners and by dead walls to give us notice when a gentleman goes by, especially if he be anything in drink. I believe in my conscience that if an account were made of 1000*l.* in stolen goods, considering the low rates we sell them at, the bribes we must give for concealment, the extortions of ale-house reckonings, and other necessary charges, there would not remain 50*l.* clear to be divided among the robbers. And out of this we must find clothes for our whores, besides treating them from morning to night, who in requital reward us with nothing but treachery and the pox. For when our money is gone, they are every moment threatening to inform against us, if we will not go out and look for more. If anything in this world be like hell, as I have heard it described by our clergy, the truest picture of it must be in the back room of one of our alehouses at midnight, where a crew of robbers and their whores are met together after a booty and are beginning to grow drunk; from which time until they are past their senses, is such a continued horrible noise of cursing and blasphemy, lewdness, scurrility, and brutish behaviour, such roaring and confusion, such a clatter of mugs and pots at each other's heads, that bedlam in comparison is a sober and orderly place. At last they all tumble from their stools and benches, and sleep away the rest of the night, and generally the landlord or his wife, or some other whore who has a stronger head than the rest, picks their pockets before they wake. The misfortune is that we can never be easy till we are drunk, and our drunkenness constantly exposes us to be more easily betrayed and taken.

This is a short picture of the life I have led, which is more miserable than that of the poorest labourer who works for 4*d.* a day; and yet custom is so strong, that I am confident if I could make my escape at the foot of the gallows, I should be following the same course this very evening. So that upon the whole we ought to be looked upon as the common enemies of mankind, whose interest it is to root us out like wolves and other mischievous vermin, against which no fair play is required.

If I have done service to men in what I have said, I shall hope I have done service to God, and that will be better than a silly speech made for me full of whining and canting, which I utterly despise and have never been used to; yet such a one I expect to have my ears tormented with as I am passing along the streets.

Good people fare ye well; bad as I am, I leave many worse behind me. I hope you shall see me die like a man the death of a dog.

E. E.

RIGHT OF PRECEDENCE

BETWEEN PHYSICIANS AND CIVILIANS INQUIRED INTO.

"Tu major, tibi me est æquum parare. Menalca."—VIRG.
"Fidis offendar medicis? irascar amicis?"—HOR.

THE cause of this humorous dispute is now forgotten, but the general title is sufficient to render it intelligible. Some personal satire is wholly lost.

I HAVE waited hitherto with no little impatience to see some good effect of that debate, which I thought was happily started at a late meeting of our university [Trinity College, Dublin] upon the subject of precedence between professors of law and physic. And though I cannot join in opinion with the worthy gentleman who first moved in it, I must needs say the motion was seasonable and well became him; for beside that he intended an honour to a faculty he was promoted above, and was so self-denying as to waive all debates of that nature as long as he was a party concerned in the motion, he did what in him lay to put an end, by authority, to a point in controversy which had long divided the gentlemen of those two faculties; and I am very much mistaken if the same person does not hereafter prove, as much a friend to piety and learning in his other designs as he has been already in this, to the peace and agreement of learned men.

But to my great disappointment little more has been said upon the subject since the first debate than what has been argued in private, more for the entertainment of single gentlemen than the use and information of mankind. I have heard that the matter is brought to a compromise, and professors in both faculties have agreed to yield precedence to one another, according to their standing and the date of their commencement.

But this to me appears no satisfactory way of deciding a point of such importance. And to speak freely, it is but drawing a skin over a wound, and giving it a face of soundness, when there lies filth and purulence within, which will another time break out with more pain and greater danger.

The time is approaching when it will be proper once more to bring this affair upon the carpet; and I am humbly of opinion that the point is of such consequence, that it ought not to subside as it has done of late. It should neither rest upon that slight baffle it received at its first appearance in public, nor be hushed up in silence, under the pretence of any private accommodation, which the parties concerned have since come to, for the sake of civility and good manners in company.

I am one of those who love peace upon a good foundation, and do for that reason no less admire truth, upon which alone a lasting peace can be founded. And as I am qualified to introduce this matter at the next meeting of our university, and fully determined to do so, I thought it reasonable to give this friendly notice to all parties, that they study the point and make themselves masters of it, and give it so thorough a canvassing in what manner they think fit, as to leave no room for exception and wrangling when the question comes to be solemnly debated in that assembly.

But before I come to the merits of the cause itself you must give me leave to make one observation in the way concerning the importance of precedence in general, which may prove of singular use to mankind, who are for the most part unapprized of it.

As I remember, there fell a very harsh expression from a certain gentleman (with whom it is not usual to be unguarded) who appeared an advocate for physicians, when the motion was first made to thrust them from their place He was pleased to call it a womanish debate if I took him right; but as much a friend as I am to his person and cause I will not follow him in that opinion, and will further say, the expression was mean and beneath the dignity of his character. There is an unkind reflection couched in it upon a sex by which much of the decencies of life and little morals are supported; and it does not agree with that taste of gallantry which he is thought to have, and is very consistent with his profession, and is even ungrateful in a man of that faculty which is more in favour with the ladies than any other except divinity.

But not to insist upon this I cannot think, as that expression implies, that the matter is at all beneath the consideration of the greatest and most learned of men. On the contrary, I think the question was well moved, and since it has been moved every one should endeavour to find on which side of the argument the advantage lies: and I wonder that in this interval of parliament and business (the usual vacation of this kingdom) something has not been offered before this time for the quieting men's minds. It is a difference among his majesty's subjects, which it becomes every healing spirit to compose, and is a duty both of religion and loyalty.

I would ask is precedence or distinction of place of no moment among men? Are women only concerned in it? Does society owe nothing of conveniency to it? Is it indifferent whether a man sits at a lady's elbow or her pert chaplain's? near a soup at the head of the table, or beef at the bottom? Is there no advantage in the first plate, or the earliest compliment of the glass, or the respect of waiters, or in ruling the books at a quarter sessions, and being honoured with the cushion in the face of one's country? Is it of no consequence to be in the eye of the government? and does not precedence contribute to that at a Tholsel [Guildhall] entertainment? What are academical degrees so dearly purchased for but place, and can a professor answer it to his trust or interest to disparage precedence? For what other reason in nature but precedence did a great man of my acquaintance lately become a double grand compounder for his degree? and another undeceive mankind, or rather deceive women, and suffer himself to be pronounced a venerable man in spite of his youthful looks? Shall not the solemn doctor ——, in his chariot take place of plain Mr. —— in his? and have the heels of him in preferment according to the start he has in precedence?

Give me leave to say, that the notion of the insignificancy of place has been of infinite prejudice to many worthy men, and of as great advantage to others, who have juster thoughts of it. While dignity sinks with its own weight, the scum of mankind will naturally rise above it.

I have a pious concern upon me for all the important mistakes of mankind, and this among the rest; as to which, I have observed a strong prejudice runs counter to the nature of things and the principles of truth and reason. Sure I am, nature directs every person and thing to maintain its situation, or rather not so much to keep its own place as to aspire and displace others. And the reason is plain, because that is a tendency to the uppermost point and an approach to perfection; and therefore contrary to common opinions, I have ever thought there is piety in pride and ambition, and that it is virtue to be emulous and aspiring. And when I hear, as in my time I have many, conceited declamations against pride, I suspect it is with the design of a monopoly, and to engross it; as I have known an ingenious schoolboy spit in his mess of porridge, not to abuse the good creature, but to secure it all to himself. What is that dominion so early given to mankind, but superiority of power and place? and then to act up to it is not womanish but manly. And if that was a precept

I will take upon me to say there is not one point of duty so universally and exactly observed.

And society has so great a consideration of place, that we find wise provisions made for the regulating of it and for settling the due pre-eminence of all degrees of men, and an office of heraldry for that purpose, which may be found in almost every house of quality. I could go further than this, but for this reason, that it is out of my way, and none of my business, to determine the force of great examples, and make conclusions upon Scripture; and perhaps my friend's best apology is, that the Bible is out of the road of his profession and study; but I will say thus much, that as I have observed divines to be so far scriptural in their carriage, as to take "the right hand of fellowship" on all occasions, and carry their disputes about place as high as any other sort of men; so their practice (such is my deference) is to me the best gloss upon duty, and my conviction, and should be his. And this plainly determines the point against him, and shows the importance of precedence; and then it will follow in logic that, if taking place be matter of moment, to dispute about place is not womanish nor trivial.

And this allowed I am inclined to believe, that upon this religious principle all our late promotions of nobility have proceeded, and that so many gentlemen have procured themselves titles, not, as some have injuriously thought, that they might take place of their betters, but out of a sense of duty: and while some (alas! too many) ignorantly despise them for their worthless ambition, I regard them with another eye, and honour them for their piety, and courage, and conscience, and even condescension in being made great, and do from my heart pity such as cannot be greater, without being less. Indeed the roll of our nobility is at present very voluminous, but no matter for that. If there were more of them, such is the ductility of my respect, I could, with a smaller quantity of esteem, do honour to them all. I make the same account of nobility of all dates as I do of books; I value the old as usually more exact, and genuine, and useful, though commonly unlettered, and often loose in the bindings; and I value the new, because — but the notion is obvious, and I leave my reader to pursue it. I was led into this comparison from the *curiosa felicitas* of those whose way it is to paste their arms and titles of honour on the reverse of the title pages, which shows the affinity of the two. My love to the nobility has made me sometimes seriously lament the great damp which must have fallen on honour and laudable ambition had the peerage bill succeeded in England; but I had this consolation that, had the sluice been shut there, the flood of honour had risen the higher here, and overflowed this my native kingdom.

I could here according to custom produce, in favour of this uncommon position, many bright authorities; and have now before me above a score of quotations, gathered with infinite labour from St. Chrysostom, by his index; but to the discouragement of my learning the Greek types are not ready, and will not be set till the 20th of next month, when the following editions of this work shall be enriched with learned languages in great variety. The author of a late state sermon should have waited as I do, rather than suffer his learning to look asquint as it does, and make so frightful a figure from the press. I am master of the stochastic art; and by virtue of that I divine that those Greek words in that discourse have crept from the margin into the text otherwise than the author intended; and indeed some of those Greek maggots are so uneasy in, and ashamed of their place, that they seem to be upon the crawl backward.

I hope what has been offered will clear this case of conscience, and is sufficient to show any man of candour, and who loves and searches after truth as I do, the importance of place and precedency among men; that the peace and order and honour of society is owing to it, and as women have been remarkably strenuous in asserting these rights, I do hereby take upon me to return them the thanks of mankind (asking pardon for the professor's misbehaviour), and do wish them perseverance and success in all their laudable attempts of that nature. Let them enjoy the wall and the right hand of us from this day forward, not in consideration of their weakness, or out of our courtesy, but in their own right as patriots, and stout defenders of the privileges of their own and our sex.

But to proceed. It were perhaps a proper method in this, as in other debates concerning precedency, to appeal to the herald's office, and be determined by usual and stated rules there, how place in this case is to be given or taken; but a certain lord has assured me upon his honour that nothing concerning the present question is there taken notice of; and whatever orders may be delivered in heraldry about personal precedence, there is nothing said as to faculties, except only this, that doctors in divinity, and those not specialists, as we used to call them, *i. e.*, such as have received that degree by the special indulgence and undeserved favour and grace of the university, shall have a place immediately above esquires that are not of noble families.

Upon which observation, if it be true, as I fear it is, I have reason to apprehend some disturbance in the country, among the ladies there, therefore I do present my most humble service to madam ——, wife to a very reverend divine, D.D., *speciali gratiâ*, who has for many years past to my knowledge, in mistake of her husband's right, taken place at table of a certain justice of the peace's lady, and do advise her, that, in order to maintain her precedency, she would once more send her spouse up to a commencement, and engage him to perform his acts, and be re-admitted, and take up his large cautionary bonds for her own and her children's advantage.

And I would further observe, for the use of men who love place without a title to it, either by law or heraldry, as some have a strange oiliness of spirits, which carries them upward, and mounts them to the top of all company (company being often like bottled liquors, where the light and windy parts hurry to the head, and fix in froth), I would observe, I say, that there is a secret way of taking place without sensible precedence, and consequently without offence. This is a useful secret, and I will publish it here, from my own practice, for the benefit of my countrymen, and the universal improvement of mankind.

It is this. I generally fix a sort of first meridian in my thoughts before I sit down, and instead of observing privately, as the way is, whom in company I may sit above, in point of birth, age, fortune, or station, I consider only the situation of the table by the points in the compass, and the nearer I can get to the east (which is a point of honour for many reasons, for "*porrecta majestas ad ortum solis,*") I am so much the higher, and my good fortune is to sit sometimes, or for the most part, due east, sometimes N. by E., seldom with greater variation; and then I do myself honour, and am blessed with invisible precedence, mystical to others, and the joke is, that by this means I take place (for place is but fancy) of many that sit above me; and whilst most people in company look upon me as a modest man, I know myself to be a very assuming fellow, and do often look down with contempt on some at the upper end of the table. By this craft I at once gratify my humour (which is pride) and preserve my character; and this

I take to be the art of life. And sticking to this rule I generally possess a middle place in company, even in the vulgar account, and am at meat as wise men would be in the world,

Extremi primorum, extremis usque priores.[a]
Hor. 2 Ep. ii. 204.

And to this purpose my way is to carry a little pocket compass in my left fob, and from that I take my measures imperceptibly, as from a watch, in the usual way of comparing time before dinner, or if I chance to forget that, I consider the situation of the parish church, and this is my never-failing regulator.

I know some people take another way for this, and place themselves nearest the dish they like best, and their ambition is gratified where their appetite is so. Eating well is commonly and with justice called good living, and their rule is that of Horace,

Ut, quocunque loco fueris, vixisse libenter
Te dicas[b]
1 Ep. xi. 24.

And it must be allowed as a standard their honour lies in their stomach, as indeed I have always thought that, contrary to vulgar notions, the seat, not of honour only, but of most great qualities of the mind, as well as of the disorders of the body.

Give me leave to explain myself. I think I can reduce to this one principle all the properties of the mind, and by the way, as I take our grand devourer of fire to have the best stomach of any man living,[c] I conclude him the greatest person our age or any other has produced, not excepting Cato's daughter,[d] nor shall Time, although *edax rerum*, ever digest the memory of one who has a better appetite than even Time itself. But to go on: does not the stomach make men ambitious, covetous, amorous, obsequious, and time-serving? What made a certain judge keep his place on the bench when his brethren left it, but his sense of honour, *i. e.*, his keen appetite? Does not the stomach alone carry all debates in both houses, and support parties, and make court-parasites lose their dinners sometimes, that they and theirs may dine the better all their lives after? Do not we use to say a man of honour stomachs an indignity? Is not English feeding the foundation of English bravery? and good claret, of *fierté* and French sprightliness?

In short, courage, honour, wit, and sense, and all arts and sciences, take their rise here; and this an ancient has observed, "*magister artis ingeniique largitor venter*," which, if it be true, I will take upon me to declare our vulgar saying, "that men have guts in their brains," is a vulgar error, and should be rectified, and that rather their brains are in their guts; and when we see some men less courageous, witty, or learned than others, we should pity their bad stomachs or indigestion, rather than their incapacity or indisposition of brain. I am so sensible of this, that I have of many years disused, as an absurdity, that saying to a simple fellow, "God help your head;" but I wish him with more propriety a good stomach or a better dinner.

I could here chemico-mechanically resolve men's parts into their feeding, and show what sort of humours and genius must necessarily proceed from particular sorts of meats, and explain a great deal of the heathen mythology by it; but this I reserve for a treatise by itself. Yet this I will say, that a writer's stomach, appetite, and victuals may be judged from his method, style, and subject, as certainly as if you were his mess-fellow, and sat at table with him. Hence we call a subject dry, a writer insipid, notions crude and indigested, a pamphlet empty or hungry, a style *jejune*, and many such-like expressions, plainly alluding to the diet of an author; and I make no manner of doubt but Tully grounded that saying of "*helluo librorum*," upon the same observation.

Now I say it is evident if this be true that every man at meat is most honoured when he is most humoured, or when he sits nearest to that which pleases his palate best; and consequently that is the first place to him upon that principle, and such men must be allowed to have the truest taste of honour of all others. I have observed these sort of people have generally a great propensity to roast beef; and it will be granted that to sit even at the foot of the table next a sirloin, which is a dish of dignity, and of old hereditary knighthood, is in strictness of heraldry more honourable than a place next the biggest plain country squire at the upper end,—and I have often chosen it.

But to return from this useful digression. The noble personage aforementioned, who honoured me with his sentiments upon this abstruse point, must be allowed to have as good a local memory as any lord in the kingdom; and has never been known once to mistake, or forget, or recede from that place of distinction which is due to him. He could settle the forms of a royal interment, and adjust the ceremonies of a coronation if occasion were; and I must add, but that he has more honour than to be officious, he could have determined that late controverted point of an English bishop's place among ours, and had saved the house, had he been called upon, the trouble and delays of referring to the English precedents.

I say his lordship, who is expert in heraldry, and as communicative of that useful knowledge as becomes noble spirits, has assured me there is no notice taken in that science of any distinction of place for learned faculties; and for mechanical ones, such as appear on collar days, or riding the franchises, they are below the thoughts of a man of quality. He pretends not to know what by-laws, or private compacts of precedency there may be between goldsmiths and grocers, vintners and shoemakers.

I have now before me a table of precedence, given me by the same noble hand, reaching down from a prince of the blood to a country squire, and regarding every branch of their families in the minutest manner,—which I reserve for my own use, and am envious enough to deny it to the world; and the rather, that it is to be found in Mackenzie and Gwillim, and may be had for 2*s.* 6*d.* in the office.

The case being so, there can be no other way, as I conceive, of deciding a question of precedency between the two faculties of law and physic, but by inquiring into their antiquity and dignity: and whichsoever of them shall appear to be most ancient, and most useful to the world, I presume the world will, in justice, think fit to have the greatest honour for, and give the precedence to.

I take it for granted that priority of time, *cæteris paribus*, gives a preference of place, and this naturally, or by common consent—for that I take to be the meaning of nature in most cases, *viz.*, what is found reasonable in itself, and has been always agreed to by mankind, and is confirmed by constant and uninterrupted practice; and this I desire some young preachers to take good notice of, and get by rote. I likewise by the way, take upon me, now I think of it, to advise a certain deacon of my acquaintance to read Doctor Cumberland all through, and twice before he presumes to plead "the law of nature" in the pulpit; to learn mathematics before he pretends to demonstrate there; to peruse Aristotle, Tacitus, and the State Tracts, before he meddles with politics; and be able to act

[a] "Behind the first, yet still before the last."—DUNCOMBE.

[b] Seize on the present joy, and thus possess,
Where'er you live, an inward happiness."—FRANCIS.

[c] A man called the fire-eater, who exhibited himself as a show about this period.

[d] Who is said to have killed herself by swallowing live coals.

Eteocles, before he attempts Greek quotations in his sermons. What if Jocasta or Antigone should hear a mispronunciation from the pulpit; or any other of those young Greeks who so lately did an honour to Euripides, transported their audience into Thebes, and inspired the old bachelors on the foremost bench with that *παιδοποιΐην ἡδονὴν*, which they so handsomely represented!

I say time gives a natural right of precedence by common consent; and hence age is honoured above youth, and by it. The very heathens thought it indecency, and a trespass in point of manners, "si juvenis seni non assurrexerit," if a young man did not rise up, and give way to an older; and the canonists, I hope, will be ingenious enough to own, though in this argument against their brethren, the civilians, that it was a rule of the primitive church, that a deacon should not sit in the presence of a presbyter. In a word, wisdom and experience, which are divine qualities, are the properties of age, and make it honourable; and youth, in the want of them, contemptible.

But I do not say this to mortify or discourage young men. I would not, by any means, have them despise themselves, for that is the ready way to be despised by others; and the consequences of contempt are fatal. For my part, I take self-conceit and opinionativeness to be of all others the most useful and profitable quality of the mind; it has to my knowledge made bishops, and judges, and smart writers, and pretty fellows, and pleasant companions, and good preachers.

It is a sure way of being agreeable to the ladies, who ever judge of men as they observe men do of themselves. If all men were to have the same opinion of themselves that others have of them, there would not be, out of mere shame, above two sermons next Sunday in this large city, nor five lawyers to go through with the business of next term. Self-conceit supports the dignity of church and state; and I pronounce him an enemy to the public who is so to that.

Much less do I intend any trouble to young clergymen of the court or city by the foregoing remark; as if, because deacons of old used to stand before presbyters, that now it were fit to rise when they come in, or give the civility of the hat or wall to any rusty rum in the street. I know the inconvenience of that mistaken piece of old breeding to both parties, and think it prudently laid aside. It is respect to an old parson not to oblige him uncover in the cold, and unsocket his head with both hands, and so daggle his gown out of ceremony; it is the same respect to a spruce bob, to let it lie quiet and undisturbed in its hat-case. I know no reason why powder and oil should submit to grease and greyness; that a white wig should lower to hoary hair; or a brushed beaver strike to a Carolina hat with stays.

I cannot forbear here to applaud the present refinement of ecclesiastics in their habits, and say they are more primitive and regular in their dress than those of any age before them. A clergyman ought to be *κόσμιος*, *i. e.*, not, as we read, of good behaviour, but well dressed: as indeed nothing contributes more to polite behaviour than good clothes. This is a various reading. And here I observe for the use of young stagers in divinity, that nothing will bring them into greater repute for deep learning, than to enterprise in criticism, and adventure betimes to change the common reading of any text in the Bible. This single word is, in my opinion, enough to vindicate their silks and velvets against all the fanatics in Christendom, and our own canons to back them.

It is an old observation that piety is mostly supported by the female sex; so that whatever is agreeable to them is for the advantage of religion, and consequently the clergy should dress in respect to the ladies, *i. e.*, for the good of the church. And indeed I have known some of the younger sort, that could not preach with a ruffled band or a wig out of curl; and a certain lady of my acquaintance, very religious, and who had a good taste of men, always made a judgment from the air and dress of the preacher, and never relished any doctrine that came not recommended with a scarf and a diamond ring. I am not one that, "ambitiosa recidet ornamenta," would strip the young clergy, and retrench their decencies of dress; so far from it, that I wish them, with all my heart, greater elegance, and finer apparel. Well fare the heart of that sprightly youth, a deacon of this church, who I foresee shall first adventure to hoop his canonical coat, and border his band or shirt with mechlin lace, or a modest fringe.

But to return from this incident to my subject again (from which a vast impetuous force of wit, and learning, and love of my country, has led me devious). The nicest logicians will allow it a fair way of arguing in all cases, to refer to things what is true as to persons; and therefore I conclude, if physic be a faculty more ancient than that of civil law, then it literally goes before it, *i. e.*, takes place of it; and I hope it will not be denied that physic is as old as the occasion of it,—as old indeed, within a few days as mankind; which can by no means be said of the other (in comparison) upstart profession, unless any one will be so hardy to affirm there was a doctors' commons or bishops' court in Paradise. And if any man should insist to know the year and day of the rise of physic, I take him to be ignorant of religion and history, and will disdain an answer; though I could tell him not only what the first distemper was, and that epidemical, *viz.*, a falling sickness, but also who it was that cured it; but I do not think fit to satisfy dulness and ignorance so far.

I have ever blamed St. Jerome in my heart for indiscretion, that when some pragmatical deacons set up for equality with presbyters, he to humble them made presbyters equal in effect to bishops. And I could do something of the same kind in the present dispute; and show those assuming civilians, that they can with so little reason arrogate a place above physicians, or an equality with them, that in my humble opinion some faculties, which they have in contempt, are superior to them in point of time, which I have already proved to be the natural ground of precedency; and it is enough here but to name the excellent faculties of music and poetry, whose antiquity I think no man of sense or modesty will call in question.

But having mentioned poetry I must go aside a little to salute my worthy friend the professor[a] of, or to speak more properly, the reader in, that faculty in Oxford, who has befriended the world so much by his incomparable performances of that kind, especially his latest. I will own he has taught me, and I believe some other gentlemen who had lost their Latin, the true grammatical construction of Virgil, and deserves not our acknowledgments only, but those of Eton and Westminster. I am sensible construction is as necessary to the relish and use of an author, as chewing is to taste and digestion. However, I must take upon me to admonish him of one great mistake; and I know that the modesty of the man, and the good nature familiar to him, and which shines as much in his conversation as wit and true poetry do in his works, will bear it from a friend: he has more than once, as I remember, put jasmine for sweet-marjoram, the true version; but as this and a few more are his only variations from the letter of the original, it may well be excused,—my fear is that school-boys may come to

[a] Dr. Joseph Trapp was elected poetry professor in 1708, and published his lectures under the title of "Prælectiones Poeticæ."

suffer by his mistake. I dare venture to affirm, in favour of that good pot-herb, that sweet-marjoram is not improper either in broth or heroics.

Though I think what has been urged is sufficient to weigh in favour of the faculty I have here espoused, yet, upon occasion, I would allow all this to go for nothing, and place the controversy upon another footing, and argue from the natural dignity of medicine itself and the universal use and benefit of it to mankind; for it is well known that physic has been always necessary to the world and what mankind cannot be without. It has been requisite in all ages and places; which is more than can be asserted in behalf of law, either civil or canon. I do not believe they know anything of these in China or the Mogul's country; but we know they do of physic, which prevails in the East, which supplies us with great part of our *materia medica;* and no Englishman ought in gratitude to forget that the greatest genius and honour of England was cured of a fit of the gout by a salutary moss from the East.[a]

But this is not all: The force of physic goes further than the body, and is of use in relieving the mind under most of its disorders: and this I dare venture to affirm, having frequently made the experiment upon my own person with never-failing success; and this I did by the direction of my worthy parish minister, who is indeed an excellent divine, and withal an able physician; and a good physician only to be the better divine. That good man has often quieted my conscience with an emetic, has dissipated troublesome thoughts with a cordial or exhilarating drops, has cured me of a love-fit by breathing a vein, and removed anger and revenge by the prescription of a draught, thence called bitter; and in these and other instances has convinced me that physic is of use to the very soul, as far as that depends on the crisis of the body:

——Mentem sanare corpus ut ægrum
Cernimus, et flecti Medicinâ posse videmus. — LUCRET.

And I am so fully persuaded of this, that I never see a wretch go to execution but I lament that he had not been in the hands of a good physician, who would have corrected these peccant humours of his body which brought him to that untimely death.

Now can anything like this be pleaded in behalf of one or other of the two laws we are dealing with, or of both together? By the way, I must observe here, that these two laws, civil and canon, are put in couples for their unluckiness, and I think they ought to be muzzled too. And here lies the disadvantage of the present dispute: physic we know is a plain simple thing: now that this single faculty, without one friend on earth to take its part and be a second, should dispute with a pair at once, is as if one poor blood-hound should engage with a couple of mastiffs; or that a man should fight a gentleman and his lackey, or with a single rapier against sword and pistol; it is very foul play, and standers-by should interpose, so hard are the terms of this debate; but there is no help for it: these two fast friends can scarce be parted, and are seldom found asunder; they must rise and fall together. My Lord Bacon used to say, very familiarly, "When I rise, my a— rises with me." I ask pardon for the rudeness of the allusion; but it is certain that the canon-law is but the tail, the fag-end, or footman, of the civil, and, like vermin in rotten wood, rose in the church in the age of its corruption, and when it wanted physic to purge it.

But I am weary of proving so plain a point. To me it is clear beyond contradiction, that the antiquity and dignity of physic do give it the precedence of civil law and its friend. I could here very easily stop the mouth of ecclesiastical civilians, by an example or two of great authority; but I hope they will take the hint, and save me the trouble: and for lay-professors I will only say, he that is not convinced, has little sense not only of religion (perhaps that is their least consideration), but of good manners and loyalty and good fellowship. The blood of the *de Medicis* flows in the best veins of Europe; and I know not how far any slight offered to the faculty may exasperate the present king of France or the grand duke, to a resentment prejudicial to our wines and the public peace and the present posture of affairs. All that love their country and right good Florence, will perceive by this on which side of the argument they ought to appear.

And now, for the universal peace of mankind, I make the following rule to be observed by all professors in each faculty and their understrappers: I decree that a doctor of physic shall take place of a doctor of laws; a surgeon, of an advocate; an apothecary, of a proctor of office; and a tooth-drawer, of a register in the court. I intended this for a parallel; but here it fails me, and the lines meet.[a]

I shall now only observe further, that as the case seems desperate on the side of civilians in point of reason, so I hear they have another game to play, and are for appealing to authority: as I have known a school-boy fairly beaten at cuffs, run with a bloody nose to complain to his master. I am credibly informed, there is a design on foot to bring in heads of a bill in favour of civilians next session of parliament: but how generous that sort of proceeding is I leave the world to judge. I am but one, and will certainly oppose any such motion in my place; though, from the number of civilians in the house, I have reason to apprehend it will be to little purpose. The college, a true *alma mater*, has dubbed most of us doctors, and has been more wise than Christian in her favours of that kind; for she has not given hoping for nothing again.

But here I enter my protest against all designs that may any way prejudice so great and illustrious a body of men as our college of physicians are; and I shall take care to draw out the substance of this argument, and present it, in short heads, to each member at a proper time: and not without some hopes that reason may weigh them.

In the mean time I hope a worthy gentleman, a member of our house, will stand up on that occasion, and assert the rights of a faculty which he has entered into and does an honour to: it must be remembered to his credit that being equally skilled in physic and civil law, and perhaps in divinity as well as either, he chose to commence in medicine, having chiefly qualified himself for that noble faculty by repeated travels, and enriched his mind with many curious observations, which the world may, in time, expect incredible benefit from.

If any man thinks fit to reply to this argument, and rectify any mistakes in it, I desire him to preserve his temper, and debate the matter with the same coolness that I have done, that no blood may be drawn in the controversy, nor any reason given me to complain of "*civilia vulnera dextræ.*" As conviction chiefly engaged me on the side of physicians, so in some measure a sense of gratitude for a faculty to which I owe the comforts of life, and perhaps life itself, having received from it unspeakable ease in the two inveterate distempers of the spleen and the gout.

[a] See Sir William Temple's essay "On the cure of Gout by Moxa," an Indian moss so called.

[a] A sneer at Sacheverell.

MAXIMS CONTROLLED IN IRELAND.

THE TRUTH OF MAXIMS IN STATE AND GOVERNMENT EXAMINED, WITH REFERENCE TO IRELAND.

DESCRIBED by Mr. Burke as "a collection of State Paradoxes, abounding with great sense and penetration, and on a very important subject."

THERE are certain maxims of state, founded upon long observation and experience, drawn from the constant practice of the wisest nations, and from the very principles of government, nor even controlled by any writer upon politics. Yet all these maxims do necessarily presuppose a kingdom or commonwealth to have the same natural rights common to the rest of mankind who have entered into civil society; for if we could conceive a nation where each of the inhabitants had but one eye, one leg, and one hand, it is plain, before you could institute them into a republic, that an allowance must be made for those material defects wherein they differed from other mortals. Or imagine a legislature forming a system for the government of bedlam, and proceeding upon the maxim that man is a sociable animal, should draw them out of their cells, and form them into corporations or general assemblies; the consequence might probably be that they would fall foul on each other, or burn the house over their own heads.

Of the like nature are innumerable errors committed by crude and short thinkers, who reason upon general topics without the least allowance for the most important circumstances, which quite alter the nature of the case.

This has been the fate of those small dealers who are every day publishing their thoughts, either on paper or in their assemblies, for improving the trade of Ireland, and referring us to the practice and example of England, Holland, France, or other nations.

I shall therefore examine certain maxims of government, which generally pass for uncontrolled in the world, and consider how far they will suit with the present condition of this kingdom.

First, It is affirmed by wise men that the dearness of things necessary for life in a fruitful country is a certain sign of wealth and great commerce, for when such necessaries are dear, it must absolutely follow that money is cheap and plentiful.

But this is manifestly false in Ireland, for the following reason. Some years ago the species of money here did probably amount to 600,000*l.* or 700,000*l.*, and I have good cause to believe that our remittances then did not much exceed the cash brought in to us. But by the prodigious discouragements we have since received in every branch of our trade by the frequent enforcement and rigorous execution of the navigation act, the tyranny of under custom-house officers, the yearly addition of absentees, the payments to regiments abroad, to civil and military officers residing in England, the unexpected sudden demands of great sums from the treasury, and some other drains of perhaps as great consequence, we now see ourselves reduced to a state (since we have no friends) of being pitied by our enemies, at least if our enemies were of such a kind as to be capable of any regard towards us except of hatred and contempt.

Forty years are now passed since the Revolution, when the contention of the British empire was, most unfortunately for us and altogether against the usual course of such mighty changes in government, decided in the least important nation, but with such ravages and ruin executed on both sides, as to leave the kingdom a desert, which in some sort it still continues. Neither did the long rebellions in 1641 make half such a destruction of houses, plantations, and personal wealth, in both kingdoms, as two years' campaigns did in ours, by fighting England's battles.

By slow degrees, as by the gentle treatment we received under two auspicious reigns,[a] we grew able to live without running in debt. Our absentees were but few; we had great indulgence in trade, and a considerable share in employments of church and state; and while the short leases continued, which were let some years after the war ended, tenants paid their rents with ease and cheerfulness, to the great regret of their landlords, who had taken up a spirit of opposition that is not easily removed. And although, in these short leases, the rent was gradually to increase after short periods, yet as soon as the terms elapsed, the land was let to the highest bidder, most commonly without the least effectual clause for building or planting. Yet, by many advantages, which this island then possessed and has since utterly lost, the rents of lands still grew higher upon every lease that expired, till they have arrived at the present exorbitance; when the frog, overswelling himself, burst at last.

With the price of land of necessity rose that of corn and cattle, and all other commodities that farmers deal in; hence likewise, obviously, the rates of all goods and manufactures among shopkeepers, the wages of servants, and hire of labourers. But although our miseries came on fast, with neither trade nor money left; yet neither will the landlord abate in his rent, nor can the tenant abate in the price of what that rent must be paid with, nor any shopkeeper, tradesman, or labourer live at lower expense for food and clothing than he did before.

I have been the larger upon this first head, because the same observations will clear up and strengthen a good deal of what I shall affirm upon the rest.

The second maxim of those who reason upon trade and government is to assert that low interest is a certain sign of great plenty of money in a nation, for which, as in many other articles, they produce the examples of Holland and England. But with relation to Ireland this maxim is likewise entirely false.

There are two reasons for the lowness of interest in any country. First, that which is usually alleged, the great plenty of species; and this is obvious. The second is want of trade, which seldom falls under common observation, although it be equally true; for where trade is altogether discouraged there are few borrowers. In those countries where men can employ a large stock, the young merchant, whose fortune may be 400*l.* or 500*l.*, will venture to borrow as much more, and can afford a reasonable interest. Neither is it easy at this day to find many of those whose business reaches to employ even so inconsiderable a sum, except among the importers of wine, who as they have most part of the present trade in these parts of Ireland in their hands, so they are the most exorbitant, exacting, fraudulent dealers that ever trafficked in any nation, and are making all possible speed to ruin both themselves and the nation.

From this defect of gentlemen's not knowing how to dispose of their ready money, arises the high purchase of land, which in all other countries is reckoned a sign of wealth. For the frugal squires, who live below their incomes, have no other way to dispose of their savings but by mortgage or purchase, by which the rates of land must naturally increase; and if this trade continues long, under the uncertainty of rents, the landed men of ready money will find it more for their advantage to send their cash to England and place it in the funds; which I myself am determined to do the first considerable sum I shall be master of.

It has likewise been a maxim among politicians,

[a] See an Essay on the Absurdities in England.

[a] Those of Charles II. and James II.

"That the great increase of buildings in the metropolis argues a flourishing state." But this, I confess, has been controlled from the example of London; when, by the long and annual parliamentary session, such a number of senators, with their families, friends, adherents, and expectants, draw such prodigious numbers to that city, that the old hospitable custom of lords and gentlemen living in their ancient seats among their tenants is almost lost in England,—is laughed out of doors, insomuch that in the middle of summer a legal house of lords and commons might be brought in a few hours to London from their country villas within twelve miles round.

The case in Ireland is yet somewhat worse, for the absentees of great estates, who if they lived at home would have many rich retainers in their neighbourhoods, have learned to rack their lands and shorten their leases as much as any residing squire, and the few remaining of those latter having some vain hope of employments for themselves or their children, and discouraged by the beggarliness and thievery of their own miserable farmers and cottagers, or seduced by the vanity of their wives on pretence of their children's education (whereof the fruits are so apparent), together with that most wonderful, and yet more unaccountable, zeal for a seat in their assembly, though at some years' purchase of their whole estates; these and some other motives have drawn such concourse to this beggarly city, that the dealers of the several branches of building have found out all the commodious and inviting places for erecting new houses, while 1500 of the old ones, which is a seventh part of the whole city, are said to be left uninhabited and falling to ruin. Their method is the same with that which was first introduced by Dr. Barebone at London, who died a bankrupt. The mason, the bricklayer, the carpenter, the slater, and the glazier, take a lot of ground, club to build one or more houses, unite their credit, their stock, and their money, and when their work is finished sell it to the best advantage they can. But as it often happens, and more every day, that their fund will not answer half their design, they are forced to undersell it at the first story and are all reduced to beggary: insomuch that I know a certain fanatic brewer, who is reported to have some hundreds of houses in this town, is said to have purchased the greatest part of them at half value from ruined undertakers,—has intelligence of all new houses where the finishing is at a stand, takes advantage of the builder's distress, and by the advantage of ready money, gets 50 *per cent.* at least for his bargain.

It is another undisputed maxim in government, "That people are the riches of a nation," which is so universally granted that it will be hardly pardonable to bring it into doubt. And I will grant it to be so far true, even in this island, that if we had the African custom or privilege of selling our useless bodies for slaves to foreigners, it would be the most useful branch of our trade, by ridding us of a most unsupportable burden and bringing us money in the stead. But in our present situation, at least five children in six who are born lie a dead weight upon us for want of employment. And a very skilful computer assured me, that above one half of the souls in this kingdom supported themselves by begging and thievery, two-thirds whereof would be able to get their bread in any other country upon earth. Trade is the only incitement to labour, where that fails the poorer native must either beg, steal, or starve, or be forced to quit his country. This has made me often wish for some years past, that instead of discouraging our people from seeking foreign soil, the public would rather pay for transporting all our unnecessary mortals, whether papists or protestants, to America, as drawbacks are sometimes allowed for exporting commodities where a nation is overstocked. I confess myself to be touched with very sensible pleasure when I hear of a mortality in any country parish or village, where the wretches are forced to pay for a filthy cabin and two ridges of potatoes treble the worth,—brought up to steal or beg, for want of work,—to whom death would be the best thing to be wished for on account both of themselves and the public.

Among all taxes imposed by the legislature, those upon luxury are universally allowed to be the most equitable and beneficial to the subject, and the commonest reasoner on government might fill a volume with arguments on the subject. Yet here again, by the singular fate of Ireland, this maxim is utterly false, and the putting of it in practice may have such a pernicious consequence as I certainly believe the thoughts of the proposers were not able to reach.

The miseries we suffer by our absentees are of a far more extensive nature than seems to be commonly understood. I must vindicate myself to the reader so far, as to declare solemnly that what I shall say of those lords and squires does not arise from the least regard I have for their understandings, their virtues, or their persons; for although I have not the honour of the least acquaintance with any one among them (my ambition not soaring so high), yet I am too good a witness of the situation they have been in for 30 years past; the veneration paid them by the people, the high esteem they are in among the prime nobility and gentry, the particular marks of favour and distinction they receive from the court; the weight and consequence of their interest, added to their great zeal and application for preventing any hardships their country might suffer from England, wisely considering that their own fortunes and honours were embarked in the same bottom.

THE BLUNDERS, DEFICIENCIES, DISTRESSES, AND MISFORTUNES OF QUILCA.[a]

PROPOSED TO CONTAIN 21 VOLUMES IN QUARTO.

Begun April 20, 1724, and to be continued Weekly, if due Encouragement be given.

But one lock and a half in the whole house.

The key of the garden door lost.

The empty bottles all uncleanable.

The vessels for drink very few and leaky.

The new house all going to ruin before it is finished.

One hinge of the street-door broke off, and the people forced to go out and come in at the back-door.

The door of the dean's bedchamber full of large chinks.

The beaufet letting in so much wind that it almost blows out the candles.

The dean's bed threatening every night to fall under him.

The little table loose and broken in the joints.

The passages open over head, by which the cats pass continually into the cellar and eat the victuals, for which one was tried, condemned, and executed by the sword.

The large table in a very tottering condition.

But one chair in the house fit for sitting on, and that in a very ill state of health.

The kitchen perpetually crowded with savages.

Not a bit of mutton to be had in the country.

Want of beds, and a mutiny thereupon among the servants until supplied from Kells.

[a] Quilca, a country seat of Mr. Sheridan, lent to the dean as a summer residence.

An egregious want of all the most common necessary utensils.

Not a bit of turf this cold weather; and Mrs. Johnson and the dean in person, with all their servants, forced to assist at the Bog, in gathering up the wet bottoms of old clamps.

The grate in the ladies' bedchamber broke, and forced to be removed, by which they were compelled to be without fire, the chimney smoking intolerably; and the dean's great-coat was employed to stop the wind from coming down the chimney, without which expedient they must have been starved to death.

A messenger sent a mile to borrow an old broken tun-dish.

Bottles stopped with bits of wood and tow, instead of corks.

Not one utensil for a fire, except an old pair of tongs, which travels through the house, and is likewise employed to take the meat out of the pot, for want of a flesh-fork.

Every servant an arrant thief as to victuals and drink, and every comer and goer as arrant a thief of everything he or she can lay their hands on.

The spit blunted with poking into bogs for timber, and tears the meat to pieces.

Bellum atque fœminam: or a kitchen war between nurse and a nasty crew of both sexes; she to preserve order and cleanliness, they to destroy both; and they generally are conquerors.

April 28. This morning the great fore-door quite open, dancing backward and forward with all its weight upon the lower hinge, which must have been broken if the dean had not accidentally come and relieved it.

A great hole in the floor of the ladies' chamber, every hour hazarding a broken leg.

Two damnable iron spikes erect on the dean's bedstead, by which he is in danger of a broken shin at rising and going to bed.

The ladies' and dean's servants growing fast into the manners and thieveries of the natives; the ladies themselves very much corrupted; the dean perpetually storming, and in danger of either losing all his flesh or sinking into barbarity for the sake of peace.

Mrs. Dingley full of cares for herself, and blunders and negligence for her friends. Mrs. Johnson sick and helpless. The dean deaf and fretting; the lady's maid awkward and clumsy; Robert lazy and forgetful; William a pragmatical, ignorant, and conceited puppy; Robin and nurse the two great and only supports of the family.

Bellum lactœum: or the milky battle, fought between the dean and the crew of Quilca; the latter insisting on their privilege of not milking till eleven in the forenoon, whereas Mrs. Johnson wanted milk at eight for her health. In this battle the dean got the victory; but the crew of Quilca begin to rebel again, for it is this day almost ten o'clock, and Mrs. Johnson has not got her milk.

A proverb on the laziness and lodgings of the servants: "The worse their sty—the longer they lie."

Two great holes in the wall of the ladies' bedchamber, just at the back of the bed, and one of them directly behind Mrs. Johnson's pillow, either of which would blow out a candle in the calmest day.

A SHORT VIEW
OF THE STATE OF IRELAND. 1727.

I AM assured, that it has for some time been practised as a method of making men's court when they are asked about the rate of lands, the abilities of the tenants, the state of trade and manufacture in this kingdom and how their rents are paid; to answer that in their neighbourhood all things are in a flourishing condition, the rent and purchase of land every day increasing. And if a gentleman happen to be a little more sincere in his representation, besides being looked on as not well-affected, he is sure to have a dozen contradictors at his elbow. I think it is no manner of secret, why these questions are so cordially asked or so obligingly answered.

But since, with regard to the affairs of this kingdom I have been using all endeavours to subdue my indignation; to which indeed I am not provoked by any personal interest, not being the owner of one spot of ground in the whole island; I shall only enumerate, by rules generally known and never contradicted, what are the true causes of any country's flourishing and growing rich; and then examine what effects arise from those causes in the kingdom of Ireland.

The first cause of a kingdom's thriving is the fruitfulness of the soil to produce the necessaries and conveniences of life, not only sufficient for the inhabitants but for exportation into other countries.

The second is the industry of the people in working up all their native commodities to the last degree of manufacture.

The third is the conveniency of safe ports and havens, to carry out their own goods as much manufactured, and bring in those of others as little manufactured, as the nature of mutual commerce will allow.

The fourth is that the natives should, as much as possible, export and import their goods in vessels of their own timber, made in their own country.

The fifth is the privilege of a free trade in all foreign countries which will permit them, except those who are in war with their own prince or state.

The sixth is by being governed only by laws made with their own consent, for otherwise they are not a free people. And therefore all appeals for justice or applications for favour or preferment, to another country, are so many grievous impoverishments.

The seventh is by improvement of land, encouragement of agriculture, and thereby increasing the number of their people, without which any country, however blessed by nature, must continue poor.

The eighth is the residence of the prince or chief administrator of the civil power.

The ninth is the concourse of foreigners, for education, curiosity, or pleasure, or as to a general mart of trade.

The tenth is by disposing all offices of honour, profit, or trust, only to the natives, or at least with very few exceptions, where strangers have long inhabited the country and are supposed to understand and regard the interests of it as their own.

The eleventh is when the rents of land and profits of employment are spent in the country which produced them, and not in another, the former of which will certainly happen where the love of our native country prevails.

The twelfth is by the public revenues being all spent and employed at home, except on the occasions of a foreign war.

The thirteenth is where the people are not obliged, unless they find it for their own interest or conveniency, to receive any moneys, except of their own coinage by a public mint, after the manner of all civilized nations.

The fourteenth is a disposition of the people of a country to wear their own manufactures, and import as few incitements to luxury either in clothes, furniture, food, or drink, as they possibly can live conveniently without.

There are many other causes of a nation's thriving, which I at present cannot recollect; but without advantage from at least some of these, after turning my

thoughts a long time, I am not able to discover whence our wealth proceeds, and therefore would gladly be better informed. In the mean time, I will here examine what share falls to Ireland of these causes, or of the effects and consequences.

It is not my intention to complain, but barely to relate facts, and the matter is not of small importance. For it is allowed, that a man who lives in a solitary house, far from help, is not wise in endeavouring to acquire in the neighbourhood the reputation of being rich, because those who come for gold will go off with pewter and brass rather than return empty, and in the common practice of the world, those who possess most wealth make the least parade, which they leave to others, who have nothing else to bear them out in showing their faces on the Exchange.

As to the first cause of a nation's riches, being the fertility of the soil, as well as temperature of the climate, we have no reason to complain; for, although the quantity of unprofitable land in this kingdom, reckoning bog and rock and barren mountain, be double in proportion to what it is in England, yet the native productions, which both kingdoms deal in, are very near an equality in point of goodness, and might, with the same encouragement, be as well manufactured. I except mines and minerals, in some of which, however, we are only defective in point of skill and industry.

In the second, which is the industry of the people, our misfortune is not altogether owing to our own fault, but to a million of discouragements.

The conveniency of ports and havens, which nature has bestowed so liberally on this kingdom, is of no more use to us than a beautiful prospect to a man shut up in a dungeon.

As to shipping of its own, Ireland is so utterly unprovided that, of all the excellent timber cut down within these 50 or 60 years, it can hardly be said that the nation has received the benefit of one valuable house to dwell in, or one ship to trade with.

Ireland is the only kingdom I ever heard or read of, either in ancient or modern story, which was denied the liberty of exporting their native commodities and manufactures wherever they pleased, except to countries at war with their own prince or state; yet this privilege, by the superiority of mere power, is refused us in the most momentous parts of commerce,—besides an act of navigation, to which we never consented, pinned down upon us, and rigorously executed; and a thousand other unexampled circumstances, as grievous as they are invidious to mention. To go on to the rest.

It is too well known that we are forced to obey some laws we never consented to, which is a condition I must not call by its true uncontroverted name, for fear of lord chief-justice Whitshed's ghost, with his *Libertas et natale solum* written for a motto on his coach, as it stood at the door of the court, while he was perjuring himself to betray both. Thus we are in the condition of patients, who have physic sent them by doctors at a distance strangers to their constitution and the nature of their disease, and thus we are forced to pay 500 per cent. to decide our properties;[a] in all which we have likewise the honour to be distinguished from the whole race of mankind.

As to the improvement of land, those few who attempt that or planting, through covetousness, or want of skill, generally leave things worse than they were; neither succeeding in trees nor hedges; and, by running into the fancy of grazing, after the manner of the Scythians, are every day depopulating the country.

We are so far from having a king to reside among us, that even the viceroy is generally absent four-fifths of his time in the government.

[a] The Appeal to the house of Peers.

No strangers from other countries make this a part of their travels, where they can expect to see nothing but scenes of misery and desolation.

Those who have the misfortune to be born here have the least title to any considerable employment, to which they are seldom preferred but upon a political consideration.

One third part of the rents of Ireland is spent in England, which, with the profit of employments, pensions, appeals, journeys of pleasure or health, education at the inns of court and both universities, remittances at pleasure, the pay of all superior officers in the army, and other incidents, will amount to a full half of the income of the whole kingdom, all clear profit to England.

We are denied the liberty of coining gold, silver, or even copper. In the Isle of Man they coin their own silver; every petty prince, vassal to the emperor, can coin what money he pleases. And in this, as in most of the articles already mentioned, we are an exception to all other states or monarchies that were ever known in the world.

As to the last, or fourteenth article, we take special care to act diametrically contrary to it in the whole course of our lives. Both sexes, but especially the women, despise and abhor to wear any of their own manufactures, even those which are better made than in other countries, particularly a sort of silk plaid, through which the workmen are forced to run a kind of gold thread, that it may pass for Indian. Even ale and potatoes are imported from England, as well as corn; and our foreign trade is little more than importation of French wine, for which I am told we pay ready money.

Now, if all this be true (upon which I could easily enlarge), I should be glad to know by what secret method it is that we grow a rich and flourishing people, without liberty, trade, manufactures, inhabitants, money, or the privilege of coining, without industry, labour, or improvement of land, and with more than half the rent and profits of the whole kingdom annually exported, for which we receive not a single farthing; and to make up all this, nothing worth mentioning, except the linen of the north, a trade casual, corrupted, and at mercy, and some butter from Cork. If we do flourish, it must be against every law of nature and reason, like the thorn at Glastonbury that blossoms in the midst of winter.

Let the worthy commissioners who come from England ride round the kingdom; and observe the face of nature, or the face of the natives; the improvement of the land, the thriving numerous plantations; the noble woods, the abundance and vicinity of country seats; the commodious farms, houses, and barns; the towns and villages, where every body is busy, and thriving with all kind of manufactures; the shops full of goods wrought to perfection, and filled with customers; the comfortable diet, and dress, and dwellings of the people; the vast number of ships in our harbours and docks, and ship-wrights in our sea-port towns; the roads crowded with carriers laden with rich manufactures; the perpetual concourse to and fro of pompous equipages.

With what envy and admiration would those gentlemen return from so delightful a progress! what glorious reports would they make when they went back to England!

But my heart is too heavy to continue this irony longer, for it is manifest that whatever stranger took such a journey would be apt to think himself travelling in Lapland or Ysland rather than in a country so favoured by nature as ours, both in fruitfulness of soil and temperature of climate. The miserable dress and diet, and dwelling of the people; the general deso-

lation in most parts of the kingdom; the old seats of the nobility and gentry all in ruins, and no new ones in their stead; the families of farmers, who pay great rents, living in filth and nastiness upon buttermilk and potatoes, without a shoe or stocking to their feet, or a house so convenient as an English hogsty to receive them. These indeed may be comfortable sights to an English spectator, who comes for a short time, only to learn the language, and returns back to his own country, whither he finds all his wealth transmitted.

Nostra miseria magna est.

There is not one argument used to prove the riches of Ireland which is not a logical demonstration of its poverty. The rise of our rents is squeezed out of the very blood, and vitals, and clothes, and dwellings of the tenants, who live worse than English beggars. The lowness of interest, in all other countries a sign of wealth, is in us a proof of misery, there being no trade to employ any borrower Hence alone comes the dearness of land, since the savers have no other way to lay out their money; hence the dearness of necessaries of life, because the tenants cannot afford to pay such extravagant rates for land (which they must take or go a-begging) without raising the price of cattle and of corn, although themselves should live upon chaff. Hence our increase of building in this city, because workmen have nothing to do but to employ one another, and one half of them are infallibly undone. Hence the daily increase of bankers, who may be a necessary evil in a trading country, but so ruinous in ours; who, for their private advantage, have sent away all our silver and one third of our gold; so that within three years past the running cash of the nation, which was about 500,000*l*., is now less than two, and must daily diminish unless we have liberty to coin as well as that important kingdom the Isle of Man, and the meanest principality in the German empire, as I before observed.

I have sometimes thought that this paradox of the kingdom's growing rich is chiefly owing to those worthy gentlemen the BANKERS, who, except some custom-house officers, birds of passage, oppressive thrifty squires, and a few others who shall be nameless, are the only thriving people among us; and I have often wished that a law were enacted to hang up half a dozen bankers every year, and thereby interpose at least some short delay to the further ruin of Ireland.

Ye are idle! ye are idle! answered Pharaoh to the Israelites when they complained to his majesty that they were forced to make bricks without straw.

England enjoys every one of those advantages for enriching a nation which I have above enumerated, and into the bargain a good million returned to them every year without labour or hazard or one farthing value received on our side; but how long we shall be able to continue the payment I am not under the least concern. One thing I know, that when the hen is starved to death there will be no more golden eggs.

I think it a little inhospitable, and others may call it a subtile piece of malice, that, because there may be a dozen families in this town able to entertain their English friends in a generous manner at their tables their guests upon their return to England shall report that we wallow in riches and luxury.

Yet I confess I have known an hospital where all the household officers grew rich, while the poor, for whose sake it was built, were almost starving for want of food and raiment.

To conclude; if Ireland be a rich and flourishing kingdom, its wealth and prosperity must be owing to certain causes that are yet concealed from the whole race of mankind, and the effects are equally invisible. We need not wonder at strangers when they deliver such paradoxes, but a native and inhabitant of this kingdom who gives the same verdict must be either ignorant to stupidity, or a man pleaser at the expense of all honour, conscience, and truth.

THE

STORY OF THE INJURED LADY;

WRITTEN BY HERSELF,

IN A LETTER TO HER FRIEND;

WITH HIS ANSWER.

SIR,—Being ruined by the inconstancy and unkindness of a lover, I hope a true and plain relation of my misfortunes may be of use and warning to credulous maids never to put too much trust in deceitful man.

A gentleman [England] in the neighbourhood had two mistresses, another and myself [Scotland and Ireland]; and he pretended honourable love to us both. Our three houses stood pretty near one another; his was parted from mine by a river [the Irish Sea], and from my rival's by an old broken wall [the Picts' wall]. But before I enter into the particulars of this gentleman's hard usage of me I will give a very just and impartial character of my rival and myself.

As to her person, she is tall and lean, and very ill shaped; she has bad features and a worse complexion; she has a stinking breath and twenty ill smells about her besides; which are yet more insufferable by her natural sluttishness; for she is always lousy, and never without the itch. As to her other qualities, she has no reputation either for virtue, honesty, truth, or manners; and it is no wonder, considering what her education has been. Scolding and cursing are her common conversation. To sum up all, she is poor and beggarly, and gets a sorry maintenance by pilfering wherever she comes. As for this gentleman, who is now so fond of her, she still bears him an invincible hatred, reviles him to his face, and rails at him in all companies. Her house is frequented by a company of rogues and thieves and pickpockets, whom she encourages to rob his hen-roosts, steal his corn and cattle, and do him all manner of mischief. She has been known to come at the head of these rascals, and beat her lover until he was sore from head to foot, and then force him to pay for the trouble she was at. Once attended with a crew of ragamuffins she broke into his house, turned all things topsyturvy, and then set it on fire. At the same time she told so many lies among his servants that it set them all by the ears, and his poor steward [Charles I.] was knocked on the head; for which I think, and so does all the country, that she ought to be answerable. To conclude her character, she is of a different religion, being a presbyterian of the most rank and violent kind, and consequently having an inveterate hatred to the church; yet I am sure I have been always told that in marriage there ought to be a union of minds as well as of persons.

I will now give my own character, and shall do it in few words, and with modesty and truth.

I was reckoned to be as handsome as any in our neighbourhood until I became pale and thin with grief and ill usage. I am still fair enough, and have I think no very ill features about me. They that see me now will hardly allow me ever to have had any great share of beauty, for besides being so much altered I go always mobbed, and in an undress, as well out of neglect as indeed for want of clothes to appear in. I might add to all this, that I was born to a good estate, although it now turns to little account under the oppressions I endure, and has been the true cause of all my misfortunes.

Some years ago this gentleman, taking a fancy either

to my person or fortune, made his addresses to me, which, being then young and foolish, I too readily admitted; he seemed to use me with so much tenderness, and his conversation was so very engaging, that all my constancy and virtue were too soon overcome; and to dwell no longer upon a theme that causes such bitter reflections I must confess with shame that I was undone by the common arts practised upon all easy credulous virgins, half by force and half by consent, after solemn vows and protestations of marriage. When he had once got possession, he soon began to play the usual part of a too fortunate lover, affecting on all occasions to show his authority and to act like a conqueror. First, he found fault with the government of my family, which I grant was none of the best, consisting of ignorant, illiterate creatures, for at that time I knew but little of the world. In compliance to him therefore I agreed to fall into his ways and methods of living; I consented that his steward should govern my house, and have liberty to employ an under steward [the lord-lieutenant], who should receive his directions. My lover proceeded further, turned away several old servants and tenants, and supplying me with others from his own house. These grew so domineering and unreasonable, that there was no quiet, and I heard of nothing but perpetual quarrels, which although I could not possibly help, yet my lover laid all the blame and punishment upon me, and upon every falling out still turned away more of my people, and supplied me in their stead with a number of fellows and dependents of his own, whom he had no other way to provide for. Overcome by love and to avoid noise and contention, I yielded to all his usurpations, and finding it in vain to resist, I thought it my best policy to make my court to my new servants and draw them to my interests; I fed them from my own table with the best I had, put my new tenants on the choice parts of my land, and treated them all so kindly that they began to love me as well as their master. In process of time all my old servants were gone, and I had not a creature about me, nor above one or two tenants but what were of his choosing, yet I had the good luck by gentle usage to bring over the greatest part of them to my side. When my lover observed this he began to alter his language, and to those who inquired about me he would answer that I was an old dependent upon his family, whom he had placed on some concerns of his own, and he began to use me accordingly, neglecting by degrees all common civility in his behaviour. I shall never forget the speech he made me one morning, which he delivered with all the gravity in the world. He put me in mind of the vast obligations I lay under to him in sending me so many of his people for my own good, and to teach me manners; that it had cost him ten times more than I was worth to maintain me; that it had been much better for him if I had been damned, or burnt, or sunk to the bottom of the sea; that it was reasonable I should strain myself as far as I was able to reimburse him some of his charges; that from henceforward he expected his word should be a law to me in all things; that I must maintain a parish watch against thieves and robbers, and give salaries to an overseer, a constable, and others, all of his own choosing, whom he would send from time to time to be spies upon me; that to enable me the better in supporting these expenses, my tenants should be obliged to carry all their goods across the river to his own town-market, and pay toll on both sides, and then sell them at half value. But because we were a nasty sort of people, and that he could not endure to touch anything we had a hand in, and likewise because he wanted work to employ his own folks, therefore we must send all our goods to his market just in their naturals; the milk immediately from the cow, without making it into cheese or butter; the corn in the ear, the grass as it was mowed, the wool as it comes from the sheep's back; and bring the fruit upon the branch, that he might not be obliged to eat it after our filthy hands: that if a tenant carried but a piece of bread and cheese to eat by the way, or an inch of worsted to mend his stockings, he should forfeit his whole parcel: and because a company of rogues usually plied on the river between us, who often robbed my tenants of their goods and boats, he ordered a waterman of his to guard them, whose manner was to be out of the way till the poor wretches were plundered, then to overtake the thieves, and seize all as a lawful prize to his master and himself. It would be endless to repeat a hundred other hardships he has put upon me: but it is a general rule, that whenever he imagines the smallest advantage will redound to one of his footboys by any new oppression of me and my whole family and estate, he never disputes it a moment. All this has rendered me so very insignificant and contemptible at home, that some servants to whom I pay the greatest wages, and many tenants who have the most beneficial leases, are gone over to live with him, yet I am bound to continue their wages and pay their rents; by which means one-third part of my whole income is spent on his estate, and above another third by his tolls and markets; and my poor tenants are so sunk and impoverished that, instead of maintaining me suitably to my quality, they can hardly find me clothes to keep me warm, or provide the common necessaries of life for themselves.

Matters being in this posture between me and my lover, I received intelligence that he had been for some time making very pressing overtures of marriage to my rival, until there happened to be some misunderstandings between them; she gave him ill words, and threatened to break off all commerce with him. He on the other side, having either acquired courage by his triumphs over me, or supposing her as tame a fool as I, thought at first to carry it with a high hand, but hearing at the same time that she had thoughts of making some private proposals to join with me against him, and doubting with very good reason that I would readily accept them, he seemed very much disconcerted. This I thought was a proper occasion to show some great example of generosity and love; and so without further consideration I sent him word that, hearing there was likely to be a quarrel between him and my rival, notwithstanding all that had passed, and without binding him to any conditions in my own favour, I would stand by him against her and all the world while I had a penny in my purse or a petticoat to pawn. This message was subscribed by all my chief tenants, and proved so powerful that my rival immediately grew more tractable upon it. The result of which was, that there is now a treaty of marriage [treaty of union] concluded between them, the wedding-clothes are bought, and nothing remains but to perform the ceremony, which is put off for some days because they design it to be a public wedding. And to reward my love, constancy, and generosity, he has bestowed on me the office of being sempstress to his grooms and footmen, which I am forced to accept or starve. Yet in the midst of this my situation I cannot but have some pity for this deluded man, to cast himself away on an infamous creature, who, whatever she pretends, I can prove would at this very minute rather be a whore to a certain great man that shall be nameless, if she might have her will. For my part I think, and so does all the country too, that the man is possessed; at least none of us are able to imagine what he can possibly see in her, unless she has bewitched him or given him some powder.

I am sure I never sought this alliance, and you can

bear me witness that I might have had other matches; nay, if I were lightly disposed, I could still perhaps have offers that some who hold their heads higher would be glad to accept. But alas! I never had any such wicked thought; all I now desire is only to enjoy a little quiet, to be free from the persecutions of this unreasonable man, and that he will let me manage my own little fortune to the best advantage, for which I will undertake to pay him a considerable pension every year, much more considerable than what he now gets by his oppressions; for he must needs find himself a loser at last, when he has drained me and my tenants so dry that we shall not have a penny for him or ourselves. There is one imposition of his I had almost forgot, which I think insufferable, and will appeal to you or any reasonable person whether it be so or not. I told you before that by an old compact we agreed to have the same steward, at which time I consented likewise to regulate my family and estate by the same method with him, which he then showed me written down in form, and I approved of. Now the turn he thinks fit to give this compact of ours is very extraordinary; for he pretends that whatever orders he shall think fit to prescribe for the future in his family he may, if he will, compel mine to observe them without asking my advice or hearing my reasons. So that I must not make a lease without his consent, or give any directions for the well-governing of my family but what he countermands whenever he pleases. This leaves me at such confusion and uncertainty that my servants know not when to obey me, and my tenants, although many of them be very well inclined, seem quite at a loss.

But I am too tedious upon this melancholy subject, which however I hope you will forgive, since the happiness of my whole life depends upon it. I desire you will think awhile, and give your best advice what measures I shall take, with prudence, justice, courage, and honour, to protect my liberty and fortune against the hardships and severities I lie under from that unkind, inconstant man.

THE ANSWER TO THE INJURED LADY.

MADAM,— I have received your ladyship's letter, and carefully considered every part of it, and shall give you my opinion how you ought to proceed for your own security. But first I must beg leave to tell your ladyship that you were guilty of an unpardonable weakness the other day, in making that offer to your lover of standing by him in any quarrel he might have with your rival. You know very well that she began to apprehend he had designs of using her as he had done you; and common prudence might have directed you rather to have entered into some measures with her for joining against him, until he might at least be brought to some reasonable terms: but your invincible hatred to that lady has carried your resentments so high as to be the cause of your ruin; yet if you please to consider, this aversion of yours began a good while before she became your rival, and was taken up by you and your family in a sort of compliment to your lover, who formerly had a great abhorrence of her. It is true, since that time you have suffered very much by her encroachments upon your estate,[a] but she never pretended to govern and direct you; and now you have drawn a new enemy upon yourself; for I think you may count upon all the ill offices she can possibly do you, by her credit with her husband; whereas if, instead of openly declaring against her without any provocation, you had but sat still awhile and said nothing, that gentleman would have lessened his severity to you out of perfect fear. This weakness of yours you call generosity, but I doubt there was more in the matter; in short, madam, I have good reasons to think you were betrayed to it by the pernicious counsel of some about you; for to my certain knowledge several of your tenants and servants, to whom you have been very kind, are as arrant rascals as any in the country. I cannot but observe what a mighty difference there is in one particular between your ladyship and your rival. Having yielded up your person, you thought nothing else worth defending, and therefore you will not now insist upon those very conditions for which you yielded at first. But your ladyship cannot be ignorant that some years since your rival did the same thing, and upon no conditions at all; nay, this gentleman kept her as a miss, and yet made her pay for her diet and lodging.[a] But it being at a time when he had no steward, and his family out of order, she stole away and has now got the trick very well known among the women of the town, to grant a man the favour over night and the next day have the impudence to deny it to his face. But it is too late to reproach you with any former oversights which cannot now be rectified. I know the matters of fact as you relate them are true and fairly represented. My advice therefore is this: get your tenants together as soon as you conveniently can, and make them agree to the following resolutions:

First, That your family and tenants have no dependence upon the said gentleman, further than by the old agreement, which obliges you to have the same steward and to regulate your household by such methods as you should both agree to.

Secondly, That you will not carry your goods to the market of his town unless you please, nor be hindered from carrying them anywhere else.

Thirdly, That the servants you pay wages to shall live at home, or forfeit their places.

Fourthly, That whatever lease you make to a tenant, it shall not be in his power to break it.

If he will agree to these articles I advise you to contribute as largely as you can to all charges of parish and county.

I can assure you several of that gentleman's ablest tenants and servants are against his severe usage of you, and would be glad of an occasion to convince the rest of their error, if you will not be wanting to yourself.

If the gentleman refuses these just and reasonable offers, pray let me know it, and perhaps I may think of something else that will be more effectual.

I am, madam, your ladyship's, etc.

OBSERVATIONS

OCCASIONED BY READING A PAPER ENTITLED, "THE CASE OF THE WOOLLEN MANUFACTURES OF DUBLIN," &c.

THE paper called "The Case of the Woollen Manufactures," &c., is very well drawn up. The reasonings of the author are just, the facts true, and the consequences natural. But his censure of those seven vile citizens who import such a quantity of silk stuffs and woollen cloth from England is a hundred times gentler than enemies to their country deserve; because I think no punishment in this world can be great enough for them without immediate repentance and amendment. But after all the writer of that paper has very lightly touched one point of the greatest importance, and very poorly answered, the main objection, that the clothiers are defective both in the quality and quantity of their goods.

For my own part, when I consider the several

[a] Disturbances excited by Scottish colonists.

[a] The subjugation of Scotland by Cromwell.

societies of handicraftsmen in all kinds, as well as shopkeepers, in this city, after eighteen years' experience of their dealings, I am at a loss to know in which of these societies the most or least honesty is to be found. For instance, when any trade comes first into my head, upon examination I determine it exceeds all others in fraud. But after I have considered them all round, as far as my knowledge or experience reaches, I am at a loss to determine, and to save trouble I put them all upon a par. This I chiefly apply to those societies of men who get their livelihood by the labour of their hands. For as to shopkeepers, I cannot deny that I have found some few honest men among them, taking the word honest in the largest and most charitable sense. But as to handicraftsmen, although I shall endeavour to believe it possible to find a fair dealer among their clans, yet I confess it has never been once my good fortune to employ one single workman who did not cheat me at all times to the utmost of his power in the materials, the work, and the price. One universal maxim I have constantly observed among them, that they would rather get a shilling by cheating you than twenty in the honest way of dealing, although they were sure to lose your custom, as well as that of others whom you might probably recommend to them.

This I must own is the natural consequence of poverty and oppression. These wretched people catch at anything to save them a minute longer from drowning. Thus Ireland is the poorest of all civilized countries in Europe, with every natural advantage to make it one of the richest.

As to the grand objection which this writer slubbers over in so careless a manner, because indeed it was impossible to find a satisfactory answer, I mean the knavery of our woollen manufacturers in general, I shall relate some facts which I had more opportunities to observe than usually fall in the way of men who are not of the trade. For some years the masters and wardens, with many of their principal workmen and shopkeepers, came often to the deanery to relate their grievances, and to desire my advice as well as my assistance. What reasons might move them to this proceeding, I leave to public conjecture. The truth is, that the woollen manufacture of this kingdom sat always nearest my heart. But the greatest difficulty lay in these perpetual differences between the shopkeepers and the workmen they employed. Ten or a dozen of these latter often came to the deanery with their complaints, which I often repeated to the shopkeepers. As that they brought their prices too low for a poor weaver to get his bread by; and instead of ready money for their labour on Saturdays, they gave them only such a quantity of cloth or stuff at the highest rate, which the poor men were often forced to sell one-third below the rate to supply their urgent necessities. On the other side, the shopkeepers complained of idleness, and want of skill or care or honesty in their workmen; and probably their accusations on both sides were just.

Whenever the weavers in a body came to me for advice I gave it freely, that they should contrive some way to bring their goods into reputation; and give up that abominable principle of endeavouring to thrive by imposing bad ware at high prices on their customers, whereby no shopkeeper can reasonably expect to thrive. For besides the dread of God's anger (which is a motive of small force among them) they may be sure that no buyer of common sense will return to the same shop where he was once or twice defrauded. That gentlemen and ladies when they found nothing but deceit in the sale of Irish cloths and stuffs would act as they ought to do, both in prudence and resentment, in going to those very bad citizens the writer mentions, and purchase English goods.

I went further, and proposed that ten or a dozen of the most substantial woollen-drapers should join in publishing an advertisement, signed with their names, to the following purpose:—That for the better encouragement of all gentlemen, &c., the persons undernamed did bind themselves mutually to sell their several cloths and stuffs (naming each kind) at the lowest rate, right merchantable goods, of such a breadth which they would warrant to be good according to the several prices; and that if a child of ten years old were sent with money, and directions what cloth or stuff to buy, he should not be wronged in any one article. And that whoever should think himself ill used in any of the said shops, he should have his money again from the seller, or upon his refusal from the rest of the said subscribers, who if they found the buyer discontented with the cloth or stuff should be obliged to refund the money; and if the seller refused to repay them and take his goods again, should publicly advertise that they would answer for none of his goods any more. This would be to establish credit, upon which all trade depends.

I proposed this scheme several times to the corporation of weavers, as well as to the manufacturers, when they came to apply for my advice at the deanery-house. I likewise went to the shops of several woollen-drapers upon the same errand, but always in vain; for they perpetually gave me the deaf ear, and avoided entering into discourse upon that proposal: I suppose, because they thought it was in vain, and that the spirit of fraud had gotten too deep and universal a possession to be driven out by any arguments from interest, reason, or conscience.

A LETTER TO THE ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN,[a] CONCERNING THE WEAVERS.

My Lord,—The corporation of weavers in the woollen manufacture, who have so often attended your grace and called upon me with their schemes and proposals, were with me on Thursday last; when he who spoke for the rest, and in the name of his absent brethren, said, "It was the opinion of the whole body that if somewhat was written at this time by an able hand to persuade the people of this kingdom to wear their own woollen manufactures, it might be of good use to the nation in general, and preserve many hundreds of their trade from starving." To which I answered, "That it was hard for any man of common spirit to turn his thoughts to such speculations without discovering a resentment which people are too delicate to bear." For I will not deny to your grace that I cannot reflect on the singular condition of this country, different from all others upon the face of the earth, without some emotion, and without often examining, as I pass the streets, whether those animals which come in my way, with two legs and human faces, clad and erect, be of the same species with what I have seen very like them in England as to the outward shape, but differing in their notions, natures, and intellectuals, more than any two kinds of brutes in the forest; which any man of common prudence would immediately discover, by persuading them to define what they meant by law, liberty, property, courage, reason, loyalty, or religion.

One thing, my lord, I am very confident of; that if God Almighty, for our sins, would most justly send us a pestilence, whoever should dare to discover his grief in public for such a visitation, would certainly be censured for disaffection to the government; for I

[a] Dr. William King, the friend and correspondent of our author.

solemnly profess that I do not know one calamity we have undergone these many years which any man whose opinions were not in fashion dared to lament without being openly charged with that imputation. And this is the harder, because, although a mother, when she has corrected her child, may sometimes force it to kiss the rod, yet she will never give that power to the footboy or the scullion.

My lord, there are two things for the people of this kingdom to consider; first, their present evil condition; and secondly, what can be done in some degree to remedy it.

I shall not enter into a particular description of our present misery; it has been already done in several papers, and very fully in one entitled, "A short View of the State of Ireland." It will be enough to mention the entire want of trade, the navigation-act executed with the utmost rigour, the remission of a million every year to England, the ruinous importation of foreign luxury and vanity, the oppression of landlords, and discouragement of agriculture.

Now all these evils without the possibility of a cure, except that of importations; and to fence against ruinous folly will be always in our power, in spite of the discouragements, mortifications, contempt, hatred, and opposition we labour under; but our trade will never mend, the navigation-act never be softened, our absentees never return, our endless foreign payments never be lessened, our own landlords never be less exacting.

All other schemes for preserving this kingdom from utter ruin are idle and visionary; consequently drawn from wrong reasoning and from general topics, which, from the same causes that they may be true in all nations, are certainly false in ours; as I have told the public often enough, but with as little effect as what I shall say at present is likely to produce.

I am weary of so many abortive projects for the advancement of trade; of so many crude proposals in letters sent me from unknown hands; of so many contradictory speculations about raising or sinking the value of gold and silver: I am not in the least sorry to hear of the great numbers going to America, although very much for the causes that drive them from us, since the uncontrolled maxim, "That people are the riches of a nation," is no maxim here under our circumstances. We have neither manufactures to employ them about nor food to support them.

If a private gentleman's income be sunk irretrievably for ever, from a hundred pounds to fifty, and he has no other method to supply the deficiency, I desire to know, my lord, whether such a person has any other course to take than to sink half his expenses in every article of economy, to save himself from ruin and a gaol. Is not this more than doubly the case of Ireland, where the want of money, the irretrievable ruin of trade, with the other evils above mentioned, and many more too well known and felt and too numerous or invidious to be related, have been gradually sinking us for above a dozen years past to a degree that we are at least by two thirds in a worse condition than was ever known since the revolution? Therefore instead of dreams and projects for the advancing of trade we have nothing left but to find out some expedient whereby we may reduce our expenses to our incomes.

Yet this procedure, allowed so necessary in all private families and in its own nature so easy to be put in practice, may meet with strong opposition by the cowardly slavish indulgence of the men, to the intolerable pride, arrogance, vanity, and luxury of the women, who, strictly adhering to the rules of modern education, seem to employ their whole stock of invention in contriving new arts of profusion faster than the most parsimonious husband can afford: and to compass this work the more effectually, their universal maxim is to despise and detest everything of the growth of their own country, and most to value whatever comes from the very remotest parts of the globe. And I am convinced, that if the virtuosi could once find out a world in the moon, with a passage to it, our women would wear nothing but what directly came from thence.

The prime cost of wine yearly imported to Ireland is valued at 30,000*l.*; and the tea (including coffee and chocolate) at five times that sum. The lace, silks, calicoes, and all other unnecessary ornaments for women, including English cloths and stuffs, added to the former articles, make up (to compute grossly) about 400,000*l.*

Now if we should allow the 30,000*l.*, wherein the women have their share, and which is all we have to comfort us, and deduct 70,000*l.* more for overreaching, there would still remain 300,000*l.*, annually spent for unwholesome drugs and unnecessary finery; which prodigious sum would be wholly saved, and many thousands of our miserable shopkeepers and manufacturers comfortably supported.

Let speculative people busy their brains as much as they please, there is no other way to prevent this kingdom from sinking for ever than by utterly renouncing all foreign dress and luxury.

It is absolutely so in fact, that every husband of any fortune in the kingdom is nourishing a poisonous devouring serpent in his bosom, with all the mischief but with none of its wisdom.

If all the women were clad with the growth of their own country they might still vie with each other in the course of foppery; and still have room left to vie with each other and equally show their wit and judgment in deciding upon the variety of Irish stuffs. And if they could be contented with their native wholesome slops for breakfast, we should hear no more of the spleen, hysterics, colics, palpitations, and asthmas. They might still be allowed to ruin each other and their husbands at play, because the money lost would circulate among ourselves.

My lord, I freely own it a wild imagination that any words will cure the sottishness of men or the vanity of women; but the kingdom is in a fair way of producing the most effectual remedy when there will not be money left for the common course of buying and selling the very necessaries of life in our markets, unless we absolutely change the whole method of our proceedings.

The corporation of weavers in woollen and silk, who have so frequently offered proposals both to your grace and to me, are the hottest and coldest generation of men that I have known. About a month ago they attended your grace when I had the honour to be with you, and designed me the same favour. They desired you would recommend to your clergy to wear gowns of Irish stuffs, which might probably spread the example among all their brethren in the kingdom, and perhaps among the lawyers and gentlemen of the university, and among the citizens of those corporations who appear in gowns on solemn occasions. I then mentioned a kind of stuff, not above 8*d.* a yard, which I heard had been contrived by some of the trade and was very convenient. I desired they would prepare some of that or any sort of black stuff on a certain day, when your grace would appoint as many clergymen as could readily be found to meet at your palace, and there give their opinions; and that, your grace's visitation approaching, you could then have the best opportunity of seeing what could be done in a matter of such consequence, as they seemed to think, to the woollen manufacture. But instead of attending as was expected, they came to me a fortnight after with a new proposal, that something should be written by an acceptable and

able hand, to promote in general the wearing of home-manufactures; and their civilities would fix that work upon me. I asked if they had prepared the stuffs, as they had promised and your grace expected; but they had not made the least step in the matter, nor as it appears thought of it more.

I did some years ago propose to the masters and principal dealers in the home-manufactures of silk and wool that they should meet together; and after mature consideration publish advertisements to the following purpose:—

That, in order to encourage the wearing of Irish manufactures in silk and woollen, they gave notice to the nobility and gentry of the kingdom, That they the undersigned would enter into bonds, for themselves and for each other, to sell the several sorts of stuffs, cloths, and silks, made to the best perfection they were able, for certain fixed prices; and in such a manner that if a child were sent to any of their shops, the buyer might be secure of the value and goodness and measure of the ware; and lest this might be thought to look like a monopoly, any other member of the trade might be admitted upon such conditions as should be agreed on. And if any person whatsoever should complain that he was ill used in the value and goodness of what he bought, the matter should be examined, the person injured be fully satisfied by the whole corporation without delay, and the dishonest seller be struck out of the society, unless it appeared evidently that the failure proceeded only from mistake.

The mortal danger is, that if these dealers could prevail, by the goodness and cheapness of their cloths and stuffs, to give a turn to the principal people of Ireland in favour of their goods, they would relapse into the knavish practice, peculiar to this kingdom, which is apt to run through all trades, even so low as a common ale-seller, who, as soon as he gets a vogue for his liquor and outsells his neighbours, thinks his credit will put off the worst he can buy, till his customers will come no more. Thus I have known at London in a general mourning the drapers dye black all their damaged goods, and sell them at double rates, then complain, and petition the court that they are ready to starve by the continuance of the mourning.

Therefore, I say, those principal weavers who would enter into such a compact as I have mentioned must give sufficient security against all such practices, for if once the women can persuade their husbands that foreign goods, besides the finery, will be as cheap and do more service, our last state will be worse than the first.

I do not here pretend to digest perfectly the method by which these principal shopkeepers shall proceed in such a proposal, but my meaning is clear enough and cannot reasonably be objected against.

We have seen what a destructive loss the kingdom received by the detestable fraud of the merchants, or northern linen-weavers, or both; notwithstanding all the care of the governors of that board when we had an offer of commerce with the Spaniards for our linen, to the value as I am told of 30,000*l.* a-year. But while we deal like pedlars we shall practise like pedlars, and sacrifice all honesty to the present urging advantage.

What I have said may serve as an answer to the desire made me by the corporation of weavers, that I would offer my notions to the public. As to anything further, let them apply themselves to the parliament in their next session. Let them prevail on the house of commons to grant one very reasonable request, and I shall think there is still some spirit left in the nation when I read a vote to this purpose,—"Resolved, *nemine contradicente*, that this house will for the future wear no cloths but such as are made of Irish growth or of Irish manufacture, nor will permit their wives or children to wear any other, and that they will to the utmost endeavour to prevail with their friends, relations, dependents, and tenants, to follow their example." And if at the same time they could banish tea and coffee and china-ware out of their families, and force their wives to chat their scandal over an infusion of sage or other wholesome domestic vegetables, we might possibly be able to subsist, and pay our absentees, pensioners, generals, civil officers, appeals, colliers, temporary travellers, students, schoolboys, splenetic visitors of Bath, Tunbridge, and Epsom, with all other smaller drains, by sending our crude unwrought goods to England, and receiving from thence and all other countries nothing but what is fully manufactured, and keep a few potatoes and oatmeal for our own subsistence.

I have been for a dozen years past wisely prognosticating the present condition of this kingdom, which any human creature of common sense could foretel, with as little sagacity as myself. My meaning is, that a consumptive body must needs die which has spent all its spirits and received no nourishment. Yet I am often tempted to pity when I hear the poor farmer and cottager lamenting the hardness of the times, and imputing them either to one or two ill seasons, which better climates than ours are more exposed to, or to scarcity of silver, which to a nation of liberty would only be a slight and temporary inconvenience, to be removed at a month's warning.

ON BARBAROUS DENOMINATIONS IN IRELAND.

SIR, 1728?

I HAVE been lately looking over the advertisements in some of your Dublin newspapers, which are sent me to the country, and was much entertained with a large list of denominations of lands to be sold or let. I am confident they must be genuine, for it is impossible that either chance or modern invention could sort the alphabet in such a manner as to make those abominable sounds, whether first invented to invoke or fright away the devil I must leave among the curious.

If I could wonder at anything barbarous, ridiculous, or absurd among us, this should be one of the first. I have often lamented that Agricola, the father-in-law of Tacitus, was not prevailed on by that petty king from Ireland who followed his camp to come over and civilize us with a conquest, as his countrymen did Britain, where several Roman appellations remain to this day, and so would the rest have done if that inundation of Angles, Saxons, and other northern people, had not changed them so much for the worse, although in no comparison with ours. In one of the advertisements just mentioned I encountered near a hundred words together, which I defy any creature in human shape except an Irishman of the savage kind to pronounce; neither would I undertake such a task to be owner of the lands, unless I had liberty to humanize the syllables twenty miles round. The legislature may think what they please, and that they are above copying the Romans in all their conquests of barbarous nations; but I am deceived if anything has more contributed to prevent the Irish from being tamed than this encouragement of their language, which might be easily abolished, and become a dead one in half an age with little expense and less trouble.

How is it possible that a gentleman who lives in those parts where the *town-lands* (as they call them) of his estate produce such odious sounds from the mouth, the throat, and the nose, can be able to repeat the words without dislocating every muscle that is used in speaking, and without applying the same tone to all other

words in every language he understands, as it is plainly to be observed not only in those people of the better sort who live in Galway and the western parts, but in most counties of Ireland?

It is true that in the city parts of London the trading people have an affected manner of pronouncing, and so in my time had many ladies and coxcombs at court. It is likewise true that there is an odd provincial cant in most counties in England, sometimes not very pleasing to the ear, and the Scotch cadence as well as expression are offensive enough. But none of these defects derive contempt to the speaker, whereas what we call the *Irish brogue* is no sooner discovered than it makes the deliverer in the last degree ridiculous and despised, and from such a mouth an Englishman expects nothing but bulls, blunders, and follies. Neither does it avail whether the censure be reasonable or not, since the fact is always so. And what is yet worse, it is too well known that the bad consequence of this opinion affects those among us who are not the least liable to such reproaches, further than the misfortune of being born in Ireland, although of English parents, and whose education has been chiefly in that kingdom.

I have heard many gentlemen among us talk much of the great convenience to those who live in the country that they should speak Irish. It may possibly be so, but I think they should be such who never intend to visit England upon pain of being ridiculous; for I do not remember to have heard of any one man that spoke Irish who had not the accent upon his tongue easily discernible to an English ear.

But I have wandered a little from my subject, which was only to propose a wish that these execrable denominations were a little better suited to an English mouth, if it were only for the sake of the English lawyers, who in trials upon appeals to the house of lords find so much difficulty in repeating the names, that if the plaintiff or defendant were by they would never be able to discover which were their own lands. But besides this I would desire, not only that the appellations of what they call *town-lands* were changed, but likewise of larger districts, and several towns, and some counties, and particularly the seats of country gentlemen, leaving an *alias* to solve all difficulties in point of law. But I would by no means trust these alterations to the owners themselves, who, as they are generally no great clerks, so they seem to have no large vocabulary about them, nor to be well skilled in prosody. The utmost extent of their genius lies in naming their country habitation by a hill, a mount, a brook, a burrow, a castle, a bawn, a ford, and the like ingenious conceits. Yet these are exceeded by others, whereof some have contrived anagrammatical appellations from half their own and their wives' names joined together, others only from the lady, as for instance a person whose wife's name was Elizabeth calls his seat by the name of *Bess-borow*. There is likewise a famous town where the worst iron in the kingdom is made, and it is called *Swandlingbar*, the original of which name I shall explain, lest the antiquaries of future ages might be at a loss to derive it. It was a most witty conceit of four gentlemen who ruined themselves with this iron project. *Sw.* stands for *Swift*, *And.* for *Sanders*, *Ling.* for *Darling*, and *Bar.* for *Barry*. Methinks I see the four loggerheads sitting in consult, like *Smectymnuus*, each gravely contributing a part of his own name to make up one for their place in the iron-work, and could wish they had been hanged as well as undone for their wit. But I was most pleased with the denomination of a town-land, which I lately saw in an advertisement of Pue's paper:—"This is to give notice that the lands of *Douras*, *alias* WHIG-*borough*," &c. Now this zealous proprietor, having a mind to record his principles in religion or loyalty to future ages within five miles round him, for want of other merit, thought fit to make use of this expedient, wherein he seems to mistake his account; for this distinguishing term whig had a most infamous original, denoting a man who favoured the fanatic sect, and an enemy to kings, and so continued till this idea was a little softened some years after the Revolution and during a part of her late majesty's reign. After which it was in disgrace until the queen's death, since which time it hath indeed flourished with a witness: but how long will it continue so, in our variable scene, or what kind of mortal it may describe, is a question which this courtly landlord is not able to answer; and therefore he should have set a date on the title of his borough, to let us know what kind of a creature a whig was in that year of our Lord. I would readily assist nomenclators of this costive imagination, and therefore I propose to others of the same size in thinking that, when they are at a loss about christening a country seat, instead of straining their invention, they would call it *Booby-borough*, *Fool-brook*, *Puppy-ford*, *Coxcomb-hall*, *Mount-loggerhead*, *Dunce-hill*; which are innocent appellations, proper to express the talents of the owners. But I cannot reconcile myself to the prudence of this lord of WHIG-*borough*, because I have not yet heard among the presbyterian squires, how much soever their persons and principles are in vogue, that any of them have distinguished their country abode by the name of *Mount-regicide*, *Covenant-hall*, *Fanatic-hill*, *Roundhead-bawn*, *Canting-brook*, or *Mount-rebel*, and the like, because there may probably come a time when those kind of sounds may not be so grateful to the ears of the kingdom. For I do not conceive it would be a mark of discretion, upon supposing a gentleman, in allusion to his name or the merit of his ancestors, to call his house *Tyburn-hall*.

But the scheme I would propose for changing the denominations of land into legible and audible syllables is by employing some gentlemen in the university, who, by the knowledge of the Latin tongue and their judgment in sounds, might imitate the Roman way, by translating those hideous words into their English meanings, and altering the termination where a bare translation will not form a good cadence to the ear, or be easily delivered from the mouth. And when both those means happen to fail then to name the parcels of land from the nature of the soil, or some peculiar circumstance belonging to it, as in England, *Farn-ham*, *Oat-lands*, *Black-heath*, *Corn-bury*, *Rye-gate*, *Ash-burn-ham*, *Barn-elms*, *Cole-orton*, *Sand-wich*, and many others.

I am likewise apt to quarrel with some titles of lords among us that have a very ungracious sound, which are apt to communicate mean ideas to those who have not the honour to be acquainted with their persons or their virtues, of whom I have the misfortune to be one. But I cannot pardon those gentlemen who have gotten titles since the judicature of the peers among us has been taken away, to which they all submitted with resignation that became good Christians, as undoubtedly they are. However since that time I look upon a graceful harmonious title to be at least 40 *per cent.* in the value intrinsic of an Irish peerage; and since it is as cheap as the worst for any Irish law hitherto enacted in England to the contrary, I would advise the next set before they pass their patents to call a consultation of scholars and musical gentlemen to adjust this most important and essential circumstance. The Scotch noblemen though born almost under the north pole have much more tunable appellations, except some very few, which I suppose were given them by the Irish along with their language, at the time when that kingdom was conquered and planted from hence, and to this day retain the denominations of places and surnames of families, as all historians agree.

I should likewise not be sorry if the names of some bishops' sees were so much obliged to the alphabet, that upon pronouncing them we might contract some veneration for the order and persons of those reverend peers, which the gross ideas sometimes joined to their titles are very unjustly apt to diminish.

ANSWER TO A PAPER, &c.

The memorial to which this paper is an answer was written by Sir John Browne, the same person alluded to as one of the witnesses examined before the council of England in favour of Wood's project, and stigmatized as a person tried for a rape.

FROM SIR JOHN BROWNE.

Rev. Sir, Dawson Street, April 4, 1728.

By a strange fatality, though you were the only person in the world from whom I would conceal my being an author, yet you were unaccountably the only one let into the secret of it; the ignorant poor man who was intrusted by me to deliver out the little books, though he kept the secret from all others, yet from the nature of the subject concluded that I could have no interest in concealing it from you, who were so universally known to be an indefatigable promoter of the welfare of Ireland. But though the accident gave me some uneasiness at first, yet, when I consider your character, I cannot doubt (however slender the foundation of such a hope may be from any merits of my own) your generosity will oblige you to conceal what chance has revealed to you, and incline you to judge of me, not from the report of my enemies, but from what I appear in the little tracts which have waited on you.

I shall not presume, sir, to detain you with the narrative of the origin and progress of the parliamentary accusations and votes against me, although, would you do me the honour to inquire, I could easily convince you, from my own particular case, that men have two characters, one which is either good or bad according to the prevailing number of their friends or enemies, and one which never varies for either —one which has little or no regard to the virtue or vice of the subject, and one which regards that alone, is inherent (if I may say so) in the subject, and describes it what it really is, without regard either to friends or enemies.

All I shall beg of you is to suspend your judgment upon it, since all parties allow that, although I had several summons from the committee for Monday, and many evidences on the road in obedience to their summons, yet I was tied down by the committee the preceding Saturday, and deprived of the benefit of all my evidences, notwithstanding anything I could urge to the contrary. This I hope I may say without injury to Mr. Bingham, for sure he may be entirely innocent, and yet a magistrate under the immediate direction of the lord chief-justice, who takes examinations against him, examinations that do not even contain matter to form an indictment upon, may be innocent also.

It shall suffice therefore to say, I went from Ireland loaded with the severest censures of the house of commons, injured as I thought and oppressed to the greatest degree imaginable, robbed of that character which was dearer to me than life itself, and all that by an overbearing and overpowering interest.

I sought in England for that peace and protection which was denied me at home. My public character followed me, my countrymen injured me. The nature of man is sociable; I was forced to herd with strangers. A prime minister engaged in the success of a scheme wants no emissaries to spy out all that makes for him, and to fly with what they have found to their employer. I was unfortunately set by those sort of creatures; my sentiments on the state of our money matters were industriously sifted through me, and when that was done, before I knew anything of the matter, I was served with his majesty's summons; in a hurry I ran out of town, and stayed in the country awhile, but on my return again found another summons at my lodgings, and, terrified by the dismal effects of power at home from risking a second shipwreck abroad, I yielded to it and appeared at the cockpit.

It is true my appearance at the cockpit, to those who knew me only by the votes in the house of commons, must have looked like a design of revenge, and I had many and powerful enemies, who gave all my actions the worst colour. But to take the matter impartially, sir, is there no allowance to be made for a mind already broken by the dismal effects of prevailing power, and filled with the apprehensions of second dangers? Is there no allowance for a man, young in the knowledge of the world, under all these fears and misfortunes, if he has yielded to the repeated summons of the council of England, in which his majesty was present; and if he was there, after a long and strenuous opposition, forced to tell his sentiments, forced, sir, to tell his sentiments, not in the manner represented to the world, but in a manner the most cautious of giving room for a pretence to oppose the inclinations of our parliament?

But, alas, the consequence!—You, sir, the defender of Ireland, were soon engaged against me on that account, and that fatal genius of yours in an instant ruined my character. But even ruin-bearing as it was, I blessed it; the cause which you undertook was dear to me, and though fame is the last thing which one would sacrifice even for his country, yet I parted with that with pleasure, while you thought it necessary for the public good so to do. But now the end is served, dear sir, may not the man have his mare again?

Plato, being told that certain persons aspersed his character and represented him abroad as a very ill man, instead of expostulating with his enemies and returning reproach for reproach, consoled himself, saying, "No matter, my friends, the whole life of Plato shall give his accusers the lie."

Could I set before me a greater example? Under the general displeasure of my country,—under all the censures which the restless malice of my enemies could devise,—and under the keen edge of the drapier's wit,—the only revenge in which I indulged myself was by a steady love for my country, and by manifest acts of affection thereto, to be a silent reproach to the foul tongues of my enemies.

Permit then, sir, permit me in peace to take his great example, and no longer give way to the power of my enemies, by continuing to oppress me. They have already gained their cause by you, but I must say it was not the sword of Ajax, but the armour of Achilles, which he put on, that won the day.

The cause for which you undertook my ruin was the cause of my country. It was a good cause, and you shall ever find me of that side. You have carried it, and I know you will no longer be my enemy. But alas! as long as your works subsist, wherever they be read, even unto the end of time, must I be branded as a villain. It is a hard sentence, and yet, unless the spear of Achilles, the same instrument which gave the wound, administer the remedy, it must be so.

In short, sir, you must be a man of honour; it is not possible that honour should be wanting where all the distinguishing characteristics of it are found. I cannot doubt it, and therefore I will let you fully into a secret which accident has given you a part of, and I am sure you will keep it.

The source of all my misfortunes was the vote of the house of commons, but I have laboured however, as I always shall, to serve my country and make myself agreeable to them. And though the misfortune of a bad public character deprived me of the private con-

versation of my countrymen, which is the surest and best way to know our true interest, yet I flatter myself that my little essays may be useful, at least they may be no bad beginning, and you know it is easy to add to a work once begun. But if the work is known to be mine, the very name will condemn it and render it useless to my country.

Whatever the faults may be, I have publicly applied to you to amend them, before the bearer's mistake made me determine this private application to you, and I must say that I shall reckon it no small degree of honour if you take that trouble upon you.

In the mean time I shall beg the favour of you to keep a secret which no other person but my printer, my bookseller, and the bearer knows.

I am, reverend sir, your most obedient servant,

JOHN BROWNE.

ANSWER TO A PAPER

CALLED A MEMORIAL OF THE POOR INHABITANTS, TRADESMEN, AND LABOURERS, OF THE KINGDOM OF IRELAND.

SIR, Dublin, March 25, 1728.

I RECEIVED a paper from you, whoever you are, printed without any name of author or printer, and sent, I suppose, to me among others without any particular distinction. It contains a complaint of the dearness of corn, and some schemes for making it cheaper which I cannot approve of.

But pray permit me, before I go further, to give you a short history of the steps by which we arrived at this hopeful situation.

It was indeed the shameful practice of too many Irish farmers to wear out their ground with ploughing; while, either through poverty, laziness, or ignorance, they neither took care to manure it as they ought, nor gave time to any part of the land to recover itself; and when their leases were near expiring, being assured that their landlords would not renew, they ploughed even the meadows, and made such havoc that many landlords were considerable sufferers by it.

This gave birth to that abominable race of graziers, who upon expiration of the farmers' leases were ready to engross great quantities of land; and the gentlemen, having been before often ill paid, and their land worn out of heart, were too easily tempted when a rich grazier made an offer to take all their land and give them security for payment. Thus a vast tract of land where twenty or thirty farmers lived, together with their cottagers and labourers in their several cabins, became all desolate, and easily managed by one or two herdsmen and their boys; whereby the master grazier, with little trouble, seized to himself the livelihood of a hundred people.

It must be confessed that the farmers were justly punished for their knavery, brutality, and folly. But neither are the squires and landlords to be excused; for to them is owing the depopulating of the country, the vast number of beggars, and the ruin of those few sorry improvements we had.

That farmers should be limited in ploughing is very reasonable, and practised in England, and might have easily been done here by penal clauses in their leases; but to deprive them in a manner altogether from tilling their lands was a most stupid want of thinking.

Had the farmers been confined to plough a certain quantity of land, with a penalty of ten pounds an acre for whatever they exceeded, and further limited for the three or four last years of their leases, all this evil had been prevented; the nation would have saved a million of money, and been more populous by above two hundred thousand souls.

For a people denied the benefit of trade to manage their lands in such a manner as to produce nothing but what they are forbidden to trade with, or only such things as they can neither export nor manufacture to advantage, is an absurdity that a wild Indian would be ashamed of; especially when we add that we are content to purchase this hopeful commerce by sending to foreign markets for our daily bread.

The grazier's employment is to feed great flocks of sheep or black cattle, or both. With regard to sheep, as folly is usually accompanied with perverseness, so it is here. There is something so monstrous to deal in a commodity (further than for our own use) which we are not allowed to export manufactured, nor even unmanufactured but to one certain country, and only to some few ports in that country; there is, I say, something so sottish that it wants a name in our language to express it by: and the good of it is, that the more sheep we have the fewer human creatures are left to wear the wool or eat the flesh. Ajax was mad when he mistook a flock of sheep for his enemies; but we shall never be sober until we have the same way of thinking.

The other part of the grazier's business is what we call black-cattle, producing hides, tallow, and beef for exportation: all which are good and useful commodities if rightly managed. But it seems the greatest part of the hides are sent out raw, for want of bark to tan them; and that want will daily grow stronger; for I doubt the new project of tanning without it is at an end. Our beef, I am afraid, still continues scandalous in foreign markets, for the old reasons. But our tallow, for anything I know, may be good. However, to bestow the whole kingdom on beef and mutton, and thereby drive out half the people who should eat their share, and force the rest to send sometimes as far as Egypt for bread to eat with it, is a most peculiar and distinguished piece of public economy, of which I have no comprehension.

I know very well that our ancestors the Scythians, and their posterity our kinsmen the Tartars, lived upon the blood, and milk, and raw flesh of their cattle, without one grain of corn; but I confess myself so degenerate that I am not easy without bread to my victuals.

What amazed me for a week or two was to see, in this prodigious plenty of cattle and dearth of human creatures and want of bread, as well as money to buy it, that all kind of flesh-meat should be monstrously dear, beyond what was ever known in this kingdom. I thought it a defect in the laws that there was not some regulation in the price of flesh as well as bread; but I imagine myself to have guessed out the reason: in short, I am apt to think that the whole kingdom is overstocked with cattle, both black and white; and as it is observed that the poor Irish have a vanity to be rather owners of two lean cows than one fat, although with double the charge of grazing and but half the quantity of milk, so I conceive it much more difficult at present to find a fat bullock or wether than it would be if half of them were fairly knocked on the head: for I am assured that the district in the several markets called Carrion-row is as reasonable as the poor can desire; only the circumstances of money to purchase it, and of trade or labour to purchase that money, are indeed wholly wanting.

Now, sir, to return more particularly to you and your memorial.

A hundred thousand barrels of wheat, you say, should be imported hither; and 10,000*l.* premium to the importers. Have you looked into the purse of the nation? I am no commissioner of the treasury; but am well assured that the whole running cash would not supply you with a sum to purchase so much corn, which, only at 20*s.* a-barrel, will be 100,000*l.*; and 10,000*l.* more for the premium. But you will traffic

for your corn with other goods: and where are those goods? If you had them, they are all engaged to pay the rents of absentees, and other occasions in London, besides a huge balance of trade this year against us. Will foreigners take our bankers' paper? I suppose they will value it at little more than so much a quire. Where are these rich farmers and engrossers of corn, in so bad a year and so little sowing?

You are in pain for 2s. premium, and forget the 20s. for the price; find me out the latter, and I will engage for the former.

Your scheme for a tax for raising such a sum is all visionary, and owing to a great want of knowledge in the miserable state of this nation. Tea, coffee, sugar, spices, wine, and foreign cloths, are the particulars you mention upon which this tax should be raised. I will allow the two first, because they are unwholesome; and the last because I should be glad if they were all burned: but I beg you will leave us our wine to make us awhile forget our misery; or give your tenants leave to plough for barley. But I will tell you a secret which I learned many years ago from the commissioners of the customs in London; they said, when any commodity appeared to be taxed above a moderate rate, the consequence was to lessen that branch of the revenue by one half; and one of those gentlemen pleasantly told me that the mistake of parliaments on such occasions was owing to an error of computing two and two to make four; whereas, in the business of laying impositions, two and two never made more than one; which happens by lessening the import, and the strong temptation of running such goods as paid high duties, at least in this kingdom. Although the women are as vain and extravagant as their lovers or their husbands can deserve, and the men are fond enough of wine, yet the number of both who can afford such expenses is so small that the major part must refuse gratifying themselves, and the duties will rather be lessened than increased. But, allowing no force in this argument, yet so preternatural a sum as 110,000*l.*, raised all on a sudden (for there is no dallying with hunger), is just in proportion with raising a million and a half in England; which as things now stand would probably bring that opulent kingdom under some difficulties.

You are concerned how strange and surprising it would be in foreign parts to hear that the poor were starving in a rich country, &c. Are you in earnest? Is Ireland the rich country you mean? Or are you insulting our poverty? Were you ever out of Ireland? Or were you ever in it till of late? You may probably have a good employment, and are saving all you can to purchase a good estate in England. But by talking so familiarly of 110,000*l.* by a tax upon a few commodities, it is plain you are either naturally or affectedly ignorant of our present condition: or else you would know and allow that such a sum is not to be raised here without a general excise; since, in proportion to our wealth, we pay already in taxes more than England ever did in the height of war. And when you have brought over your corn, who will be the buyers? Most certainly not the poor, who will not be able to purchase the twentieth part of it.

Sir, upon the whole, your paper is a very crude piece, liable to more objections than there are lines; but I think your meaning is good, and so far you are pardonable.

If you will propose a general contribution for supporting the poor in potatoes and buttermilk till the new corn comes in, perhaps you may succeed better, because the thing at least is possible; and I think if our brethren in England would contribute upon this emergency out of the million they gain from us every year, they would do a piece of justice as well as charity. In the mean time, go and preach to your own tenants to fall to the plough as fast as they can; and prevail with your neighbouring squires to do the same with theirs; or else die with the guilt of having driven away half the inhabitants, and starving the rest. For as to your scheme of raising 110,000*l.*, it is as vain as that of Rabelais, which was to squeeze out wind from the posteriors of a dead ass.

But why all this concern for the poor? We want them not as the country is now managed; they may follow thousands of their leaders, and seek their bread abroad. Where the plough has no work, one family can do the business of fifty, and you may send away the other forty-nine. An admirable piece of husbandry, never known or practised by the wisest nations, who erroneously thought people to be the riches of a country!

If so wretched a state of things would allow it, methinks I could have a malicious pleasure, after all the warning I have in vain given the public at my own peril for several years past, to see the consequences and events answering in every particular. I pretend to no sagacity; what I writ was little more than what I had discoursed to several persons, who were generally of my opinion; and it was obvious to every common understanding that such effects must needs follow from such causes;—a fair issue of things begun upon party rage, while some sacrificed the public to fury, and others to ambition: while the spirit of faction and oppression reigned in every part of the country, where gentlemen, instead of consulting the ease of their tenants or cultivating their lands, were worrying one another upon points of whig and tory, of high church and low church; which no more concerned them than the long and famous controversy of strops for razors: while agriculture was wholly discouraged, and consequently half the farmers and labourers and poorer tradesmen forced to beggary or banishment. "Wisdom crieth in the streets: Because I have called on you: I have stretched out my hand, and no man regarded; but ye have set at nought all my counsels, and would none of my reproof; I also will laugh at your calamity, and mock when your fear cometh."

I have now done with your memorial, and freely excuse your mistakes, since you appear to write as a stranger, and as of a country which is left at liberty to enjoy the benefits of nature, and to make the best of those advantages which God has given it in soil, climate, and situation.

But having lately sent out a paper entitled A Short View of the State of Ireland; and hearing of an objection, that some people think I have treated the memory of the late lord chief-justice Whitshed with an appearance of severity; since I may not probably have another opportunity of explaining myself in that particular, I choose to do it here. Laying it therefore down for a postulatum, which I suppose will be universally granted, that no little creature of so mean a birth and genius had ever the honour to be a greater enemy to his country and to all kinds of virtue than HE, I answer thus; whether there be two different goddesses called Fame, as some authors contend, or only one goddess sounding different trumpets, it is certain that people distinguished for their villany have as good a title to a blast from the proper trumpet, as those who are most renowned for their virtues have from the other; and have equal reason to complain if it be refused them. And accordingly the names of the most celebrated profligates have been faithfully transmitted down to posterity. And although the person here understood acted his part in an obscure corner of the world, yet his talents might have shone with lustre enough in the noblest scene.

As to my naming a person dead, the plain honest

reason is the best. He was armed with power and will to do mischief, even where he was not provoked, as appeared by his prosecuting two printers, one to death and both to ruin, who had neither offended God nor the king, nor him nor the public.

What an encouragement to vice is this! If an ill man be alive and in power we dare not attack him; and if he be weary of the world or of his own villanies, he has nothing to do but die, and then his reputation is safe. For these excellent casuists know just Latin enough to have heard a most foolish precept, that *de mortuis nil nisi bonum;* so that if Socrates and Anytus his accuser had happened to die together, the charity of survivors must either have obliged them to hold their peace or fix the same character on both. The only crime of charging the dead is when the least doubt remains whether the accusation be true; but when men are openly abandoned and lost to all shame, they have no reason to think it hard if their memory be reproached. Whoever reports or otherwise publishes anything which it is possible may be false, that man is a slanderer; *hic niger est, hunc tu, Romane, caveto.* Even the least misrepresentation or aggravation of facts deserves the same censure in some degree; but in this case I am quite deceived if my error has not been on the side of extenuation.

I have now present before me the idea of some persons (I know not in what part of the world) who spend every moment of their lives, and every turn of their thoughts while they are awake (and probably of their dreams while they sleep), in the most detestable actions and designs; who delight in mischief, scandal, and obloquy, with the hatred and contempt of all mankind against them, but chiefly of those among their own party and their own family; such whose odious qualities rival each other for perfection: avarice, brutality, faction, pride, malice, treachery, noise, impudence, dulness, ignorance, vanity, and revenge,—contending every moment for superiority in their breasts. Such creatures are not to be reformed, neither is it prudent or safe to attempt a reformation. Yet, although their memories will rot, there may be some benefit for their survivors to smell it while it is rotting.

I am sir, your humble servant, A. B.

TWO LETTERS

ON SUBJECTS RELATIVE TO THE IMPROVEMENT OF IRELAND.

TO MESSRS. TRUEMAN AND LAYFIELD.

GENTLEMEN,—I am inclined to think that I received a letter from you two last summer, directed to Dublin, while I was in the country, whither it was sent me; and I ordered an answer to it to be printed, but it seems it had little effect, and I suppose this will not have much more. But the heart of this people is waxed gross, and their ears are dull of hearing, and their eyes they have closed. And gentlemen I am to tell you another thing—that the world is too regardless of what we write for public good: that after we have delivered our thoughts, without any prospect of advantage or of reputation, which latter is not to be had but by subscribing our names, we cannot prevail upon a printer to be at the charge of sending it into the world unless we will be at all or half the expense; and although we are willing enough to bestow our labours we think it unreasonable to be out of pocket, because it probably may not consist with the situation of our affairs.

I do very much approve your good intentions, and in a great measure your manner of declaring them, and I do imagine you intended that the world should not only know your sentiments but my answer, which I shall impartially give.

That great prelate [archbishop King], in whose cover you directed your letter, sent it me in the morning, and I begin my answer to-night, not knowing what interruption I may meet with.

I have ordered your letter to be printed, as it ought to be, along with my answer, because I conceive it will be more acceptable and informing to the kingdom.

I shall therefore now go on to answer your letter in all manner of sincerity.

Although your letter be directed to me, yet I take myself to be only an imaginary person; for although I conjecture I had formerly one from you, yet I never answered it otherwise than in print; neither was I at a loss to know the reasons why so many people of this kingdom were transporting themselves to America. And if this encouragement were owing to a pamphlet written, giving an account of the country of Pennsylvania, to tempt people to go thither, I do declare that those who were tempted by such a narrative to such a journey were fools, and the author a most impudent knave, at least if it be the same pamphlet I saw when it first came out, which is above 25 years ago, dedicated to William Penn (whom by a mistake you call "sir William Penn"), and styling him by authority of the Scripture "most noble governor." For I was very well acquainted with Penn, and did some years after talk with him upon that pamphlet and the impudence of the author, who spoke so many things in praise of the soil and climate, which Penn himself did absolutely contradict. For he did assure me "That this country wanted the shelter of mountains, which left it open to the northern winds from Hudson's Bay and the Frozen Sea, which destroyed all plantations of trees and was even pernicious to all common vegetables." But indeed New York, Virginia, and other parts less northward, or more defended by mountains, are described as excellent countries; but upon what conditions of advantage foreigners go thither I am yet to seek.

What evils our people avoid by running from hence is easier to be determined. They conceive themselves to live under the tyranny of most cruel exacting landlords, who have no views further than increasing their rent-rolls. Secondly, You complain of the want of trade, whereof you seem not to know the reason. Thirdly, You lament most justly the money spent by absentees in England. Fourthly, You complain that your linen manufacture declines. Fifthly, That your tithe-collectors oppress you. Sixthly, That your children have no hopes of preferment in the church, the revenue, or the army; to which you might have added the law and all civil employments whatsoever. Seventhly, You are undone for want of silver and want all other money.

I could easily add some other motives which, to men of spirit, who desire and expect and think they deserve the common privileges of human nature, would be of more force than any you have yet named to drive them out of this kingdom. But as these speculations may probably not much affect the brains of your people I shall choose to let them pass unmentioned. Yet I cannot but observe that my very good and virtuous friend, his excellency Burnet[a] (*O fili, nec tali indigne parente!*) has not hitherto been able to persuade his vassals, by his oratory in the style of a commander, to settle a revenue on his viceroyal person. I have been likewise assured that in one of those colonies on the continent, which nature has so far favoured as (by the industry of the inhabitants) to produce a great quantity of excellent rice, the stubborn people, having been told that the world was wide, took it into their heads that they might sell their own rice at whatever foreign market

[a] William Burnet, the eldest son of bishop Burnet, at this time governor of Massachusetts

they pleased, and seem by their practice very unwilling to quit that opinion.

But to return to my subject; I must confess to you both, that if one reason of your people's deserting us be the despair of things growing better in their own country, I have not one syllable to answer, because that would be to hope for what is impossible; and so I have been telling the public these ten years. For there are events which must precede any such blessing; first, a liberty of trade; secondly, a share of preferments in all kinds, equal to the British natives; and thirdly, a return of those absentees who take almost one half of the kingdom's revenue. As to the first and second, there is nothing left us but despair; and for the third, it will never happen till the kingdom has no money to send them; for which, in my own particular, I shall not be sorry.

The exaction of landlords has indeed been a grievance of above 20 years' standing. But as to what you object about the severe clauses relating to the improvement, the fault lies wholly on the other side; for the landlords, either by their ignorance or greediness of making large rent-rolls, have performed this matter so ill, as we see by experience, that there is not one tenant in 500 who has made any improvement worth mentioning; for which I appeal to any man who rides through the kingdom, where little is to be found among the tenants but beggary and desolation; the cabins of the Scotch themselves, in Ulster, being as dirty and miserable as those of the wildest Irish. Whereas good firm penal laws for improvement, with a tolerable easy rent, and a reasonable period of time, would in 20 years have increased the rents of Ireland at least a third part of the intrinsic value.

I am glad to hear you speak with some decency of the clergy, and to impute the exactions you lament to the managers or farmers of the tithes. But you entirely mistake the fact, for I defy the most wicked and the most powerful clergyman in the kingdom to oppress the meanest farmer in the parish; and I defy the same clergyman to prevent himself from being cheated by the same farmer, whenever that farmer shall be disposed to be knavish or peevish. For although the Ulster tithing-teller is more advantageous to the clergy than any other in the kingdom, yet the minister can demand no more than his tenth; and where the corn much exceeds the small tithes, as except in some districts I am told it always does, he is at the mercy of every stubborn farmer, especially of those whose sect as well as interest incline them to opposition. However I take it that your people bent for America do not show the best side of their prudence in making this one part of their complaint; yet they are so far wise as not to make the payment of tithes a scruple of conscience, which is too gross for any protestant dissenter except a quaker to pretend. But do your people indeed think that if tithes were abolished or delivered into the hands of the landlord, after the blessed manner in the Scotch spiritual economy, the tenant would sit easier in his rent under the same person who must be lord of the soil and of the tithe together?

I am ready enough to grant that the oppression of landlords, the utter ruin of trade, with its necessary consequences, the want of money, half the revenues of the kingdom spent abroad, the continued dearth of three years, and the strong delusion in your people by false allurement from America, may be the chief motives of their eagerness after such an expedition. But there is likewise another temptation, which is not of inconsiderable weight; which is their itch of living in a country where their sect is predominant, and where their eyes and consciences will not be offended by the stumbling block of ceremonies, habits, and spiritual titles. But I was surprised to find that those calamities, whereof we are innocent, have been sufficient to drive many families out of their country who had no reason to complain of oppressive landlords. For while I was last year in the northern parts a person of quality, whose estate was let above 20 years ago and then at a very reasonable rent, some for leases of lives and some perpetuities, did in a few months purchase eleven of those leases at a very inconsiderable price, although they were two years ago reckoned to pay but half value. Whence it is manifest that our present miserable condition and the dismal prospect of worse, with other reasons above assigned, are sufficient to put men upon trying this desperate experiment of changing the scene they are in, although landlords should by a miracle become less inhuman.

There is hardly a scheme proposed for improving the trade of this kingdom which does not manifestly show the stupidity and ignorance of the proposer; and I laugh with contempt at those weak wise heads who proceed upon general maxims or advise us to follow the examples of Holland and England. These empirics talk by rote without understanding the constitution of the kingdom; as if a physician, knowing that exercise contributed much to health, should prescribe to his patient under a severe fit of the gout to walk ten miles every morning. The directions for Ireland are very short and plain, to encourage agriculture and home consumption and utterly discard all importations which are not absolutely necessary for health or life. And how few necessaries, conveniences, or even comforts of life, are denied us by nature or not to be attained by labour and industry! Are those detestable extravagancies of Flanders lace, English cloths made of our own wool, and other goods, Italian or India silks, tea, coffee, chocolate, china-ware, and that profusion of wines by the knavery of merchants growing dearer every season, with a hundred unnecessary fopperies better known to others than me—are these, I say, fit for us any more than for the beggar who could not eat his veal without oranges? Is it not the highest indignity to human nature that men should be such poltroons as to suffer the kingdom and themselves to be undone by the vanity, the folly, the pride, and wantonness of their wives, who under their present corruptions seem to be a kind of animal suffered for our sins to be sent into the world for the destruction of families, societies, and kingdoms, and whose whole study seems directed to be as expensive as they possibly can in every useless article of living; who by long practice can reconcile the most pernicious foreign drugs to their health and pleasure, provided they are but expensive, as starlings grow fat with henbane; who contract a robustness by mere practice of sloth and luxury; who can play deep several hours after midnight, sleep beyond noon, revel upon Indian poisons, and spend the revenues of a moderate family to adorn a nauseous unwholesome living carcase? Let those few who are not concerned in any part of this accusation suppose it unsaid; let the rest take it among them. Gracious God, in his mercy, look down upon a nation so shamefully besotted!

If I am possessed of 100*l.* a-year, and by some misfortune it sinks to 50 without a possibility of ever being retrieved, does it remain a question in such an exigency what I am to do? must not I retrench one half in every article of expense? or retire to some cheap, distant part of the country, where necessaries are at half-value?

Is there any mortal who can show me, under the circumstances we stand with our neighbours, under their inclinations towards us, under laws never to be repealed, under the desolation caused by absentees, under many other circumstances not to be mentioned, that this kingdom can ever be a nation of trade or subsist by

any other method than that of a reduced family, by the utmost parsimony, in the manner I have already prescribed?

I am tired with letters from many unreasonable, well-meaning people, who are daily pressing me to deliver my thoughts in this deplorable juncture, which upon many others I have so often done in vain. What will it import that half a score people in a coffeehouse may happen to read this paper, and even the majority of those few differ in every sentiment from me? If the farmer be not allowed to sow his corn, if half the little money among us be sent to pay rents to Irish absentees, and the rest for foreign luxuries and dress for the women, what will our charitable dispositions avail when there is nothing left to be given? when contrary to all custom and example all necessaries of life are so exorbitant; when money of all kinds was never known to be so scarce; so that gentlemen of no contemptible estates are forced to retrench in every article (except what relates to their wives) without being able to show ny bounty to the poor?

ANSWER TO SEVERAL LETTERS SENT FROM UNKNOWN HANDS. 1729.

I am very well pleased with the good opinion you express of me, and wish it were any way in my power to answer your expectations for the service of my country. I have carefully read your several schemes and proposals which you think should be offered to the parliament. In answer, I will assure you that in another place I have known very good proposals rejected with contempt by public assemblies merely because they were offered from without doors; and yours perhaps might have the same fate, especially if handed to the public by me, who am not acquainted with three members nor have the least interest with one. My printers have been twice prosecuted, to my great expense, on account of discourses I writ for the public service, without the least reflection on parties or persons; and the success I had in those of the drapier was not owing to my abilities but to a lucky juncture, when the fuel was ready for the first hand that would be at the pains of kindling it. It is true both those envenomed prosecutions were the workmanship of a judge who is now gone *to his own place*. But let that be as it will, I am determined henceforth never to be the instrument of leaving an innocent man at the mercy of that bench.

It is certain there are several particulars relating to this kingdom (I have mentioned a few of them in one of my drapier's letters) which it were heartily to be wished that the parliament would take under their consideration, such as will no way interfere with England otherwise than to its advantage.

The first I shall mention is touched at in a letter which I received from one of you, gentlemen, about the highways, which indeed are almost everywhere scandalously neglected. I know a very rich man in this city, a true lover and saver of his money, who being possessed of some adjacent lands has been at great charge in repairing effectually the roads that lead to them, and has assured me that his lands are thereby advanced 4*s.* or 5*s.* an acre, by which he gets treble interest. But generally speaking all over the kingdom the roads are deplorable, and what is more particularly barbarous there is no sort of provision made for travellers on foot, no, not near the city, except in a very few places and in a most wretched manner; whereas the English are so particularly careful in this point, that you may travel there 100 miles with less inconvenience than one mile here. But since this may be thought too great a reformation I shall only speak of roads for horses, carriages, and cattle.

Ireland is, I think, computed to be one-third smaller than England, yet by some natural disadvantages it would not bear quite the same proportion in value with the same encouragement. However it has so happened for many years past that it never arrived to above one-eleventh part in point of riches; and of late by the continual decrease of trade and the increase of absentees, with other circumstances not here to be mentioned, hardly to a fifteenth part, at least if my calculations be right, which I doubt are a little too favourable on our side.

Now supposing day-labour to be cheaper by one-half here than in England, and our roads, by the nature of our carriages and the desolation of our country, to be not worn and beaten above one-eighth part so much as those of England, which is a very moderate computation, I do not see why the mending of them would be a greater burden to this kingdom than to that.

There have been, I believe, 20 acts of parliament in six or seven years of the late king for mending long tracts of impassable ways in several counties of England, by erecting turnpikes and receiving passage-money, in a manner that everybody knows. If what I have advanced be true it would be hard to give a reason against the same practice here; since the necessity is as great, the advantage in proportion perhaps much greater, the materials of stone and gravel as easy to be found, and the workmanship at least twice as cheap. Besides, the work may be done gradually with allowances for the poverty of the nation by so many perch a-year, but with a special care to encourage skill and diligence, and to prevent fraud in the undertakers, to which we are too liable and which are not always confined to those of the meaner sort; but against these no doubt the wisdom of the nation may and will provide.

Another evil, which in my opinion deserves the public care, is the ill management of the bogs; the neglect whereof is a much greater mischief to this kingdom than most people seem to be aware of.

It is allowed indeed by those who are esteemed most skilful in such matters that the red, swelling mossy bog, whereof we have so many large tracts in this island, is not by any means to be fully reduced, but the skirts which are covered with a green coat easily may, being not accretion or annual growth of moss like the other.

Now the landlords are generally so careless as to suffer their tenants to cut their turf in these skirts as well as the bog adjoined, whereby there is yearly lost a considerable quantity of land throughout the kingdom, never to be recovered.

But this is not the greatest part of the mischief; for the main bog, although perhaps not reducible to natural soil, yet by continuing large, deep, straight canals through the middle, cleaned at proper times as low as the channel or gravel, would become secure summer-pasture; the margins might with great profit and ornament be filled with quickens, birch, and other trees proper for such a soil, and the canals be convenient for water-carriage of the turf, which is now drawn upon sled-cars with great expense, difficulty, and loss of time, by reason of the many turf-pits scattered irregularly through the bog, wherein great numbers of cattle are yearly drowned. And it has been, I confess, to me a matter of the greatest vexation as well as wonder to think how any landlord could be so absurd as suffer such havoc to be made.

All the acts for encouraging plantations of forest-trees are I am told extremely defective, which with great submission must have been owing to a defect of skill in the contrivers of them. In this climate, by the continual blowing of the west-south-west wind, hardly any tree of value will come to perfection that is not

planted in groves, except very rarely and where there is much land-shelter. I have not indeed read all the acts, but from inquiry I cannot learn that the planting in groves is enjoined. And as to the effects of these laws, I have not seen the least in many hundred miles' riding, except about a very few gentlemen's houses, and even those with very little skill or success. In all the rest the hedges generally miscarry, as well as the larger slender twigs planted upon the tops of ditches, merely for want of common skill and care.

I do not believe that a greater and quicker profit could be made than by planting large groves of ash a few feet asunder, which in seven years would make the best kind of hop-poles, and grow in the same or less time to a second crop from their roots.

It would likewise be of great use and beauty in our desert scenes to oblige cottagers to plant ash or elm before their cabins and round their potato-gardens, where cattle either do not or ought not to come to destroy them.

The common objection against all this, drawn from the laziness, the perverseness, or thievish disposition of the poor native Irish, might be easily answered by showing the true reasons for such accusations, and how easily those people may be brought to a less savage manner of life; but my printers have already suffered too much for my speculations. However, supposing the size of a native's understanding just equal to that of a dog or a horse, I have often seen those two animals civilized by rewards at least as much as by punishments.

It would be a noble achievement to abolish the Irish language in this kingdom, so far at least as to oblige all the natives to speak only English on every occasion of business, in shops, markets, fairs, and other places of dealing; yet I am wholly deceived if this might not be effectually done in less than half an age, and at a very trifling expense; for such I look upon a tax to be of only 6000*l.* a-year to accomplish so great a work. This would in a great measure civilize the most barbarous among them, reconcile them to our customs and manner of living, and reduce great numbers to the national religion, whatever kind may then happen to be established. This method is plain and simple, and although I am too desponding to produce it, yet I could heartily wish some public thoughts were employed to reduce this uncultivated people from that idle, savage, beastly, thievish manner of life, in which they continue sunk to such a degree that it is almost impossible for a country gentleman to find a servant of human capacity, or the least tincture of natural honesty, or who does not live among his own tenants in continual fear of having his plantations destroyed, his cattle stolen, and his goods pilfered.

The love, affection, or vanity of living in England, continuing to carry thither so many wealthy families, the consequences thereof, together with the utter loss of all trade except what is detrimental, which has forced such great numbers of weavers and others to seek their bread in foreign countries; the unhappy practice of stocking such vast quantities of land with sheep and other cattle, which reduces 20 families to one; these events, I say, have exceedingly depopulated this kingdom for several years past. I should heartily wish therefore under this miserable dearth of money, that those who are most concerned would think it advisable to save 100,000*l.* a-year, which is now sent out of this kingdom, to feed us with corn. There is not an older or more uncontroverted maxim in the politics of all wise nations than that of encouraging agriculture, and therefore to what kind of wisdom a practice so directly contrary among us may be reduced I am by no means a judge. If labour and people make the true riches of a nation, what must be the issue where one part of the people are forced away and the other have nothing to do?

If it should be thought proper by wiser heads that his majesty might be applied to in a national way for giving the kingdom leave to coin halfpence for its own use, I believe no good subject will be under the least apprehension that such a request could meet with refusal or the least delay. Perhaps we are the only kingdom upon earth, or that ever was or will be upon earth, which did not enjoy that common right of civil society, under the proper inspection of its prince or legislature, to coin money of all usual metals for its own occasions. Every petty prince in Germany, vassal to the emperor, enjoys this privilege. And I have seen in this kingdom several silver pieces with the inscription of CIVITAS WATERFORD, DROGHEDAGH, and other towns.

A LETTER

ON MR. M'CULLA'S PROJECT ABOUT HALFPENCE, AND A NEW ONE PROPOSED,

IN A LETTER TO DR. DELANY. 1729.

SIR,—You desire to know my opinion concerning Mr. M'Culla's project of circulating notes, stamped on copper, that shall pass for the value of halfpence and pence. I have some knowledge of the man: and about a month ago he brought me his book, with a couple of his halfpenny notes; but I was then out of order, and he could not be admitted. Since that time I called at his house, where I discoursed the whole affair with him as thoroughly as I could. I am altogether a stranger to his character. He talked to me in the usual style, with a great profession of zeal for the public good; which is the common cant of all projectors in their bills, from a first minister of state down to a corncutter. But I stopped him short, as I would have done a better man; because it is too gross a practice to pass at any time, and especially in this age, where we all know one another so well. Yet whoever proposes any scheme which may prove to be a public benefit, I shall not quarrel if it prove likewise very beneficial to himself. It is certain that, next to the want of silver, our greatest distress in point of coin is the want of small change, which may be some poor relief for the defect of the former, since the crown will not please to take that work upon them here as they do in England. One thing in M'Culla's book is certainly right, that no law hinders me from giving a payable note upon leather, wood, copper, brass, iron, or any other material (except gold or silver), as well as upon paper. The question is whether I can sue him on a copper bond, where there is neither hand nor seal nor witnesses to prove it? To supply this he has proposed that the materials upon which this note is written shall be in some degree of value equal to the debt. But that is one principal matter to be inquired into. His scheme is this:

He gives you a piece of copper for a halfpenny or penny, stamped with a promissory note to pay you 20*d.* for every pound of copper notes whenever you shall return them. Eight-and-forty of these halfpenny-pieces are to weigh a pound; and he sells you that pound, coined and stamped, for 2*s.*: by which he clearly gains a little more than 16 per cent.; that is to say 2*d.* in every 1*s.*

This will certainly arise to a great sum if he should circulate as large a quantity of his notes as the kingdom, under the great dearth of silver, may very probably require: enough indeed to make any Irish tradesman's fortune; which however I should not repine at in the least if we could be sure of his fair dealing. It was obvious for me to raise the common objection, why

Mr. M'Culla would not give security to pay the whole sum to any man who returned him his copper notes, as my lord Dartmouth and colonel Moore were by their patents obliged to do. To which he gave me some answers plausible enough. First, "He conceived his coins were much nearer to the intrinsic value than any of those coined by patents, the bulk and goodness of the metal equalling the best English halfpence made by the crown: That he apprehended the ill-will of envious and designing people; who, if they found him to have a great vent for his notes, since he wanted the protection of a patent, might make a run upon him, which he could not be able to support: And lastly, that his copper (as is already said) being equal in value and bulk to the English halfpence, he did not apprehend they should ever be returned, unless a combination proceeding from spite and envy might be formed against him."

But there are some points in his proposal which I cannot well answer for; nor do I know whether he will be able to do it himself. The first is, whether the copper he gives us will be as good as what the crown provided for the English halfpence and farthings; and secondly, whether he will always continue to give us as good; and thirdly, when he will think fit to stop his hand and give us no more; for I should be as sorry to be at the mercy of Mr. M'Culla as of Mr. Wood.

There is another difficulty of the last importance. It is known enough that the crown is supposed to be neither gainer nor loser by coinage of any metal: for they subtract or ought to subtract no more from the intrinsic value than what will just pay the charges of the mint; and how much that will amount to is the question. By what I could gather from Mr. M'Culla good copper is worth 14*d*. per pound. By this computation, if he sells his copper notes for 2*s*. the pound and will pay 20*d*. back, then the expense of coinage for one pound of copper must be 6*d*. which is 30 per cent. The world should be particularly satisfied on this article before he vends notes: for the discount of 30 per cent. is prodigious, and vastly more than I can conceive it ought to be. For if we add to that proportion the 16 per cent. which he avows to keep for his own profit, there will be a discount of about 46 per cent. Or to reckon I think a fairer way: Whoever buys a pound of Mr. M'Culla's coin at 2*s*. per pound carries home only the real value of 14*d*., which is a pound of copper; and thus he is a loser of 41*l*. 13*s*. 4*d*. per cent. But, however, this high discount of 30 per cent. will be no objection against M'Culla's proposal; because, if the charge of coining will honestly amount to so much, and we suppose his copper notes may be returned upon him, he will be the greater sufferer of the two; because the buyer can lose but 4*d*. in a pound and M'Culla must lose 6*d*., which was the charge of the coinage.

Upon the whole, there are some points which must be settled to the general satisfaction before we can safely take Mr. M'Culla's copper notes for value received; and how he will give that satisfaction is not within my knowledge or conjecture. The first point is that we shall be always sure of receiving good copper, equal in bulk and fineness to the best English halfpence.

The second point is to know what allowance he makes to himself, either out of the weight or mixture of his copper or both, for the charge of coinage. As to the weight the matter is easy by his own scheme; for, as I have said before, he proposes 48 to weigh a pound, which he gives you for 2*s*., and receives it by the pound at 20*d*.: so that, supposing pure copper to be 14*d*. a pound, he makes you pay 30 per cent. for the labour of coining, as I have already observed, beside 16 per cent. when he sells it. But if to this he adds any alloy to debase the metal, although it be not above 10 per cent., then Mr. M'Culla's promissory notes will, to the intrinsic value of the metal, be above 47 per cent. discount.

For subtracting 10 per cent. off sixty pounds' worth of copper, it will (to avoid fractions) be about 5½ per cent. in the whole 100*l*., which added to

	£41	13	4
	5	10	0
will be per cent.	47	3	4

That we are under great distress for change, and that Mr. M'Culla's copper notes, on supposition of the metal being pure, are less liable to objection than the project of Wood may be granted: but such a discount, where we are not sure even of our 20*d*. a pound, appears hitherto a dead weight on his scheme.

Since I writ this, calling to mind that I had some copper halfpence by me, I weighed them with those of Mr. M'Culla and observed as follows:

First I weighed Mr. M'Culla's halfpenny against an English one of king Charles II., which outweighed Mr. M'Culla's a fourth part, or 25 per cent.

I likewise weighed an Irish Patrick and David halfpenny, which outweighed Mr. M'Culla's 12½ per cent. It had a very fair and deep impression, and milled very skilfully round.

I found that even a common harp halfpenny, well preserved, weighed equal to Mr. M'Culla's. And even some of Wood's halfpence were near equal in weight to his. Therefore, if it be true that he does not think Wood's copper to have been faulty, he may probably give us no better.

I have laid these loose thoughts together with little order, to give you and others who may read them an opportunity of digesting them better. I am no enemy to Mr. M'Culla's project; but I would have it put upon a better foot. I own that this halfpenny of king Charles II., which I weighed against Mr. M'Culla's, was of the fairest kind I had seen. However, it is plain the crown could afford it without being a loser. But it is probable that the officers of the mint were then more honest than they have since thought fit to be; for I confess not to have met those of any other year so weighty, or in appearance of so good metal, among all the copper coins of the three last reigns; yet these, however, did much outweigh those of Mr. M'Culla, for I have tried the experiment on a hundred of them; I have indeed seen accidentally one or two very light, but it must certainly have been done by chance, or rather I suppose them to be counterfeits. Be that as it will, it is allowed on all hands that good copper was never known to be cheaper than it is at present. I am ignorant of the price, farther than by his informing me that it is only 14*d*. a pound; by which I observe he charges the coinage at 30 per cent.; and therefore I cannot but think his demands are exorbitant. But to say the truth, the dearness or cheapness of the metal does not properly enter into the question. What we desire is, that it should be of the best kind and as weighty as can be afforded; that the profit of the contriver should be reduced from 16 to 8 per cent., and the charge of coinage, if possible, from 30 to 10 or 15 at most.

Mr. M'Culla must also give good security that he will coin only a determinate sum, not exceeding 20,000*l*., by which, although he should deal with all uprightness imaginable, and make his coin as good as that I weighed of king Charles II., he will at 16 per cent. gain 3200*l*., a very good additional job to a private tradesman's fortune.

I must advise him also to employ better workmen, and make his impressions deeper and plainer, by which a rising rim may be left about the edge of his coin,

to preserve the letter from wearing out too soon. He has no wardens or masters, or other officers of the mint, to suck up his profit, and therefore can afford to coin cheaper than the crown, if he will but find good materials, proper implements, and skilful workmen.

Whether this project will succeed in Mr. M'Culla's hands (which, if it be honestly executed, I should be glad to see); one thing I am confident of, that it might be easily brought to perfection by a society of nine or ten honest gentlemen of fortune, who wish well to their country and would be content to be neither gainers nor losers, farther than the bare interest of their money. And Mr. M'Culla, as being the first starter of the scheme, might be considered and rewarded by such a society, whereof, although I am not a man of fortune, I should think it an honour and happiness to be one, even with borrowed money upon the best security I could give. And first, I am confident, without any skill but by general reason, that the charge of coining copper would be very much less than 30 per cent. Secondly, I believe 10,000*l.* in halfpence and farthings would be sufficient for the whole kingdom, even under our great and most unnecessary distress for the want of silver, and that without such a distress half the sum would suffice. For I compute and reason thus: the city of Dublin, by a gross computation, contains 10,000 families; and I am told by shopkeepers "That if silver were as plenty as usual, 2*s.* in copper would be sufficient in the course of business for each family." But in consideration of the want of silver, I would allow 5*s.* to each family, which would amount to 2500*l.*; and to help this, I would recommend a currency of all the genuine undefaced harp-halfpence which are left of lord Dartmouth's and Moor's patents under king Charles II., and the small Patrick and David for farthings. To the rest of the kingdom I would assign the 7500*l.* remaining, reckoning Dublin to answer one-fourth of the kingdom, as London is judged to answer (if I mistake not) one-third of England—I mean in the view of money only.

To compute our want of small change by the number of souls in the kingdom, besides being perplexed, is I think by no means just. They have been reckoned at a million and a half, whereof a million at least are beggars in all circumstances except that of wandering about for alms; and that circumstance may arrive soon enough, when it will be time to add another 10,000*l.* in copper. But without doubt the families of Ireland who lie chiefly under the difficulties of wanting small change cannot be above 40,000 or 50,000, which the sum of 10,000*l.*, with the addition of the fairest old halfpence, would tolerably supply: for if we give too great a loose to any projector to pour in upon us what he pleases, the kingdom will be (how shall I express it under our present circumstances?) more than undone.

And hence appears in a very strong light the villany of Wood, who proposed the coinage of 108,000*l.* in copper for the use of Ireland, whereby every family in the kingdom would be loaded with 10*s.* or 12*s.*, although Wood might not transgress the bounds of his patent, and although no counterfeits, either at home or abroad, were added to the number, the contrary to both which would indubitably have arrived. So ill informed are great men on the other side, who talk of a million with as little ceremony as we do of half-a-crown!

But to return to the proposal I have made. Suppose ten gentlemen, lovers of their country, should raise 200*l.* a-piece, and from the time the money is deposited, as they shall agree, should begin to charge it with 7 per cent. for their own use; that they should as soon as possible provide a mint and good workmen, and buy copper sufficient for coining 2000*l.*, subtracting a fifth part of the interest of 10,000*l.* for the charges of the tools and fitting up a place for a mint, the other four parts of the same interest to be subtracted equally out of the four remaining coinages of 2000*l.* each, with a just allowance for other necessary incidents. Let the charge of coinage be fairly reckoned, and the kingdom informed of it as well as of the price of copper. Let the coin be as well and deeply stamped as it ought. Let the metal be as pure as can consist to have it rightly coined (wherein I am wholly ignorant), and the bulk as large as that of king Charles II. And let this club of ten gentlemen give their joint security to receive all the coins they issue out for seven or ten years, and return gold and silver without any defalcation.

Let the same club or company when they have issued out the first 2000*l.*, go on the second year, if they find a demand and that their scheme has answered to their own intention, as well as to the satisfaction of the public. And if they find 7 per cent. not sufficient, let them subtract 8, beyond which I would not have them go. And when they have in two years coined 10,000*l.*, let them give public notice that they will proceed no farther, but shut up their mint and dismiss their workmen, unless the real, universal, unsolicited declaration of the nobility and gentry of the kingdom shall signify a desire that they should go on for a certain sum farther.

This company may enter into certain regulations among themselves, one of which should be to keep nothing concealed, and duly to give an account to the world of their whole methods of acting.

Give me leave to compute, wholly at random, what charge the kingdom will be at by the loss of intrinsic value in the coinage of 10,000*l.* in copper under the management of such a society of gentlemen.

First, It is plain that, instead of somewhat more than 16 per cent. as demanded by Mr. M'Culla, this society desires but 8 per cent.

Secondly, Whereas Mr. M'Culla charges the expense of coinage at 30 per cent., I hope and believe this society will be able to perform it at ten.

Whereas it does not appear that Mr. M'Culla can give any security for the goodness of his copper, because not one in ten thousand have the skill to distinguish, the society will be all engaged that theirs shall be of the best standard.

Fourthly, That whereas Mr. M'Culla's halfpence are one-fourth part lighter than that kind coined in the time of king Charles II., these gentlemen will oblige themselves to the public to give the coin of the same weight and goodness with those halfpence, unless they shall find they cannot afford it, and in that case they shall beforehand inform the public, show their reasons, and signify how large they can make them without being losers, and so give over or pursue their scheme as they find the opinion of the world to be. However, I do not doubt but they can afford them as large and of as good metal as the best English halfpence that have been coined in the three last reigns, which very much outweigh those of Mr. M'Culla. And this advantage will arise in proportion, by lessening the charge of coinage from 30 per cent. to 10 or 15, or 20 at most. But I confess myself in the dark on that article, only I think it impossible it should amount to any proportion near 30 per cent., otherwise the coiners of those counterfeit halfpence called raps would have little encouragement to follow their trade.

But the indubitable advantages by having the management in such a society, would be the paying 8 per cent. instead of 16, the being sure of the goodness and just weight of the coin, and the period to be put to any farther coinage than what was absolutely necessary to supply the wants and desires of the kingdom; and all this under the security of ten gentlemen of credit and fortune, who would be ready to give the best security

and satisfaction, that they had no design to turn the scheme into a job.

As to any mistakes I have made in computation, they are of little moment, and I shall not descend so low as to justify them against any caviller.

The strongest objections against what I offer, and which perhaps may make it appear visionary, is the difficulty to find half a score gentlemen, who, out of a public spirit, will be at the trouble, for no more profit than 1 per cent. above the legal interest, to be overseers of a mint for five years, and perhaps without any justice raise the clamour of the people against them. Besides, it is most certain that many a squire is as fond of a job and as dexterous to make the best of it as Mr. M'Culla himself or any of his level. However, I do not doubt but there may be ten such persons in this town, if they had only some visible mark to know them at sight. Yet I just foresee another inconveniency, that knavish men are fitter to deal with others of their own denomination, while those who are honest and best-intentioned may be the instruments of as much mischief to the public, for want of cunning, as the greatest knaves; and more, because of the charitable opinion which they are apt to have of others. Therefore, how to join the prudence of the serpent with the innocency of the dove in this affair, is the most difficult point. It is not so hard to find an honest man as to make this honest man active, and vigilant, and skilful, which, I doubt, will require a spur of profit greater than my scheme will afford him, unless he will be contented with the honour of serving his country and the reward of a good conscience.

After reviewing what I had written, I see very well that I have not given any allowance for the first charge of preparing all things necessary for coining, which, I am told, will amount to about 200*l.*, besides 20*l.* per annum for five years' rent of a house to work in. I can only say that, this making in all 300*l.*, it will be an addition of no more than 3 per cent. out of 10,000*l.*

But the great advantages of the public, by having the coinage placed in the hands of ten gentlemen such as I have already described (if such are to be found) are these:—

First, They propose no other gain to themselves than 1 per cent. above the legal interest for the money they advance, which will hardly afford them coffee when they meet at their mint-house.

Secondly, They bind themselves to make their coins of as good copper as the best English halfpence, and as well coined and of equal weight, and do likewise bind themselves to charge the public with not one farthing for the expense of coinage more than it shall really stand them in.

Thirdly, They will for a limited term of seven or ten years, as shall be thought proper upon mature consideration, pay gold and silver, without any defalcation, for all their own coin that shall be returned upon their hands.

Fourthly, They will take care that the coins shall have a deep impression, leaving a rising rim on both sides, to prevent their being defaced in a long time, and the edges shall be milled.

I suppose they need not be very apprehensive of counterfeits, which it will be difficult to make so as not to be discovered, for it is plain that those bad halfpence called raps are so easily distinguished even from the most worn genuine halfpenny, that nobody will now take them for a farthing, although under the great present want of change.

I shall here subjoin some computations relating to Mr. M'Culla's copper notes. They were sent to me by a person well skilled in such calculations, and therefore I refer them to the reader.

Mr. M'Culla charges good copper at 14*d.* per pound, but I know not whether he means avoirdupois or troy weight.

Avoirdupois is 16 ounces to a pound	6960 grains.
A pound troy weight	5760 „

Mr. M'Culla's copper is 14*d.* per pound avoirdupois.

Two of Mr. M'Culla's penny notes, one with another, weigh	524 grains.
By which computation, 2*s.* of his notes which he sells for one pound weight, will weigh	6288 „
But one pound avoirdupois weighs, as above	6960 „

This difference makes 10 per cent. to Mr. M'Culla's profit in point of weight.

The old Patrick and David halfpenny weighs	149 grains.
Mr. M'Culla's halfpenny weighs	131 „
The difference is	

Which is equal to 10½ per cent.

The English halfpenny of King Charles II. weighs	167
Mr. M'Culla's halfpenny weighs	131
The difference is	36

Which difference, allowed a fifth part, is 20 per cent.

ANOTHER COMPUTATION.

Mr. M'Culla allows his pound of copper (coinage included) to be worth 20*d.*; for which he demands 2*s.*

His coinage he computes at 6*d.* per pound weight; therefore laying out only 20*d.*, and gaining 4*d.*, he makes per cent. profit,	20
The 6*d.* per pound weight, allowed for coinage, makes per cent.	30
The want of weight in his halfpenny, compared as above, is per cent.	10
By all which (viz. coinage, profit, and want of weight) the public loses per cent.	60

If Mr. M'Culla's coins will not pass, and he refuses to receive them back, the owner cannot sell them at above 12*d.* per pound; whereby, with the defect of weight of 10 per cent., he will lose 60 per cent.

The scheme of the society, raised as high as it can possibly be, will be only thus:—

For interest of their money per cent.	8
For coinage, instead of 10, suppose at most per cent.	20
For 300*l.* laid out for tools, a mint, and house-rent, charge 3 per cent. upon the coinage of 10,000*l.*	3
Charges in all upon interest, coinage, &c. per cent.	31

Which, with all the advantages above-mentioned, of the goodness of the metal, the largeness of the coin, the deepness and fairness of the impression, the assurance of the society confining itself to such a sum as they undertake, or as the kingdom shall approve; and lastly, their paying in gold or silver for all their coin returned upon their hands without any defalcation would be of mighty benefit to the kingdom; and with a little steadiness and activity could, I doubt not, be easily compassed.

I would not in this scheme recommend the method of promissory notes, after Mr. M'Culla's manner; but as I have seen in old Irish coins, the words CIVITAS DVBLIN, on one side, with the year of our Lord and the Irish harp on the reverse.

A PROPOSAL

THAT ALL THE LADIES AND WOMEN OF IRELAND SHOULD APPEAR CONSTANTLY IN IRISH MANUFACTURES 1729.

There was a treatise written about nine years ago, to persuade the people of Ireland to wear their own manufactures. This treatise was allowed to have not one syllable in it of party or disaffection; but was wholly founded upon the growing poverty of the nation, occasioned by the utter want of trade, except the ruinous importation of all foreign extravagances from other countries. This treatise was presented by the grand jury of the city and county of Dublin, as a scandalous, seditious, and factious pamphlet. I forget who was the foreman of the city grand jury; but the foreman for the county was one Dr. Seal, register to the archbishop of Dublin, wherein he differed much from the sentiments of his lord. The printer was tried before the late Mr. Whitshed, that famous lord chief-justice; who, on the bench, laying his hand on his heart declared upon his salvation "That the author was a jacobite, and had a design to beget a quarrel between the two nations." In the midst of this prosecution about 1500 weavers were forced to beg their bread and had a general contribution made for their relief, which just served to make them drunk for a week; and then they were forced to turn rogues, or strolling beggars, or to leave the kingdom.

The duke of Grafton, who was then lieutenant, being perfectly ashamed of so infamous and unpopular a proceeding, obtained from England a *noli prosequi* for the printer. Yet the grand jury had solemn thanks given them from the secretary of state.

I mention this passage (perhaps too much forgotten) to show how dangerous it has been for the best meaning person to write one syllable in the defence of his country, or discover the miserable condition it is in.

And to prove this truth, I will produce one instance more; wholly omitting the famous cause of the drapier and the proclamation against him, as well as the perverseness of another jury against the same Mr. Whitshed, who was violently bent to act the second part in another scene.

About two years ago there was a small paper printed which was called, "A Short View of the State of Ireland," relating to the several causes whereby any country may grow rich, and applying them to Ireland. Whitshed was dead, and consequently the printer was not troubled. Mist, the famous journalist, happened to reprint this paper in London, for which his pressfolk were prosecuted for almost a twelvemonth; and for aught I know are not yet discharged.

This is our case; insomuch, that although I am often without money in my pocket, I dare not own it in some company for fear of being thought disaffected.

But since I am determined to take care that the author of this paper shall not be discovered (following herein the most prudent practice of the drapier), I will venture to affirm that the three seasons wherein our corn has miscarried did no more contribute to our present misery, than one spoonful of water thrown upon a rat already drowned would contribute to his death; and that the present plentiful harvest, although it should be followed by a dozen ensuing, would no more restore us than it would the rat aforesaid to put him near the fire, which might indeed warm his fur coat but never bring him back to life.

The short of the matter is this: the distresses of the kingdom are operating more and more every day, by very large degrees, and so have been doing for above a dozen years past.

If you demand whence these distresses have arisen, I desire to ask the following question:

If two-thirds of any kingdom's revenue be exported to another country, without one farthing of value in return; and if the said kingdom be forbidden the most profitable branches of trade wherein to employ the other third, and only allowed to traffic in importing those commodities which are most ruinous to itself; how shall that kingdom stand?

If this question were formed into the first proposition of an hypothetical syllogism, I defy the man born in Ireland, who is now in the fairest way of getting a collectorship or a cornet's post, to give good reason for denying it.

Let me put another case. Suppose a gentleman's estate of 200*l.* a-year should sink to 100*l.* by some accident, whether by an earthquake or inundation it matters not; and suppose the said gentleman utterly hopeless and unqualified ever to retrieve the loss; how is he otherwise to proceed in his future economy than by reducing it on every article to one half less, unless he will be content to fly his country or rot in gaol? This is a representation of Ireland's condition; only with one fault, that it is a little too favourable. Neither am I able to propose a full remedy for this, but only a small prolongation of life, until God shall miraculously dispose the hearts of our neighbours and our kinsmen, our fellow-protestants, fellow-subjects, and fellow rational creatures, to permit us to starve without running further into debt. I am informed that our national debt (and God knows how we wretches came by that fashionable thing a national debt) is about 250,000*l.*; which is at least one-third of the whole kingdom's rents, after our absentees and other foreign drains are paid, and about 50,000*l.* more than all the cash.

It seems there are several schemes for raising a fund to pay the interest of this formidable sum, not the principal, for this is allowed impossible. The necessity of raising such a fund is strongly and regularly pleaded, from the late deficiencies in the duties and customs. And is it a fault of Ireland that these funds are deficient? If they depend on trade, can it possibly be otherwise while we have neither liberty to trade nor money to trade with; neither hands to work, nor business to employ them if we had? Our diseases are visible enough both in their causes and effects; and the cures are well known, but impossible to be applied.

If my steward comes and tells me, "that my rents are sunk so low, that they are very little more than sufficient to pay my servants their wages;" have I any other course left than to cashier four in six of my rascally footmen, and a number of other varlets in my family, of whose insolence the whole neighbourhood complain? And I would think it extremely severe in any law, to force me to maintain a household of fifty servants and fix their wages, before I had offered my rent-roll upon oath to the legislators.

To return from digressing: I am told one scheme for raising a fund to pay the interest of our national debt is by a further duty of 40*s.* a tun upon wine. Some gentlemen would carry this much further, by raising it to 12*l.*; which in a manner would amount to a prohibition: thus weakly arguing from the practice of England.

I have often taken notice, both in print and in discourse, that there is no topic so fallacious, either in talk or in writing, as to argue how we ought to act in Ireland from the example of England, Holland, France, or any other country whose inhabitants are allowed the common rights and liberties of humankind. I could undertake to name six or seven of the most uncontrolled maxims in government, which are utterly false in this kingdom.

As to the additional duty on wine, I think any

person may deliver his opinion upon it, until it shall have passed into a law; and till then I declare mine to be positively against it.

First, Because there is no nation yet known in either hemisphere, where the people of all conditions are more in want of some cordial to keep up their spirits than in this of ours. I am not in jest; and if the fact will not be allowed me, I shall not argue it.

Secondly, It is too well and generally known that this tax of 40*s*. additional on every tun of wine (which will be double, at least, to the home consumer) will increase equally every new session of parliament, until perhaps it comes to 12*l*.

Thirdly, Because, as the merchants inform me, and as I have known many the like instances in England, this additional tax will more probably lessen this branch of the revenue than increase it. And therefore Sir John Stanley, a commissioner of the customs in England, used to say, "That the house of commons were generally mistaken in matters of trade, by an erroneous opinion that two and two make four." Thus, if you should lay an additional duty of one penny a pound on raisins or sugar, the revenue instead of rising would certainly sink; and the consequence would only be, to lessen the number of plum-puddings and ruin the confectioner.

Fourthly, I am likewise assured by merchants, that upon this additional 40*s*. the French will at least equally raise their duties upon all commodities we export thither.

Fifthly, If an original extract of the exports and imports be true, we have been gainers upon the balance by our trade with France for several years past; and although our gain amounts to no great sum, we ought to be satisfied, since we are no losers, with the only consolation we are capable of receiving.

Lastly, The worst consequence is behind. If we raise the duty on wine to a considerable height, we lose the only hold we have of keeping among us the few gentlemen of any tolerable estates. I am confident there is hardly a gentleman of 800*l*. a-year and upward in this kingdom, who would balance half an hour to consider whether he should live here or in England, if a family could be as cheaply maintained in the one as the other. As to eatables, they are as cheap in many fine counties of England as in some very indifferent ones here; or if there be any difference, that vein of thrift and prudence in economy which passes there without reproach, and (chiefly in London itself) would amply make up the difference. But the article of French wine is hardly tolerable, in any degree of plenty, to a middling fortune; and this it is which, by growing habitual, wholly turns the scale with those few landed men disengaged from employments who content themselves to live hospitably with plenty of good wine in their own country, rather than in penury and obscurity in another, with bad or with none at all.

Having, therefore, as far as in me lies abolished this additional duty upon wine; for I am not under the least concern about paying the interest of the national debt, but leave it as in loyalty bound wholly to the wisdom of the honourable house of commons; I come now to consider by what methods we may be able to put off and delay our utter undoing as long as it is possible.

I never have discoursed with any reasonable man upon the subject, who did not allow that there was no remedy left us but to lessen the importation of all unnecessary commodities as much as it was possible; and likewise either to persuade our absentees to spend their money at home, which is impossible; or tax them at five shillings in the pound during their absence, with such allowances upon necessary occasions, as shall be thought convenient: or by permitting us a free trade, which is denied to no other nation upon earth. The three last methods are treated by Mr. Prior in his most useful treatise added to his list of absentees.

It is to gratify the vanity and pride and luxury of the women, and of the young fops who admire them, that we owe this insupportable grievance of bringing in the instrument of our ruin. There is annually brought over to this kingdom near 90,000*l*. worth of silk, whereof the greater part is manufactured; 30,000*l* more expended in muslin, holland, cambric, and calico. What the price of lace amounts to is not easy to be collected from the custom-house book, being a kind of goods that takes up a little room and is easily run; but considering the prodigious price of a woman's head-dress at 10*l*., 12*l*., 20*l*., a yard must be very great. The tea rated at 7*s*. per pound, comes to near 12,000*l*.; but considering it as the common luxury of every chambermaid, sempstress, and tradesman's wife, both in town and country, however they come by it must needs cost the kingdom double that sum. Coffee is somewhat above 7,000*l*. I have seen no account of chocolate and some other Indian or American goods. The drapery imported is about 24,000*l*. The whole amounts (with one or two other particulars) to 150,000*l*. The lavishing of all which money is just as prudent and necessary as to see a man in an embroidered coat begging out of Newgate in an old shoe.

I allow that the thrown and raw silk is less pernicious, because we have some share in the manufacture: but we are not now in circumstances to trifle. It costs us above 40,000*l*. a-year; and if the ladies till better times will not be content to go in their own country shifts, I wish they may go in rags. Let them vie with each other in the fineness of their native linen: their beauty and gentleness will as well appear, as if they were covered with diamonds and brocade.

I believe no man is so weak as to hope or expect that such a reformation can be brought about by a law. But a thorough hearty unanimous vote in both houses of parliament might perhaps answer as well: every senator, noble or plebeian, giving his honour, "That neither himself nor any of his family would in their dress, or furniture of their houses, make use of anything except what was of the growth and manufacture of this kingdom; and that they would use the utmost of their power, influence and credit, to prevail on their tenants, dependents and friends, to follow their example."

A MODEST PROPOSAL

FOR PREVENTING THE CHILDREN OF POOR PEOPLE IN IRELAND FROM BEING A BURDEN TO THEIR PARENTS OR COUNTRY, AND FOR MAKING THEM BENEFICIAL TO THE PUBLIC. 1729.

A foreign author is said actually to have considered the proposal as serious, and to have quoted it as an instance of the extremity under which Ireland laboured.

It is a melancholy object to those who walk through this great town or travel in the country, when they see the streets, the roads, and cabin doors, crowded with beggars of the female sex, followed by three, four, or six children, all in rags and importuning every passenger for an alms. These mothers, instead of being able to work for their honest livelihood, are forced to employ all their time in strolling to beg sustenance for their helpless infants; who as they grow up either turn thieves for want of work, or leave their dear native country to fight for the pretender in Spain, or sell themselves to the Barbadoes.

I think it is agreed by all parties that this prodigious number of children in the arms, or on the backs, or at the heels of their mothers, and frequently of their fathers, is in the present deplorable state of the kingdom a very great additional grievance; and therefore whoever could find out a fair, cheap, and easy method of making these children sound useful members of the commonwealth, would deserve so well of the public as to have his statue set up for a preserver of the nation.

But my intention is very far from being confined to provide only for the children of professed beggars; it is of a much greater extent, and shall take in the whole number of infants at a certain age who are born of parents in effect as little able to support them as those who demand our charity in the streets.

As to my own part, having turned my thoughts for many years upon this important subject, and maturely weighed the several schemes of our projectors, I have always found them grossly mistaken in their computation. It is true, a child just dropped from its dam, may be supported by her milk for a solar year, with little other nourishment; at most not above the value of 2*s.*, which the mother may certainly get, or the value in scraps by her lawful occupation of begging; and it is exactly at one year old that I propose to provide for them in such a manner as instead of being a charge upon their parents or the parish, or wanting food and raiment for the rest of their lives, they shall on the contrary contribute to the feeding, and partly to the clothing, of many thousands.

There is likewise another great advantage in my scheme, that it will prevent those voluntary abortions, and that horrid practice of women murdering their bastard children, alas, too frequent among us! sacrificing the poor innocent babes I doubt more to avoid the expense than the shame, which would move tears and pity in the most savage and inhuman breast.

The number of souls in this kingdom being usually reckoned one million and a half, of these I calculate there may be about 200,000 couple whose wives are breeders; from which number I subtract 30,000 couple who are able to maintain their own children, (although I apprehend there cannot be so many, under the present distresses of the kingdom;) but this being granted, there will remain 170,000 breeders. I again subtract 50,000 for those women who miscarry, or whose children die by accident or disease within the year. There only remain 120,000 children of poor parents annually born. The question therefore is, how this number shall be reared and provided for? which as I have already said under the present situation of affairs is utterly impossible by all the methods hitherto proposed. For we can neither employ them in handicraft or agriculture; we neither build houses (I mean in the country) nor cultivate land; they can very seldom pick up a livelihood by stealing, till they arrive at six years old, except where they are of towardly parts; although I confess they learn the rudiments much earlier; during which time, they can however be properly looked upon only as probationers; as I have been informed by a principal gentleman in the county of Cavan, who protested to me that he never knew above one or two instances under the age of six, even in a part of the kingdom so renowned for the quickest proficiency in that art.

I am assured by our merchants, that a boy or a girl before twelve years old is no saleable commodity; and even when they come to this age they will not yield above 3*l.* or 3*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.* at most on the exchange; which cannot turn to account either to the parents or kingdom, the charge of nutriment and rags having been at least four times that value.

I shall now therefore humbly propose my own thoughts, which I hope will not be liable to the least objection.

I have been assured by a very knowing American of my acquaintance in London, that a young healthy child well nursed is at a year old a most delicious, nourishing, and wholesome food, whether stewed, roasted, baked, or boiled; and I make no doubt that it will equally serve in a fricassee or a ragout.

I do therefore humbly offer it to public consideration that of the 120,000 children already computed, 20,000 may be reserved for breed, whereof only one-fourth part to be males; which is more than we allow to sheep, black cattle or swine; and my reason is, that these children are seldom the fruits of marriage, a circumstance not much regarded by our savages, therefore one male will be sufficient to serve four females. That the remaining 100,000 may at a year old, be offered in sale to the persons of quality and fortune through the kingdom; always advising the mother to let them suck plentifully in the last month, so as to render them plump and fat for a good table. A child will make two dishes at an entertainment for friends; and when the family dines alone, the fore or hind quarter will make a reasonable dish, and seasoned with a little pepper or salt will be very good boiled on the fourth day, especially in winter.

I have reckoned upon a medium that a child just born will weigh 12 pounds, and in a solar year, if tolerably nursed, will increase to 28 pounds.

I grant this food will be somewhat dear, and therefore very proper for landlords, who, as they have already devoured most of the parents, seem to have the best title to the children.

Infant's flesh will be in season throughout the year, but more plentifully in March, and a little before and after: for we are told by a grave author, an eminent French physician, that fish being a prolific diet, there are more children born in Roman catholic countries about nine months after Lent than at any other season; therefore, reckoning a year after Lent, the markets will be more glutted than usual, because the number of popish infants is at least three to one in this kingdom: and therefore it will have one other collateral advantage, by lessening the number of papists among us.

I have already computed the charge of nursing a beggar's child (in which list I reckon all cottagers, labourers, and four-fifths of the farmers) to be about 2*s.* per annum, rags included; and I believe no gentleman would repine to give 10*s.* for the carcass of a good fat child, which as I have said will make four dishes of excellent nutritive meat, when he has only some particular friend or his own family to dine with him. Thus the squire will learn to be a good landlord, and grow popular among his tenants; the mother will have 8*s.* net profit, and be fit for work till she produces another child.

Those who are more thrifty (as I must confess the times require) may flay the carcass; the skin of which artificially dressed will make admirable gloves for ladies, and summer boots for fine gentlemen.

As to our city of Dublin, shambles may be appointed for this purpose in the most convenient parts of it, and butchers we may be assured will not be wanting; although I rather recommend buying the children alive than dressing them hot from the knife as we do roasting pigs.

A very worthy person, a true lover of his country and whose virtues I highly esteem, was lately pleased in discoursing on this matter to offer a refinement upon my scheme. He said that many gentlemen of

this kingdom, having of late destroyed their deer, he conceived that the want of venison might be well supplied by the bodies of young lads and maidens, not exceeding 14 years of age nor under 12; so great a number of both sexes in every country being now ready to starve for want of work and service; and these to be disposed of by their parents if alive, or otherwise by their nearest relations. But with due deference to so excellent a friend and so deserving a patriot, I cannot be altogether in his sentiments; for as to the males, my American acquaintance assured me, from frequent experience, that their flesh was generally tough and lean, like that of our schoolboys by continual exercise, and their taste disagreeable; and to fatten them would not answer the charge. Then as to the females, it would I think with humble submission be a loss to the public, because they soon would become breeders themselves: and besides, it is not improbable that some scrupulous people might be apt to censure such a practice, (although indeed very unjustly,) as a little bordering upon cruelty; which, I confess, has always been with me the strongest objection against any project, how well soever intended.

But in order to justify my friend, he confessed that this expedient was put into his head by the famous Psalmanazar, a native of the island Formosa, who came from thence to London above twenty years ago; and in conversation told my friend, that in his country when any young person happened to be put to death, the executioner sold the carcass to persons of quality as a prime dainty; and that in his time the body of a plump girl of 15, who was crucified for an attempt to poison the emperor, was sold to his imperial majesty's prime minister of state, and other great mandarins of the court, in joints from the gibbet, at 400 crowns. Neither indeed can I deny, that if the same use were made of several plump young girls in this town, who without one single groat to their fortunes cannot stir abroad without a chair, and appear at playhouse and assemblies in foreign fineries which they never will pay for, the kingdom would not be the worse.

Some persons of a desponding spirit are in great concern about that vast number of poor people, who are aged, diseased, or maimed, and I have been desired to employ my thoughts what course may be taken to ease the nation of so grievous an encumbrance. But I am not in the least pain upon that matter, because it is very well known that they are every day dying and rotting by cold and famine, and filth and vermin, as fast as can be reasonably expected. And as to the young labourers they are now in almost as hopeful a condition; they cannot get work, and consequently pine away for want of nourishment, to a degree that if at any time they are accidentally hired to common labour, they have not strength to perform it; and thus the country and themselves are happily delivered from the evils to come.

I have too long digressed and therefore shall return to my subject. I think the advantages by the proposal which I have made, are obvious and many as well as of the highest importance.

For first, as I have already observed, it would greatly lessen the number of papists, with whom we are yearly over-run, being the principal breeders of the nation as well as our most dangerous enemies; and who stay at home on purpose to deliver the kingdom to the pretender, hoping to take their advantage by the absence of so many good protestants, who have chosen rather to leave their country than stay at home and pay tithes against their conscience to an episcopal curate.

Secondly, The poorer tenants will have something valuable of their own, which by law may be made liable to distress and help to pay their landlord's rent their corn and cattle being already seized, and money a thing unknown.

Thirdly, Whereas the maintenance of 100,000 children, from two years old and upward, cannot be computed at less than 10s. a-piece per annum, the nation's stock will be thereby increased 50,000*l.* per annum, beside the profit of a new dish introduced to the tables of all gentlemen of fortune in the kingdom who have any refinement in taste. And the money will circulate among ourselves, the goods being entirely of our own growth and manufacture.

Fourthly, The constant breeders, beside the gain of 8*s.* sterling per annum by the sale of their children will be rid of the charge of maintaining them after the first year.

Fifthly, This food would likewise bring great custom to taverns; where the vintners will certainly be so prudent as to procure the best receipts for dressing it to perfection, and consequently have their houses frequented by all the fine gentlemen, who justly value themselves upon their knowledge in good eating: and a skilful cook, who understands how to oblige his guests, will contrive to make it as expensive as they please.

Sixthly, This would be a great inducement to marriage, which all wise nations have either encouraged by rewards or enforced by laws and penalties. It would increase the care and tenderness of mothers toward their children, when they were sure of a settlement for life to the poor babes, provided in some sort by the public, to their annual profit or expense. We should see an honest emulation among the married women, which of them could bring the fattest child to the market. Men would become as fond of their wives during the time of their pregnancy as they are now of their mares in foal, their cows in calf, their sows when they are ready to farrow; nor offer to beat or kick them (as is too frequent a practice) for fear of a miscarriage.

Many other advantages might be enumerated. For instance, the addition of some thousand carcasses in our exportation of barreled beef, the propagation of swine's flesh, and improvement in the art of making good bacon, so much wanted among us by the great destruction of pigs, too frequent at our table; which are no way comparable in taste or magnificence to a well-grown, fat, yearling child, which roasted whole will make a considerable figure at a lord mayor's feast or any other public entertainment. But this and many others I omit, being studious of brevity.

Supposing that 1000 families in this city would be constant customers for infants' flesh, beside others who might have it at merry-meetings, particularly at weddings and christenings, I compute that Dublin would take off annually about 20,000 carcasses; and the rest of the kingdom (where probably they will be sold somewhat cheaper) the remaining 80,000.

I can think of no one objection that will possibly be raised against this proposal, unless it should be urged that the number of people will be thereby much lessened in the kingdom. This I freely own, and it was indeed one principal design in offering it to the world. I desire the reader will observe, that I calculate my remedy for this one individual kingdom of Ireland and for no other that ever was, is, or I think ever can be upon earth. Therefore let no man talk to me of other expedients: of taxing our absentees at 5*s.* a pound: of using neither clothes nor household furniture except what is of our own growth and manufacture: of utterly rejecting the materials and instruments that promote foreign luxury: of curing the expensiveness of pride, vanity, idleness, and gaming in our women: of introducing a vein of parsimony, prudence,

and temperance: of learning to love our country, in the want of which we differ even from LAPLANDERS and the inhabitants of TOPINAMBOO: of quitting our animosities and factions, nor acting any longer like the Jews, who were murdering one another at the very moment their city was taken: of being a little cautious not to sell our country and conscience for nothing: of teaching landlords to have at least one degree of mercy toward their tenants: lastly, of putting a spirit of honesty, industry, and skill into our shopkeepers; who, if a resolution could now be taken to buy only our negative goods, would immediately unite to cheat and exact upon us in the price, the measure, and the goodness, nor could ever yet be brought to make one fair proposal of just dealing though often and earnestly invited to it.

Therefore I repeat, let no man talk to me of these and the like expedients, till he has at least some glimpse of hope that there will be ever some hearty and sincere attempt to put them in practice.

But as to myself, having been wearied out for many years with offering vain, idle, visionary thoughts, and at length utterly despairing of success I fortunately fell upon this proposal; which, as it is wholly new, so it has something solid and real, of no expense and little trouble, full in our own power and whereby we can incur no danger in disobliging ENGLAND. For this kind of commodity will not bear exportation, the flesh being of too tender a consistence to admit a long continuance in salt, although perhaps I could name a country which would be glad to eat up our whole nation without it.

After all, I am not so violently bent upon my own opinion as to reject any offer proposed by wise men, which shall be found equally innocent, cheap, easy, and effectual. But before something of that kind shall be advanced in contradiction to my scheme, and offering a better, I desire the author or authors will be pleased maturely to consider two points. First, as things now stand, how they will be able to find food and raiment for 100,000 useless mouths and backs. And secondly, there being a round million of creatures in human figure throughout this kingdom, whose whole subsistence put into a common stock would leave them in debt 2,000,000*l.* sterling, adding those who are beggars by profession to the bulk of farmers, cottagers, and labourers, with the wives and children who are beggars in effect; I desire those politicians who dislike my overture, and may perhaps be so bold as to attempt an answer, that they will first ask the parents of these mortals, whether they would not at this day think it a great happiness to have been sold for food at a year old in the manner I prescribe, and thereby have avoided such a perpetual scene of misfortunes as they have since gone through by the oppression of landlords, the impossibility of paying rent without money or trade, the want of common sustenance, with neither house nor clothes to cover them from the inclemencies of the weather, and the most inevitable prospect of entailing the like or greater miseries upon their breed for ever.

I profess, in the sincerity of my heart, that I have not the least personal interest in endeavouring to promote this necessary work, having no other motive than the public good of my country, by advancing our trade, providing for infants, relieving the poor, and giving some pleasure to the rich. I have no children by which I can propose to get a single penny; the youngest being nine years old, and my wife past child-bearing.

THE PRESENT MISERABLE STATE OF IRELAND.

ZMA'I

FRIEND SIR R. WALPOLE IN LONDON: WHEREIN IS BRIEFLY STATED THE CAUSES AND HEADS OF ALL OUR WOES.

Supposed to be written in the character of the drapier.

SIR,—BY the last packet I had the favour of yours, and am surprised that you should apply to a person so ill qualified as I am, for a full and impartial account of the state of our trade. I have always lived as retired as possible; and have carefully avoided the perplexed honour of city offices; I have never minded anybody's business but my own; upon all which accounts and several others, you might easily have found among my fellow-citizens persons more capable to resolve the weighty questions you put to me than I can pretend to be.

But being entirely at leisure, even at this season of the year, when I used to have scarce time sufficient to perform the necessary offices of life, I will endeavour to comply with your request, cautioning you not implicitly to rely upon what I say excepting what belongs to that branch of trade in which I am more immediately concerned.

The Irish trade is, at present, in the most deplorable condition that can be imagined; to remedy it, the causes of its languishment must be inquired into: but as those causes (you may assure yourself) will not be removed, you may look upon it as a thing past hopes of recovery.

The first and greatest shock our trade received was from an act passed in the reign of king William, in the parliament of England, prohibiting the exportation of wool manufactured in Ireland. An act (as the event plainly shows) fuller of greediness than good policy; an act as beneficial to France and Spain as it has been destructive to England and Ireland. At the passing of this fatal act, the condition of our trade was glorious and flourishing, although no way interfering with the English; we made no broadcloths above 6*s.* per yard; coarse druggets, bays and shalloons, worsted damasks, strong draught works, slight half-works, and gaudy stuffs, were the only product of our looms: these were partly consumed by the meanest of our people, and partly sent to the northern nations, from which we had in exchange timber, iron, hemp, flax, pitch, tar, and hard dollars. At the time the current money of Ireland was foreign silver, a man could hardly receive 100*l.* without finding the coin of all the northern powers and every prince of the empire among it. This money was returned into England for fine cloths, silks, &c., for our own wear, for rents, for coals, for hardware, and all other English manufactures, and in a great measure supplied the London merchants with foreign silver for exportation.

The repeated clamours of the English weavers produced this act, so destructive to themselves and us. They looked with envious eyes upon our prosperity, and complained of being undersold by us in those commodities which they themselves did not deal in. At their instance the act was passed, and we lost our profitable northern trade. Have they got it? No, surely, you have found they have ever since declined in the trade they so happily possessed; you shall find (if I am rightly informed) towns without one loom in them, which subsisted entirely upon the woollen manufactory before the passing of this unhappy bill; and I will try if I can give the true reasons for the decay of their trade and our calamities.

Three parts in four of the inhabitants of that district of the town where I dwell were English manufac-

turers, whom either misfortunes in trade, little petty debts contracted through idleness, or the pressure of a numerous family, had driven into our cheap country. These were employed in working up our coarse wool, while the finest was sent into England. Several of these had taken the children of the native Irish apprentices to them, who being humbled by the forfeiture of upward of three millions by the Revolution, were obliged to stoop to a mechanic industry. Upon the passing of this bill, we were obliged to dismiss thousands of these people from our service. Those who had settled their affairs returned home, and overstocked England with workmen; those whose debts were unsatisfied went to France, Spain, and the Netherlands, where they met with good encouragement, whereby the natives, having got a firm footing in the trade, being acute fellows, soon became as good workmen as any we have, and supply the foreign manufactories with a constant recruit of artisans; our island lying much more under pasture than any in Europe. The foreigners (notwithstanding all the restrictions the English Parliament has bound us with) are furnished with the greatest quantity of our choicest wool. I need not tell you, sir, that a custom-house oath is held as little sacred here as in England, nor that it is common for masters of vessels to swear themselves bound for one of the English wool ports, and unload in France or Spain. By this means the trade in these parts is in a great measure destroyed, and we were obliged to try our hands at finer works, having only our home consumption to depend upon; and I can assure you, we have, in several kinds of narrow goods, even exceeded the English, and I believe we shall, in a few years more, be able to equal them in broadcloths; but this you may depend upon, that scarce the tenth part of English goods are now imported of what used to be before this famous act.

The only manufactured wares we are allowed to export are linen cloth and linen yarn, which are marketable only in England; the rest of our commodities are wool, restricted to England, and raw hides, skins, tallow, beef, and butter. Now these are things for which the northern nations have no occasion; we are therefore obliged, instead of carrying woollen goods to their markets and bringing home money, to purchase their own commodities.

In France, Spain, and Portugal, our wares are more valuable, though it must be owned our fraudulent trade in wool is the best branch of our commerce; from hence we get wines, brandy, and fruit very cheap, and in great perfection; so that though Englishmen have constrained us to be poor, they have given us leave to be merry.. From these countries we bring home moidores, pistoles, and louisd'ors, without which we should scarce have a penny to turn upon.

To England we are allowed to send nothing but linen cloth, yarn, raw hides, skins, tallow, and wool. From thence we have coals, for which we always pay ready money, India goods, English woollen and silks, tobacco, hardware, earthenware, salt, and several other commodities. Our exportations to England are very much overbalanced by our importations; so that the course of exchange is generally too high, and people choose rather to make their remittances to England in specie than by a bill, and our nation is in this manner perpetually drained of its little running cash.

Another cause of the decay of trade, scarcity of money, and swelling of exchange, is the unnatural affectation of our gentry to reside in and about London. Their rents are remitted to them, and spent there. The countryman wants employment from them; the country shopkeeper wants their custom. For this reason he can't pay his Dublin correspondent readily nor take off a great quantity of his wares. Therefore, the Dublin merchant cannot employ the artisan, nor keep up his credit in foreign markets.

I have discoursed with some of these gentlemen, persons esteemed for good sense, and demanded a reason for this their so unaccountable proceeding,—expensive to them for the present, ruinous to their country, and destructive to the future value of their estates,—and find all their answers summed up under three heads, curiosity, pleasure, and loyalty to king George. The two first excuses deserve no answer; let us try the validity of the third. Would not loyalty be much better expressed by gentlemen staying in their respective counties, influencing their dependents by their examples, saving their own wealth, and letting their neighbours profit by their necessary expenses, thereby keeping them from misery, and its unavoidable consequence, discontent? Or is it better to flock to London, be lost in a crowd, kiss the king's hand, and take a view of the royal family? The act of seeing the royal house may animate their zeal for it; but other advantages I know not. What employment have any of our gentlemen got by their attendance at court, to make up to them for their expenses? Why, about forty of them have been created peers, and a little less than a hundred of them baronets and knights. For these excellent advantages, thousands of our gentry have distressed their tenants, impoverished the trader, and impaired their own fortunes!

Another great calamity is the exorbitant raising of the rents of lands. Upon the determination of all leases made before the year 1690, a gentleman thinks he has but indifferently improved his estate if he has only doubled his rent-roll. Farms are screwed up to a rack-rent,—leases granted but for a small term of years,—tenants tied down to hard conditions, and discouraged from cultivating the lands they occupy to the best advantage, by the certainty they have of the rent being raised on the expiration of their lease proportionably to the improvements they shall make. Thus it is that honest industry is restrained; the farmer is a slave to his landlord; it is well if he can cover his family with a coarse home-spun frieze. The artisan has little dealings with him; yet he is obliged to take his provisions from him at an extravagant price, otherwise the farmer cannot pay his rent.

The proprietors of lands keep great part of them in their own hands for sheep-pasture; and there are thousands of poor wretches who think themselves blessed if they can obtain a hut worse than the squire's dog-kennel, and an acre of ground for a potato plantation, on condition of being as very slaves as any in America. What can be more deplorable than to behold wretches starving in the midst of plenty!

We are apt to charge the Irish with laziness, because we seldom find them employed; but then we do not consider they have nothing to do. Sir William Temple, in his excellent remarks on the United Provinces, inquires, why Holland, which has the fewest and worst ports and commodities of any nation in Europe, should abound in trade, and Ireland, which has the most and best of both, should have none? This great man attributes this surprising accident to the natural aversion man has for labour; who will not be persuaded to toil and fatigue himself for the superfluities of life throughout the week, when he may provide himself with all necessary subsistence by the labour of a day or two. But with due submission to Sir William's profound judgment, the want of trade with us is rather owing to the cruel restraints we lie under than to any disqualification whatsoever in our inhabitants.

I have not, sir, for these thirty years past, since I was concerned in trade (the greatest part of which time distresses have been flowing in upon us), ever observed them to swell so suddenly to such a height as

they have done within these few months. Our present *calamities are not to be represented; you can have no notion of them without beholding them.* Numbers of miserable objects crowd our doors, begging us to take their wares at any price, to prevent their families from immediate starvation. We cannot part with our money to them, both because we know not when we shall have a market for their goods, and as there are no debts paid, we are afraid of reducing ourselves to their own lamentable circumstances. The dismal time of trade we had during Marr's troubles in Scotland, are looked upon as happy days when compared with the present.

I need not tell you, sir, that this griping want, this dismal poverty, this additional woe, must be put to the account of those accursed stocks, which have desolated our country more effectually than England. Stock-jobbing was a kind of traffic we were utterly unacquainted with. We went late to the South Sea market, and bore a great share in the losses of it, without having tasted any of its profits.

If many in England have been ruined by stocks, some have been advanced. The English have a free and open trade to repair their losses; but above all, a wise, vigilant, and uncorrupted parliament and ministry, strenuously endeavouring to restore public trade to its former happy state. Whilst we, having lost the greatest part of our cash, without any probability of its returning, must despair of retrieving our losses by trade, and have before our eyes the dismal prospect of universal poverty and desolation.

I believe, sir, you are by this time heartily tired with this undigested letter, and are firmly persuaded of the truth of what I said in the beginning of it, that you had much better have imposed this task on some of our citizens of greater abilities. But perhaps, sir, such a letter as this may be, for the singularity of it, entertaining to you, who correspond with the politest and most learned men in Europe. But I am satisfied you will excuse its want of exactness and perspicuity, when you consider my education, my being unaccustomed to writings of this nature, and above all, those calamitous objects which constantly surround us, sufficient to disturb the clearest imagination and the soundest judgment.

Whatever cause I have given you, by this letter, to think worse of my sense and judgment, I fancy that I have given you a manifest proof that I am, sir,

Your most obedient humble servant, J. S.

TEN REASONS FOR REPEALING THE TEST ACT.

1. Because the presbyterians are people of such great interest in this kingdom, that there are not above ten of their persuasion in the house of commons, and but one in the house of lords; though they are not obliged to take the sacrament in the established church to qualify them to be members of either house of parliament.

2. Because those of the established church of this kingdom are so disaffected to the king, that not one of them worth mentioning, except the late duke of Ormond, has been concerned in the rebellion; and that our parliament, though there be so few presbyterians, has, upon all occasions, proved its loyalty to king George, and has readily agreed to and enacted what might support his government.

3. Because very few of the presbyterians have lost an employment worth 20*l.* per annum for not qualifying themselves according to the test act; nor will they accept of a militia commission, though they do of one in the army.

4. Because, if they are not in the militia and *other places of trust, the pretender and his adherents will* destroy us,—when he has no one to support him but the king of Spain; when king George is on a good understanding with Sweden, Prussia, and Denmark; and when he has made the best alliances in Christendom. When the emperor, king of Great Britain, the French king, the king of Sardinia, are all in the quadruple alliance against the Spaniard, his upstart cardinal, and the pretender; when bloody plots against Great Britain and France are blown to the winds; when the Spanish fleet is quite dispersed; when the French army is overrunning Spain; and when the rebels in Scotland are cut off.

5. The test clause should be repealed, because it is a defence against the reformation which the presbyterians long since promised to the churches of England and Ireland, viz., "We, noblemen, barons, knights, gentlemen, citizens, burgesses, ministers of the gospel, commons of all sorts in the kingdoms of Scotland, England, and Ireland, &c., each one of us for himself, with our hands lifted up to the most high God, do swear, first, That we will sincerely, really, and constantly, through the grace of God, endeavour in our several places and callings to aid the preservation of the reformed religion in the church of Scotland, in doctrine, worship, discipline, and government. Secondly, That we shall, in like manner, without respect of persons, endeavour to promote the extirpation of popery, prelacy; that is, church government by archbishops, their chancellors, and commissaries, deans, deacons, and chapters, archdeacons, and all other ecclesiastical officers depending on that hierarchy."

6. Because the presbyterian church government may be independent of the state. The Lord Jesus is king and head of his church; hath therein appointed a government in the hands of church officers distinct from the civil magistrate. As magistrates may lawfully call a synod of ministers to consult and advise with about matters of religion; so, if magistrates be open enemies to the church, the ministers of Christ of themselves, by virtue of their office, or they with other fit persons, upon delegation from their churches, may meet together in such assemblies.

7. Because they have not the free use of their religion when they disdain a toleration.

8. Because they have so little charity for episcopacy as to account it iniquitous. The address of the general assembly to the duke of Queensberry in the late reign says, that to tolerate the episcopal clergy in Scotland would be to establish iniquity by a law.

9. Because repealing the test clause will probably disoblige ten of his majesty's good subjects for one it can oblige.

10. Because, if the test clause be repealed, the presbyterians may with the better grace get into employments, and the easier worm out those of the established church.

TWO LETTERS TO THE PUBLISHER OF THE DUBLIN WEEKLY JOURNAL.

Nemo in sese tentat descendere.—Pers

Sir, Saturday, September 14, 1728.

I sat down the other day to take myself into consideration, thinking it an odd thing that I should cast my eyes so much abroad to make discoveries of other people, and should never care or bethink what I myself was doing at home. Upon inquiry, I found *self-reflection* to be a very disagreeable thing. I was ever very well with myself upon the whole; but

when I came to this piece-work I saw so many faults and flaws, so many things wanting, and so many to be mended, that I did not know where to begin or what to say, but grew prodigiously sick of the subject. In fine, I became thoroughly chagrined and out of humour; till after much musing I most manfully came to a conclusion, and so softened down my long run of questions and answers into this issue:—Well, I care not though I have not got 30,000*l.* per annum; yet I am a projector, and except twice this sum very soon. Well, what if I am not a minister of state? I am a poet;—and straight to pen, ink, and paper, I betook me; and with these two single considerations I outbalanced the whole posse of articles that weighed just now against me.

I laid the foundation of an hundred and fifty poems, odes, satires, and ballads. I compared poetry and building together, as you will see it done in my parallel in this paper. I went on in the manner immediately following, and drew out the proposals, hereafter specified, for raising 54,674*l.* 12*s.* in two years. I grew well with myself in half an hour, was as rich as a Jew and as great as a lord. I despised everybody that could not write and make songs. I put on my best wig, coat, and best laced shirt; and away I went to Lucas's, to laugh at all the prig puppies that could not speak Spanish.

Before I came to this dernier, (amongst a million) I remember the few following observations occurred to me: As that a poet and projector are very near a-kin; the same fire and spirit, the same invention, penetration, and forecast being required to frame a project and a poem, especially projects of architecture and building; to both which I shall speak, and show their near resemblance to each other by and by. For instance, you must, both in poetry and projects, first lay your plan and ground-work; one part must precede and draw on and answer another; you must not only frame the main body, and shell or hull in one, and the drama or design in the other; but you must contrive passages, wings, out-houses, colonnades, porches, &c., which in poetry answer proemiums, digressions, parentheses, episodes, incidents, perorations, conclusions, prefaces, and indexes: Then the fable of a poem, or the ground-work of a project, must be equally probable, not too much exceeding life, taken from nature, or something very like nature. In the execution of both, you must grow from chaos and darkness to the little glimmerings of existence first, and then proceed to more lightsome appearances afterwards, keeping always the tip-top splendour and sublime in view, being very confident of the success of the undertaking, sparing no pains, nor money if you have it, to push the performance; cursing the diffidence and impatience of a certain sort of people of the quiet cast of mind, never being discouraged at any unkind muse or cross-grained deity that obstructs the pullulation of the *durum vegetaturum*, or who will not yet suffer the poem to become correct and complete; so that one may immediately say of the author,

Os populi meruisse, et cedro digna locutum.

And if at last the project miscarries, and the poem be damned, you are to curse fortune, and damn a tasteless, unbelieving world; you are to drink a bottle of port after a quart of porter, and to begin a new design next morning, *et sic, in circulo ad infinitum*, till fame and fortune court you or till you are philosopher enough to despise them, which is all one, and then die; but be sure you never forgive the senseless and ungrateful town. *Probatum est.*

Now before I proceed I must declare that I pique myself mightily upon the laudable professions which I treat of; and I do freely acknowledge and own, however the severer sort may sneer at me for it, that I find more self-complacency and joy of mind from my professions of poetry and project-hunting, than from my knighthood, though it be the very mirror and glory of all knighthood, than from my learning, my birth, my little fortune and skill in dress, or my making love, or from any other advantage of mine over the herd of men; and to cut down the *cool ones* all at once, I hereby loudly affirm that the joy of mind arising from one's being conscious that he is a poet, exceeds all other advantages of mind, body, and fortune whatever.

In short, I'll out with the secret:—Depend on it, gentlemen, that poetry is meat, drink, clothes, washing, and lodging, and I know it. And I appeal for the truth of it to every hackney author, in prose as well as verse, in town. You will allow, I believe, all happiness to consist in imagination, that is, in men's way of thinking themselves to be happy or not; *crede quod habes, et habes.* Now I hope there is nobody that will dispute the right of imagination with a poet, *Ergo* —on which foundation, I never fail to argue thus with myself: My lord has disappointed me, true; d—n him, I have more sense than he; he cannot take my wit and my pen from me, and good sense and wit are a fortune at all times. What though he makes me hate him for a thousand reasons, he shall not, he cannot, put me out of conceit with myself—d—n him, I made two lines to-day of more worth and value than him and his, and all that belong to him.

Sed Vatem egregium! Cui non sit publica vena,
Qui nihil expositum soleat deducere, nec qui
Communi feriat carmen triviale monetâ!
Hunc! Qualem nequeo monstrare, et sentio tantùm.

Excellent, by my soul. *Sentio tantum!* and so, hang your lords and squires, your coaches, and equipages.

Ad incubatum, Sir James; fear not the *limæ labor et mora;* write, *quod demorsos sapit ungues*, and then you are happy, you are rich; Apollo's your patron, and the muses, and the fawns, and old *Silenus, et Bacchus Pater*, will crown you with joy, and your head will never ache, and your belly will never croak with the colic. Consider this, you wise ones, and believe it to be true:

Bacchum in remotis carmina rupibus
Vidi docentem, credite, posteri.

Believe me, I say, and consider what follows as a proof of it.

If about three I find the company slink off, and that I am left alone in the green, I retire to a bench, where I pull out Virgil, and read the description of Elysium till five, contemplating how the shades are entertained below with philosophy, and how they live on pure ether, amidst groves and rivulets; this done, I pay a visit to my lady—drink green tea, and to prevent the too searching quality of that piercing fluid, I call for a thin slice or two of bread and butter, and then think no more of dinner than dulness; dinner's over for that day. If at night I am deserted the same way, at the playhouse or Lucas's, I retire; solitude is the blessedest state in the world; who would bear the noise and impertinency of fops and fools? So I read a little philosophy first, then some poetry, or a little Spanish prose, and never awake out of my studies till all the house is asleep; and then it's too late to think of sending to the cook's, or going to a tavern, and so truly I e'en go to bed. I am a perfect master of the art of sleeping, and take it to be a very nourishing thing. If I am served the same way the second day, I amuse my bowels with my own works, for which, I own, I never do want bowels. If the sun shines not more favourable the third day, I write; invention takes off all attention to everything but itself; when my brain is full, my belly is never empty; nor do I care who dines or sups, if I make and like my own verses: By wanting

provisions that day, I generally provide for many days, in some epistle or dedication, and maybe I have provided that, as I shall live well, so I shall never die; and that night I dream of whole markets of meat and whole rivers of wine.

N.B. A little bread, ale, and porter, must be supposed each day in some lucid interval.

The brain being drained, on the fourth day I begin to have some little compassion for my virtuous and forbearing guts; Hang it, says I, one cannot study and labour always—I will e'en go and divert my lord—he'll rejoice to see me—I'll say my best things—go—"*sans ceremony*, my lord, I know the beaux esprits are always at home with your lordship—I'gad, I am in the best humour in the world, my lord—my spirits are all up, my lord—I have finished an incomparable piece, my lord—and I don't know anybody, my lord, that relishes, and therefore deserves to have good things said to him more than your lordship, my lord:"—so, down I sit, and eat and drink like a devil.

But pray excuse me, gentlemen, for this digression; digression seems to be the very life and soul of writing, and therefore I here present you with the parallel I promised you just now, between a book and a house, and between building, projecting, and writing.

To the Publisher of the Dublin Weekly Journal.

Nemo in sese tentat descendere.—Pers.

Sir, Saturday, September 21, 1728.

In my last I promised you a Parallel between a book and a house, and between building, projecting, and writing, as also a proposal for raising a sum not exceeding 54,674*l.* 12*s.* in two years.

THE PARALLEL.

Cover of the book—top of the house. Blank leaves—avenue. Half title-page—court-yard and wall. Whole title-page—front of the house. Dedication—porter, who tells lies and flatters all day long, for the good of the family but to the utter abuse of the person he speaks to. Preface—hall, wherein are contained guns, pikes, and bows, for the defence of the premises. Contents—the mistress of the family. Introduction—the staircase. Bulk of the book—the master of the house and furniture. Ornaments—trophies, figures, similes, &c. Index—the house of office.

I might go on and show how particular sorts of writing resemble particular sorts of building, and that an epic poem is like a palace, and the panegyric its painted walls; that school-divinity is like a church, where the terms of art, like the seats and pulpit, lie always in the same situation, and may be made use of very aptly for different purposes, according to the present possessors and occupiers, and serve the end of the heterodox at one time, the orthodox at another; that the law is like wooden houses of our ancestors, with wooden furniture, where you are continually offended with knots and hurt with flaws, and are very often fired out of all you have; that mathematics resemble a well-built arch, logic a castle; and romances castles in the air; divinity is like St. Paul's church at London, that will never be finished nor be liked by everybody, and that will be always decaying, repairing, and mending: sophistry is a dark entry, and irony a vault; digression a drawing room, history a gallery, essays a dining-room, and sermons a bedchamber: poetry may be compared to Gresham college, where there is a variety of gewgaws and rarities, which, when you have seen, you come away, but are neither the better, wiser, or richer for them.

There are many pieces of writing like one famous building in this city. Heraldry is bedlam; church controversy, bedlam; law terms of art, bedlam; physic-terms, bedlam; journals, bedlam; advertisements, bedlam; modern political tracts, bedlam. I might, I say, pursue this subject, had I a mind, and show that the Chillingworth and Hoadleian style and writings are the true and ancient Tuscan dialects, simple, well-concerted, and put together, beautiful enough, and what will last as long as the sun shines by means of their proportion; and that they who write in defence of impositions and constraint of opinions, raise their worth in the right Gothic order, far remote from the ancient proportions and ornaments of buildings, with a pillar here of a vast massy form, and there another as slender as a pole, having capitals without any certain dimensions, and carved with thorny leaves of thistles, coleworts, and bear's-foot, so that to see them or touch them offends you, but the comfort is they will not last long.

I might go through the Doric, the Ionic, the Corinthian, the Composite, and add the Attic order also, and show you the several authors and their writings that have resemblance to them; but I am not inclined to do it at this time, nor to show you the resemblance that several styles and kinds of writing have to the inside and furniture of buildings, whether palaces, private houses, lodges, or public buildings, as, that history puts one in mind of the housekeeper and nurse, and sometimes the good woman of the house; that poetry is the china-ware, ethics the looking-glasses; common place-books, p——g-p-ts, commentaries, candles in dark lanterns, which neither see themselves nor let anything else be seen; that an epic poem is a feast; translations, hashes; miscellanies, olios; that odes are tarts and cheese-cakes; dedications, whip syllabubs; epistles, pot-luck; lampoons, table-talk; satires, tea-tables; and polyanthuses, chamber-maids, that do all the business of the house,—and a thousand more, which some time or other I will record in this my never-dying registry, instead of which, for the present take what follows.

A LIST OF MY PROPOSALS FOR RAISING A SUM NOT EXCEEDING 54,674*l.* 12*s.* IN TWO YEARS.

	£.	s.	d.
For my new comedy this winter—			
The first third night	500	0	0
The second third night	150	0	0
The third third night	150	0	0
From the printer	105	0	0
For the dedication	105	0	0
Ditto for my tragedy next winter . .	1,000	0	0
For my two farces each winter. . .	100	0	0
In fame for them, placed to account as value received	5,000	0	0
For 52 papers to be sent, as the humour bites, to the printer, once a fortnight	54	12	0
For casual pamphlets, at a moderate computation, from the booksellers .	100	0	0
From the government for ditto . .	200	0	0
From ditto in fame	100	0	0
For answering Mist's Journal . . .	200	0	0
For panegyrics on four certain lords .	200	0	0
For casual odes, familiar epistles, lampoons, satires, dedications, loose letters and verses, anagrams, mottos for rings and sign-posts, stating cases, drawing petitions, translating, correcting, giving hints, lending a thought, altering sentences, adding paragraphs; and innumerable deles, modestly speaking	500		
Hush-money of several sorts . . .	200		
For a scheme to prevent running of goods	5,000		
From the government for ways and means for two years	10,000		

	£.	s.	d.
From the owner of the lamps, for lessening their number, by inventing one large one which, set on a pole 30 feet high, in the middle, shall enlighten every the least part of the largest street in town, so that one may read Greek by it, and by inventing an asbestenous phosphor to save the expense of oil, men's labour, &c., which phosphor may remain in the lamp without being tempered or attended, as long as the lamp holds together; and which lamps therefore need never be removed; and which phosphor, like the stars, will always shine when the sun disappears; for this invention 200*l.* per annum for ever, which, at 30 years' purchase, comes to	6,000	0	0
For inventing the perpetual motion .	5,000	0	0
For discovering the æquator stone, which points the needle east and west	20,000	0	0
In all .	£54,674	12	0

IMPERFECT PROJECTS.

To make salt water fresh.

To secure ships from sinking.

To restore Roman eloquence and love of our country.

To convert pagans.

To make all christians of one mind.

To revive masquerades.

To calculate nativities.

To break Hawkins and his agents by abolishing the several corporations of beggars, whores, pickpockets, and rapparees.

To prevent wrinkles in any part of the body or the face.

To prevent both sexes from ever being old women.

A preservative against the involuntary loss of a maidenhead.

But pray excuse haste, gentlemen, you shall soon hear from me more fully on all these subjects. In the meantime, I am, sir,

Your most humble servant, W. B.

THREE LETTERS UPON THE USE OF IRISH COAL.

To the Publisher of the Dublin Weekly Journal.

> Who is so blind as he
> That can—but will not see?

SIR, Saturday, August 9, 1729.

As I take the following case to be of service to the kingdom in general as well as to this city in particular, I look upon it as a duty incumbent on you to publish it in your paper. I shall make no other apology, but subscribe myself a dear friend to my country, and

Yours, &c. S. D. H.

To all the housekeepers of the city of Dublin: the case of many thousand poor inhabitants of this city, in a letter to a very worthy member of parliament, &c.

SIR, Dublin, August 4, 1729.

HAVING some time ago laid before your house the case of many thousand poor families and housekeepers of the city of Dublin, concerning the extravagant rates of coals in this city, and meeting with some success, makes me now reassume this second trouble, which none but those who were eye-witnesses to the lamentable state and condition of the poor all this last hard winter can give an exact account of. In a word, the general cry throughout this city was of cold and hunger.

Looking back into the journals of your house last session, and the state of the accounts, I find a considerable sum of money (no less than 4000*l.*) allowed for the encouragement of Irish coals, *i. e.* for laying in a sufficient stock of our own coals to lower the extravagant price of the Whitehaven coal, &c., which coal was no less than 30*s.* per ton this last winter, when the Irish coals (if any could have been spared or kept in stock till winter) by our new company of adventurers were sold at 14*s.* and 15*s.* per ton.

The mismanagement thereof, the misapplication of that fund, the disadvantageous, hazardous situation of this new projected port, the embezzlement of both the money and coals, I shall treat of in a more particular manner hereafter.

When the city was starving all the last winter for want of coals, there was not one barrel of Irish coal to be had at any rate; and for the want of a stock the Whitehaven colliers imposed upon us what rates they pleased.

It is to be observed that all or great part of the Irish coals imported, and to be laid up for the winter season, was sold out in summer to the barracks, the custom-house, and the glass-house.

The barracks.—The computation, at so many bushels of coal to each room, according to the consumption and lasting of Whitehaven coal, which was near one-third less to the poor soldier in his firing, and the slack useless.

The custom-house.—The commissioners and officers having a hank upon the Whitehaven owners, they dare not impose upon them in the price of their coals, so that they might have been spared in selling out of the public stock, for the commissioners would have been content to have a stock left for the relief of the poor in winter; but in this, as in all other cases, the public and the poor are always the last to be served.

As I conceive such a stock ought not to be delivered out till the height of winter, and to be sold out in small parcels, as half a barrel or barrel at most at any one time, still to keep a stock for the relief of the poor, and to keep down any exaction or exorbitant price laid upon coals.

As to the glass-house, the undertakers in the one and the adventurers in the other, are most of them joined in company, and these coals consumed in blowing bottles.

A NEW EXPERIMENT IN FINDING THE VACUUM.

These bottle-makers, like the children, play with soap and water, blowing up bottles in a sun-shiny day, makes various fine colours while it lasts, and like their pots hitherto, both prove alike to be—a bubble.

I am no way for discouraging the design, though as yet it has proved all in vain, but entirely against lessening the stock (designed so to be reserved for the relief of the poor, &c.) upon any account whatever.

And I find the glass-house too near to the coal-yard and to the city. As to the latter, I remember two dreadful fires occasioned by glass-houses within this city.

Now that I am upon this subject of fire and smoke, I must mention that quarter of the town where I have seen such a train of coaches, the ladies taking a tour to the Strand, and all this gaiety at once eclipsed (like the chariot of the sun) by a dark thick cloud of smoke. This glass-house has been complained of as an exceedingly great nuisance in that neighbourhood, and by the several inhabitants thereabouts; but as the design is good, let them try their hand once more, until it is brought to some perfection, and when once a right

method is found, it will be an encouragement to proceed further therein, and carry on the work in some remote part of the town.

AS TO THE KEEPING A STOCK OF COALS.

One objection to our Irish coal, if kept for any time, is that the sulphureous matter of the coal (when dug up and torn out of its natural bed) evaporates of exhales by the sun and air, and natural causes are offered; but we know that a coal, though it may lose some of the outward, whether sulphureous or bituminous, matter, yet the inside of the coal cannot be penetrated or made worse, either by the sun, air, water, or any cause whatsoever, in one season or two.

And how easy is all this remedied, at a little expense, when a thousand of furzes, with a little dirty stable litter on it, will cover 20,000 tons of coals.

And the same furzes may be made use of again, as you break into the body and bulk of your stock of coals, with little or no cost.

I come now to lay before you the great advantage of a coal that have within ourselves, in our own province, that exceeds any other coal whatsoever, that is, the Kilkenny coal. I appeal to all those that make use of that coal, and to all such as ever have been in that country, for a just report.

What will neighbouring nations, what will posterity say of us, that for so great a series of time as these collieries have been found out, the use of so great a blessing as this is should have been so long neglected? They may truly say, an ignorant, indolent, cursed, slothful people:—as, when we find a good mine, we do not know how to make use of it.

Nature affords us navigable rivers near these collieries, the Barrow, upper and lower, which falls into Ross, Waterford, and other ports: and when once our neighbouring kingdom can get a trial, finding the value of this coal for several uses, they will be glad at any rate to purchase that which we ourselves have foolishly neglected so long a time. What hardships have we undergone! What immense sums have been taken out of this kingdom! laid out for a much worse coal; the value so much inferior to this of the Kilkenny, that there is no manner of comparison in goodness, for heat and duration.

This is the great article in draining the money out of the kingdom, without any the least return; this it is that makes silver so scarce; these colliers taking no other money over but that specie alone.

It is objected, the difficulty in lighting this coal. Do the people in that county make any difficulty in lighting their fires? and is turf so scarce here, that you will want a fire for want of turf to light it? Time and experience will tell the contrary.

In order to make your fire burn bright and clear, 'tis no more than to add a bar or two to the bottom of your grate, to give it more air, and you may have a constant, lasting, good fire, once you are accustomed to it, it will answer all the ends you propose.

As to any suffocating smell in this coal, and making people drowsy, those that are conversant with it deny the assertion, and say it is the violent heat in this more than in any other coal, which may be very easily qualified:

And a little turf, or any small quantity of coal, mixed with it, removes all objections that can be made; as the old saying, we are still more nice than wise.

Are there any people in this kingdom so free from asthmas as in the county of Kilkenny? Not only the inhabitants, but all others that resort thither, can testify, and much it is owing to their fire, free from smoke. The constant thick clouds of smoke that hang over Dublin are so nauseous, the air so corrupted, that the smell of the smoke is perceptible some miles off, insomuch, that few or none ever escape without some disorder.

Who is there here that cannot see the cause and has not felt the effect? None but those that are inured to this fire and smoke, that has so intoxicated their brains, that they are void of all their senses, and in such a lethargy they will not seek relief.

The physicians in Dublin make it their constant practice to remove their patients to some purer air near the suburbs, out of the smoke of the city, which in winter is so thick, and cloudy enough to stifle men and beasts, so great an influence, that it affects even the blossom and bloom of the flowers in the spring.

And the chief cause of the bad air about Dublin proceeds from the great quantity of smoke in the coals used here; the best proof that can be, by your senses in seeing and smelling.

I am very well informed and assured, that the common rate of the Kilkenny coal, at the pits, is 16*d.* the stand; the stand is 500, one quarter weight; that 4 stand makes 1 ton 1 cwt.; and 1 ton of this coal at the pit comes to about a crown-piece, which, with the further charge by water-carriage, &c., cannot exceed in the whole more than 10*s.* or 12*s.* per ton in Dublin, for Kilkenny coal; when the same coal, by land-carriage to this town, commonly costs about 20*s.* per ton in Dublin market, and that only to be had in the summer season. Is there no distinction to be made, when 1 ton of this coal will outlast 3 ton of any other coal? Have you no thought now (after such dear-bought experience these many years) of keeping what little money you have to circulate in your own kingdom, and lay it out among one another? O CIVES, CIVES, &c.

I have been very well assured, that several of the Whitehaven owners have combined together, and have declared, that this next winter they resolve to starve you out and out by raising their coals to 40*s.* a ton, on account of the usage they met with from the lord mayor the last winter; then necessity will compel you to what has now been offered.

As to the new projected port—in winter it will avail little or nothing; besides the great loss to the buyer in the slack of this coal, and many other disadvantages to all but the proprietors and undertakers. The cause of lashing out in this satirical manner proceeds not from any fondness for variety, but a just flight of passion, that people should be so blind and infatuated, in point of their own interest and welfare; but no inducement can swerve me from the interest of my country. I need not, nay, cannot urge it further; and like what a worthy prelate said upon the like occasion, for the good of his country—*Liberavi animam meam,*—I have done my duty, and discharged my conscience. I cannot find any but who will be pleased, except money-changers and chimney-sweepers.

Even most of the bankers (those worthy members of the commonwealth) will be for it, because they can get no exchange to and fro to Whitehaven.

Must I at last (Stewart-like) address myself to the ladies, (too hard a task for an old man to undertake with pleasure) therefore I cannot hold long upon the subject.

The ladies may lay aside their washes, &c., that destroy the complexion. This preserves it, and renders the Kilkenny beauty both pure and lasting as the Kilkenny marble.

Sir, as I have exceeded the bounds of a letter, I refer the conclusion of this to your next. And am, for the present, my country's

Most humble, &c., M. B.

To the Publisher of the Dublin Weekly Journal.

Who is so blind, as he
That can—but will not see?

SIR, Saturday, August 16, 1729.

I HAVE in my last given you a small sketch, hoping, the next session, you will propose, encourage, and improve the method already taken by our masters and owners of ships, in importing Kilkenny coal to this city, for immediate relief, that we may have a constant supply of coals to this city, and that a competent stock may be laid in for the relief of the poor.

I pray and wish (for I have nothing more at heart, no other view, than the service of the public) that this scheme in particular serving the city of Dublin and the kingdom in general may and will be improved. For my part, I can think of no other surer way than the encouragement of importing the coals aforesaid.

I am, sir, your most humble servant, M.B.

N.B. The reason of writing and communicating this affair so early before the session, is that no time should be lost, that now in summer the coals may be dug up (I mean in great quantities) and drawn from the pits to the water side.

Now the way is paved, and a clear road, without any let or trouble in bringing them.

This will employ the poor and a great many hands, and this is the time for encouraging and carrying on the work, as the city, the head of this weak, poor, feeble nation is grown so monstrous great (a head too big for the body), so in proportion it will require and take an exceedingly great quantity of coals to serve it with firing.

But when you consider the difference, as I shall hereafter show and demonstrate the lasting of this coal, that in a great measure will lessen the quantity of coals to supply and answer this great call, and save you above one-third in the charge of your firing. It will save immense sums that are now drawn from you every year by the Whitehaven and other colliers, in this so great an article and charge of firing, and when the poorer sort cannot lay in a stock in the proper season. Upon many accounts, as embargos and many other accidents, the rates and price of coals continually advance and grow more and more. The making use of your own fuel, of what sort soever, it is like the poor man's case, who, when he has a garden of his own well planted, and can dig up his own potatoes, can have no occasion then to buy potatoes from his neighbours.

POSTSCRIPT.

Since I received this former account, I sent for one hundred weight of Kilkenny coal, which cost 1s., and weighed one-quarter of the hundred of this coal, one quarter of the Whitehaven, and a quarter of a hundred of the Irish coal,—so ordered, for an experiment or trial, three separate fires to be made. The latter consumed away very swift, in a blaze, lasted but between two and three hours (from the time the fire was full lighted) leaving little or no cinders, but all ashes.

The Whitehaven coal lasted between four and five hours, and left a small heap of cinders, with some slates, and I find it to abound with slates, and very slaty coal, that flies and crackles in the fire. The Kilkenny fire held good and clear above nine hours, with a great heat. Afterwards my fire-maker washed the cinders thereof, and made as good a fire as before, and so continued the same, which convinced me of the extraordinary goodness of this coal, preferable to all the coals that I ever saw, for several uses the most beneficial coal that I ever yet read or heard of in these kingdoms or in all Europe.

Is it not very surprising? or can any sensible man say that we are in our senses, to encourage and send abroad for coals when we have so good a coal of our own at home, far better than the coal which we pay so much ready money for, and so little to share in the kingdom. Now I may venture to say and affirm it to be the very best coal in the world.

Look at your prisons, behold the vast number of poor debtors, and with pity look upon the poor starving in your streets, while the rich and estated men live in pomp and innate folly and prodigality abroad, draining this poor country of their wealth.

And when many poor farmers and other manufacturers, for want of due encouragement, are running away and transporting themselves to the plantations abroad; see the decay of trade in general, and all other the misfortunes that surround you, that which was formerly called the island of Saints, the plentiful island, so swarmed with the poorer sort that it is now almost an island of beggars.

The curious, upon inquiry, may have a full account of these coals by the masters and owners of ships at Aston's Quay, Dublin.

Some papers have been brought here, as proposals, in relation to some new discoveries of more coal mines, and the more the better, but at first sight they seem to savour too much of self-interest.

Till these projectors bring specimens, and to such a bearing as the Whitehaven, and till there be a security for the ships, where the proposalists call for 10,000*l.*, though, as I am informed, with a great uncertainty of performance, and another call by way of subscription for above 20,000*l.* But where and how the money will be raised here, and upon what security, will be another question.

I must be so free with those gentlemen projectors, that at this time a much less sum than either would be better laid out for the relief of the poor; and since I can have no other view (no manner of interest there) than serving the public, entitled, without any apology, to a much greater freedom in this city, than poor projectors begging subscriptions to carry on their own works, in the manner and way they have heretofore proposed.

That it is most natural to begin with the coals you have nearest at hand, lying in your own province, and so far preferable, that no other coal here can sink the established credit of the Whitehaven; and the first point that ought to be cleared up, besides the advantage in bringing them up, both by land and by sea, in great quantities to Dublin. And if the Irish coal be rated from 14*s.* to 17*s.* per ton, and Whitehaven from 17*s.* to 20*s.*, and the Kilkenny coal, which is three times a more lasting and better coal, and may serve for an alloy to the former, can be brought at a less price by water-carriage, as before mentioned, and as by some persons that made trial and freighted ships from thence at their own expense have found out, why we should not choose the latter seems very strange. And further, that there are several other coal mines lately discovered there, and those collieries daily improving, that will answer all purposes; and I am sure I can depend upon the credit of so many worthy gentlemen that make a report thereof, and which in a proper time and place you will hear further of.

Excuse haste. I am, with great affection as well as freedom, your most humble, &c. M. B.

N.B. This letter (for the benefit of the curious) is to be sold by Christopher Dixon, printer, at the post-office, Dublin. Printed alone, for the conveniency of sending them to the country.

To the Publisher of the Dublin Weekly Journal.

SIR,—WE had some time ago in your Weekly Journal two letters about the coals for the use of this city, the inserting this *third* letter, as relates to the former, will be a satisfaction to your correspondents and oblige every one that is a well wisher to his country.

We are, your constant readers, and subscribe,

A. B. C. D., &c.

A third letter, in answer to a worthy member of parliament, and in behalf of many thousand poor inhabitants of this city, concerning the extravagant rates of coals, &c.

SIR, Dublin, October 23, 1729.

YOUR friends being abroad, I read, as you desired, the whole budget of papers you sent about the coals.

Proposals, animadversions, with queries, and other remarks, with some ridiculous advertisements in habit and dress more suitable to coal-porters than gentlemen of liberal arts and education. I do not know whose hand the glove fits—but it is not worth the taking up. It seems to be somebody full of scorbutic humour, and who wants Dr. Hinton's receipt.

Upon your request, I inquired into this affair of coals; and to strengthen and preserve the poor, weak, disordered habit and constitution of body, that this city labours under, with a complication of distempers, requires some remedies, without jarring at one another.

One great disorder and complaint about coals (which the drapier most justly observes) is, that there was a considerable sum of money advanced for the encouragement of Irish coals, for laying in, namely, a sufficient stock of our own coals to lower the extravagant rates of the Whitehaven coal.

When the city was starving all the last winter for want of coals, there was not one barrel of this Irish coal to be had at any rate, and for want of that stock the Whitehaven colliers imposed upon us what rates they pleased.

He also tried the nature and quality of the several sorts of coals, and sent for one hundred of Kilkenny coal, which cost a shilling, and weighed one quarter of an hundred of that coal, one quarter of the Whitehaven, and a quarter of an hundred of the Irish coal, and so ordered, for an experiment or trial, three several fires to be made. The latter consumed away very swift in a blaze, lasted between two and three hours (from the time that the fire was full lighted), leaving little or no cinders, but all ashes.

The Whitehaven coal lasted between four and five hours, and left a small heap of cinders; and find it to abound with slates, a very slaty coal, that flies and crackles in the fire. The Kilkenny fire held good and clear above nine hours, with an exceeding great heat; afterwards the fire-maker washed the cinders thereof, a great quantity, and made as good a fire as before, and so continued the same. It is the most beneficial coal ever yet heard of in these kingdoms; a coal that has no waste in it, and one ton thereof will outlast two of the Whitehaven. In the Irish history, province of Leinster, county of Kilkenny, this coal is particularly mentioned. It supplies great part of Leinster and Munster; there is a very large description of the qualities and goodness of this coal for many uses too tedious here to insert, and far exceeding any other coal for the common use and lasting fire.

Whatever new discoveries there are of more coal mines, (as I am informed of one in the county of Meath,) the more the better; and let all the encouragement that can be given for finding out the same.

We ought first to begin with the coals we have found to be so good, that we have so near at hand, lying in our own province; so far preferable, that no other coal as yet found here can sink the established credit of the Whitehaven, for lasting, except the Kilkenny coal.

And I can find no manner of objection but what is all fully answered in the DRAPIER'S postscript and letter which you received in May last.

There is one of these gentlemen (mentioned in your letter) has frankly confessed, that the Kilkenny coals are preferable for kitchen uses; and if what we generally called Kilkenny coals could be brought up in quantities sufficient to supply this city, yet they would not answer all uses, so in consequence other sorts of coals will be sought after.

But I think the coals for kitchen use, as he calls it, is the chief and most use in the city; and pray if it be a better coal for the kitchen, (which is the greatest article in firing,) is it not good enough for the parlour?

If he wants an extraordinary swift fire for my lady's dressing-room he may get faggots, and abundance of tallies when he wants faggots.

I have often wondered why the same sort of tea in the county of Kilkenny has a sweeter flavour and drinks better there than the Dublin; and I find the cause proceeds frequently from the smoke of the coals here, notwithstanding all the care that can be taken, leaves some tincture in the water and spoils the taste of the tea.

By the two different fires you will find a great difference in your tea. Some will have it to be the difference in the water; but I assure you upon trial you will find it to be in the fire and smoke. There is a great deal in the quality and nature of the coal, those fiery particles that set the water in a ferment; the more easily discerned before it is infused and sweetened.

It is not upon account of recommending this dear-bought East India commodity, nor the modish custom of drinking tea; nor on the other hand, am I for disobliging the fair sex in so small a trifle as tea-equipage and china-ware; but rather to prevent the many disappointments they meet with in their entertainments occasioned by the base stinking smoky coals used here.

And I must further remark, as to the Kilkenny fire, that notwithstanding all the variety, French, English, and all sorts of cooks in Dublin, their entertainments in Kilkenny are more palatable, pleasing to the taste, their meat relishes, and much better dressed there than here, and sometimes by the same hand, so that it is altogether owing to their sweet clear and lasting good fire.

I have heard the master cooks own all this to be matter of fact, and so often recruiting and mending the fire, condemn the sea-coal for dressing meat on account of the smoke. So plain a demonstration may be very easily tried for our own satisfaction.

The Ballycastle or Irish coal, (so called for distinction from the Kilkenny,) a small quantity thereof mixed with the Kilkenny coal, has been tried, and makes a brisk clear and ready fire, and answers both purposes; and therefore due encouragement ought to be given to both.

In every half barrel of coals you have the one-half of it slack, and that slack of little use. In the Kilkenny, you have all coal and no slack. But I am told by those who have tried it, and it is very natural, that the slack, wet, and thrown upon the Kilkenny fire by suppression, causes a much greater heat then before, and very useful to both.

The methods proposed for bringing the Kilkenny coal by water are much cheaper than by land-carriage and in both they have the advantage of any other colliery.

The method is by importing the same yourselves, which may be had at very easy freight.

The coals, great quantities dug up, and the conveniences for bringing them are all fixed ready for embarkation; ships and seamen here in your own port are lying idle, for want of freight; and this short trip is a voyage so easy, and secure with harbours, in winter-time, that the seafaring men would very willingly embrace any offer to bring the coals in here.

Besides, consider the great difference in freighting your own ships, bringing yourselves your own provision to supply your own market.

The Kilkenny coals that have been here imported, I was so curious to inquire, and I find they have been sold on Aston's Quay here in Dublin at 10*d.*, 11*d.*, and 12*d.* an cwt., the highest price then given.

And upon your own importation, the price of all sorts of coals and other firing will be much lessened here, without any imposition or exaction from the master and owners, from engrossers, forestallers, or any other interested persons whatsoever. It will be a singular great service and relief to your city; and save you half in the charge of your firing, and another much greater article in saving the money within yourselves.

But where there is such a jargon and disagreement, no harmony nor concord among one another, in such a confusion even our neighbours make a spoil of us, and we become a ridicule to other nations.

The Whitehaven colliers are continually exhausting your treasure.

> The *calf* has nothing to lick but *chalk*,
> The butcher's continually bleeding it,
> And *Mully* makes the feast.

I shall briefly conclude this answer with what I particularly took notice of in the public,—the true notion and knowledge our neighbours have of this coal in the London prints: St. James's Evening Post, August 18, 1729.

"That several persons have undertaken to bring Kilkenny (coal) to Dublin by water, for public consumption there, which will in some measure lessen the sums carried out of that kingdom for coals if it proves successful"

The rest I refer to your own judgment, and every reader to his own interest; it is plain matter of fact, and just proofs.

All these schemes may be commendable, and where there is no self-interest but public good, may be brought to perfection, and a benefit to have both the Kilkenny and Irish coals brought up here for your relief; but the latter will be a work of time.

At present we are in want of a stock, in great want of coals, as we were last year, and no prices regulated.

I am in great hopes the ladies, for the reasons aforementioned, will join in verdict, give their negative to the Whitehaven coals as formerly, NO WOODS, nor no Whitehaven.

I am, in duty and good manners, bound to give you an answer to this letter, and submit the same to your consideration.

I am, sir, your most humble, &c.

THE SUBSTANCE

OF WHAT WAS SAID BY

THE DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S

TO THE LORD MAYOR AND SOME OF THE ALDERMEN OF DUBLIN, WHEN HIS LORDSHIP CAME TO PRESENT THE SAID DEAN WITH HIS FREEDOM IN A GOLD BOX, ABOUT THE YEAR 1736.

WHEN his lordship had said a few words, and presented the instrument, the dean gently put it back and desired first to be heard. He said, "He was much obliged to his lordship and the city for the honour they were going to do him, and which, as he was informed, they had long intended him. That it was true, this honour was mingled with a little mortification by the delay which attended it, but which, however, he did not impute to his lordship or the city; and that the mortification was the less, because he would willingly hope the delay was founded on a mistake;—for which opinion he would tell his reason."

He said, "It was well known that some time ago a person[a] with a title was pleased in two great assemblies to rattle bitterly somebody without a name, under the injurious appellations of a Tory, a jacobite, an enemy to king George, and a libeller of the government; which character," the dean said, "many people thought was applied to him. But he was unwilling to be of that opinion, because the person who had delivered those abusive words had for several years caressed, and courted, and solicited his friendship more than any man in either kingdom had ever done,—by inviting him to his house in town and country,—by coming to the deanery often, and calling or sending almost every day when the dean was sick,—with many other particulars of the same nature, which continued even to a day or two of the time when the said person made those invectives in the council and house of lords. Therefore that the dean would by no means think those scurrilous words could be intended against him, because such a proceeding would overthrow all the principles of honour, justice, religion, truth, and even common humanity. Therefore the dean will endeavour to believe that the said person had some other object in his thoughts, and it was only the uncharitable custom of the world that applied this character to him. However that he would insist on this argument no longer. But one thing he would affirm and declare, without assigning any name, or making any exception, that whoever either did, or does, or shall hereafter, at any time, charge him with the character of a jacobite, an enemy to king George, or a libeller of the government, the said accusation was, is, and will be false, malicious, slanderous, and altogether groundless. And he would take the freedom to tell his lordship, and the rest that stood by, that he had done more service to the Hanover title, and more disservice to the pretender's cause, than 40,000 of those noisy, railing, malicious, empty zealots, to whom nature has denied any talent that could be of use to God or their country, and left them only the gift of reviling, and spitting their venom against all who differ from them in their destructive principles, both in church and state. That he confessed it was sometimes his misfortune to dislike some things in public proceedings in both kingdoms, wherein he had often the honour to agree with wise and good men; but this did by no means affect either his loyalty to his prince or love to his country. But on the contrary he protested that such dislikes never arose in him from any other principles than the duty he owed to the king, and his affection to the kingdom. That he had been acquainted with courts and ministers long enough, and knew too well that the best ministers might mistake in points of great importance; and that he had the honour to know many more able, and at least full as honest, as any can be at present."

The dean further said, "That since he had been so falsely represented he thought it became him to give some account of himself for above 20 years, if it were only to justify his lordship and the city for the honour they were going to do him." He related briefly how, "merely by his own personal credit, without other assistance, and in two journeys at his expense, he had procured a grant of the first-fruits to the clergy in the late queen's time, for which he thought he deserved

[a] The person here intimated, Joshua lord Allen (whom Swift elsewhere satirizes under the name of Traulus), was born in 1685.

some gentle treatment from his brethren. That during all the administration of the said ministry he had been a constant advocate for those who are called the Whigs,—had kept many of them in their employments both in England and here,—and some who were afterwards the first to lift up their heels against him." He reflected a little upon the severe treatment he had met with upon his return to Ireland after her majesty's death, and for some years after. "That being forced to live retired, he could think of no better way to do public service than by employing all the little money he could save, and lending it without interest in small sums to poor industrious tradesmen, without examining their party or their faith. And God had so far pleased to bless his endeavours, that his managers tell him he has recovered above 200 families in this city from ruin, and placed most of them in a comfortable way of life."

The dean related, how much he had suffered in his purse, and with what hazard to his liberty, by a most iniquitous judge; who to gratify his ambition and rage of party had condemned an innocent book, written with no worse a design than to persuade the people of this kingdom to wear their own manufactures. How the said judge had endeavoured to get a jury to his mind; but they proved so honest, that he was forced to keep them eleven hours, and send them back nine times; until, at last, they were compelled to leave the printer to the mercy of the court, and the Dean was forced to procure a *noli prosequi* from a noble person, then secretary of state, who had been his old friend.

The dean then freely confessed himself to be the author of those books called "The Drapier's Letters;" and spoke gently of the proclamation, offering three hundred pounds to discover the writer. He said, "That although a certain person was pleased to mention those books in a slight manner at a public assembly, yet he (the dean) had learned to believe, that there were ten thousand to one in the kingdom who differed from that person; and the people of England, who had ever heard of the matter, as well as in France, were all of the same opinion."

The dean mentioned several other particulars, some of which those from whom I had the account could not recollect, and others, although of great consequence, perhaps his enemies would not allow him.

The dean concluded, with acknowledging to have expressed his wishes, that an inscription might have been graven on the box, showing some reason why the city thought fit to do him that honour, which was much out of the common forms to a person in a private station;—those distinctions being usually made only to chief governors, or persons in very high employments.

ADVERTISEMENT BY DR. SWIFT,

IN HIS DEFENCE AGAINST JOSHUA LORD ALLEN.

February 18, 1729.

"WHEREAS Dr. Jonathan Swift, dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin, hath been credibly informed, that on Friday the 13th of this instant February a certain person did, in a public place and in the hearing of a great number, apply himself to the right honourable the lord mayor of this city, and some of his brethren, in the following reproachful manner: 'My lord, you and your city can squander away the public money in giving a gold box to a fellow who has libelled the government!' or words to that effect.

"Now, if the said words or words to the like effect were intended against him the said dean, and as a reflection on the right hon. the lord mayor, aldermen, and commons, for the decreeing unanimously, and in full assembly, the freedom of this city to the said dean, in an honourable manner, on account of an opinion they had conceived of some services done by him, the said dean to this city, and to the kingdom in general, —the said dean doth declare, that the said words, or words to the like effect, are insolent, false, scandalous, malicious, and in a particular manner perfidious; the said person, who is reported to have spoken the said or the like words, having, for some years past and even within some few days, professed a great friendship for the said dean; and what is hardly credible, sending a common friend of the dean and himself, not many hours after the said or the like words had been spoken, to renew his profession of friendship to the said dean, but concealing the oratory; whereof the dean had no account till the following day, and then told it to all his friends."

A VINDICATION OF

HIS EXCELLENCY JOHN LORD CARTERET

FROM THE CHARGE OF FAVOURING NONE BUT TORIES, HIGH-CHURCHMEN, AND JACOBITES, 1730.

Lord Carteret, who headed a party against the influence of Walpole, held the situation of lord-lieutenant in Ireland, under very precarious circumstances.

IN order to treat this important subject with the greatest fairness and impartiality, perhaps it may be convenient to give some account of his excellency; in whose life and character there are certain particulars which might give a very just suspicion of some truth in the accusation he lies under.

He is descended from two noble, ancient, and most loyal families, the Carterets and the Granvilles; too much distinguished, I confess, for what they acted and what they suffered, in defending the former constitution in church and state, under king Charles the martyr: I mean that very prince, on account of whose martyrdom a form of prayer, with fasting, was enjoined by act of parliament to be used on the 30th day of January every year, to implore the mercies of God, that the guilt of that sacred and innocent blood might not be visited on us or our posterity; as we may read at large in our common prayer books; which day has been solemnly kept, even within the memory of many men now alive.

His excellency, the present lord, was educated in the university of Oxford, [in Christ-Church college;] from whence, with a singularity scarce to be justified, he carried away more Greek, Latin, and Philosophy, than properly became a person of his rank; indeed much more of each than most of those who are forced to live by their learning, will be at the unnecessary pains to load their heads with.

This was the rock he split on, upon his first appearance in the world and having just got clear of his guardians. For as soon as he came to town some bishops and clergymen, and other persons most eminent for learning and parts, got him among them; from whom, although he was fortunately dragged by a lady and the court, yet he could never wipe off the stain, nor wash out the tincture of his university acquirements and dispositions.

To this another misfortune was added, that it pleased God to endow him with great natural talents, memory, judgment, comprehension, eloquence, and wit; and to finish the work, all these were fortified, even in his youth, with the advantages received by such employments as are best fitted both to exercise and polish the gifts of nature and education,—having been ambassador in several courts, when his age would hardly

allow him to take a degree; and made principal secretary of state at a period when, according to custom, he ought to have been busied in losing his money at a chocolate-house, or in other amusements equally laudable and epidemic among persons of honour.

I cannot omit another weak side in his excellency. For it is known and can be proved upon him, that Greek and Latin books might be found every day in his dressing-room, if it were carefully searched; and there is reason to suspect that some of the said books have been privately conveyed to him by Tory hands. I am likewise assured that he has been taken in the very fact of reading the said books, even in the midst of a session, to the great neglect of public affairs.

I own there may be some grounds for this charge, because I have it from good hands, that when his excellency is at dinner with one or two scholars at his elbows, he grows a most insupportable and unintelligible companion to all the fine gentlemen round the table.

I cannot deny that his excellency lies under another very great disadvantage; for with all the accomplishments above mentioned, adding that of a most comely and graceful person, and during the prime of youth, spirits, and vigour, he has in a most unexemplary manner led a regular domestic life; discovers a great esteem and friendship and love for his lady, as well as true affection for his children; and when he is disposed to admit an entertaining evening companion, he does not always enough reflect whether the person may possibly in former days have lain under the imputation of a Tory; nor at such times do the natural or affected fears of popery and the pretender make any part of the conversation; I presume because neither Homer, Plato, Aristotle, nor Cicero, have made any mention of them.

These I freely acknowledge to be his excellency's failings; yet I think it is agreed by philosophers and divines, that some allowance ought to be given to human infirmity, and to the prejudices of a wrong education.

I am well aware how much my sentiments differ from the orthodox opinions of one or two principal patriots, at the head of whom I name with honour Pistorides; for these have decided the matter directly against me, by declaring that no person who was ever known to lie under the suspicion of one single Tory principle, or who had been once seen at a great man's levee in the worst of times, should be allowed to come within the verge of the castle; much less to bow in the antechamber, appear at the assemblies, or dance at a birthnight. However, I dare assert that this maxim has been often controlled; and that on the contrary a considerable number of early penitents have been received into grace who are now an ornament, happiness, and support to the nation.

Neither do I find any murmuring on some other points of greater importance, where this favourite maxim is not so strictly observed.

To instance only in one. I have not heard that any care has hitherto been taken to discover whether Madame Violante* be a Whig or Tory in her principles; or even that she has ever been offered the oaths to government; on the contrary, I am told that she openly professes herself to be a highflyer; and it is not improbable, by her outlandish name, she may also be a papist in her heart; yet we see this illustrious and dangerous female openly caressed by principal persons of both parties, who contribute to support her in a splendid manner, without the least apprehensions from a grand jury, or even from squire Hartley Hutcheson himself, that zealous prosecutor of hawkers and libels: and as Hobbes wisely observes, so much money being equivalent to so much power, it may deserve considering, with what safety such an instrument of power ought to be trusted in the hands of an alien, who has not given any legal security for her good affection to the government.

I confess there is one evil which I could wish our friends would think proper to redress. There are many Whigs in this kingdom of the old-fashioned stamp, of whom we might make very good use. They bear the same loyalty with us to the Hanoverian family, in the person of king George II.; the same abhorrence of the pretender, with the consequences of popery and slavery; and the same indulgence to tender consciences: but having nothing to ask for themselves, and therefore the more leisure to think for the public, they are often apt to entertain fears and melancholy prospects concerning the state of their country, the decay of trade, the want of money, the miserable condition of the people, with other topics of the like nature; all which do equally concern both Whig and Tory; who, if they have anything to lose, must be equally sufferers. Perhaps one or two of these melancholy gentlemen will sometimes venture to publish their thoughts in print: now, I can by no means approve our usual custom of cursing and railing at this species of thinkers, under the names of Tories, jacobites, papists, libellers, rebels, and the like.

This was the utter ruin of that poor hungry, bustling, well-meaning mortal Pistorides, who lies equally under the contempt of both parties; with no other difference than a mixture of pity on one side and of aversion on the other.

How has he been pelted, pestered, and pounded, by one single wag, who promises never to forsake him living or dead:

I was much pleased with the humour of a surgeon in this town, who having in his own apprehension received some great injustice from the earl of Galway, and despairing of revenge as well as relief, declared to all his friends that he had set apart one hundred guineas to purchase the earl's carcass from the sexton, whenever it should die, to make a skeleton of the bones, stuff the hide, and show them for threepence; and thus get vengeance for the injuries he had suffered by its owner.

Of the like spirit too often is that implacable race of wits, against whom there is no defence but innocence and philosophy, neither of which is likely to be at hand; and, therefore, the wounded have nowhere to fly for a cure but to downright stupidity, a crazed head, or a profligate contempt of guilt and shame.

I am therefore sorry for that other miserable creature Traulus; lord Allen, who, although of somewhat a different species, yet seems very far to outdo even the genius of Pistorides, in that miscarrying talent of railing, without consistency or discretion, against the most innocent persons, according to the present situation of his gall and spleen. I do not blame an honest gentleman for the bitterest invectives against one to whom he professes the greatest friendship, provided he acts in the dark so as not to be discovered: but in the midst of caresses, visits, and invitations, to run into the streets or to as public a place, and without the least pretended incitement sputter out the basest and falsest accusations, then to wipe his mouth, come up smiling to his friend, shake him by the hand, and tell him in a whisper it was all for his service. This proceeding, I am bold to think, a great failure in prudence; and I am afraid lest such a practitioner with a body so open, so foul, and so full of sores, may fall under the resentment of an incensed political surgeon, who is not in much renown for his mercy upon great provocations; who without waiting for his death, will flay and dissect him alive; and to the view of mankind lay open all the disordered cells of his brain, the venom of his

* A famous Italian rope-dancer.

tongue, the corruption of his heart, and spots and flatuses of his spleen: and all this for threepence. [Poem of Traulus.]

In such a case, what a scene would be laid open and to drop my metaphor, what a character of our mistaken friend might an angry enemy draw and expose! particularising that unnatural conjunction of vices and follies, so inconsistent with each other in the same breast: furious and fawning, scurrilous and flattering, cowardly and provoking, insolent and abject; most profligately false, with the strongest professions of sincerity; positive and variable, tyrannical and slavish.

I apprehend, that if all this should be set out to the world by an angry Whig of the old stamp, the unavoidable consequence must be, a confinement of our friend for some months more to his garret; and thereby depriving the public for so long a time and in so important a juncture, of his useful talents in their service, while he is fed like a wild beast through a hole; but I hope with a special regard to the quantity and quality of his nourishment.

In vain would his excusers endeavour to palliate his enormities, by imputing them to madness; because it is well known that madness only operates by inflaming and enlarging the good or evil dispositions of the mind. For the curators of Bedlam assure us that some lunatics are persons of honour, truth, benevolence, and many other virtues, which appear in their highest ravings, although after a wild incoherent manner; while others, on the contrary, discover in every word and action the utmost baseness and depravity of human minds; which infallibly they possessed in the same degree, although perhaps under a better regulation, before their entrance into that academy.

But it may be objected, that there is an argument of much force to excuse the overflowings of that zeal which our friend shows or means for our cause. And it must be confessed that the easy and smooth fluency of his elocution, bestowed on him by nature and cultivated by continual practice, added to the comeliness of his person, the harmony of his voice, the gracefulness of his manner, and the decency of his dress, are temptations too strong for such a genius to resist, upon any public occasion of making them appear with universal applause. And if good men are sometimes accused of loving their jest better than their friend, surely to gain the reputation of the first orator in the kingdom, no man of spirit would scruple to lose all the friends he had in the world.

It is usual for masters to make their boys declaim on both sides of an argument; and as some kinds of assemblies are called the schools of politics, I confess nothing can better improve political school-boys than the art of making plausible or implausible harangues against the very opinion for which they resolve to determine.

So cardinal Perron, after having spoken for an hour, to the admiration of all his hearers, to prove the existence of God, told some of his intimates that he could have spoken another hour and much better to prove the contrary.

I have placed this reasoning in the strongest light that I think it will bear; and have nothing to answer, but that, allowing it as much weight as the reader shall please, it has constantly met with ill success in the mouth of our friend; but whether for want of good luck or good management I suspend my judgment.

To return from this long digression: If persons in higher stations have been allowed to choose wenches without regard even to difference in religion, yet never incurred the least reflection on their loyalty or their protestantism, shall the chief governor of a great kingdom be censured for choosing a companion who may formerly have been suspected for differing from the orthodox in some speculative opinions of persons and things, which cannot affect the fundamental principles of a sound Whig?

But let me suppose a very possible case. Here is a person sent to govern Ireland, whose unfortunate weak side it happens to be, for several reasons above mentioned, that he has encouraged the attendance of one or two gentlemen distinguished for their taste, their wit, and their learning; who have taken the oaths to his Majesty, and pray heartily for him; yet, because they may perhaps be stigmatised as *quondam* Tories by Pistorides and his gang, his excellency must be forced to banish them, under the pain and peril of displeasing the zealots of his own party; and thereby be put into a worse condition than every common good fellow, who may be a sincere protestant and a loyal subject, and yet rather choose to drink fine ale at the Pope's Head than muddy at the King's.

Let me then return to my suppositions. It is certain the high-flown loyalists, in the present sense of the word, have their thoughts, and studies, and tongues, so entirely diverted by political schemes that the zeal of their principles has eaten up their understandings; neither have they time from their employments, their hopes, and their hourly labours, for acquiring new additions of merit, to amuse themselves with philological converse or speculations, which are utterly ruinous to all schemes of rising in the world. What then must a great man do, whose ill stars have fatally perverted him to a love, and taste, and possession of literature, politeness, and good sense? Our thoroughsped republic of Whigs, which contains the bulk of all hopers, pretenders, expecters, and professors, are beyond all doubt most highly useful to princes, to governors, to great ministers, and to their country; but at the same time, and by necessary consequence, the most disagreeable companions to all who have that unfortunate turn of mind peculiar to his excellency, and perhaps to five or six more in a nation.

I do not deny it possible that an original or proselyte favourite of the times might have been born to those useless talents which in former ages qualified a man to be a poet or a philosopher. All I contend for is, that where the true genius of party once enters, it sweeps the house clean and leaves room for many other spirits to take joint possession, until the last state of that man is exceedingly better than the first.

I allow it a great error in his excellency, that he adheres so obstinately to his old unfashionable academic education; yet so perverse is human nature, that the usual remedies for this evil in others have produced a contrary effect in him; to a degree, that I am credibly informed he will, as I have already hinted, in the middle of a session, quote passages out of Plato and Pindar at his own table, to some book-learned companion, without blushing, even when persons of great stations are by.

I will venture one step further, which is freely to confess that this mistaken method of educating youth in the knowledge of ancient learning and language is too apt to spoil their politics and principles; because the doctrine and examples of the books they read teach them lessons directly contrary in every point to the present practice of the world: and accordingly Hobbes most judiciously observes that the writings of the Greeks and Romans made young men imbibe opinions against absolute power in a prince, or even in a first-minister, and embrace notions of liberty and property.

It has been therefore a great felicity in these kingdoms that the heirs to titles and large estates have a weakness in their eyes, a tenderness in their constitutions; are not able to bear the pain and indignity of whipping; and as the mother rightly expresses it, could never take to their books; yet are well enough quali-

fied to sign a receipt for half a year's rent, to put their names (rightly spelt) to a warrant, and to read pamphlets against religion and high-flying; whereby they fill their niches, and carry themselves through the world with that dignity which best becomes a senator and a 'squire.

I could heartily wish his excellency would be more condescending to the genius of the kingdom he governs, to the condition of the times, and to the nature of the station he fills. Yet if it be true, what I have read in old English story-books, that one Agesilaus (no matter to the bulk of my readers whether I spell the name right or wrong) was caught by the parson of the parish riding on a hobby-horse with his children; that Socrates, a heathen philosopher, was found dancing by himself at fourscore; that a king called Cæsar Augustus (or some such name) used to play with boys, whereof some might possibly be sons of Tories; and that two great men, called Scipio and Lælius (I forget their Christian names, and whether they were poets or generals) often played at duck and drake with smooth stones on a river: Now, I say, if these facts be true (and the book where I found them is in print) I cannot imagine why our most zealous patriots may not a little indulge his excellency in an infirmity which is not morally evil, provided he gives no public scandal, which is by all means to be avoided: I say, why he may not be indulged twice a week to converse with one or two particular persons, and let him and them con over their old exploded readings together, after mornings spent in hearing and prescribing ways and means from and to his most obedient politicians, for the welfare of the kingdom; although the said particular person or persons may not have made so public a declaration of their political faith in all its parts, as the business of the nation requires, still submitting my opinion to that happy majority which I am confident is always in the right; by whom the liberty of the subject has been so frequently, so strenuously, and so successfully asserted; who by their wise counsels have made commerce to flourish, money to abound, inhabitants to increase, the value of lands and rents to rise, and the whole island put on a new face of plenty and prosperity.

But in order to clear his excellency more fully from this accusation of showing his favours to high flyers, Tories, and jacobites, it will be necessary to come to particulars.

The first person of a Tory denomination to whom his excellency gave any marks of his favour was doctor Thomas Sheridan. It is to be observed that this happened so early in his excellency's government, as it may be justly supposed he had not been informed of that gentleman's character upon so dangerous an article. The doctor being well known and distinguished for his skill and success in the education of youth, beyond most of his profession for many years past, was recommended to his excellency on the score of his learning, and particularly for his knowledge in the Greek tongue; whereof, it seems, his excellency is a great admirer, although for what reasons I could never imagine. However, it is agreed on all hands that his lordship was too easily prevailed on by the doctor's request, or indeed rather from the bias of his own nature, to hear a tragedy acted in that unknown language by the doctor's lads, which was written by some heathen author; but whether it contained any Tory or high-church principles must be left to the consciences of the boys, the doctor, and his excellency, the only witnesses in this case whose testimonies can be depended upon.

It seems his excellency (a thing never to be sufficiently wondered at) was so pleased with his entertainment, that some time after he gave the doctor a church living to the value of almost 100*l.* a-year, and made him one of his chaplains; from an antiquated notion, that good schoolmasters ought to be encouraged in every nation professing civility and religion. Yet his excellency did not venture to make this bold step without strong recommendations from persons of undoubted principles fitted to the times; who thought themselves bound in justice, honour, and gratitude, to do the doctor a good office, in return for the care he had taken of their children or of those of their friends. Yet the catastrophe was terrible; for the doctor, in the height of his felicity and gratitude, going down to take possession of his parish, and furnished with a few led sermons, whereof as it is to be supposed the number was very small, having never served a cure in the church, he stopped at Cork to attend on his bishop; and going to church on the Sunday following, was, according to the usual civility of country clergymen, invited by the minister of the parish to supply the pulpit. It happened to be the 1st of August; and the 1st of August happened that year to light upon a Sunday; and it happened that the doctor's text was in these words, "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof:"[a] and lastly, it happened that some one person of the congregation, whose loyalty made him watchful upon every appearance of danger to his majesty's person and government, when service was over gave the alarm. Notice was immediately sent up to town; and by the zeal of one man of no large dimensions of body or mind, such a clamour was raised that we in Dublin could apprehend no less than an invasion by the pretender, who must be landed in the south. The result was that the doctor must be struck out of the chaplain's list and appear no more at the castle; yet whether he were then, or be at this day, a Whig or a Tory, I think is a secret; only it is manifest that he is a zealous Hanoverian, at least in poetry,[b] and a great admirer of the present royal family through all its branches. His friends likewise assert that he had preached this sermon often under the same text; that not having observed the words till he was in the pulpit and had opened his notes, as he is a person a little abstracted he wanted presence of mind to change them: and that in the whole sermon there was not a syllable relating to government or party, or to the subject of the day.

In this incident there seems to have been a union of events that will probably never happen again to the end of the world, or is at least like the grand conjunction in the heavens, which I think they say can arrive but once in twenty thousand years.

The second gentleman (if I am right in my chronology), who under the suspicion of a Tory received some favour from his excellency, is Mr. James Stopford; very strongly recommended by the most eminent Whig in England, on the account of his learning and virtue and other accomplishments. He had passed the greatest part of his youth in close study or travelling, and was either not at home or not at leisure to trouble his thoughts about party, which I allow to be a great omission, although I cannot honestly place him in the list of Tories; and therefore think his excellency may be fairly acquitted for making him vicar of Finglass, worth about 100*l.* a-year.

The third is doctor Patrick Delany. This divine lies under some disadvantage, having in his youth received many civilities from a certain person,[c] then in a very high station here, for which reason I doubt the doctor never drank his confusion since; and what makes the matter desperate it is now too late, unless our inquisitors will be content with drinking confusion to his memory. The aforesaid eminent person,

[a] The first of August is the anniversary of the Hanoverian family's accession to the crown of Great Britain.

[b] This is a sneer at a poem by Sheridan, of which his friend did not highly approve.

[c] Phipps, lord chancellor of Ireland when queen Anne died.

who was a judge of all merit, except that of party, distinguished the doctor among other juniors in our university for his learning, virtue, discretion, and good sense. But the doctor was then in too good a situation at his college to hope or endeavour at a better establishment from one who had no power to give it him.

Upon the present lord-lieutenant's coming over, the doctor was named to his excellency by a friend, among other clergy of distinction as persons whose characters it was proper his excellency should know; and by the truth of which the giver would be content to stand or fall in his excellency's opinion, since not one of those persons were in particular friendship with the gentleman who gave in their names. By this and some other incidents, particularly the recommendation of the late archbishop of Dublin, the doctor became known to his excellency, whose fatal turn of mind toward heathenish and outlandish books and languages, finding as I conceive a like disposition in the doctor, was the cause of his becoming so domestic as we are told he is at the castle of Dublin.

Three or four years ago the doctor, grown weary of an academic life, for some reasons best known to the managers of the discipline in that learned society (which it may not be for their honour to mention) resolved to leave it; although, by the benefit of the pupils and his senior fellowship with all its perquisites, he received every year between 900*l.* and a 1000*l.* And a small northern living in the university's donation, of somewhat better than a 100*l.* a-year, falling at the same time with the chancellorship of Christchurch, to about equal the value, in the gift of his excellency, the doctor ventured into the world in a very scanty condition, having squandered away all his annual income in a manner which, although perhaps proper enough for a clergyman without a family, will not be for the advantage of his character to discover either on the exchange or at a banker's shop.

About two months ago, his excellency gave the doctor a prebend in St. Patrick's cathedral, which, being of near the same value with either of the two former, will add a third part to his revenues after he shall have paid the great incumbrances upon it; so that he may now be said to possess of church preferments in scattered tithes 300*l.* a-year, instead of the like sum of infallible rents from a senior fellowship, with the offices annexed, beside the advantage of a free lodging, a great number of pupils, and some other easements.

But since the doctor has not, in any of his writings, his sermons, his actions, his discourse, or his company, discovered one single principle of either Whig or Tory, and that the lord-lieutenant still continues to admit him, I shall boldly pronounce him ONE OF US; but like a new freemason, who has not learned all the dialect of the mystery. Neither can he justly be accused of any Tory doctrines, except perhaps some among those few with which that wicked party was charged during the height of their power, but have been since transferred for the most solid reasons to the whole body of our firmest friends.

I have now done with the clergy; and upon the strictest examination have not been able to find above one of that order against whom any party suspicion can lie,—I mean the unfortunate gentleman doctor Sheridan, who by mere chance-medley shot his own fortune dead with a single text.

As to the laity, I can hear but of one person of the Tory stamp who since the beginning of his excellency's government did ever receive any solid mark of his favour,—I mean sir Arthur Acheson, reported to be an acknowledged Tory, and what is almost as bad, a scholar into the bargain. It is whispered about as a certain truth that this gentleman is to have a grant of a certain barrack[a] upon his estate, within two miles of his own house, for which the Crown is to be his tenant at the rent of 60*l.* per annum, he being only at the expense of about 500*l.* to put the house in repair, build stables, and other necessaries. I will place this invidious mark of beneficence conferred on a Tory in a fair light, by computing the costs and necessary defalcations; after which it may be seen how much sir Arthur will be annually a clear gainer by the public, notwithstanding his unfortunate principles and his knowledge in Greek and Latin.

	£.	s.	d.
For repairs, &c., 500*l.*, the interest whereof per annum	30	0	0
For all manner of poultry to furnish the troopers, but which the said troopers must be at the labour of catching, valued per annum	5	0	0
For straggling sheep	8	0	0
For game destroyed five miles round . .	6	0	0
	£49	0	0
Rent paid to sir Arthur	60	0	0
Deduct	49	0	0
Remains clear .	£11	0	0

Thus if sir Arthur Acheson shall have the good fortune to obtain a grant of this barrack, he will receive net profit annually from the Crown ELEVEN pounds sterling, to help him in entertaining the officers and making provisions for his younger children.

It is true there is another advantage to be expected, which may fully compensate the loss of cattle and poultry, by multiplying the breed of mankind, and particularly that of good protestants, in a part of the kingdom half depopulated by the wild humour among the farmers there of leaving their country: but I am not so skilful in arithmetic as to compute the value.

I have reckoned one per cent. below the legal interest for the money that sir Arthur must expend, and valued the damage in the other articles very moderately. However, I am confident he may with good management be a saver at least, which is a prodigious instance of moderation in our friends toward a professed Tory, whatever merit he may pretend by the unwillingness he has shown to make his excellency uneasy in his administration.

Thus I have with the utmost impartiality collected every single favour (further than personal civilities) conferred by his excellency on Tories and reputed Tories, since his first arrival here to the 30th day of April in the year of our Lord 1730, giving all allowance possible to the arguments on the other side of the question; and the account will stand thus:—

Disposed of preferments and employments to Tories or reputed Tories by his excellency John lord Carteret, lord-lieutenant of Ireland, in about the space of six years:—

	£.		d.
To doctor Thomas Sheridan, in a rectory near Kinsale, per annum	100	0	0
To sir Arthur Acheson, baronet, a barrack, per annum	11	0	0
	£111	0	0

Give me leave now to compute in gross the value of the favours done by his excellency to the true

[a] This was nothing else than the project of converting Hamilton's Bawn into a barrack.

friends of their king and country, and of the protestant religion.

It is to be remembered, that although his excellency cannot be properly said to bestow bishoprics, commands in the army, the place of a judge, or commissioner in the revenue, and some others, yet they are for the most part disposed upon h's recommendation, except where the persons are immediately sent from England by their interest at court, for which I have allowed great defalcations in the following accounts. And it is remarkable that the only considerable station conferred on a Tory since his present excellency's government was of this latter kind.

And indeed it is but too notorious that in a neighbouring nation (where this dangerous denomination of men is incomparably more numerous, more powerful, and of consequence more formidable) real Tories can often with much less difficulty obtain very high favours from the government than their reputed brethren can arrive to the lowest in ours. I observe this with all possible submission to the wisdom of their policy, which however will not, I believe, dispute the praise of vigilance with ours.

WHIG Account.

	£.	s.	d.
To persons promoted to bishoprics or removed to more beneficial ones, computed per annum	10,050	0	0
To civil employments	9,030	0	0
To military commands	8,436	0	0
	£27,516	0	0

TORY Account.

To Tories	111	0	0
Balance	£27,405	0	0

I shall conclude with the observation that as I think the Tories have sufficient reason to be fully satisfied with the share of trust, power, and employment which they possess under the lenity of the present government; so I do not find how his excellency can be justly censured for favouring none but high-church, high-fliers, termagants, laudists, Sacheverellians, tiptopgallantmen, jacobites, tantivies, antihanoverians, friends to popery and the pretender and to arbitrary power, disobligers of England, breakers of DEPENDENCY, inflamers of quarrels between the two nations, public incendiaries, enemies to the king and kingdoms, haters of TRUE protestants, laurelmen, annists, complainers of the nation's poverty, ormondians, iconoclasts, antiglorious-memorists, antirevolutioners, white-rosalists, tenth-a-junians, and the like; when, by a fair state of the account, the balance, I conceive, seems to lie on the other side.

AN ANSWER

TO THE CRAFTSMAN OF DECEMBER 12, 1730, ON A VERY INTERESTING SUBJECT RELATIVE TO IRELAND.

To which is prefixed the Craftsman itself.

THE CRAFTSMAN.

No. 238. Saturday, Dec. 12, 1730.

THE following article, which has lately appeared in the newspapers, deserves our immediate consideration, viz. :—

"They write from Dublin that an officer from every regiment in the French service is arrived there in order to raise recruits for their respective corps; which is not to be done in a clandestine manner as formerly (when several persons suffered death for it), but publicly. These gentlemen are to disperse themselves into the several counties where they have the best interest, and a field-officer is ready to reside constantly at Dublin to hear all complaints which may be made by any of the recruits against their officers; and also to prepare for sending them off. Count Broglio has been soliciting an order to this purpose these two years."

When I first read this account in the public prints I looked upon it as a common piece of false intelligence and was in full expectation of seeing it contradicted in the next day's papers according to frequent custom, but having since heard it confidently affirmed to be true (although I can hardly yet believe it, especially as to every part) the duty which I owe my country and my zeal for the present establishment, oblige me to take some notice of an affair which I apprehend to be of very great importance to both.

It will be necessary in the first place to give the reader a short account of the nature of these troops as they are now established in France.

They consist, as we have been informed, of one regiment of horse and five regiments of foot, all doubly or trebly officered; so that they are of themselves a very considerable body of men.

But their number is the least point to be considered in this affair. There are other circumstances which render these troops infinitely more formidable to Great Britain. They are not only all Roman catholics, but the most dangerous of that communion with respect to us,—I mean Roman catholic subjects of our dominions; many of whom have been obliged to fly their native country on account of rebellions and conspiracies in which they have been engaged; and all of them devoted by inclination, by interest, by conscience, by every motive human and divine, to the service of the pretender in opposition to the protestant succession in his majesty's royal family.

To this we may add that they are generally esteemed the best forces in the French service; that they have always behaved themselves as such in the late wars; and are commanded by officers of approved courage as well as great skill and experience in military affairs.

It is said likewise that the serjeants, corporals, and private men, are so well seasoned to danger and expert in their duty, that by a gradual promotion they could furnish officers for a very formidable army in case of any sudden invasion or insurrection.

In the next place it will not be improper to examine this affair with regard to our laws.

It is made felony by act of parliament in Ireland for any subject of that kingdom to enlist himself or to enlist others in the service of any foreign state; and it is well known that multitudes of poor wretches have suffered death upon that account.

We know it may be said that a power is reserved to his majesty by a clause in that act to dispense with it by granting any foreign prince a licence to raise forces in his dominions, and indemnifying his subjects from the penalties of the law.

Although it is far from my intention to dispute any of his majesty's legal prerogatives, or to call the wisdom of the legislature in question, yet I must take the liberty to observe that such powers have been sometimes granted out of complaisance to the crown, that the prince's hands may not be absolutely tied up, and in full confidence that they will never be exerted but for the benefit of this nation, or possibly of some protestant ally, upon great emergencies of state. The exercise of the prerogative in these cases is therefore merely a prudential part, which is left to the discretion of the prince and his ministers, who ought always to be supposed the best judges of these affairs; and therefore how ridiculous would it be to send to the attorney-general for his opinion in such a case, who can be a competent judge of nothing but the legality of it, and whether the

affair be actionable or not; but ministers ought to regulate their conduct in these respects according to the situation of affairs and the exigencies of government.

I must therefore beg leave to consider the present subject of the Irish forces in this light.

It will not be denied, I presume, that a licence to recruit Roman catholic regiments of English subjects in foreign service, and in the interest of a pretender to the crown (which is death by the law without his majesty's permission), is a favour of a very extraordinary nature and ought to be attended with some extraordinary circumstances. I confess that I can't see no such extraordinary circumstances at present; unless it should be said that this favour was granted in order to engage our good allies in the demolition of Dunkirk; but I hope they have more generosity than to insist upon such hard terms for the effectual performance of that which they are obliged by treaty to do. I am sure such conditions seem unreasonable on our part after we have made them so many other concessions; particularly with relation to the flag and Santa Lucia; which I think are sufficient to make them comply with all our demands without expecting any further favours, and even supererogation of friendship.

Perhaps my adversaries (if they have any conceit) may take an opportunity of ridiculing me for writing in this strain; but as it sometimes serves their turn to make me a great man and to argue against me as such, I will for once suppose myself so; and methinks, if I had the honour of being but half an hour in that station, I could reason against such an order for the good of my king and my country in the following manner:—

1. These troops have always been made use of whenever there has been any attempt in favour of the pretender; and indeed they are upon many accounts the fittest for this purpose. They are our fellow-subjects; they speak our language; are acquainted with our manners; and do not raise that aversion in the people which they naturally conceive against other foreign troops who understand neither. I am afraid I may add that they are kept up for this purpose in entire regiments without suffering them to be mixed with the troops of any other nation. It is well known at least that they supplied the late king James with a nursery of soldiers who were always ready for his service whenever any opportunity offered itself for his restoration; and that at this time the pretender is always the bait made use of by their officers to raise recruits. They never mention the king of France or the king of Spain upon these occasions, but list the poor wretches under an assurance that they are entered into the service of him whom they call their natural and rightful king. I will not suspect the present fidelity of France and their cordiality to the protestant establishment, yet methinks we might easily excuse ourselves from furnishing them with instruments which they may employ against us whenever ambition or reasons of state shall dissolve their present engagements and induce them to espouse the cause of the pretender again.

2. It is very probable that his catholic majesty (who has likewise several regiments of this kind in his service) will expect the same favour of recruiting them in Ireland, and that he may in case of refusal make it a pretence at any time for quarrelling with us, interrupting our commerce, and disturbing us again in the possession of Gibraltar. And here it is proper just to take notice that these troops did his catholic majesty the most eminent service in the last siege of that important place. He may complain perhaps of our partiality to France, and allege that we do not treat Spain in the same manner we expect to be treated by them, as one of the most favoured nations.

3. The kingdom of Ireland seems at this time in a very ill condition to admit of any such drafts out of her dominions. She has been already so much exhausted by the voluntary transportation of multitudes of her inhabitants (who have been prevailed upon, by the calamities of their own country, to seek their bread in other parts of the world), that the interposition of parliament was found necessary to put a stop to it: and shall we suffer any foreign power to drain her still further under such circumstances, especially in this manner and for this purpose? I do not hear that this licence is confined to any particular number of men. It is confessed, I think, that they want above 2000 men to complete their corps, and who knows but they may design to raise a great many more than they care to own, or even to form some new regiments of these troops? But supposing they are confined to a certain number of recruits, and that Ireland were in a capacity to spare them, it is well known how easily such limitations are evaded and how difficult it is to know when people conform exactly to the terms of their commission. This was sufficiently explained in the late famous controversy concerning Mr. Wood's patent for supplying Ireland with a particular sum of copper halfpence; and the arguments upon that subject may be applied to this, with some allowances for the difference between the two cases. It may perhaps be said likewise that all the vigilance of the ministry has been hitherto found ineffectual to prevent the French from clandestinely recruiting these regiments with Irish catholics, and therefore that we may as well allow them to do it openly, nay, that it is our interest to let them purge Ireland of her popish inhabitants as much as they please; but I deny this for several reasons, which I shall mention presently; and if it were really the case that the French can at any time recruit these troops clandestinely, I cannot see any reason why they should solicit an order so pressingly for two years together, to do it openly, unless they have some other design. Ought not even this consideration to put us a little upon our guard, and is it not a tacit confession that these troops are thought to be of more importance to them than we ought to wish? Besides, are we to license and authorise a mischievous practice because we cannot totally prevent it? Every one justly applauded his majesty's singular firmness and resolution in supporting the rights of his German subjects when an attempt was made to seduce some of them into the king of Prussia's service, although perhaps it is impossible to prevent that practice entirely. We all remember that the enlisting of a miller's son, and a few other ordinary peasants, occasioned such a misunderstanding between the two crowns as proceeded almost to a rupture. Nor was the zeal of the English parliament backward on this occasion, but on this consideration, among others, resolved to keep up a body of 12,000 Hessian troops in our pay, which have already cost us above a million of money. I am confident, therefore, that the same paternal care will always influence his majesty to guard and protect his British subjects in the same manner, and if any measure should be taken which savours too much of the French interest, and seems of dangerous consequence to the interest of his family, the world can impute it to nothing but the deceitful representations of those who lie under such particular obligations to the court of France that they can refuse them nothing.

4. Such a licence seems to give encouragement to the people of Ireland to continue Roman catholics, since they are sure to meet with a provision both in the French and Spanish service, whereas we always reject them in our troops and absolutely prohibit our officers to recruit in Ireland. Now, although it may not be safe to trust them in our armies, yet certainly we ought

not to give the least encouragement to their entering into foreign service, especially into such compact bodies as these regiments. And here it will not be amiss to relate a story much more to the honour of an English nobleman, who has also one of the largest estates in Ireland of any man in the kingdom. When he went to visit the Invalides in France, a place in the nature of our Chelsea college here, all the Irish officers and soldiers of that hospital drew out in a body to do him particular honours. We can make no question that their chief view was to have some present from his lordship; but though he has a heart as well disposed to generous charity as any man and a purse well able to answer the dictates of it, yet out of regard to his country, for which he has likewise the most disinterested zeal, his answer to them was only this:—Gentlemen, I am very sensible of the honour you have done me, and heartily pity your misfortunes, but as you have drawn them upon yourselves by serving against your country, you must not expect any relief or reward from me for having suffered in a service in which I wish you had never engaged."

5. Is there not some reason to apprehend that this licence may at one time or other prove a snare to that country and draw many people in to their destruction, for unless it is made perpetual, can it be supposed that all the poor ignorant wretches in the kingdom should be apprised how long this licence is to be in force, or when they may enlist with impunity and when they may not? Besides, as it may be presumed that these officers will never go for the future upon such errands without some pretended orders, when the real one is expired, so they will find it no difficult matter to impose such a counterfeit upon illiterate people, who may thus incur the penalties of the law without knowing anything of the matter. Such a method of providing for persons whose principles render them unserviceable to our army is indeed a little more charitable than a late project for preventing Irish children from being starved, by fattening them up and selling them to the butcher.

6. I have often heard that these troops have been made use of in parliament as an argument for keeping up a standing army in England; and I think we need not take any measures to render that argument stronger. God knows there are too many arguments already upon such occasions.

I might insist upon some other points which this affair naturally suggests to a considering mind, particularly the danger of suffering several bigoted Irish papists in foreign service to disperse themselves into those counties where they have the best interest, and to stroll about Ireland among their relations and old acquaintance of the same principles with themselves. Are we sure that they will not make a bad use of this liberty, by inquiring into the strength of their party, by giving them hopes, and taking an opportunity to concert measures for the advantage of their cause? have we no reason to apprehend that they may endeavour to raise seamen as well as soldiers under colour of this order? or engage great numbers of their countrymen to transport themselves over to the French colonies and plantations in the West Indies, which are already grown formidable to the trading interest of Great Britain in those parts?

But whatever may be the motives to such an extraordinary favour or the consequences of it, I am sure it is the strongest mark of our confidence in France, and such an one as I believe they would not place in us upon any occasion. I will illustrate this by a parallel case.

The French protestants who fled over hither from a persecution on account of religion never discovered any principles which were incompatible with the civil government of France, nor ever set up any pretender to the present royal family of that kingdom; and yet if we should think fit to form any considerable number of them into complete distinct regiments, to be composed of French protestants only, and commanded by French officers, without any incorporation of British soldiers, I fancy it would give our good allies some umbrage. But I am almost confident that they would never permit us to send over a protestant French officer from every regiment to recruit their respective corps, by dispersing themselves into those provinces where they have the best interest, or suffer a field-officer in English pay to reside constantly in Paris, and exercise a sort of martial law in the capital of their dominions; I say they would hardly suffer this, even though our ambassador should solicit such an order with the utmost application for 20 years together.

And yet the case of the Irish forces is much stronger with respect to us. They do not differ with us only in matters of religion, but hold principles absolutely destructive of our civil government, and are generally looked upon abroad as a standing army kept on foot to serve the pretender upon any occasion.

I must ask a question or two which naturally offer themselves in this place.

What power has this field-officer to exercise during his residence in Dublin? Is the French martial law to take place, if any of these recruits should happen to repent of what they have done, and think fit to desert?

Troops are generally armed as soon as they are listed. Is this rule to be observed in the present case? If so, another question occurs. It has been found necessary for the security of Ireland to restrain all Roman catholics from wearing or keeping any arms in their houses. I ask therefore whether the authority of this license is to supersede the laws of the land? I may go further.

The garrison of Dublin seldom consists of above 800 men for the duty of the place. Supposing double that number of Popish recruits should be brought thither in order to be viewed by their field-officer, will it be said there is no just apprehension of danger? But as these suggestions may appear to be founded on the infidelity of France (a case not to be supposed at present) I press them no further.

I must however repeat it, that this order is the fullest demonstration of the confidence we repose in them; and I hope they will scorn to make any bad use of it; but if it were possible to suspect that they could have any design to play the knave with us, they could not wish for a better opportunity to promote it than by such a power as is now said to be put into their hands.

I hope my remarks on this article of news will not be construed in a jacobite sense, even by the most prostitute scribblers of the present times; but I must beg leave to expostulate a little with the public on that mean, infamous practice which these writers have lately used in explaining some of my papers into treasonable libels, taking an occasion from hence to appear formally in defence of the throne, and laying it down as a point granted that there is an actual concerted design of setting aside the present establishment. This is a practice which may be of great service to the real enemies of the present government; and every jacobite in the kingdom may make use of it to publish the most explicit invectives on the king and his government, under the pretence of interpreting the implicit design of other writings. It is a practice which was never allowed till now, and ought never to be allowed; for whatever may be the secret meaning of any author such explanations are certainly libels, which may have a very bad effect upon weak minds,

and are punishable by the laws, without any extraordinary methods of construction. These writers ought to remember the case of sir Richard Steele, who published the pretender's declaration at the beginning of the late reign with an answer annexed; and although he did it with a very good design, yet it was universally allowed to be contrary to law; and if his principles of loyalty had not been very well known, might have involved him in a severe prosecution. I shall make no reflections on those who encouraged such explanations; and those who are hired to do it are beneath my notice. Let them empty all the trite common-places of servile, injudicious flattery, and endeavour to make their court by such nauseous, dishonest adulation, as I am sure gives the most offence to those persons to whom it is paid. Let them throw as much foul dirt at me as they please. Let them charge me with designs which never entered into my thoughts, and cannot justly be imputed to me from any part of my conduct. God knows my heart; I am as zealous for the welfare of the present royal family as the most sordid of these sycophants. I am sensible that our happiness depends on the security of his majesty's title, and the preservation of the present government upon those principles which established them at the late glorious revolution, and which I hope will continue to actuate the conduct of Britons to the latest generations. These have always been my principles; and whoever will give himself the trouble of looking over the course of these papers will be convinced that they have been my guide: but I am a blunt, plain-dealing old man, who am not afraid to speak the truth; and as I have no relish for flattery myself, I scorn to bestow it on others. I have not, however, been sparing of just praise, nor slipped any seasonable opportunity to distinguish the royal virtues of their present majesties.[a] More than this I cannot do; and more than this I hope will not be expected. Some of my expressions, perhaps, may have been thought too rough and unpolished for the climate of a court, but they flowed purely from the sincerity of my heart; and the freedom of my writings has proceeded from my zeal for the interest of my king and country.

With regard to my adversaries, I will leave every impartial reader to judge whether, even in private life, that man is not most to be depended upon who—being inwardly convinced of the great and good qualities of his friend—never loads him with fulsome flatteries, but takes the honest liberty of warning him against the measures of those who are endeavouring to mislead him. The case is much stronger in public life; and a crown is beset with so many difficulties, that even a prince of the most consummate wisdom is not always sufficiently guarded against the dangers which surround him from the stratagems of artful ministers, or the blunders of weak ones. Both of them may be equally bad ministers, and pursue the same methods of supporting themselves,—by flattering him into measures which tend to his destruction.

But it is time to draw to a conclusion; and I can only add, that if I were really engaged in any design contrary to the interests of the present establishment I should have sat down contented, and secretly rejoiced at the affair which occasioned this paper instead of giving myself and the reader so much trouble.

C. D.

ANSWER TO THE CRAFTSMAN.[b]

Sir,—I detest reading your papers because I am not of your principles, and because I cannot endure to be convinced. Yet I was prevailed on to peruse your Craftsman of December the 12th, wherein I discover you to be as great an enemy of this country as you are of your own. You are pleased to reflect on a project I proposed of making the children of Irish parents to be useful to the public instead of being burdensome; and you venture to assert that your own scheme is more charitable,—of not permitting our popish natives to be listed in the service of any foreign prince.

Perhaps, sir, you may not have heard of any kingdom so unhappy as this, both in their imports and exports. We import a sort of goods of no intrinsic value, which it costs us above 40,000*l.* a-year to dress and scour and polish, which altogether do not yield one penny advantage; and we annually export above 700,000*l.* a-year in another kind of goods, for which we receive not one single farthing in return, even the money paid for letters sent in transacting this commerce being all returned to England. But now, when there is a most lucky opportunity offered to begin a trade whereby this nation will save many thousand pounds a-year, and England be a prodigious gainer, you are pleased without a call officiously and maliciously to interpose with very frivolous arguments.

It is well known that, about sixty years ago, the exportation of live cattle from hence to England was of great benefit to both kingdoms until that branch of traffic was stopped by an act of parliament on your side, whereof you have sufficient reason to repent. Upon which account, when another act passed your parliament forbidding the exportation of live men to any foreign country, you were so wise to put in a clause allowing it to be done by his majesty's permission under his sign manual; for which, among other great benefits granted to Ireland, we are infinitely obliged to the British legislature. Yet this very grace and favour you, Mr. D'Anvers, whom we never disobliged, are endeavouring to prevent; which I will take upon me to say is a manifest mark of your disaffection to his majesty, a want of duty to the ministry, a wicked design of oppressing this kingdom, and a traitorous attempt to lessen the trade and manufactures of England.

Our truest and best ally, the most Christian king, has obtained his majesty's licence, pursuant to law, to export from hence some thousand bodies of healthy, young, living men, to supply his Irish regiments. The king of Spain, as you assert yourself, has desired the same civility, and seems to have at least as good a claim. Supposing then that these two potentates will only desire leave to carry off 6000 men between them to France and Spain; then by computing the maintenance of a tall hungry Irishman in food and clothes to be only at 5*l.* a-head, here will be 30,000*l.* per annum saved clear to the nation; for they can find no other employment at home, besides begging, robbing, or stealing. But if 30,000, 40,000, or 50,000 (which we would gladly spare) were sent on the same errand, what an immense benefit it must be to us! and if the two princes, in whose service they were, should happen to be at war with each other, how soon would those recruits be destroyed! then what a number of friends would the pretender lose, and what a number of popish enemies all true protestants get rid of! Add to this that then, by such a practice, the lands of Ireland that want hands for tillage must be employed in grazing, which would sink the price of wool, raw hides, butter, and tallow, so that the English might have them at their own rates; and in return send us wheat to make our bread, barley to brew our drink, and oats for our horses, without any labour of our own.

Upon this occasion, I desire humbly to offer a scheme, which, in my opinion, would best answer the true interests of both kingdoms: for although I bear a most

[a] King George II., and queen Caroline his consort

[b] A masterpiece, in the dean's ironical style

tender filial affection for England, my dear native country, yet I cannot deny but this noble island has a great share in my love and esteem; nor can I express how much I desire to see it flourish in trade and opulence, even beyond its present happy condition.

The profitable land of this kingdom is, I think, usually computed at 17,000,000 of acres, all of which I propose to be wholly turned to grazing. Now, it is found by experience that one grazier and his family can manage 2000 acres. Thus 16,800,000 acres may be managed by 8400 families; and the fraction of 200,000 acres will be more than sufficient for cabins, out-houses, and potato-gardens; because it is to be understood that corn of all sorts must be sent to us from England.

These 8400 families may be divided among the four provinces, according to the number of houses in each province; and making the equal allowance of eight to a family, the number of inhabitants will amount to 67,200 souls. To these we are to add a standing army of 20,000 English; which, together with their trulls, their bastards, and their horse-boys, will by a gross computation, very near double the count, and be very sufficient for the defence and grazing of the kingdom, as well as to enrich our neighbours, expel popery, and keep out the pretender. And, lest the army should be at a loss for business, I think it would be very prudent to employ them in collecting the public taxes for paying themselves and the civil list.

I advise that all our owners of these lands should live constantly in England, in order to learn politeness, and qualify themselves for employments; but, for fear of increasing the natives in this island, that an annual draught, according to the number born every year, be exported to whatever place will bear the carriage, or transplanted to the English dominions on the American continent, as a screen between his majesty's English subjects and the savage Indians.

I advise likewise, that no commodity whatsoever of this nation's growth should be sent to any other country except England, under the penalty of high treason; and that all the said commodities shall be sent in their natural state; and the hides raw, the wool uncombed, the flax in the stub; excepting only fish, butter, tallow, and whatever else will be spoiled in the carriage. On the contrary, that no goods whatsoever shall be imported hither except from England, under the same penalty: that England should be forced, at their own rates, to send us over clothes ready made, as well as shirts and smocks to the soldiers and their trulls; all iron, wooden, and earthenware, and whatever furniture may be necessary for the cabins of graziers; with a sufficient quantity of gin and other spirits for those who can afford to get drunk on holidays.

As to the civil and ecclesiastical administration, which I have not yet fully considered, I can say little: only with regard to the latter, it is plain that the article of paying tithe for supporting speculative opinions in religion, which is so insupportable a burden to all true protestants and to most churchmen, will be very much lessened by this expedient; because dry cattle pay nothing to the spiritual hireling, any more than imported corn; so that the industrious shepherd and cowherd may sit every man under his own blackberry-bush and on his own potatoe-bed, whereby this happy island will become a new Arcadia.

I do likewise propose, that no money shall be used in Ireland except what is made of leather, which likewise shall be coined in England and imported; and that the taxes shall be levied out of the commodities we export for England, and there turned into money for his majesty's use; and the rents to landlords discharged in the same manner. This will be no manner of grievance, for we already see it very practicable to live without money and shall be more convinced of it every day. But whether paper shall continue to supply that defect, or whether we shall hang up all those who profess the trade of bankers (which latter I am rather inclined to), must be left to the consideration of wiser politicians.

That which makes me more zealously bent upon this scheme is my desire of living in amity with our neighbouring brethren; for we have already tried all other means without effect to that blessed end; and by the course of measures taken for some years past it should seem that we are all agreed in the point.

This expedient will be of great advantage to both kingdoms, upon several accounts: for as to England, they have a just claim to the balance of trade on their side with the whole world: and therefore our ancestors and we who conquered this kingdom for them ought, in duty and gratitude, to let them have the whole benefit of that conquest to themselves; especially when the conquest was amicably made without bloodshed, by stipulation between the Irish princes and Henry II.; by which they paid him, indeed, not equal homage with what the electors of Germany do to the emperor, but very near the same that he did to the king of France for his French dominions.

In consequence of this claim from England, that kingdom may very reasonably demand the benefit of all our commodities in their natural growth, to be manufactured by their people, and a sufficient quantity of them for our use to be returned hither fully manufactured.

This, on the other side, will be of great benefit to our inhabitants the graziers; whose time and labour will be too much taken up in manuring their ground, feeding their cattle, shearing their sheep, and sending over their oxen fit for slaughter; to which employments they are turned by nature, as descended from the Scythians, whose diet they are still so fond of. So Virgil describes it:—

Et lac concretum cum sanguine bibit equino;[a]

Which, in English, is bonnyclabber [buttermilk] mingled with the blood of horses, as they formerly did until about the beginning of the last century; when luxury under the form of politeness began to creep in, they changed the blood of horses for that of their black cattle, and by consequence became less warlike than their ancestors.

Although I proposed that the army should be collectors of the public revenues, yet I did not thereby intend that those taxes should be paid in gold or silver; but in kind, as all other rents; for the custom of tenants making their payments in money is a new thing in the world, little known in former ages, nor generally practised in any nation at present, except this island and the southern parts of Britain. But to my great satisfaction, I forsee better times; the ancient manner begins to be now practised in many parts of Connaught, as well as in the county of Cork, where the squires turn tenants to themselves, divide so many cattle to their slaves, who are to provide such a quantity of butter, hides, or tallow, still keeping up their number of cattle; and carry the goods to Cork, or other port towns, and then sell them to merchants. By which invention there is no such thing as a ruined farmer to be seen, but the people live with comfort on potatoes and bonnyclabber, neither of which are vendible commodities abroad.

[a] —— "For drink and food,
They mix their curdled milk with horses' blood.—DRYDEN.

A PROPOSAL

FOR AN ACT OF PARLIAMENT TO PAY OFF THE DEBT OF THE NATION WITHOUT TAXING THE SUBJECT :

By which the number of landed gentry and substantial farmers will be considerably increased, and no person will be the poorer, or contribute one farthing to the charge. 1732.

THE debts contracted some years past for the service and safety of the nation are grown so great, that under our present distressed condition by the want of trade, the great remittances to pay absentees, regiments serving abroad, and many other drains of money well enough known and felt, the kingdom seems altogether unable to discharge them by the common methods of payment; and either a poll or land-tax would be too odious to think of, especially the latter; because the lands which have been left for these ten or dozen years past were raised so high, that the owner can at present hardly receive any rent at all. For it is the usual practice of an Irish tenant, rather than want land, to offer more for a farm than he knows he can be ever able to pay: and in that case he grows desperate, and pays nothing at all. So that a land-tax upon a racked estate would be a burden wholly insupportable.

The question would then be, how these national debts can be paid, and how I can make good the several particulars of my proposal; which I shall now lay open to the public.

The revenues of their graces and lordships the archbishops and bishops of this kingdom (excluding the fines) do amount by a moderate computation to 36,800*l.* per annum: I mean the rents which the bishops receive from their tenants. But the real value of those lands is, at a full rent, taking the several sees one with another, reckoned to be at least three-fourths more: so that multiplying 36,800*l.* by 4, the full rent of all the bishops' lands will amount to 147,200*l.* per annum; from which subtracting the present rent received by their lordships, that is 36,800*l.*, the profits of the lands received by the first and second tenants (who both have great bargains) will rise to the sum of 110,400*l.* per annum; which lands, if they were to be sold at 22 years' purchase, would raise a sum of 2,428,800*l.*, reserving to the bishops their present rents, only excluding fines.

Of this sum I propose that out of the one-half, which amounts to 1,214,400*l.*, so much be applied as will entirely discharge the debts of the nation: and the remainder be laid up in the treasury, to supply contingencies as well as to discharge some of our heavy taxes, until the kingdom shall be in a better condition.

But, whereas the present set of bishops would be greater losers by this scheme for want of their fines, which would be a hard treatment to such religious, loyal, and deserving personages; I have therefore set apart the other half to supply that defect, which it will more than sufficiently do.

A bishop's lease for the full term is reckoned to be worth eleven years' purchase; but if we take the bishops round, I suppose there may be four years of each lease elapsed; and many of the bishops being well stricken in years, I cannot think their lives round to be worth more than seven years' purchase; so that the purchasers may very well afford 15 years' purchase for the reversion, especially by one great additional advantage which I shall soon mention.

This sum of 2,428,800*l.* must likewise be sunk very considerably, because the lands are to be sold only at 15 years' purchase; and this lessens the sum to about 1,656,000*l.*, of which I propose 1,200,000*l.* to be applied partly for the payment of the national debt and partly as a fund for future exigencies; and the remaining 456,000*l.* I propose as a fund for paying the present set of bishops their fines; which it will abundantly do, and a great part remain as an addition to the public stock.

Although the bishops round do not in reality receive three fines a-piece, which take up 21 years, yet I allow it to be so; but then I will suppose them to take but one year's rent, in recompense of giving them so large a term of life: and thus multiplying 36,800*l.* by 3, the product will be only 110,400*l.*, so that above three-fourths will remain to be applied to public use.

If I have made wrong computations I hope to be excused, as a stranger to the kingdom; which I never saw till I was called to an employment, and yet where I intend to pass the rest of my days; but I took care to get the best informations I could and from the most proper persons. However, the mistakes I may have been guilty of will very little affect the main of my proposal, although they should cause a difference of 100,000*l.* more or less.

These fines are only to be paid to the bishop during his incumbency in the same see. If he change it for a better, the purchasers of the vacant see lands are to come immediately into possession of the see he has left; and both the bishop who is removed and he who comes into his place are to have no more fines; for the removed bishop will find his account by a larger revenue, and the other see will find candidates enough. For the law maxim will here have place: *caveat emptor;* I mean the persons who succeed may choose whether they will accept or not.

As to the purchasers, they will probably be tenants to the see, who are already in possession and can afford to give more than any other bidder.

I will further explain myself. If a person already a bishop be removed into a richer see, he must be content with the bare revenues without any fines; and so must he who comes into a bishopric vacant by death: and this will bring the matter sooner to bear, which if the crown shall think fit to countenance will soon change the present set of bishops, and consequently encourage purchasers of their lands. For example: if a primate should die, and the gradation be wisely made, almost the whole set of bishops might be changed in a month, each to his great advantage, although no fines were to be got, and thereby save a great part of that sum which I have appropriated toward supplying the deficiency of fines.

I have valued the bishops' lands two years' purchase above the usual computed rate, because those lands will have a sanction from the king and council in England and be confirmed by an act of parliament here: besides, it is well known, that higher prices are given every day for worse lands at the remotest distances and at rack rents, which I take to be occasioned by want of trade: when there are few borrowers and the little money in private hands lying dead, there is no other way to dispose of it but in buying of land, which consequently makes the owners hold it so high.

Besides paying the nation's debts, the sale of these lands would have many other good effects upon the nation. It will considerably increase the number of gentry where the bishops' tenants are not able or willing to purchase; for the lands will afford a hundred gentlemen a good revenue to each; several persons from England will probably be glad to come over hither, and be the buyers, rather than give 30 years' purchase at home, under the loads of taxes for the public and the poor as well as repairs, by which means much money may be brought among us; and probably some of the purchasers themselves may be content to live cheap in a worse country rather than be at the charge of exchange and agencies; and perhaps of nonsolvencies in absence, if they let their lands too high.

This proposal will also multiply farmers, when the

purchasers will have lands in their own power to give long and easy leases to industrious husbandmen.

I have allowed some bishoprics of equal income to be of more or less value to the purchaser, according as they are circumstanced. For instance, the lands of the primacy and some other sees are let so low that they hardly pay a fifth penny of the real value to the bishop, and there the fines are the greater. On the contrary, the sees of Meath and Clonfert consisting as I am told much of tithes, those tithes are annually let to the tenants without any fines. So the see of Dublin is said to have many fee-farms which pay no fines; and some leases for lives which pay very little, and not so soon nor so duly.

I cannot but be confident that their graces my lords the archbishops and my lords the bishops will heartily join in this proposal, out of gratitude to his late and present majesty, the best of kings who have bestowed on them such high and opulent stations: as well as in pity to this country, which is now become their own; whereby they will be instrumental toward paying the nation's debts without impoverishing themselves; enrich a hundred gentlemen, as well as free them from dependency; and thus remove that envy which is apt to fall upon their graces and lordships, from considerable persons whose birth and fortunes rather qualify them to be lords of manors than servile dependents upon churchmen, however dignified or distinguished.

If I do not flatter myself, there could not be any law more popular than this. For the immediate tenants to bishops being some of them persons of quality and good estates, and more of them grown up to be gentlemen by the profits of these very leases under a succession of bishops, think it a disgrace to be subject both to rents and fines at the pleasure of their landlords. Then the bulk of the tenants, especially the dissenters, who are our true loyal protestant brethren, look upon it both as an unnatural and iniquitous thing that bishops should be owners of land at all (wherein I beg to differ from them), being a point so contrary to the practice of the apostles, whose successors they are deemed to be; and who, although they were contented that land should be sold for the common use of the brethren, yet would not buy it themselves, but had it laid at their feet to be distributed to poor proselytes.

I will add one word more; that by such a wholesome law all the oppressions felt by under-tenants of church leases, which are now laid on the bishops, would entirely be prevented, by their graces and lordships consenting to have their lands sold for payment of the nation's debts; reserving only the present rent for their own plentiful and honourable support.

I beg leave to add one particular; that when heads of a bill (as I find the style runs in this kingdom) shall be brought in for forming this proposal into a law, I should humbly offer that there might be a power given to every bishop, except those who reside in Dublin, for applying 100 acres of profitable land that lies nearest his palace as a demesne for the convenience of his family.

I know very well that this scheme has been much talked of for some time past, and is in the thoughts of many patriots; neither was it properly mine, although I fell readily into it when it was first communicated to me.

Although I am almost a perfect stranger in this kingdom, yet since I have accepted an employment here of some consequence as well as profit, I cannot but think myself in duty bound to consult the interest of people among whom I have been so well received. And if I can be any way instrumental toward contributing to reduce this excellent proposal into a law (which being not in the least injurious to England will I am confident meet with no opposition from that side) my sincere endeavours to serve this church and kingdom will be well rewarded.

AN EXAMINATION
OF CERTAIN ABUSES, CORRUPTIONS, AND ENORMITIES,
IN THE CITY OF DUBLIN. 1732.

NOTHING is held more commendable in all great cities, especially the metropolis of a kingdom, than what the French call the police; by which word is meant the government thereof, to prevent the many disorders occasioned by great numbers of people and carriages, especially through narrow streets. In this government our famous city of Dublin is said to be very defective and universally complained of. Many wholesome laws have been enacted to correct those abuses, but are ill executed; and many more are wanting; which I hope the united wisdom of the nation (whereof so many good effects have already appeared this session) will soon take into their profound consideration.

As I have been always watchful over the good of mine own country, and particularly that of our renowned city, where (*absit invidia*) I had the honour to draw my first breath, I cannot have a minute's ease or patience, to forbear enumerating some of the greatest enormities, abuses, and corruptions, spread almost through every part of Dublin, and proposing such remedies as I hope the legislature will approve of.

The narrow compass to which I have confined myself in this paper will allow me only to touch the most important defects, and such as I think seem to require the most speedy redress.

And first; perhaps there was never known a wiser institution than that of allowing certain persons of both sexes, in large and populous cities, to cry through the streets many necessaries of life. It would be endless to recount the conveniences which our city enjoys by this useful invention; and particularly strangers, forced hither by business, who reside here but a short time; for these, having usually but little money and being wholly ignorant of the town, might at an easy price purchase a tolerable dinner, if the several criers would pronounce the names of the goods they have to sell in any tolerable language. And therefore, until our lawmakers shall think it proper to interpose so far as to make those traders pronounce their words in such terms that a plain christian hearer may comprehend what is cried, I would advise all new-comers to look out at their garret windows, and there see whether the thing that is cried be tripes or flummery, butter-milk or cow-heels. For as things are now managed, how is it possible for an honest countryman just arrived to find out what is meant, for instance, by the following words, with which his ears are constantly stunned twice a-day, "Mugs, jugs, and porringers, up in the garret, and down in the cellar!" I say, how is it possible for any stranger to understand that this jargon is meant as an invitation to buy a farthing's worth of milk for his breakfast or supper, unless his curiosity draws him to the window or until his landlady shall inform him? I produce this only as one instance among 100 much worse; I mean where the words make a sound wholly inarticulate, which gives so much disturbance and so little information.

The affirmation solemnly made in the cry of herrings is directly against all truth and probability; "Herrings alive, alive here!" The very proverb will convince us of this; for what is more frequent in ordinary speech than to say of some neighbour for whom the passing-bell rings, that he is dead as a herring? And pray how is it possible, that a herring which, as philosophers observe, cannot live longer than one minute three seconds and a half out of water, should bear a voyage in open boats from Howth to Dublin, be tossed into 20 hands, and preserve its life in sieves for several hours?

Nay, we have witnesses ready to produce that many thousands of these herrings, so impudently asserted to be alive, have been a day and a night upon dry land. But this is not the worst. What can we think of those impious wretches who dare in the face of the sun vouch the very same affirmative of their salmon, and cry, "Salmon alive, alive!" whereas, if you call the woman who cries it, she is not ashamed to turn back her mantle and show you this individual salmon cut into a dozen pieces? I have given good advice to these infamous disgracers of their sex and calling without the least appearance of remorse, and fully against the conviction of their own consciences; I have mentioned this grievance to several of our parish ministers, but all in vain; so that it must continue until the government shall think fit to interpose.

There is another cry which from the strictest observation I can make appears to be very modern, and it is that of sweethearts;[a] and is plainly intended for a reflection upon the female sex, as if there were at present so great a dearth of lovers that the women, instead of receiving presents from men, were now forced to offer money to purchase sweethearts. Neither am I sure that this cry does not glance at some disaffection against the government; insinuating that while so many of our troops are engaged in foreign service, and such a great number of our gallant officers constantly reside in England, the ladies are forced to take up with parsons and attorneys; but this is a most unjust reflection, as may soon be proved by any person who frequents the castle, our public walks, our balls, and assemblies; where the crowds of toupees[b] were never known to swarm as they do at present.

There is a cry peculiar to this city which I do not remember to have been used in London, or at least not in the same terms that it has been practised by both parties during each of their power, but very unjustly by the Tories. While these were at the helm they grew daily more and more impatient to put all true Whigs and Hanoverians out of employments: to effect which they hired certain ordinary fellows with large baskets on their shoulders, to call aloud at every house, "Dirt to carry out;" giving that denomination to our whole party; as if they would signify that the kingdom could never be cleansed until we were swept from the earth like rubbish. But since that happy turn of times when we were so miraculously preserved, by just an inch, from popery, slavery, massacre, and the pretender, I must own it is prudence in us still to go on with the same cry; which has ever since been so effectually observed, that the true political dirt is wholly removed and thrown on its proper dunghills, there to corrupt and be no more heard of.

But to proceed to other enormities. Every person who walks the streets must needs observe an immense number of human excrements at the doors and steps of waste houses and at the sides of every dead wall; for which the disaffected party has assigned a very false and malicious cause: they would have it that these heaps were laid there privately by British fundaments to make the world believe that our Irish vulgar do daily eat and drink; and consequently that the clamour of poverty among us must be false, proceeding only from Jacobites and papists. They would confirm this by pretending to observe that a British anus being more narrowly perforated than one of our own country, and many of these excrements upon a strict view appearing copple crowned, with a point like a cone or pyramid, are easily distinguished from the Hibernian, which lie much flatter and with less continuity. I communicated this conjecture to an eminent physician who is well versed in such profound speculations, and at my request was pleased to make trial with each of his fingers, by thrusting them into the anus of several persons of both nations, and professed he could find no such difference between them as those ill-disposed people allege. On the contrary, he assured me that much the greater number of narrow cavities were of Hibernian origin. This I only mention to show how ready the Jacobites are to lay hold of any handle to express their malice against the government. I had almost forgot to add that my friend the physician could by smelling each finger distinguish the Hibernian excrement from the British, and was not above twice mistaken in a hundred experiments; upon which he intends very soon to publish a learned dissertation.

There is a diversion in this city, which usually begins among the butchers, but it is often continued by a succession of other people through many streets; it is called the COSSING of a dog; and I may justly number it among our corruptions. The ceremony is thus: A strange dog happens to pass through a flesh-market; whereupon an expert butcher immediately cries in a loud voice and the proper tone, Coss, coss, several times. The same word is repeated by the people. The dog, who perfectly understands the terms of the art, and consequently the danger he is in, immediately flies. The people and even his own brother animals pursue: the pursuit and cry attend him perhaps half a mile; he is well worried in his flight, and sometimes hardly escapes. This our ill-wishers of the Jacobite kind are pleased to call a persecution; and affirm that it always falls upon dogs of the Tory principle. But we can defend ourselves by justly alleging that when they were uppermost they treated our dogs fully as inhumanly. As to my own part who have in former times often attended these processions, although I can very well distinguish between a Whig and a Tory dog, yet I never carried my resentment very far from a party principle, except it were against certain malicious dogs who most discover their enmity against us in the worst of times. And I remember too well that in the wicked ministry of the earl of Oxford a large mastiff of our party, being unmercifully cossed, ran without thinking between my legs as I was coming up Fishamble-street; and as I am of low stature, with very short legs, bore me riding backward down the hill for above two hundred yards: and although I made use of his tail for a bridle, holding it fast with both my hands, and clung my legs as close to his sides as I could, yet we both came down together into the middle of the kennel, where, after rolling three or four times over each other, I got up with much ado amid the shouts and huzzas of a thousand malicious Jacobites. I cannot indeed but gratefully acknowledge, that for this and many other services and sufferings[a] I have been since more than overpaid.

This adventure may, perhaps, have put me out of love with the adventure of cossing, which I confess myself an enemy to unless we could always be sure of distinguishing Tory dogs; whereof great numbers have since been so prudent as entirely to change their principles and are justly esteemed the best worriers of their former friends.

I am assured and partly know that all the chimney-sweepers' boys, where members of parliament chiefly lodge, are hired by our enemies to skulk in the tops of chimneys, with their heads no higher than will just permit them to look round; and at the usual hours when members are going to the house, if they see a coach stand near the lodging of any loyal member, they call coach, coach, as loud as they can bawl, just at the instant when the footman begins to give the same call. And this is chiefly done on those days when any point

[a] A sort of sugar-cakes in the shape of hearts.

[b] A new name for a modern periwig with a long black tail, and for its owner, fashionable in the year 1733.

[a] See the apology for the Tale of a Tub.

of importance is to be debated. This practice may be of very dangerous consequence; for these boys are all hired by enemies to the government; and thus by the absence of a few members for a few minutes a question may be carried against the true interest of the kingdom, and very probably not without an eye toward the pretender.

I have not observed the wit and fancy of this town so much employed in any one article as that of contriving variety of signs to hang over houses where punch is to be sold. The bowl is represented full of punch; the ladle stands erect in the middle, supported sometimes by one and sometimes by two animals, whose feet rest upon the edge of the bowl. These animals are sometimes one black lion, and sometimes a couple; sometimes a single eagle, and sometimes a spread one; and we often meet a crow, a swan, a bear, or a cock, in the same posture.

Now I cannot find how any of these animals, either separate or in conjunction, are properly speaking fit emblems or embellishments to advance the sale of punch. Besides, it is agreed among naturalists, that no brute can endure the taste of strong liquor, except where he has been used to it from his infancy; and consequently it is against all the rules of hieroglyph to assign those animals as patrons or protectors of punch. For in that case, we ought to suppose that the host keeps always ready the real bird or beast, whereof the picture hangs over his door, to entertain his guests; which however to my knowledge, is not true in fact; not one of those birds being a proper companion for a Christian, as to aiding and assisting in making the punch. For as they are drawn upon the sign, they are much more likely to mute or shed their feathers into the liquor. Then as to the bear, he is too terrible, awkward, and slovenly a companion to converse with; neither are any of them at all handy enough to fill liquor to the company. I do therefore vehemently suspect a plot intended against the government by these devices. For although the spread eagle be the arms of Germany, upon which account it may possibly be a lawful protestant sign, yet I, who am very suspicious of fair outsides in a matter which so nearly concerns our welfare, cannot but call to mind that the pretender's wife is said to be of German birth; and that many popish princes in so vast an extent of land are reported to excel both at making and drinking punch: besides, it is plain that the spread eagle exhibits to us the perfect figure of a cross, which is a badge of popery. Then as to the cock, he is well known to represent the French nation, our old and dangerous enemy. The swan, who must of necessity cover the entire bowl with his wings, can be no other than the Spaniard, who endeavours to engross all the treasures of the Indies to himself. The lion is, indeed, the common emblem of royal power, as well as the arms of England; but to paint him black is perfect Jacobitism and a manifest type of those who blacken the actions of the best princes. It is not easy to distinguish whether that other fowl painted over the punch-bowl be a crow or a raven. It is true they have both been ominous birds: but I rather take it to be the former; because it is the disposition of a crow to pick out the eyes of other creatures, and often even of Christians after they are dead; and is therefore drawn here with a design to put the Jacobites in mind of their old practice, first to lull us asleep, (which is an emblem of death), and then to blind our eyes, that we may not see their dangerous practices against the state.

To speak my private opinion: the least offensive picture in the whole set seems to be the bear, because he represents *ursa major* or the great bear, who presides over the north, where the reformation first began; and which next to Britain (including Scotland and the north of Ireland) is the great protector of the true protestant religion. But however in those signs where I observe the bear to be chained, I cannot help surmising a jacobite contrivance, by which these traitors hint an earnest desire of using all true Whigs as their predecessors did the primitive christians; I mean, to represent us as bears and then halloo their Tory dogs to bait us to death.

Thus I have given a fair account of what I dislike in all the signs set over those houses that invite us to punch. I own it was a matter that did not need explaining, being so very obvious to common understandings; yet I know not how it happens, but methinks there seems a fatal blindness to overspread our corporeal eyes as well as our intellectual; and I heartily wish I may be found a false prophet; for these are not bare suspicions but manifest demonstrations.

Therefore away with these popish, jacobitish, and idolatrous gewgaws. And I heartily wish a law were enacted under severe penalties against drinking punch at all; for nothing is easier than to prove it a disaffected liquor; the chief ingredients, which are brandy, oranges, and lemons, are all sent us from popish countries; and nothing remains of protestant growth but sugar and water. For as to biscuit, which formerly was held a necessary ingredient, and is truly British, we find it entirely rejected.

But I will put the truth of my assertion past all doubt; I mean that this liquor is by one important innovation grown of ill example and dangerous consequence to the public. It is well known that by the true original institution of making punch, left us by captain Ratcliffe, the sharpness is only occasioned by the juice of lemons, and so continued until after the happy Revolution. Oranges, alas! are a mere innovation, and in a manner but of yesterday It was the politics of jacobites to introduce them gradually,—and o what intent? The thing speaks itself. It was cunningly to show their virulence against his sacred majesty, king William, of ever-glorious and immortal memory. But of late (to show how fast disloyalty increases) they came from one or two and then to three oranges; nay, at present we often find punch made all with oranges and not one single lemon. For the jacobites before the death of that immortal prince had, by a superstition formed a private prayer that as they squeezed the orange so might that protestant king be squeezed to death; according to the known sorcery described by Virgil:

> Limus ut hic durescit, et hæc ut cera liquescit, &c.
>
> Ecl. viii. 80.

And thus the Romans when they sacrificed an ox used this kind of prayer: "As I knock down this ox so may thou, O Jupiter, knock down our enemies." In like manner, after king William's death, whenever a jacobite squeezed an orange, he had a mental curse upon the glorious memory and a hearty wish for power to squeeze all his majesty's friends to death as he squeezed that orange, which bore one of his titles, as he was prince of Orange. This I do affirm for truth, many of that faction having confessed it to me under an oath of secrecy; which however I thought it my duty not to keep when I saw my dear country in danger. But what better can be expected from an infamous set of men, who never scruple to drink *confusion* to all true protestants under the name of Whigs? —a most unchristian and inhuman practice; which to our great honour and comfort was never charged upon us even by our most malicious detractors.

The sign of two angels hovering in the air, and with their right hands supporting a crown, is met with in several parts of this city and has often given me great offence; for whether by the unskilfulness or dangerous principles of the painters (although I have good reasons

to suspect the latter), those angels are usually drawn with such horrid or indeed rather diabolical countenances that they give great offence to every loyal eye, and equal cause of triumph to the jacobite, being a most infamous reflection upon our able and excellent ministry.

I now return to that great enormity of our city cries; most of which we have borrowed from London. I shall consider them only in a political view as they nearly affect the peace and safety of both kingdoms; and having been originally contrived by wicked Machiavels to bring in popery, slavery, and arbitrary power, by defeating the protestant succession and introducing the pretender, ought in justice to be here laid open to the world.

About two or three months after the happy Revolution all persons who possessed any employment or office in church or state were obliged by an act of parliament to take the oaths to king William and queen Mary; and a great number of disaffected persons refusing to take the said oaths from a pretended scruple of conscience, but really from a spirit of popery and rebellion, they contrived a plot to make the swearing to those princes odious in the eyes of the people. To this end they hired certain women of ill fame, but loud, shrill voices, under the pretence of selling fish, to go through the streets with sieves on their heads, and cry "Buy my soul, buy my soul;" plainly insinuating that all those who swore to king William were just ready to sell their souls for an employment. This cry was revived at the death of queen Anne, and I hear still continues in London with much offence to all true protestants, but to our great happiness seems to be almost dropped in Dublin.

But because I altogether contemn the displeasure and resentment of highfliers, Tories, and jacobites, whom I look upon to be worse even than professed papists, I do here declare that those evils which I am going to mention were all brought in upon us in the worst of times under the late earl of Oxford's administration during the four last years of queen Anne's reign. That wicked minister was universally known to be a papist in his heart. He was of a most avaricious nature; and is said to have died worth 1,000,000*l.* sterling,[a] beside his vast expense in building, statues, plate, jewels, and other costly rarities. He was of a mean, obscure birth, from the very dregs of the people; and so illiterate that he could hardly read a paper at the council-table. I forbear to touch on his open profane, profligate life, because I desire not to rake into the ashes of the dead; and therefore I shall observe this wise maxim, *De mortuis nil nisi bonum.*

This flagitious man, in order to compass his black designs, employed certain wicked instruments (which great statesmen are never without), to adapt several London cries in such a manner as would best answer his ends. And whereas it was upon good grounds grievously suspected that all places at court were sold to the highest bidder, certain women were employed by his emissaries to carry fish in baskets on their heads, and bawl through the streets, "Buy my fresh places!" I must indeed own that other women used the same cry who were innocent of this wicked design, and really sold fish of that denomination to get an honest livelihood; but the rest, who were in the secret, although they carried fish in their sieves or baskets to save appearances, yet they had likewise a certain sign, somewhat resembling that of the freemasons, which the purchasers of places knew well enough, and were directed by the women whither they were to resort and make their purchase. And I remember very well how oddly it looked when we observed many gentlemen finely dressed, about the court end of the town, and as far as York Buildings, where the lord-treasurer Oxford dwelt, calling the women who cried "Buy my fresh places!" and talking to them in the corner of a street until they understood each other's sign. But we never could observe that any fish was bought.

Some years before the cries last mentioned the duke of Savoy was reported to have made certain overtures to the court of England for admitting his eldest son by the duchess of Orleans's daughter to succeed to the crown as next heir upon the pretender's being rejected; and that son was immediately to turn protestant. It was confidently reported that great numbers of people, disaffected to the then illustrious but now royal house of Hanover were in those measures. Whereupon another set of women were hired by the jacobite leaders to cry through the whole town "Buy my Savoys, dainty Savoys, curious Savoys!" But I cannot directly charge the late earl of Oxford with this conspiracy because he was not then chief minister. However this wicked cry still continues in London, and was brought over hither, where it remains to this day; and is in my humble opinion a very offensive sound to every true protestant who is old enough to remember those dangerous times.

During the ministry of that corrupt and jacobite earl above-mentioned the secret pernicious design of those in power was to sell Flanders to France; the consequence of which must have been the infallible ruin of the states-general, and would have opened the way for France to obtain that universal monarchy they have so long aimed at; to which the British dominions must next after Holland have been compelled to submit, whereby the protestant religion would be rooted out of the world.

A design of this vast importance, after a long consultation among the jacobite grandees, with the earl of Oxford at their head, was at last determined to be carried on by the same method with the former. It was therefore again put in practice; but the conduct of it was chiefly left to chosen men, whose voices were louder and stronger than those of the other sex; and upon this occasion was first instituted in London that famous cry of "FLOUNDERS!" But the criers were particularly directed to pronounce the word Flaunders and not flounders; for the country which we now by corruption call Flanders is in its true orthography spelt Flaunders, as may be obvious to all who read old English books. I say, from hence began that thundering cry which has ever since stunned the ears of all London, made so many children fall into fits and women miscarry: "Come, buy my fresh flaunders, curious flaunders, charming flaunders, alive, alive, ho!"—which last words can with no propriety of speech be applied to fish manifestly dead (as I observed before in herrings and salmon), but very justly to ten provinces containing many millions of living christians. But the application is still closer when we consider that all the people were to be taken like fishes in a net; and by assistance of the pope, who sets up to be the universal fisher of men, the whole innocent nation was according to our common expression to be laid as flat as a flounder.

I remember myself a particular crier of flounders in London who arrived at so much fame for the loudness of his voice as to have the honour of being mentioned upon that account in a comedy. He hath disturbed me many a morning before he came within 50 doors of my lodging; and although I were not in those days so fully apprized of the designs which our common enemy had then in agitation, yet I know not how, by a secret impulse, young as I was I could not forbear conceiving a strong dislike against the fellow; and often said to myself, "This cry seems to be forged in the jesuit's school; alas, poor England! I am grievously mistaken

[a] The author's meaning is just contrary to the literal sense in the character of lord Oxford.

if there be not some popish plot at the bottom." I communicated my thoughts to an intimate friend, who reproached me with being too visionary in my speculations; but it proved afterwards that I had conjectured right. And I have since reflected that if the wicked faction could have procured only 1000 men of as strong lungs as the fellow I mentioned, none can tell how terrible the consequences might have been not only to these two kingdoms but over all Europe by selling Flanders to France. And yet these cries continue unpunished both in London and Dublin; although I confess not with equal vehemence or loudness, because the reason for contriving this desperate plot is to our great felicity wholly ceased.

It is well known that the majority of the British house of Commons in the last years of queen Anne's reign were in their hearts directly opposite to the earl of Oxford's pernicious measures, which put him under the necessity of bribing them with salaries. Whereupon he had again recourse to his old politics. And accordingly his emissaries were very busy in employing certain artful women, of no good life and conversation (as it was proved before justice Peyton*) to cry that vegetable commonly called celery through the town. These women differed from the common criers of that herb by some private mark, which I could never learn; but the matter was notorious enough and sufficiently talked of; and about the same period was the cry of celery brought over into this kingdom. But since there is not at present the least occasion to suspect the loyalty of our criers upon that article I am content that it may still be tolerated.

I shall mention but one cry more which has any reference to politics; but is indeed of all others the most insolent as well as treasonable under our present happy establishment, I mean that of turnups; not of turnips, according to the best orthography, but absolutely turnups. Although the cry be of an older date than some of the preceding enormities—for it began soon after the Revolution—yet was it never known to arrive at so great a height as during the earl of Oxford's power. Some people (whom I take to be private enemies) are indeed as ready as myself to profess their disapprobation of this cry on pretence that it began by the contrivance of certain old procuresses, who kept houses of ill fame where lewd women met to draw young men into vice. And this they pretend to prove by some words in the cry; because after the crier had bawled out "Turnups, ho! buy my dainty turnups," he would sometimes add the two following verses:—

> "Turn up the mistress, and turn up the maid,
> And turn up the daughter, and be not afraid."

This, says some political sophists, plainly shows that there can be nothing further meant in so infamous a cry than an invitation to lewdness; which indeed ought to be severely punished in all well regulated governments, yet cannot be fairly interpreted as a crime of state. But I hope we are not so weak and blind to be deluded at this time of day with such poor evasions. I could if it were proper demonstrate the very time when those two verses were composed, and name the author, who was no other than the famous Mr. Swan, so well known for his talent at quibbling, and was as virulent a jacobite as any in England. Neither could he deny the fact when he was taxed for it in my presence by sir Henry Dutton Colt and colonel Davenport, at the Smyrna coffee-house on the 10th of June, 1701. Thus it appears to a demonstration that those verses were only a blind to conceal the most dangerous designs of the party; who, from the first years after the happy Revolution, used a cant way of talking in their clubs after this manner: "We hope to see the cards shuffled once more, and another king TURN UP trump:" and "When shall we meet over a dish of TURNUPS?" The same term of art was used in their plots against the government, and in their treasonable letters written in ciphers, and deciphered by the famous Dr. Willes, as you may read in the trials of those times. This I thought fit to set forth at large, and in so clear a light, because the Scotch and French authors have given a very different account of the word TURNUP; but whether out of ignorance or partiality I shall not decree; because I am sure the reader is convinced by my discovery. It is to be observed that this cry was sung in a particular manner by fellows in disguise to give notice where those traitors were to meet in order to concert their villanous designs.

I have no more to add upon this article than an humble proposal that those who cry this root at present in our streets of Dublin may be compelled by the justices of the peace to pronounce turnip and not turnup; for I am afraid we have still too many snakes in our bosom, and it would be well if their cellars were sometimes searched when the owners least expected it; for I am not out of fear that *latet anguis in herbâ*.

Thus we are zealous in matters of small moment while we neglect those of the highest importance. I have already made it manifest that all these cries were contrived in the worst of times, under the ministry of that desperate statesman, Robert, late earl of Oxford; and for that very reason ought to be rejected with horror as begun in the reign of jacobites, and may well be numbered among the rags of popery and treason; or if it be thought proper that these cries must continue, surely they ought to be only trusted in the hands of true protestants who have given security to the government.

Having already spoken of many abuses relating to sign-posts, I cannot here omit one more, because it plainly relates to politics and is perhaps of more dangerous consequence than any of the city cries, because it directly tends to destroy the succession. It is the sign of his present majesty king George II. to be met with in many streets; and yet I happen to be not only the first but the only discoverer of this audacious instance of jacobitism. And I am confident that, if the justices of the peace would please to make a strict inspection, they might find in all such houses, before which those signs are hung up in the manner I have observed, that the landlords were malignant papists or which is worse notorious jacobites. Whoever views those signs may read over his majesty's head the following letters and ciphers, G. R. II., which plainly signifies George king II., and not king George II., or George II., king; but laying the point after the letter G, by which the owner of the house manifestly shows that he renounces his allegiance to king George II., and allows him to be only the second king, *inuendo*, that the pretender is the first king; and looking upon king George to be only a kind of second king or viceroy till the pretender shall come over and seize the kingdom. I appeal to all mankind whether this be a strained or forced interpretation of the inscription as it now stands in almost every street; whether any decipherer would make the least doubt or hesitation to explain it as I have done; whether any other protestant country would endure so public an instance of treason in the capital city from such vulgar conspirators; and lastly, whether papists and jacobites of great fortunes and quality may not probably stand behind the curtain in this dangerous, open, and avowed design against the government. But I have performed my duty; and leave the reforming of these abuses to the wisdom, the vigilance, the loyalty, and activity of my superiors.

* A famous Whig justice in those times.

TO THE HONOURABLE

HOUSE OF COMMONS, &c.

THE HUMBLE PETITION OF THE FOOTMEN IN AND ABOUT THE CITY OF DUBLIN, IN THE YEAR 1732.

HUMBLY SHEWETH,

THAT your petitioners are a great and numerous society, endowed with several privileges time out of mind.

That certain lewd, idle, and disorderly persons for several months past, as it is notoriously known, have been daily seen in the public walks of this city, habited sometimes in green coats and sometimes laced, with long oaken cudgels in their hands and without swords, in hopes to procure favour by that advantage with a great number of ladies who frequent those walks; pretending and giving themselves out to be the true genuine Irish footmen; whereas they can be proved to be no better than common toupees, as a judicious eye may soon discover by their awkward, clumsy, ungenteel gait and behaviour; by their unskilfulness in dress, even with the advantage of our habits; by their ill-favoured countenances with an air of impudence and dulness peculiar to the rest of their brethren, who have not yet arrived at that transcendent pitch of assurance, and although it may be justly apprehended that they will do so in time, if these counterfeits shall happen to succeed in their evil design of passing for real footmen, thereby to render themselves more amiable to the ladies.

Your petitioners do further allege that many of the said counterfeits, upon a strict examination, have been found in the act of strutting, staring, swearing, swaggering, in a manner that plainly showed their best endeavours to imitate us. Wherein although they did not succeed, yet by their ignorant and ungainly way of copying our graces, the utmost indignity was endeavoured to be cast upon our whole profession.

Your petitioners do therefore make it their humble request that this honourable house (to many of whom your petitioners are nearly allied) will please to take this grievance into your most serious consideration; humbly submitting whether it would not be proper that certain officers might, at the public charge, be employed to search for and discover all such counterfeit footmen; to carry them before the next justice of peace, by whose warrant, upon the first conviction, they shall be stripped of their coats and oaken ornaments and be set two hours in the stocks; upon the second conviction, beside stripping, be set six hours in the stocks with a paper pinned on their breasts signifying their crime in large capital letters, and in the following words:—"A. B., commonly called A. B., esq., a toupee, and a notorious impostor, who presumed to personate a true Irish footman."

And for any other offence the said toupee shall be committed to Bridewell, whipped three times, forced to hard labour for a month, and not to be set at liberty till he shall have given sufficient security for his good behaviour.

Your honours will please to observe with what lenity we propose to treat these enormous offenders, who have already brought such a scandal on our honourable calling that several well-meaning people have mistaken them to be of our fraternity, in diminution to that credit and dignity whereby we have supported our station, as we always did in the worst of times. And we further beg leave to remark that this was manifestly done with a seditious design to render us less capable of serving the public in any great employments, as several of our fraternity as well as our ancestors have done.

We do therefore humbly implore your honours to give necessary orders for our relief in this present exigency, and your petitioners (as in duty bound) shall ever pray, &c.

ADVICE TO THE FREEMEN OF THE CITY OF DUBLIN,

IN THE CHOICE OF A MEMBER TO REPRESENT THEM IN PARLIAMENT. 1733.

THOSE few writers who, since the death of alderman Burton, have employed their pens in giving advice to our citizens, how they should proceed in electing a new representative for the next sessions, having laid aside their pens, I have reason to hope that all true lovers of their country in general, and particularly those who have any regard for the privileges and liberties of this great and ancient city, will think a second and a third time before they come to a final determination upon what person they resolve to fix their choice.

I am told there are only two persons who set up for candidates; one is the present lord mayor [Humphry French], and the other [John Macarall], a gentleman of good esteem, an alderman of the city, a merchant of reputation, and possessed of a considerable office under the crown. The question is which of these two persons it will be most for the advantage of the city to elect? I have but little acquaintance with either, so that my inquiries will be very impartial and drawn only from the general character and situation of both.

In order to this I must offer my countrymen and fellow-citizens some reasons why I think they ought to be more than ordinarily careful at this juncture upon whom they bestow their votes.

To perform this with more clearness it may be proper to give you a short state of our unfortunate country.

We consist of two parties: I do not mean popish and protestant, high and low church, episcopal and sectarians, Whig and Tory; but of those of English extraction who happen to be born in this kingdom, (whose ancestors reduced the whole nation under the obedience of the English crown,) and the gentlemen sent from the other side to possess most of the chief employments here. This latter party is very much enlarged and strengthened by the whole power in the church, the law, the army, the revenue, and the civil administration deposited in their hands; although for political ends and to save appearances, some employments are still distributed (yet gradually in a small number) to persons born here: this proceeding fortified with good words and many promises is sufficient to flatter and feed the hopes of hundreds, who will never be one farthing the better, as they might easily be convinced if they were qualified to think at all.

Civil employments of all kinds have been for several years past, with great prudence, made precarious and during pleasure; by which means the possessors are and must inevitably be for ever dependent; yet those very few of any consequence, which being dealt with so sparing a hand to persons born among us, are enough to keep hope alive in great numbers who desire to mend their condition by the favour of those in power.

Now, my dear fellow-citizens, how is it possible you can conceive that any person who holds an office of some hundred pounds a-year, which may be taken from him whenever power shall think fit, will if he should be chosen a member for any city, do the least thing when he sits in the house that he knows or fears may be displeasing to those who gave him or continue him in that office? Believe me, these are not times to expect such an exalted degree of virtue from mortal men. Blazing stars are much more frequently seen than such heroical worthies. And I could sooner hope to find 10,000*l.* by digging in my garden than such a phœnix by searching among the present race of mankind.

I cannot forbear thinking it a very erroneous as well

as modern maxim of politics in the English nation, to take every opportunity of depressing Ireland; whereof 100 instances may be produced in points of the highest importance, and within the memory of every middle-aged man; although many of the greatest persons among that party which now prevails have formerly, upon that article, much differed in their opinion from their present successors.

But so the fact stands at present. It is plain that the court and country party here (I mean in the house of commons) very seldom agree in anything but their loyalty to his present majesty, their resolutions to make him and his viceroy easy in the government to the utmost of their power, under the present condition of the kingdom. But the persons sent from England, who (to a trifle) are possessed of the sole executive power in all its branches, with their few adherents in possession who were born here, and hundreds of expectants, hopers, and promisees, put on quite contrary notions with regard to Ireland. They count upon an universal submission to whatever shall be demanded; wherein they act safely, because none of themselves, except the candidates, feel the least of our pressures.

I remember a person of distinction some days ago affirmed in a good deal of mixed company, and of both parties, that the gentry from England, who now enjoy our highest employments of all kinds, can never be possibly losers of one farthing by the greatest calamities that can befall this kingdom, except a plague that would sweep away a million of our hewers of wood and drawers of water, or an invasion that would fright our grandees out of the kingdom. For this person argued that, while there was a penny left in the treasury, the civil and the military list must be paid; and that the episcopal revenues, which are usually farmed out at six times below the real value, could hardly fail. He insisted further, that as money diminished, the price of all necessaries of life must of consequence do so too, which would be for the advantage of all persons in employment, as well as of my lords the bishops, and to the ruin of everybody else. Among the company there wanted not men in office, besides one or two expectants; yet I did not observe any of them disposed to return an answer; but the consequences drawn were these: That the great men in power, sent hither from the other side, were by no means upon the same foot with his majesty's other subjects of Ireland. They had no common ligament to bind them with us; they suffered not with our sufferings; and if it were possible for us to have any cause of rejoicing, they could not rejoice with us.

Suppose a person born in this kingdom shall happen, by his services for the English interest, to have an employment conferred upon him worth 400*l.* a-year, and that he has likewise an estate in land worth 400*l.* a-year more, suppose him to sit in parliament, then suppose a land-tax to be brought in of 5*s.* a-pound for ten years, I tell you how this gentleman will compute. He has 400*l.* a-year in land, the tax he must pay yearly is 100*l.*, by which, in ten years, he will pay only 1000*l.*: but if he gives his vote against this tax he will lose 4000*l.* by being turned out of his employment, together with the power and influence he has by virtue and colour of his employment, and thus the balance will be against him 3000*l.*

I desire, my fellow-citizens, you will please to call to mind how many persons you can vouch for among your acquaintance who have so much virtue and self-denial as to lose 400*l.* a-year for life, together with the smiles and favour of power, and the hopes of higher advancement, merely out of a generous love of his country.

The contentions of parties in England are very different from those among us. The battle there is fought for power and riches, and so it is indeed among us; but whether a great employment be given to Tom or to Peter, they were both born in England, the profits are to be spent there. All employments (except a very few) are bestowed on the natives, they do not send to Germany, Holland, Sweden, or Denmark, much less to Ireland, for chancellors, bishops, judges, or other officers. Their salaries, whether well or ill got, are employed at home, and whatever their morals or politics be, the nation is not the poorer.

The house of commons in England have frequently endeavoured to limit the number of members who should be allowed to have employments under the crown. Several acts have been made to that purpose, which many wise men think are not yet effectual enough, and many of them are rendered ineffectual by leaving the power of re-election. Our house of commons consists, I think, of about 300 members; if 100 of these should happen to be made up of persons already provided for, joined with expecters, compliers easy to be persuaded, such as will give a vote for a friend who is in hopes to get something; if they be merry companions, without suspicion; of a natural bashfulness, not apt or able to look forward; if good words, smiles, and caresses, have any power over them, the larger part of a second hundred may be very easily brought in at a most reasonable rate.

There is an Englishman[a] of no long standing among us, but in an employment of great trust, power, and profit. This excellent person did lately publish at his own expense a pamphlet printed in England by authority, to justify the bill for a general excise or inland duty, in order to introduce that blessed scheme among us. What a tender care must such an English patriot for Ireland have of our interest, if he should condescend to sit in our parliament! I will bridle my indignation. However, methinks I long to see that mortal, who would with pleasure blow us all up at a blast; but he duly receives his 1000*l.* a-year, makes his progress like a king, is received in pomp at every town[b] and village where he travels, and shines in the English newspapers.

I will now apply what I have said to you, my brethren and fellow-citizens. Count upon it as a truth next to your creed, that no one person in office, of which he is master for life, whether born here or in England, will ever hazard that office for the good of his country. One of your candidates is of this kind, and I believe him to be an honest gentleman, as the word honest is generally understood; but he loves his employment better than he does you, or his country, or all the countries upon earth. Will you contribute to give him city security to pay him the value of his employment, if it should be taken from him during his life for voting on all occasions with the honest country party in the house? although I much question whether he would do it even upon that condition.

Wherefore, since there are but two candidates, I intreat you will fix on the present lord mayor. He has shown more virtue, more activity, more skill, in one year's government of the city, than a hundred years can equal. He has endeavoured with great success to banish frauds, corruptions, and all other abuses from among you.

A dozen such men in power would be able to reform a kingdom. He has no employment under the crown, nor is likely to get or solicit for any, his education having not turned him that way. I will assure for no man's future conduct, but he who has hitherto practised the rules of virtue with so much difficulty in so great

[a] Edward Thompson, esq., member of parliament for York.
[b] Mr. Thompson was presented with the freedom of several corporations in Ireland.

and busy a station, deserves your thanks, and the best return you can make him, and you, my brethren, have no other to give him than that of representing you in parliament. Tell me not of your engagements and promises to another; your promises are sins of inconsideration at best, and you are bound to repent and annul them. That gentleman, although with good reputation, is already engaged on the other side. He has 400*l.* a-year under the crown, which he is too wise to part with, by sacrificing so good an establishment to the empty names of virtue, and love of his country. I can assure you the DRAPIER is in the interest of the present lord mayor, whatever you may be told to the contrary. I have lately heard him declare so in public company, and offer some of these very reasons in defence of his opinion, although he has a regard and esteem for the other gentleman, but would not hazard the good of the city and the kingdom for a compliment.

The lord mayor's severity to some unfair dealers should not turn the honest men among them against him. Whatever he did was for the advantage of those very trades, whose dishonest members he punished. He has hitherto been above temptation to act wrong, and therefore, as mankind goes, he is the most likely to act right as a representative of your city, as he constantly did in the government of it.

SOME CONSIDERATIONS

HUMBLY OFFERED TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE LORD MAYOR, THE COURT OF ALDERMEN, AND COMMON COUNCIL OF THE HONOURABLE CITY OF DUBLIN,

IN THE CHOICE OF A RECORDER.[a]

THE office of recorder to this city being vacant by the death of a very worthy gentleman, it is said that five or six persons are soliciting to succeed him in the employment. I am a stranger to all their persons, and to most of their characters, which latter I hope will at this time be canvassed with more decency than it sometimes happens upon the like occasions. Therefore, as I am wholly impartial, I can with more freedom deliver my thoughts how the several persons and parties concerned ought to proceed in electing a recorder for this great and ancient city.

And first, as it is very natural, so I can by no means think it an unreasonable opinion that the sons or near relations of aldermen, and other deserving citizens, should be duly regarded as proper competitors for an employment in the city's disposal, provided they be equally qualified with other candidates, and provided that such employments require no more than common abilities and common honesty. But in the choice of a recorder the case is entirely different. He ought to be a person of good abilities in his calling, of an unspotted character, an able practitioner, one who has occasionally merited of this city before; he ought to be of some maturity in years, a member of parliament, and likely to continue so, regular in his life, firm in his loyalty to the Hanover succession, indulgent to tender consciences, but at the same time a firm adherer to the established church. If he be such a one who has already sat in parliament, it ought to be inquired of what weight he was there; whether he voted on all occasions for the good of his country, and particularly for advancing the trade and freedom of this city; whether he be engaged in any faction, either national or religious; and lastly, whether he be a man of courage, not to be drawn from his duty by the frowns or menaces of power, nor capable to be corrupted by allurements or bribes. These and many other particulars are of infinitely more consequence than that single circumstance of being descended by a direct or collateral line from any alderman or distinguished citizen, dead or alive.

There is not a dealer or shopkeeper in this city of any substance whose thriving, less or more, may not depend upon the good or ill conduct of a recorder. He is to watch every motion in parliament that may the least affect the freedom, trade, or welfare of it.

In this approaching election, the commons, as they are a numerous body, so they seemed to be most concerned in point of interest; and their interest ought to be most regarded, because it altogether depends upon the true interest of the city. They have no private views; and giving their votes, as I am informed, by balloting, they lay under no awe or fear of disobliging competitors. It is therefore hoped that they will duly consider which of the candidates is most likely to advance the trade of themselves and their brother citizens; to defend their liberties both in and out of parliament against all attempts of encroachment or oppression. And so God direct them in the choice of a Recorder, who may for many years supply that important office with skill, diligence, courage, and fidelity. And let all the people say, Amen.

[a] On the death of Mr. Stoyte, recorder of the city of Dublin, in the year 1733, several gentlemen declared themselves candidates to succeed him, upon which the dean wrote the above paper. E. Stannard, esq., was elected.

A NEW PROPOSAL,

FOR THE BETTER REGULATION AND IMPROVEMENT OF QUADRILLE. 1736.

——— Ridiculum acri
Fortius et melius, &c.—HOR. 1 Sat. x. 14.

Mr. George Faulkner, a printer in Dublin, at the request of Dr. Swift, published "A new proposal for the better Regulation and Improvement of Quadrille," written by Dr. Josiah Horte, then bishop of Kilmore, afterwards archbishop of Tuam; Mr. serjeant Bettesworth, a member of the Irish parliament, made a complaint to the house of commons then sitting. They voted the printer into custody (who was confined closely in prison three days, when he was in a very bad state of health, and his life in much danger) for not disclosing the name of the author, at that time supposed to be Dr. Swift, against whom some invectives were thrown out by Mr. Bettesworth and others; which occasioned the poem of The Legion Club, and others. Dr. Horte was made bishop of Kilmore, July 27, 1727; and translated to Tuam, Jan 27, 1741. He published a volume of Sermons, 8vo. 1738; and died in 1752. That he was the author, and Dr. Swift the editor, of this little treatise is plain from their respective letters, dated Feb. 23, 1836-7, and May 12, 1737.

WHEREAS the noble game of Quadrille hath been found by experience to be of great use and benefit to the commonwealth, particularly as it helps to kill *time*, that lies heavy upon our hands, and to pass away life, which seems too long while we have it, and too short when we come to part with it; as it suppresses all wit in conversation which is apt to turn into scandal, all politics which are offensive to ministries and governments, and all reading which is injurious to the eyes, especially by candle-light; and it destroys pride effectually, by bringing the noble and ignoble, the learned and ignorant, the prude and the coquette, wives, widows, and maids, to one common level; giving preference of the best place and warmest corner, not according to the fantastical distinctions of birth, quality, and station, but by equal lot; as it is a sovereign cure for animosities, making people good friends for the time being, who heartily hate one another; as it prevents the squabbles, so frequent among other dealers, about the weight of gold, and gives the lightest the same value and currency

with the heaviest, which is no small advantage to the public at this juncture, when change is growing so scarce; and to name no more, as it enables the butler to go as fine as his master, without an increase of wages.

And whereas, for want of true taste and relish of the said noble game, divers ladies are tardy, and come late to the rendezvous, being detained by the paltry cares of family, or a nap after dinner, or by hooking-in a few street-visits at doors where they expect to be denied, and are sometimes cruelly bit; while the true *professors* and *adepts*, who consider the shortness of human life and the value of precious time, are impatiently waiting for such loiterers, and curse innocent clocks and watches that are forced to *lie* in justification of their tardiness.

Now, in order to cut off those frivolous pretences, and prevent those ill-bred and injurious practices for the future, and to the intent that every lady may have due notice of the appointed hour, it is hereby proposed, that a subscription be set on foot for erecting a square tower in the middle of St. Stephen's Green, and that a bell be hung in the same, large enough to be heard distinctly over the parishes of St. Anne, St. Andrew, and St. Peter, and in calm evenings as far as the parish of St. Mary, for the benefit of the graduates dwelling there: that the said bell, for greater solemnity, shall be christened,[a] according to the rites and ceremonies of the Roman church, and that the godfathers shall be K. C. and M. J., and the godmothers L. M. and R. E., who shall call it *The Great Tom of Quadrille;* that the said bell shall be tolled by the butlers of St. Stephen's Green and Dawson Street in their turns, beginning exactly a quarter before six in the evening, and ending precisely at six. In the mean time, all the little church bells shall cease their babblings, to the end Tom may be more distinctly heard.

And if, upon such legal notice, any lady of the party shall not be ready on the spot to draw for her place before the last stroke of Tom, she shall lay down 5*s.* on the table, by way of fine, for the use of the poor of the parish, being Protestants; or on failure thereof, she shall not handle a card that night, but *Dummy* shall be substituted in her room.

And that parties may not be disappointed, by excuses of a cold or other slight indispositions, when it is too late to beat up for a new recruit, it is proposed that no such excuse shall be admitted, unless the same be certified under the hand of some graduate physician, Dr. Richard T—— always excepted: and for want of such certificate, the defaultress to be amerced as foresaid at the next meeting. And it is further proposed, that the said great Tom shall be tolled a quarter before eleven precisely, after which no pool shall be made, to the intent that the ladies may have a quarter of an hour for adjusting their play-purses and saying their prayers; and in the absence of the butler, who is to be the bell hour for the night, it may be lawful for a footman to snuff the candles over the ladies' shoulders, provided he be a handsome, well-dressed young fellow, with a clean shirt and ruffles.

N. B. That Tom is not to toll on Sundays, without special license from the parish minister, and this not till divine service is over.

And whereas frequent disputes and altercations arise in play between ladies of distinction, insomuch that a bystander may plainly perceive that they pull coifs *in their hearts*, and part with such animosity, that nothing but the sovereign reconciler *Quadrille* could bring them to meet again in one house; it is humbly proposed, for the benefit of trade, that when a question cannot be decided by the company, the same shall be immediately set down in writing by the lady who can write the best English; and that the case being thereby stated, and attested by both parties, shall, together with the fee of one fish *ad valorem*, be laid before the renowned Mr. serjeant Buttesworth, who shall be appointed arbitrator-general in all disputes of this kind; and shall moreover have sufficient power and authority to give damages for all opprobrious language, and especially for all hints, squints, innuendoes, leers, and shrugs, or other muscular motions of evil signification, by which the reputation of a lady may be affected, on account of any slip or miscarriage that may have happened within twenty years last past.

And if any lady should find herself aggrieved by the decision of the said Mr. Bettesworth, it shall be lawful for her to remove her cause, by appeal, before the upright man in Essex-street, who, having never given a corrupt judgment, may be called, next after his holiness at Rome, the only *infallible judge* upon earth; and the said upright man's determination shall be final and conclusive to all parties.

And forasmuch as it appears by experience, that this beneficial branch of commerce cannot well be carried on without entries to be made in writing, which, by their great number, might occasion oversights and mistakes, without some prudent restrictions; it is humbly proposed that all appointments made for any longer time than three months to come shall be declared utterly null and void: and in case a lady should happen, upon the day prefixed within that term, to be in labour, or to be no longer than one week brought to bed; or if, for the unseasonable hours, her husband should withhold her pin-money, or chain her by the leg to the bed-post, she shall incur no penalty for her non appearance, here being no doubt of her good inclination.

But no plea of a husband newly buried, or of weeds delayed by a mantua-maker, or any other matter of mere fashion or ceremony, shall be in anywise admitted.

And to the intent that no breach of faith may pass unpunished, it is proposed, that the lady making default shall at the next party meeting take the chair nearest the door, or against a cracked panel in the wainscot, and have no screen at her back, unless she shall give her honour that her memorandum paper was casually left in her folio Common Prayer-book at church, and that she only perused it there during the collect; in which case her punishment shall be respited till the next meeting, where she shall produce the same, and vouch it to be the true original.

And lastly, because it sometimes happens that a party is broken and a hand wanting by *misnomer*, and other blunders of servants carrying messages; it is proposed, that the servant so offending, if it be a *valet de chambre*, shall wait in a common livery for the space of one month; and if he be a footman, the booby shall be tossed in a blanket in the middle of Stephen's Green.

ADVERTISEMENT

FOR THE HONOUR OF THE KINGDOM OF IRELAND.

1738.

This is to inform the public, that a gentleman of long study, observation, and experience, hath employed himself for several years in making collections of facts relating to the conduct of divines, physicians, lawyers, soldiers, merchants, traders, and squires; containing an historical account of the most remarkable corruptions, frauds, oppressions, knaveries, and perjuries; wherein the names of the persons concerned shall be inserted at

[a] The bells are christened by the Papists.

full length, with some account of their families and stations.

But whereas the said gentleman cannot complete his history without some assistance from the public, he humbly desires that all persons, who have any memoirs, or accounts, relating to themselves, their families, their friends, or acquaintance, which are well attested, and fit to enrich the work, will please to send them to the printer of this advertisement: and if any of the said persons, who are disposed to send materials, happen to live in the country, it is desired their letters may be either franked, or the post paid.

This collection is to commence with the year 1700, and to be continued to the present year, 1738. The work is to be entitled, "The Author's Critical History of his Own Times."

It is intended to be printed by subscription, in a large octavo; each volume to contain 500 facts, and to be sold for a British crown. The author proposeth that the whole work (which shall take in the period of 38 years) shall be contained in 18 volumes.

Whoever shall send the author any accounts of persons who have performed any acts of justice, charity, public spirit, gratitude, fidelity, or the like, attested by indubitable witnesses within the same period, the said facts shall be printed by way of appendix at the end of each volume, and no addition to the price of the work demanded. But, lest any such persons may apprehend that the relating of these facts may be injurious to their reputations, their names shall not be set down without particular direction.

N.B. There will be a small number printed on royal paper for the curious, at only two British crowns. There will also be the effigies of the most eminent persons mentioned in this work, prefixed to each volume, curiously engraved by Mr. Hogarth.

Subscriptions are taken in by the printer hereof, and by the booksellers of London and Dublin.

ON GIVING BADGES TO THE POOR.

Deanery-house, Sept. 26, 1726.

The continued concourse of beggars from all parts of the kingdom to this city, having made it impossible for the several parishes to maintain their own poor according to the ancient laws of the land, several lord mayors did apply themselves to the lord archbishop of Dublin, that his grace would direct his clergy and his churchwardens of the said city to appoint badges of brass, copper, or pewter, to be worn by the poor of the several parishes. The badges to be marked with the initial letters of the name of each church, and numbered 1, 2, 3, &c., and to be well sewed and fastened on the right and left shoulder of the outward garment of each of the said poor, by which they might be distinguished. And that none of the said poor should go out of their own parish to beg alms; whereof the beadles were to take care.

His grace the lord archbishop did accordingly give his directions to the clergy; which, however, have proved wholly ineffectual, by the fraud, perverseness, or pride of the said poor, several of them openly protesting "they will never submit to wear the said badges." And of those who received them, almost every one keep them in their pockets, or hang them in a string about their necks, or fasten them under their coats, not to be seen, by which means the whole design is eluded; so that a man may walk from one end of the town to another without seeing one beggar regularly badged, and in such great numbers, that they are a mighty nuisance to the public, most of them being foreigners.

It is therefore proposed, that his grace the lord archbishop would please to call the clergy of the city together, and renew his directions and exhortations to them, to put the affair of badges effectually in practice, by such methods as his grace and they shall agree upon. And I think it would be highly necessary that some paper should be pasted up in several proper parts of the city, signifying this order, and exhorting all people to give no alms except to those poor who are regularly badged, and only while they are in the precincts of their own parishes. And if something like this were delivered by the ministers in the reading-desk two or three Lord's-days successively, it would still be of further use to put this matter upon a right foot. And that all who offend against this regulation be treated as vagabonds and sturdy beggars.

CONSIDERATIONS

ABOUT MAINTAINING THE POOR.

We have been amused, for at least thirty years past, with numberless schemes, in writing and discourse, both in and out of parliament, for maintaining the poor and setting them to work, especially in this city: most of which were idle, indigested, or visionary; and all of them ineffectual, as it has plainly appeared by the consequences. Many of those projectors were so stupid, that they drew a parallel from Holland to England, to be settled in Ireland; that is to say, from two countries with full freedom and encouragement for trade, to a third where all kind of trade is cramped, and the most beneficial parts are entirely taken away. But the perpetual infelicity of false and foolish reasoning, as well as proceeding and acting upon it, seems to be fatal to this country.

For my own part, who have much conversed with those folks who call themselves merchants, I do not remember to have met with a more ignorant and wrong-thinking race of people in the very first rudiments of trade; which, however, was not so much owing to their want of capacity, as to the crazy constitution of this kingdom, where pedlers are better qualified to thrive than the wisest merchants. I could fill a volume with only setting down a list of the public absurdities by which this kingdom has suffered within the compass of my own memory, such as could not be believed of any nation, among whom folly was not established as a law. I cannot forbear instancing a few of these, because it may be of some use to those who shall have it in their power to be more cautious for the future.

The first was, the building of the barracks; whereof I have seen above one-half, and have heard enough of the rest, to affirm that the public has been cheated of at least two-thirds of the money raised for that use, by the plain fraud of the undertakers.

Another was the management of the money raised for the Palatines; when, instead of employing that great sum in purchasing lands in some remote and cheap part of the kingdom, and there planting those people as a colony, the whole end was utterly defeated.

A third is, the insurance office against fire, by which several thousand pounds are yearly remitted to England, (a trifle, it seems, we can easily spare,) and will gradually increase until it comes to a good national tax: for the society-marks upon our houses (under which might properly be written, "The Lord have mercy upon us!"[a]) spread faster and farther than the colony of frogs.[b] I have, for above twenty years past, given warn-

[a] This was the inscription placed on houses visited by the plague.

[b] This similitude, which is certainly the finest that could possibly have been used upon this occasion, seems to require a short explication. About the beginning of the eighteenth century, Dr. Gwythers, a physician, and fellow of the University

ing several thousand times to many substantial people, and to such who are acquainted with lords and squires, and the like great folks, to any of whom I have not the honour to be known: I mentioned my daily fears, lest our watchful friends in England might take this business out of our hands; and how easy it would be to prevent that evil, by erecting a society of persons who had good estates, such, for instance, as that noble knot of bankers, under the style of "Swift and Company." But now we are become tributary to England, not only for materials to light our own fires, but for engines to put them out; to which, if hearth-money be added, (repealed in England as a grievance,) we have the honour to pay three taxes for fire.

A fourth was the knavery of those merchants, or linen-manufacturers, or both, when, upon occasion of the plague at Marseilles, we had a fair opportunity of getting into our hands the whole linen-trade of Spain; but the commodity was so bad, and held at so high a rate, that almost the whole cargo was returned, and the small remainder sold below the prime cost.

So many other particulars of the same nature crowd into my thoughts, that I am forced to stop; and the rather because they are not very proper for my subject, to which I shall now return.

Among all the schemes for maintaining the poor of the city and setting them to work, the least weight has been laid upon that single point which is of the greatest importance; I mean that of keeping foreign beggars from swarming hither out of every part of the country; for until this be brought to pass effectually, all our wise reasonings and proceedings upon them will be vain and ridiculous.

The prodigious number of beggars throughout this kingdom, in proportion to so small a number of people, is owing to many reasons: to the laziness of the natives; the want of work to employ them; the enormous rents paid by cottagers for their miserable cabins and potato plots; their early marriages, without the least prospect of establishment; the ruin of agriculture, whereby such vast numbers are hindered from providing their own bread, and have no money to purchase it; the mortal damp upon all kinds of trade; and many other circumstances, too tedious or invidious to mention.

And to the same causes we owe the perpetual concourse of foreign beggars to this town, the country landlords giving all assistance, except money and victuals, to drive from their estates these miserable creatures they have undone.

It was a general complaint against the poor-house, under its former governors, "That the number of poor in this city did not lessen by taking 300 into the house, and all of them recommended under the ministers' and churchwardens' hands of the several parishes;" and this complaint must still continue, although the poor-house should be enlarged to contain 3000, or even double that number.

The revenues of the poor-house, as it is now established, amount to about 2000*l.* a-year; whereof 200*l.* allowed for officers, and 100*l.* for repairs, the remaining 1700*l.*, at 4*l.* a-head, will support 125 persons. This is a favourable allowance, considering that I subtract nothing for the diet of those officers, and for wear and tear of furniture; and if every one of these collegiates should be set to work, it is agreed they will not be able to gain by their labour above one-fourth part of their maintenance.

At the same time, the oratorial part of these gentlemen seldom vouchsafe to mention fewer than 1500 or 2000 people to be maintained in this hospital, without troubling their heads about the fund. * * *

of Dublin, brought over with him a parcel of frogs from England to Ireland, in order to propagate their species in that kingdom, and threw them into the ditches of the University park; but they all perished. Whereupon he sent to England for some bottles of the frog-spawn, which he threw into those ditches, by which means the species of frogs was propagated in that kingdom. However, their number was so small in the year 1720, that a frog was nowhere to be seen in Ireland, except in the neighbourhood of the University park: but within six or seven years after, they spread thirty, forty, or fifty miles over the country; and so at last, by degrees, over the whole nation.

A PROPOSAL

FOR GIVING BADGES TO THE BEGGARS IN ALL THE PARISHES OF DUBLIN.

April 22, 1737.

It has been a general complaint that the poor-house (especially since the new constitution by act of parliament) has been of no benefit to this city, for the ease of which it was wholly intended. I had the honour to be a member of it many years before it was new-modelled by the legislature, not from any personal regard, but merely as one of the two deans, who are of course put into most commissions that relate to the city; and I have likewise the honour to have been left out of several commissions, upon the score of party, in which my predecessors time out of mind have always been members.

The first commission was made up of about fifty persons, which were the lord mayor, aldermen and sheriffs, and some few other citizens, the judges, the two archbishops, the two deans of the city, and one or two more gentlemen. And I must confess my opinion, that the dissolving of the old commission and establishing a new one of nearly three times the number have been the great cause of rendering so good a design not only useless but a grievance, instead of a benefit to the city. In the present commission all the city clergy are included, besides a great number of squires; not only those who reside in Dublin and the neighbourhood, but several who live at a great distance, and cannot possibly have the least concern for the advantage of the city.

At the few general meetings that I have attended since the new establishment, I observed very little was done except one or two acts of extreme justice, which I then thought might as well have been spared; and I have found the court of assistants usually taken up in little wrangles about coachmen, and adjusting accounts of meal and small beer, which, however necessary, might sometimes have given place to matters of much greater moment,—I mean some schemes recommended to the general board for answering the chief ends in erecting and establishing such a poor-house and endowing it with so considerable a revenue; and the principal end I take to have been that of maintaining the poor and orphans of the city where the parishes are not able to do it, and clearing the streets from all strollers, foreigners, and sturdy beggars, with which, to the universal complaint and admiration, Dublin is more infested since the establishment of the poor-house than it was ever known to be since its first erection.

As the whole fund for supporting this hospital is raised only from the inhabitants of the city, so there can be hardly anything more absurd than to see it misemployed in maintaining foreign beggars, and bastards or orphans of farmers, whose country landlords never contributed one shilling toward their support. I would engage that half this revenue, if employed with common care and no very great degree of common honesty, would maintain all the real objects of charity in this city, except a small number of original poor in every parish, who might, without being burdensome to the parishioners, find a tolerable support.

I have for some years past applied myself to several lord-mayors, and the late archbishop of Dublin, for a remedy to this evil of foreign beggars; and they all appeared ready to receive a very plain proposal, I mean that of badging the original poor of every parish who begged in the streets; that the said beggars should be confined to their own parishes; that they should wear their badges well sewn upon one of their shoulders, always visible, on pain of being whipped and turned out of town, or whatever legal punishment may be thought proper and effectual. But, by the wrong way of thinking in some clergymen, and the indifference of others, this method was perpetually defeated, to their own continual disquiet, which they do not ill deserve: and if the grievance affected only them, it would be of less consequence, because the remedy is in their own power: but all street-walkers and shopkeepers bear an equal share in its hourly vexation.

I never heard of more than one objection against this expedient of badging the poor, and confining their walks to their several parishes. The objection was this—What shall we do with the foreign beggars? must they be left to starve? I answered, No; but they must be driven and whipped out of the town; and let the next country parish do as they please, or rather, after the practice in England, send them from one parish to another until they reach their own homes. By the old laws of England, still in force, every parish is bound to maintain its own poor; and the matter is of no such consequence in this point as some would make it, whether a country parish be rich or poor. In the remoter and poorer parishes of the kingdom, all necessaries of life proper for poor people are comparatively cheaper; I mean buttermilk, oatmeal, potatoes, and other vegetables; and every farmer or cottager, who is not himself a beggar, can spare sometimes a sup or a morsel, not worth the fourth part of a farthing, to an indigent neighbour of his own parish, who is disabled from work. A beggar, native of the parish, is known to the squire, to the church-minister, to the popish priest, or the conventicle-teacher, as well as to every farmer; he has generally some relations able to live, and contribute something to his maintenance: none of which advantages can be reasonably expected on a removal to places where he is altogether unknown. If he be not quite maimed, he and his trull and litter of brats (if he has any) may get half their support by doing some kind of work in their power, and thereby be less burdensome to the people. In short, all necessaries of life grow in the country, and not in cities, and are cheaper where they grow; nor is it equitable that beggars should put us to the charge of giving them victuals, and the carriage too.

But when the spirit of wandering takes him, attended by his females and their equipage of children, he becomes a nuisance to the whole country; he and his females are thieves, and teach the trade of stealing to their brood of four years old; and if his infirmities be counterfeit, it is dangerous for a single person unarmed to meet him on the road. He wanders from one county to another, but still with a view to this town, where he arrives at last, and enjoys all the privileges of a Dublin beggar.

I do not wonder that the country squires should be very willing to send up their colonies; but why the city should be content to receive them is beyond my imagination.

If the city were obliged by their charters to maintain a thousand beggars, they could do it cheaper by eighty per cent. a hundred miles off, than in this town, or in any of its suburbs.

There is no village in Connaught that in proportion shares so deeply in the daily increasing miseries of Ireland as its capital city; to which miseries there hardly remained any addition, except the perpetual swarms of foreign beggars, who might be banished in a month, without expense, and with very little trouble.

As I am personally acquainted with a great number of street-beggars, I find some weak attempts have been made in one or two parishes to promote the wearing of badges; and my first question to those who ask an alms is, "Where is your badge?" I have, in several years, met with about a dozen who were ready to produce them, some out of their pockets, others from under their coats, and two or three on their shoulders, only covered with a sort of capes, which they could lift up or let down upon occasion. They are too lazy to work; they are not afraid to steal, nor ashamed to beg; and yet are too proud to be seen with a badge, as many of them have confessed to me, and not a few in very injurious terms, particularly the females. They all look upon such an obligation as a high indignity done to their office. I appeal to all indifferent people whether such wretches deserve to be relieved. As to myself, I must confess this absurd insolence has so affected me, that for several years past I have not disposed of one single farthing to a street-beggar, nor intend to do so, until I see a better regulation; and I have endeavoured to persuade all my brother walkers to follow my example, which most of them assure me they will do. For if beggary be not able to beat out pride, it cannot deserve charity. However, as to persons in coaches and chairs, they bear but little of the persecution we suffer, and are willing to leave it entirely upon us.

To say the truth, there is not a more undeserving, vicious race of human kind than the bulk of those who are reduced to beggary, even in this beggarly country. For as a great part of our public miseries is originally owing to our own faults, (but what those faults are, I am grown by experience too wary to mention,) so I am confident that, among the meaner people, nineteen in twenty of those who are reduced to a starving condition did not become so by what the lawyers call the work of God either upon their bodies or goods; but merely from their own idleness, attended with all manner of vices, particularly drunkenness, thievery, and cheating.

Whoever inquires, as I have frequently done from those who have asked me an alms, what was their former course of life, will find them to have been servants in good families, broken tradesmen, labourers, cottagers, and what they call decayed housekeepers; but (to use their own cant) reduced by losses and crosses, by which nothing can be understood but idleness and vice.

As this is the only Christian country where people, contrary to the old maxim, are the poverty, and not the riches of the nation; so the blessing of increase and multiply is by us converted into a curse; and as marriage has been ever countenanced in all free countries, so we should be less miserable if it were discouraged in ours, as far as can be consistent with Christianity. It is seldom known in England that the labourer, the lower mechanic, the servant or the cottager, thinks of marrying until he has saved up a stock of money sufficient to carry on his business, nor takes a wife without a suitable portion; and as seldom fails of making a yearly addition to that stock, with a view of providing for his children. But in this kingdom the case is directly contrary; where many thousand couples are yearly married, whose whole united fortunes, bating the rags on their backs, would not be sufficient to purchase a pint of butter-milk for their wedding-supper, nor have any prospect of supporting their honourable state, but by service, or labour, or thievery. Nay, their happiness is often deferred until they find credit to borrow, or cunning to steal, a shilling to pay their popish priest, or infamous couple-beggar. Surely no

miraculous portion of wisdom would be required to find some kind of remedy against this destructive evil, or at least not to draw the consequences of it upon our decaying city, the greatest part whereof must of course in a few years become desolate or in ruins.

In all other nations, that are not absolutely barbarous, parents think themselves bound by the law of nature and reason to make some provision for their children; but the reason offered by the inhabitants of Ireland for marrying is, that they may have children to maintain them when they grow old and unable to work.

I am informed that we have been for some time past extremely obliged to England for one very beneficial branch of commerce; for it seems they are grown so gracious as to transmit us continually colonies of beggars, in return for a million of money they receive yearly from hence. That I may give no offence, I profess to mean real English beggars, in the literal meaning of the word, as it is usually understood by Protestants. It seems the justices of the peace and parish-officers in the western coasts of England have a good while followed the trade of exporting hither their supernumerary beggars, in order to advance the English Protestant interest among us; and these they are so kind as to send over *gratis*, and duty free. I have had the honour, more than once, to attend large cargoes of them from Chester to Dublin; and I was then so ignorant as to give my opinion that our city should receive them into Bridewell, and after a month's residence, having been well whipped twice a-day, fed with bran and water, and put to hard labour, they should be returned honestly back with thanks as cheap as they came: or if that were not approved of, I proposed that, whereas one Englishman is allowed to be of equal intrinsic value with twelve born in Ireland, we should in justice return them a dozen for one, to dispose of as they please.

As to the native poor of this city, there would be little or no damage in confining them to their several parishes. For instance: a beggar of the parish of St. Warburgh's, or any other parish here, if he be an object of compassion, has an equal chance to receive his proportion of alms from every charitable hand: because the inhabitants, one or other, walk through every street in town, and give their alms without considering the place, wherever they think it may be well disposed of; and these helps, added to what they get in eatables, by going from house to house among the gentry and citizens, will, without being very burdensome, be sufficient to keep them alive.

It is true the poor of the suburb parishes will not have altogether the same advantage, because they are not equally in the road of business and passengers; but here it is to be considered, that the beggars there have not so good a title to public charity, because most of them are strollers from the country, and compose a principal part of that great nuisance which we ought to remove. I should be apt to think, that few things can be more irksome to a city-minister than a number of beggars which do not belong to his district; whom he has no obligation to take care of, who are no part of his flock, and who take the bread out of the mouths of those to whom it properly belongs. When I mention this abuse to any minister of a city parish, he usually lays the fault upon the beadles, who, he says, are bribed by the foreign beggars; and, as those beadles often keep alehouses, they find their account in such customers. This evil might easily be remedied, if the parishes would make some small addition to the salaries of beadles, and be more careful in the choice of those officers. But I conceive there is one effectual method in the power of every minister to put in practice; I mean, by making it the interest of all his own original poor to drive out intruders; for, if the parish beggars were absolutely forbidden by the minister and church-officers to suffer strollers to come into the parish, upon pain of themselves not being permitted to beg alms at the church doors, or at the houses and shops of the inhabitants, they would prevent interlopers more effectually than twenty beadles.

And here I cannot but take notice of the great indiscretion of our city shopkeepers, who suffer their doors to be daily besieged by crowds of beggars, (as the gates of a lord are by duns,) to the great disgust and vexation of many customers, who I have frequently observed to go to other shops, rather than suffer such a persecution; which might easily be avoided, if no foreign beggars were allowed to infest them.

Wherefore I do assert, that the shopkeepers, who are the greatest complainers of this grievance, lamenting that for every customer they are worried by fifty beggars, do very well deserve what they suffer, when an apprentice with a horsewhip is able to lash every beggar from the shop who is not one of the parish, and does not wear the badge of that parish on his shoulder, well fastened and fairly visible; and if this practice were universal in every house to all the sturdy vagrants, we should in a few weeks clear the town of all mendicants except those who have a proper title to our charity; as for the aged and infirm, it would be sufficient to give them nothing, and then they must starve, or follow their brethren.

It was the city that first endowed this hospital; and those who afterward contributed, as they were such who generally inhabited here, so they intended what they gave to be for the use of the city's poor. The revenues which have since been raised by parliament are wholly paid by the city, without the least charge upon any other part of the kingdom; and therefore nothing could more defeat the original design, than to misapply those revenues on strolling beggars or bastards from the country, which bears no share in the charges we are at.

If some of the out parishes be overburdened with poor, the reason must be, that the greatest part of those poor are strollers from the country, who nestle themselves where they can find the cheapest lodgings, and from thence infest every part of the town; out of which they ought to be whipped as a most insufferable nuisance, being nothing else but a profligate clan of thieves, drunkards, heathens, and whoremongers, fitter to be rooted out of the face of the earth, than suffered to levy a vast annual tax upon the city, which shares too deep in the public miseries, brought on us by the oppressions we lie under from our neighbours, our brethren, our countrymen, our fellow-protestants, and fellow-subjects.

Some time ago I was appointed one of a committee to inquire into the state of the workhouse; where we found that a charity was bestowed by a great person for a certain time, which in its consequences operated very much to the detriment of the house; for, when the time was elapsed, all those who were supported by that charity continued on the same foot with the rest of the foundation; and being generally a pack of profligate vagabond wretches from several parts of the kingdom, corrupted all the rest; so partial, or treacherous, or interested, or ignorant, or mistaken, are generally all recommenders, not only to employments, but even to charity itself.

I know it is complained of, that the difficulty of driving foreign beggars out of the city is charged upon the *bellowers*, (as they are called,) who find their accounts best in suffering those vagrants to follow their trade through every part of the town. But this abuse might easily be remedied, and very much to the advantage of the whole city, if better salaries were given

to those who execute that office in the several parishes, and would make it their interests to clear the town of those caterpillars, rather than hazard the loss of an employment that would give them an honest livelihood. But if that should fail, yet a general resolution of never giving charity to a street-beggar out of his own parish, or without a visible badge, would infallibly force all vagrants to depart.

There is generally a vagabond spirit in beggars which ought to be discouraged and severely punished. It is owing to the same causes that drove them into poverty; I mean idleness, drunkenness, and rash marriages, without the least prospect of supporting a family by honest endeavours, which never came into their thoughts. It is observed, that hardly one beggar in twenty looks upon himself to be relieved by receiving bread or other food; and they have in this town been frequently seen to pour out of their pitchers good broth that has been given them into the kennel; neither do they much regard clothes unless to sell them; for their rags are part of their tools with which they work; they want only ale, brandy, and other strong liquors, which cannot be had without money; and money, as they conceive, always abounds in the metropolis.

I had some other thoughts to offer upon this subject. But as I am a desponder in my nature, and have tolerably well discovered the disposition of our people, who never will move a step toward easing themselves from any one single grievance, it will be thought that I have already said too much, and to little or no purpose, which has often been the fate or fortune of the writer.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

SERMONS.

THOUGH the dean's first and most laudable ambition was to excel as a preacher, he frequently declared that he had not talents for it, and therefore would not publish any sermons, though often pressed by his friends to do it. He was however well attended by a crowded audience every fifth Sunday at his cathedral, when the preaching came to his turn, which was well known in Dublin; and his sermons are certainly curious, for such reasons as would make other works despicable. They were written in a careless hurrying manner, the offspring of necessity, not of choice, so that we see the original force of his genius more in these compositions, that were the legitimate sons of duty, than in other pieces, that were the natural sons of love. They were held in such low esteem in his own thoughts, that, some years before he died, he gave away the whole collection to Dr. Sheridan, with the utmost indifference "Here," says he, "are a bundle of my old sermons; you may have them, if you please, they may be of use to you, they have never been of any to me." The parcel given to Dr. Sheridan consisted of about five and thirty sermons. Twelve of these, having come to light at different periods of time, are here collected, and a perusal of any one of them must excite a wish for those which we have not been so happy as to recover.

*** The following form of prayer, which Dr. Swift constantly used in the pulpit before his sermon, is copied from his own hand writing.

"Almighty and most merciful God! forgive us all our sins. Give us grace heartily to repent them, and to lead new lives. Graft in our hearts a true love and veneration for thy holy name and word. Make thy pastors burning and shining lights, able to convince gainsayers, and to save others and themselves. Bless this congregation here met together in thy name; grant them to hear and receive thy holy word, to the salvation of their own souls. Lastly, we desire to return thee praise and thanksgiving for all thy mercies bestowed upon us, but chiefly for the fountain of them all, JESUS CHRIST our LORD, in whose name and words we further call upon thee, saying, *Our Father*, &c."

SERMON THE FIRST.

THE DIFFICULTY OF KNOWING ONE'S SELF.

2 KINGS viii. PART OF THE 13TH VERSE.

And Hazael said, But what! is thy servant a dog, that he should do this great thing?

WE have a very singular instance of the deceitfulness of the heart, represented to us in the person of Hazael, who was sent to the prophet Elisha to inquire of the Lord concerning his master the king of Syria's recovery. For the man of God, having told him that the king might recover from the disorder he was then labouring under, began to set and fasten his countenance upon him of a sudden, and to break out into the most violent expressions of sorrow, and a deep concern for it; whereupon, when Hazael, full of shame and confusion, asked, "Why weepeth my lord?" He answered, "Because I know all the evil that thou wilt do unto the children of Israel; their strongholds wilt thou set on fire, and their young men wilt thou slay with the sword, and wilt dash their children, and rip up their women with child." Thus much did the man of God say and know of him, by a light darted into his mind from heaven. But Hazael, not knowing himself so well as the other did, was startled and amazed at the relation, and would not believe it possible that a man of his temper could ever run out into such enormous instances of cruelty and inhumanity. "What!" says he, "is thy servant a dog, that he should do this great thing?"

And yet for all this it is highly probable that he was then that man he could not imagine himself to be; for we find him, on the very next day after his return, in a very treacherous and disloyal manner, murdering his own master and usurping his kingdom; which was but a prologue to the sad tragedy which he afterwards acted upon the people of Israel.

And now the case is but very little better with most men than it was with Hazael; however it cometh to pass, they are wonderfully unacquainted with their own temper and disposition, and know very little of

* "When I first gave this sermon to be published, I had some doubts whether it were genuine, for though I found it in the same parcel with three others in the dean's own hand, and there was a great similitude in the writing, yet, as some of the letters were differently cut, and the hand in general much fairer than his I gave it to the world as dubious. But as some manuscripts of his early poems have since fallen into my hands, transcribed by Stella, I found upon comparing them that the writing was exactly the same with that of the sermon, which was therefore copied by her. Swift, in his journal to that lady, takes notice that he had been her writing-master, and that there was such a strong resemblance between their hands, as gave occasion to some of his friends to rally him, upon seeing some of her letters addressed to him at the bar of the coffee-house, by asking him how long he had taken up the custom of writing letters to himself? So that I can now fairly give it to the public as one of his, and not at all unworthy of the author." The admirers of Swift, it has been justly observed, may claim for his sermons a liberal share of the approbation due to his other productions. Twelve only have been recovered by the industry of Mr. Nichols and preceding editors

what passeth within them; for of so many proud, ambitious, revengeful, envying, and ill-natured persons that are in the world, where is there one of them, who, although he hath all the symptoms of the vice appearing upon every occasion, can look with such an impartial eye upon himself as to believe that the imputation thrown upon him is not altogether groundless and unfair? Who, if he were told by men of a discerning spirit and a strong conjecture, of all the evil and absurd things which that false heart of his would at one time or other betray him into, would not believe as little, and wonder as much as Hazael did before him? Thus, for instance; tell an angry person that he is weak and impotent, and of no consistency of mind; tell him that such or such a little accident, which he may then despise and think much below a passion, shall hereafter make him say and do several absurd, indiscreet, and misbecoming things; he may perhaps own that he hath a spirit of resentment within him that will not let him be imposed upon, but he fondly imagines that he can lay a becoming restraint upon it when he pleaseth, although it is ever running away with him into some indecency or other.

Therefore, to bring the words of my text to our present occasion, I shall endeavour, in a further prosecution of them, to evince the great necessity of a nice and curious inspection into the several recesses of the heart, being the surest and the shortest method that a wicked man can take to reform himself; for let us but stop the fountain, and the streams will spend and waste themselves away in a very little time; but if we go about, like children, to raise a bank, and to stop the current, not taking notice all the while of the spring which continually feedeth it, when the next flood of temptation riseth and breaketh in upon it, then we shall find that we have begun at the wrong end of our duty, and that we are very little more the better for it, than if we had sat still and made no advances at all.

But in order to a clearer explanation of the point, I shall speak to these following particulars:—

First, By endeavouring to prove, from particular instances, that man is generally the most ignorant creature in the world of himself.

Secondly, By inquiring into the grounds and reasons of his ignorance.

Thirdly and *lastly*, By proposing several advantages that do most assuredly attend a due improvement in the knowledge of ourselves.

First, then, to prove that man is generally the most ignorant creature in the world of himself.

To pursue the heart of man through all the instances of life, in all its several windings and turnings, and under that infinite variety of shapes and appearances which it putteth on, would be a difficult and almost impossible undertaking; so that I shall confine myself to such as have a nearer reference to the present occasion, and do upon a closer view show themselves through the whole business of repentance. For we all know what it is to repent, but whether he repenteth him truly of his sins or not, who can know it?

Now the great duty of repentance is chiefly made up of these two parts, a hearty sorrow for the follies and miscarriages of the time past, and a full purpose and resolution of amendment for the time to come. And now to show the falseness of the heart in both these parts of repentance; and,

First, As to a hearty sorrow for the sins and miscarriages of the time past. Is there a more usual thing than for a man to impose upon himself by putting on a grave and demure countenance, by casting a severe look into his past conduct, and making some few pious and devout reflections upon it; and then to believe that he hath repented to an excellent purpose, without ever letting it step forth into practice, and show itself in a holy conversation? Nay, some persons do carry the deceit a little higher; who, if they can but bring themselves to weep for their sins, are then full of an ill-grounded confidence and security; never considering that all this may prove to be no more than the very garb and outward dress of a contrite heart, which another heart, as hard as the nether millstone, may as well put on. For tears and sighs, however in some persons they may be decent and commendable expressions of a godly sorrow, are neither necessary nor infallible signs of a true and unfeigned repentance. Not necessary, because sometimes, and in some persons, the inward grief and anguish of the mind may be too big to be expressed by so little a thing as a tear, and then it turneth its edge inward upon the mind; and like those wounds of the body which bleed inwardly generally proves the most fatal and dangerous to the whole body of sin; not infallible, because a very small portion of sorrow may make some tender dispositions melt and break out into tears; or a man may perhaps weep at parting with his sins as he would bid the last farewell to an old friend.

But there is still a more pleasant cheat in this affair, that when we find a deadness and a strange kind of unaptness and indisposition to all impressions of religion, and that we cannot be as truly sorry for our sins as we should be, we then pretend to be sorry that we are not more sorry for them; which is not more absurd and irrational than that a man should pretend to be very angry at a thing because he did not know how to be angry at all.

But after all, what is wanting in this part of repentance we expect to make up in the next; and to that purpose we put on a resolution of amendment, which we take to be as firm as a house built upon a rock; so that let the floods arise, and the winds blow, and the streams beat vehemently upon it, nothing shall shake it into ruin or disorder. We doubt not upon the strength of this resolve to stand fast and unmoved amid the storm of a temptation; and do firmly believe at the time we make it that nothing in the world will ever be able to make us commit those sins over again which we have so firmly resolved against.

Thus many a time have we come to the sacrament of the Lord's supper with a full purpose of amendment, and with as full a persuasion of putting that same purpose into practice; and yet have we not all as often broke that purpose, and falsified that same persuasion, by starting aside like a broken bow into those very sins, which we then so solemnly and so confidently declared against?

Whereas had but any other person entered with us into a vow so solemn that he had taken the holy sacrament upon it; I believe, had he but once deceived us by breaking in upon the vow, we should hardly ever after be prevailed upon to trust that man again, although we still continue to trust our own fears against reason and against experience.

This indeed is a dangerous deceit enough, and will of course betray all those well-meaning persons into sin and folly who are apt to take religion for a much easier thing than it is. But this is not the only mistake we are apt to run into; we do not only think sometimes that we can do more than we can do, but sometimes that we are incapable of doing so much: an error of another kind indeed, but not less dangerous, arising from a diffidence and false humility. For how much a wicked man can do in the business of religion, if he would but do his best, is very often more than he can tell.

Thus nothing is more common than to see a wicked man running headlong into sin and folly, against his reason, against his religion, and against his God. Tell him that what he is going to do will be an infinite dis-

paragement to his understanding, which at another time he setteth no small value upon; tell him that it will blacken his reputation, which he had rather die for than lose; tell him that the pleasure of sin is short and transient, and leaveth a vexatious kind of sting behind it, which will very hardly be drawn forth; tell him that this is one of those things for which God will most surely bring him to judgment, which he pretendeth to believe with a full assurance and persuasion: and yet for all this he shutteth his eyes against all conviction, and rusheth into the sin like a horse into battle; as if he had nothing left to do but like a silly child to wink hard, and to think to escape a certain and infinite mischief only by endeavouring not to see it.

And now, to show that the heart hath given in a false report of the temptation, we may learn from this that the same weak man would resist and master the same powerful temptation upon considerations of infinitely less value than those which religion offereth, nay, such vile considerations, that the grace of God cannot without blasphemy be supposed to add any manner of force and efficacy to them. Thus for instance, it would be a hard matter to dress up a sin in such soft and tempting circumstances that a truly covetous man would not resist for a considerable sum of money; when neither the hopes of heaven nor the fears of hell could make an impression upon him before. But can anything be a surer indication of the deceitfulness of the heart than thus to show more courage, resolution, and activity in an ill cause than it doth in a good one? and to exert itself to better purpose when it is to serve its own pride, or lust, or revenge, or any other passion, than when it is to serve God upon motives of the gospel, and upon all the arguments that have ever been made use of to bring men over to religion and a good life? And thus having shown that man is wonderfully apt to deceive and impose upon himself in passing through the several stages of that great duty, repentance, I proceed now, in the

Second place, To inquire into the grounds and reasons of this ignorance, and to show whence it comes to pass that man, the only creature in the world that can reflect and look into himself, should know so little of what passeth within him, and be so very much unacquainted even with the standing dispositions and complexion of his own heart. The prime reason of it is, because we so very seldom converse with ourselves, and take so little notice of what passeth within us; for a man can no more know his own heart than he can know his own face any other way than by reflection; he may as well tell over every feature of the smaller portions of his face without the help of a looking-glass, as he can tell all the inward bents and tendencies of his soul, those standing features and lineaments of the inward man, and know all the various changes that this is liable to from custom, from passion, and from opinion, without a very frequent use of looking within himself.

For our passions and inclinations are not always upon the wing, and always moving toward their respective objects, but retire now and then into the more dark and hidden recesses of the heart, where they lie concealed for awhile until a fresh occasion calls them forth again; so that not every transient oblique glance upon the mind can bring a man into a thorough knowledge of all its strength and weaknesses; for a man may sometimes turn the eye of the mind inward upon itself, as he may behold his natural face in a glass, and go away, "and straight forget what manner of man he was." But a man must rather sit down and unravel every action of the past day into all its circumstances and particularities, and observe how every little thing moved and affected him, and what manner of impression it made upon his heart; this, done with that frequency and carefulness which the importance of the duty doth require, would in a short time bring him into a nearer and more intimate acquaintance with himself.

But when men instead of this do pass away months and years in a perfect slumber of the mind, without once awaking it, it is no wonder they should be so very ignorant of themselves, and know very little more of what passeth within them than the very beasts which perish. But here it may not be amiss to inquire into the reasons why most men have so little conversation with themselves.

And, *first*, Because this reflection is a work and labour of the mind, and cannot be performed without some pain and difficulty; for before a man can reflect upon himself, and look into his heart with a steady eye, he must contract his sight, and collect all his scattering and roving thoughts into some order and compass, that he may be able to take a clear and distinct view of them; he must retire from the world for a while, and be unattentive to all impressions of sense; and how hard and painful a thing must it needs be to a man of passion and infirmity, amid such a crowd of objects that are continually striking upon the sense and soliciting the affections, not to be moved and interrupted by one or other of them! But,

Secondly, Another reason why we so seldom converse with ourselves is, because the business of the world taketh up all our time, and leaveth us no portion of it to spend upon this great work and labour of the mind. Thus 12 or 14 years pass away before we can well discern good from evil; and of the rest, so much goes away in sleep, so much in the proper business of our callings, that we have none to lay out upon the more serious and religious employments. Every man's life is an imperfect sort of a circle, which he repeateth and runneth over every day; he hath a set of thoughts, desires, and inclinations, which return upon him in their proper time and order, and will very hardly be laid aside to make room for anything new and uncommon; so that call upon him when you please, to set about the study of his own heart, and you are sure to find him pre-engaged; either he has some business to do, or some diversion to take, some acquaintance that he must visit, or some company that he must entertain, or some cross accident hath put him out of humour, and unfitted him for such a grave employment. And thus it cometh to pass that a man can never find leisure to look into himself, because he doth not set apart some portion of the day for that very purpose, but foolishly deferreth from one day to another, until his glass is almost run out, and he is called upon to give a miserable account of himself in the other world. But,

Thirdly, Another reason why a man doth not more frequently converse with himself is, because such conversation with his own heart may discover some vice or some infirmity lurking within him, which he is very unwilling to believe himself guilty of. For can there be a more ungrateful thing to a man than to find that, upon a nearer view, he is not that person he took himself to be? that he had neither the courage, nor the honesty, nor the piety, nor the humility, that he dreamed he had? that a very little pain, for instance, putteth him out of patience, and as little pleasure softeneth and disarmeth him into ease and wantonness? that he hath been at more pains, and labour, and cost, to be revenged of an enemy, than to oblige the best friend he hath in the world? that he cannot bring himself to say his prayers, without a great deal of reluctancy; and when he doth say them, the spirit and fervour of devotion evaporate in a very short time, and he can scarcely hold out a prayer of ten lines, without a

number of idle and impertinent, if not vain and wicked, thoughts coming into his head? These are very unwelcome discoveries that a man may make of himself; so that it is no wonder that every one who is already flushed with a good opinion of himself, should rather study how to run away from it, than how to converse with his own heart.

But further, if a man were both able and willing to retire into his own heart, and to set apart some portion of the day for that very purpose; yet he is still disabled from passing a fair and impartial judgment upon himself, by several difficulties, arising partly from prejudice and prepossession, partly from the lower appetites and inclinations. And,

First, That the business of prepossession may lead and betray a man into a false judgment of his own heart. For we may observe, that the first opinion we take up of anything or any person doth generally stick close to us; the nature of the mind being such that it cannot but desire, and consequently endeavour, to have some certain principles to go upon, something fixed and unmovable, whereon it may rest and support itself. And hence it cometh to pass that some persons are with so much difficulty brought to think well of a man they have once entertained an ill opinion of; and, perhaps, that too for a very absurd and unwarrantable reason. But how much more difficult then must it be for a man, who taketh up a fond opinion of his own heart long before he hath either years or sense enough to understand it, either to be persuaded out of it by himself, whom he loveth so well, or by another, whose interest or diversion it may be to make him ashamed of himself! Then,

Secondly, As to the difficulties arising from the inferior appetites and inclinations; let any man look into his own heart, and observe in how different a light and under what different complexions any two sins of equal turpitude and malignity do appear to him, if he hath but a strong inclination to the one and none at all to the other. That which he hath an inclination to is always dressed up in all the false beauty that a fond and busy imagination can give it; the other appeareth naked and deformed, and in all the true circumstances of folly and dishonour. Thus, stealing is a vice that few gentlemen are inclined to; and they justly think it below the dignity of a man to stoop to so base and low a sin; but no principle of honour, no workings of the mind and conscience, not the still voice of mercy, not the dreadful call of judgment, nor any considerations whatever, can put a stop to that violence and oppression, that pride and ambition, that revelling and wantonness, which we every day meet with in the world. Nay, it is easy to observe very different thoughts in a man of the sin that he is most fond of, according to the different ebbs and flows of his inclination to it. For as soon as the appetite is alarmed, and seizeth upon the heart, a little cloud gathereth about the head, and spreadeth a kind of darkness over the face of the soul, whereby it is hindered from taking a clear and distinct view of things; but no sooner is the appetite tired and satiated, but the same cloud passeth away like a shadow, and a new light springing up in the mind of a sudden, the man seeth much more, both of the folly and of the danger of sin, than he did before.

And thus having done with the several reasons why man, the only creature in the world that can reflect and look into himself, is so very ignorant of what passeth within him, and so much unacquainted with the standing dispositions and complexions of his own heart: I proceed now, in the

Third and last place, to lay down several advantages, that do most assuredly attend a due improvement in the knowledge of ourselves. And,

First, One great advantage is, that it tendeth very much to mortify and humble a man into a modest and low opinion of himself. For let a man take a nice and curious inspection into all the several regions of the heart, and observe everything irregular and amiss within him: for instance, how narrow and short-sighted a thing is the understanding! upon how little reason do we take up an opinion, and upon how much less sometimes do we lay it down again! how weak and false ground do we often walk upon, with the biggest confidence and assurance! and how tremulous and doubtful are we very often where no doubt is to be made! Again, how wild and impertinent, how busy and incoherent a thing is the imagination, even in the best and wisest men; insomuch, that every man may be said to be mad, but every man doth not show it. Then as to the passions, how noisy, how turbulent, and how tumultuous are they! how easy they are stirred and set a-going, how eager and hot in the pursuit, and what strange disorder and confusion do they throw a man into; so that he can neither think, nor speak, nor act as he should do, while he is under the dominion of any one of them.

Thus, let every man look with a severe and impartial eye into all the distinct regions of the heart, and no doubt several deformities and irregularities that he never thought of will open and disclose themselves upon so near a view, and rather make the man ashamed of himself than proud.

Secondly, A due improvement in the knowledge of ourselves doth certainly secure us from the sly and insinuating assaults of flattery. There is not in the world a baser and more hateful thing than flattery: it proceedeth from so much falseness and insincerity in the man that giveth it, and often discovereth so much weakness and folly in the man that taketh it, that it is hard to tell which of the two is most to be blamed. Every man of common sense can demonstrate in speculation, and may be fully convinced that all the praises and commendations of the whole world can add no more to the real and intrinsic value of a man, than they can add to his stature. And yet for all this, men of the best sense and piety, when they come down to the practice, cannot forbear thinking much better of themselves, when they have the good fortune to be spoken well of by other persons.

But the meaning of this absurd proceeding seemeth to be no other than this: there are few men that have so intimate an acquaintance with their own hearts as to know their own real worth, and how to set a just rate upon themselves, and therefore they do not know but that he who praises them most may be most in the right of it. For no doubt, if a man were ignorant of the true value of a thing he loved as well as himself, he would measure the worth of it according to the esteem of him who biddeth most for it, rather than of him that biddeth less.

Therefore, the most infallible way to disentangle a man from the snares of flattery is, to consult and study his own heart; for whoever does that well, will hardly be so absurd as to take another man's word before his own sense and experience.

Thirdly, Another advantage from this kind of study is this, that it teacheth a man how to behave himself patiently when he has the ill fortune to be censured and abused by other people. For a man who is thoroughly acquainted with his own heart, doth already know more evil of himself than anybody else can tell him; and when any one speaketh ill of him, he rather thanketh God that he can say no worse; for could his enemy but look into the dark and hidden recesses of the heart, he considereth what a number of impure thoughts he might there see brooding and hovering like a dark cloud upon the face of the soul; that there he might take a prospect of the fancy, and view it

acting over the several scenes of pride, of ambition, of envy, of lust, and revenge; that there he might tell how often a vicious inclination hath been restrained, for no other reason, but just to save the man's credit or interest in the world; and how many unbecoming ingredients have entered into the composition of his best actions. And now, what man in the whole world would be able to bear so severe a test? to have every thought and inward motion of the heart laid open and exposed to the views of his enemies? But,

Fourthly, and lastly, Another advantage of this kind is, that it maketh men less severe upon other people's faults, and less busy and industrious in spreading them. For a man employed at home inspecting into his own failings, hath no leisure to take notice of every little spot and blemish that lieth scattered upon others; or, if he cannot escape the sight of them, he always passes the most easy and favourable construction upon them. Thus for instance, does the ill he knoweth of a man proceed from an unhappy temper and constitution of body? he then considereth with himself how hard a thing it is, not to be borne down with the current of the blood and spirits; and accordingly layeth some part of the blame upon the weakness of human nature, for he hath felt the force and rapidity of it within his own breast; although perhaps, in another instance, he remembereth how it rageth and swelleth by opposition; and although it may be restrained or diverted for a while, yet it can hardly ever be totally subdued.

Or, has the man sinned out of custom? he then from his own experience, traceth a habit into the very first rise and imperfect beginnings of it; and can tell by how slow and insensible advances it creepeth upon the heart; how it worketh itself by degrees into the very frame and texture of it, and so passeth into a second nature; and consequently he hath a just sense of the great difficulty for him to learn to do good, who hath been long accustomed to do evil.

Or, lastly, hath a false opinion betrayed him into a sin? he then calleth to mind what wrong apprehensions he hath made of some things himself, how many opinions that he once made no doubt of, he hath upon a stricter examination found to be doubtful and uncertain; how many more to be unreasonable and absurd. He knoweth further, that there are a great many more opinions that he hath never yet examined into at all, and which, however, he still believeth, for no other reason but because he hath believed them so long already without a reason.

Thus, upon every occasion, a man intimately acquainted with himself consulteth his own heart, and maketh every man's case to be his own, and so puts the most favourable interpretation upon it. Let every man therefore look into his own heart before he beginneth to abuse the reputation of another; and then he will hardly be so absurd as to throw a dart that will so certainly rebound and wound himself. And thus, through the whole course of his conversation, let him keep an eye upon that one great comprehensive rule of Christian duty, on which hangeth, not only the law and the prophets, but the very life and spirit of the gospel too: "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them." Which rule that we may all duly observe, by throwing aside all scandal and detraction, all spite and rancour, all rudeness and contempt, all rage and violence, and whatever tendeth to make conversation and commerce either uneasy or troublesome, may the God of peace grant, for Jesus Christ his sake, &c.

Consider what hath been said; and the Lord give you a right understanding in all things. To whom, with the Son and the Holy Ghost, be all honour and glory, now and for ever.

SERMON THE SECOND.

ON THE TRINITY.[a]

FIRST EPISTLE GENERAL OF JOHN, V. 7.

For there are three, that bear record in heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost: and these Three are One.

THIS day being set apart to acknowledge our belief in the eternal Trinity, I thought it might be proper to employ my present discourse entirely upon that subject; and I hope to handle it in such a manner, that the most ignorant among you may return home better informed of your duty in this great point, than probably you are at present.

It must be confessed that, by the weakness and indiscretion of busy, or at best, of well-meaning people, as well as by the malice of those who are enemies to all revealed religion, and are not content to possess their own infidelity in silence, without communicating it, to the disturbance of mankind; I say, by these means, it must be confessed that the doctrine of the Trinity hath suffered very much, and made Christianity suffer along with it. For these two things must be granted: first, that men of wicked lives would be very glad there were no truth in Christianity at all; and, secondly, if they can pick out any one single article in the Christian religion, which appears not agreeable to their own corrupted reason, or to the arguments of those bad people who follow the trade of seducing others, they presently conclude that the truth of the whole gospel must sink along with that one article. Which is just as wise as if a man should say, because he dislikes one law of his country, he will therefore observe no law at all; and yet that one law may be very reasonable in itself, although he does not allow it, or does not know the reason of the lawgivers.

Thus it hath happened with the great doctrine of the Trinity; which word is indeed not in the Scripture, but was a term of art invented in the earlier times to express the doctrine by a single word, for the sake of brevity and convenience. The doctrine then, as delivered in holy Scripture, though not exactly in the same words, is very short, and amounts only to this: that the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost are each of them God, and yet there is but one God. For as to the word person, when we say there are three persons; and as to those other explanations in the Athanasian Creed, this day read to you, (whether compiled by Athanasius or not,) they were taken up three hundred years after Christ to expound this doctrine; and I will tell you upon what occasion. About that time there sprang up a heresy of people called Arians, from one Arius, the leader of them. These denied our Saviour to be God, although they allowed all the rest of the gospel; wherein they were more sincere than their followers among us. Thus the Christian world was divided into two parts; till at length, by the zeal and courage of St. Athanasius, the Arians were condemned in a general council, and a creed formed upon the true

[a] Of this discourse Lord Orrery writes thus: "It is indeed a sermon, and one of the best of its kind. The mysterious parts of our religion are apt to have dreadful effects upon weak minds. The general comments upon the sacred writings, and the several sermons upon the most abstruse points of Scripture, are too often composed in the gloomy style. Damnation, eternal damnation, is placed with all its horror before our eyes: and, we are so terrified at the prospect, that fear makes us imagine we can comprehend mysteries, which, on this side of the grave, must be for ever denied to limited understandings. Swift has taken the safest and properest method of expounding these *arcana*. He advances every position that can be established upon so incomprehensible a subject. He sustains the belief, avows the doctrine, and adapts the matter of faith, as well as possible, to the human capacity. His manner of reasoning is masterly, and his arguments are nervous."

faith, as St. Athanasius hath settled it. This creed is now read at certain times in our churches, which, although it is useful for edification to those who understand it, yet, since it contains some nice and philosophical points which few people can comprehend, the bulk of mankind is obliged to believe no more than the Scripture doctrine, as I have already delivered it; because that creed was intended only as an answer to the Arians, in their own way, who were very subtle disputers.

But this heresy having revived in the world about a hundred years ago, and continued ever since; not out of a zeal to truth, but to give a loose to wickedness by throwing off all religion; several divines, in order to answer the cavils of those adversaries to truth and morality, began to find out further explanations of this doctrine of the Trinity by rules of philosophy; which have multiplied controversies to such a degree, as to beget scruples that have perplexed the minds of many sober Christians, who otherwise could never have entertained them.

I must therefore be bold to affirm, that the method taken by many of those learned men to defend the doctrine of the Trinity hath been founded upon a mistake.

It must be allowed that every man is bound to follow the rules and directions of that measure of reason which God hath given him; and indeed he cannot do otherwise, if he will be sincere, or act like a man. For instance: if I should be commanded by an angel from heaven to believe it is midnight at noonday, yet I could not believe him. So if I were directly told in Scripture that three are one, and one is three, I could not conceive or believe it in the natural common sense of that expression, but must suppose that something dark or mystical was meant, which it pleased God to conceal from me and from all the world. Thus in the text, "There are Three that bear record, &c." Am I capable of knowing and defining what union and what distinction there may be in the divine nature, which possibly may be hid from the angels themselves? Again, I see it plainly declared in Scripture, that there is but one God; and yet I find our Saviour claiming the prerogative of God in knowing men's thoughts, in saying, "He and his Father are one;" and "before Abraham was, I am." I read that the disciples worshipped him; that Thomas said to him, "My Lord and my God;" and St. John, chap. i., "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God." I read likewise, that the Holy Ghost bestowed the power of working miracles and the gift of tongues, which, if rightly considered, is as great a miracle as any,—that a number of illiterate men should of a sudden be qualified to speak all the languages then known in the world—such as could be done by the inspiration of God alone. From these several texts, it is plain that God commands us to believe that there is a union, and there is a distinction; but what that union or what that distinction is, all mankind are equally ignorant, and must continue so, at least till the day of judgment, without some new revelation.

But because I cannot conceive the nature of this union and distinction in the divine nature, am I therefore to reject them as absurd and impossible, as I would if any one told me that three men are one, and one man is three? We are told that a man and his wife are one flesh; this I can comprehend the meaning of; yet literally taken it is a thing impossible. But the apostle tells us, "We see but in part, and we know but in part;" and yet we would comprehend all the secret ways and workings of God.

Therefore I shall again repeat the doctrine of the Trinity as it is positively affirmed in Scripture: that God is there expressed in three different names, as Father, as Son, and as Holy Ghost: that each of these is God, and that there is but one God. But this union and distinction are a mystery utterly unknown to mankind.

This is enough for any good Christian to believe on this great article, without ever inquiring any further. And this can be contrary to no man's reason, although the knowledge of it is hid from him.

But there is another difficulty of great importance among those who quarrel with the doctrine of the Trinity, as well as with several other articles of Christianity, which is, that our religion abounds in mysteries; and these they are so bold as to revile as cant, imposture, and priestcraft. It is impossible for us to determine for what reasons God thought fit to communicate some things to us in part, and leave some part a mystery: but so it is in fact, and so the Holy Scriptures tell us in several places. For instance: the resurrection and change of our bodies are called mysteries by St. Paul; and our Saviour's incarnation is another: the kingdom of God is called a mystery by our Saviour to be only known to his disciples; so is faith, and the word of God, by St. Paul. I omit many others. So that to declare against all mysteries, without distinction or exception, is to declare against the whole tenour of the New Testament.

There are two conditions that may bring a mystery under suspicion. First, when it is not taught and commanded in holy writ; or secondly, when the mystery turns to the advantage of those who preach it to others. Now, as to the first, it can never be said that we preach mysteries without warrant from holy Scripture, although I confess this of the Trinity may have sometimes been explained by human invention, which might perhaps better have been spared. As to the second, it will not be possible to charge the protestant priesthood with proposing any temporal advantage to themselves by broaching, or multiplying, or preaching of mysteries. Does this mystery of the Trinity, for instance, and the descent of the Holy Ghost, bring the least profit or power to the preachers? No, it is as great a mystery to themselves as it is to the meanest of their hearers; and may be rather a cause of humiliation, by putting their understanding in that point upon a level with the most ignorant of their flock. It is true, indeed, the Roman church hath very much enriched herself by trading in mysteries, for which they have not the least authority from Scripture, and which were fitted only to advance their own temporal wealth and grandeur; such as transubstantiation, the worshipping of images, indulgences for sins, purgatory, and masses for the dead, with many more. But it is the perpetual talent of those who have ill-will to our church, or a contempt for all religion, taken up by the wickedness of their lives, to charge us with the errors and corruptions of popery, which all protestants have thrown off near two hundred years: whereas those mysteries held by us have no prospect of power, pomp, or wealth, but have been ever maintained by the universal body of true believers from the days of the apostles, and will be so to the resurrection; neither will the gates of hell prevail against them.

It may be thought perhaps a strange thing that God should require us to believe mysteries, while the reason or manner of what we are to believe is above our comprehension and wholly concealed from us: neither doth it appear at first sight, that the believing or not believing them doth concern either the glory of God, or contribute to the goodness or wickedness of our lives. But this is a great and dangerous mistake. We see what a mighty weight is laid upon faith, both in the Old and New Testament. In the former, we read how the faith of Abraham is praised, who could believe

that God would raise from him a great nation, at the very time that he was commanded to sacrifice his only son, and despaired of any other issue: and this was to him a great mystery. Our Saviour is perpetually preaching faith to his disciples, or reproaching them with the want of it: and St. Paul produceth numerous examples of the wonders done by faith. And all this is highly reasonable: for faith is an entire dependence upon the truth, the power, the justice, and the mercy of God; which dependence will certainly incline us to obey him in all things. So that the great excellency of faith consists in the consequence it hath upon our actions: as, if we depend upon the truth and wisdom of a man, we shall certainly be more disposed to follow his advice. Therefore let no man think that he can lead as good a moral life without faith as with it; for this reason, because he who hath no faith cannot, by the strength of his own reason or endeavours, so easily resist temptations as the other, who depends upon God's assistance in the overcoming of his frailties, and is sure to be rewarded for ever in heaven for his victory over them. "Faith," says the apostle, "is the evidence of things not seen:" he means, that faith is a virtue by which anything commanded us by God to believe appears evident and certain to us, although we do not see, nor can conceive it; because by faith we entirely depend upon the truth and power of God.

It is an old and true distinction, that things may be above our reason, without being contrary to it. Of this kind are the power, the nature, and the universal presence of God, with innumerable other points. How little do those who quarrel with mysteries know of the commonest actions of nature! The growth of an animal, of a plant, or of the smallest seed, is a mystery to the wisest among men. If an ignorant person were told that a loadstone would draw iron at a distance, he might say it was a thing contrary to his reason, and could not believe before he saw it with his eyes.

The manner whereby the soul and body are united, and how they are distinguished, is wholly unaccountable to us. We see but one part, and yet we know we consist of two; and this is a mystery we cannot comprehend any more than that of the Trinity.

From what hath been said, it is manifest that God did never command us to believe, nor his ministers to preach, any doctrine which is contrary to the reason he hath pleased to endow us with, but, for his own wise ends, has thought fit to conceal from us the nature of the thing he commands; thereby to try our faith and obedience, and increase our dependence upon him.

It is highly probable that if God should please to reveal unto us this great mystery of the Trinity, or some other mysteries in our holy religion, we should not be able to understand them, unless he would, at the same time, think fit to bestow on us some new powers or faculties of the mind which we want at present, and are reserved till the day of resurrection to life eternal. "For now," as the apostle says, "we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face."

Thus, we see, the matter is brought to this issue: we must either believe what God directly commands us in holy Scripture, or we must wholly reject the Scripture, and the Christian religion, which we pretend to profess. But this, I profess, is too desperate a step for any of us to make.

I have already observed, that those who preach up the belief of the Trinity, or of any other mystery, cannot propose any temporal advantage to themselves by so doing. But this is not the case of those who oppose these doctrines. Do they lead better moral lives than a good Christian? are they more just in their dealings? more chaste, or temperate, or charitable? Nothing at all of this; but, on the contrary, their intent is to overthrow all religion, that they may gratify their vices without any reproach from the world or their own conscience, and are zealous to bring over as many others as they can to their own opinions; because it is some kind of imaginary comfort to have a multitude on their side.

There is no miracle mentioned in holy writ which, if it were strictly examined, is not as much contrary to common reason, and as much a mystery as this doctrine of the Trinity; and therefore we may with equal justice deny the truth of them all. For instance: it is against the laws of nature that a human body should be able to walk upon the water, as St. Peter is recorded to have done; or that a dead carcase should be raised from the grave after three days, when it began to corrupt; which those who understand anatomy will pronounce to be impossible by the common rules of nature and reason. Yet these miracles, and many others, are positively affirmed in the gospel; and these we must believe, or give up our holy religion to atheists and infidels.

I shall now make a few inferences and observations upon what has been said.

First, It would be well if people would not lay so much weight on their own reason, in matters of religion, as to think everything impossible and absurd which they cannot conceive. How often do we contradict the right rules of reason in the whole course of our lives! Reason itself is true and just, but the reason of every particular man is weak and wavering, perpetually swayed and turned by his interests, his passions, and his vices. Let any man but consider when he hath a controversy with another, though his cause be ever so unjust, though the whole world be against him, how blinded he is by the love of himself, to believe that right is wrong, and wrong is right, when it makes for his own advantage. Where is then the right use of his reason, which he so much boasts of, and which he would blasphemously set up to control the commands of the Almighty?

Secondly, When men are tempted to deny the mysteries of religion, let them examine and search into their own hearts, whether they have not some favourite sin, which is of their party in this dispute, and which is equally contrary to other commands of God in the gospel. For why do men love darkness rather than light? The Scripture tells us, "because their deeds are evil;" and there can be no other reason assigned. Therefore, when men are curious and inquisitive to discover some weak sides in Christianity, and inclined to favour everything that is offered to its disadvantage, it is plain they wish it were not true; and those wishes can proceed from nothing but an evil conscience; because, if there be truth in our religion, their condition must be miserable.

And therefore, *thirdly*, Men should consider that raising difficulties concerning the mysteries in religion cannot make them more wise, learned, or virtuous; better neighbours or friends, or more serviceable to their country; but, whatever they pretend, will destroy their inward peace of mind by perpetual doubts and fears arising in their breasts. And God forbid we should ever see the times so bad, when dangerous opinions in religion will be a means to get favour and preferment; although, even in such a case, it would be an ill traffic to gain the world and lose our own souls. So that, upon the whole, it will be impossible to find any real use toward a virtuous or happy life by denying the mysteries of the gospel.

Fourthly, Those strong unbelievers, who expect that all mysteries should be squared and fitted to their own reason, might have somewhat to say for themselves, if they could satisfy the general reason of mankind in their opinions; but herein they are miserably defective, absurd, and ridiculous; they strain at a gnat and

swallow a camel; they can believe that the world was made by chance; that God doth not concern himself with things below; will neither punish vice nor reward virtue; that religion was invented by cunning men to keep the world in awe; with many other opinions, equally false and detestable, against the common light of nature as well as reason; against the universal sentiments of all civilized nations, and offensive to the ears even of a sober heathen.

Lastly, Since the world abounds with pestilent books particularly written against this doctrine of the Trinity, it is fit to inform you, that the authors of them proceed wholly upon a mistake: they would show how impossible it is that three can be one, and one can be three; whereas the Scripture saith no such thing, at least in that manner they would make it; but only that there is some kind of unity and distinction in the divine nature which mankind cannot possibly comprehend: thus the whole doctrine is short and plain, and in itself incapable of any controversy: since God himself hath pronounced the fact, but wholly concealed the manner. And therefore many divines, who thought fit to answer those wicked books, have been mistaken too by answering fools in their folly, and endeavouring to explain a mystery which God intended to keep secret from us. And as I would exhort all men to avoid reading those wicked books written against this doctrine, as dangerous and pernicious; so I think they may omit the answers, as unnecessary. This, I confess, will probably affect but few or none among the generality of our congregations, who do not much trouble themselves with books, at least of this kind. However, many who do not read themselves are seduced by others that do, and thus become unbelievers upon trust and at secondhand; and this is too frequent a case: for which reason, I have endeavoured to put this doctrine upon a short and sure foot, levelled to the meanest understanding; by which we may, as the apostle directs, be ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh us a reason of the hope that is in us, with meekness and fear.

And thus I have done with my subject, which probably I should not have chosen, if I had not been invited to it by the occasion of this season, appointed on purpose to celebrate the mysteries of the Trinity and the descent of the Holy Ghost, wherein we pray to be kept stedfast in this faith; and what this faith is, I have shown you in the plainest manner I could. For, upon the whole, it is no more than this: God commands us, by our dependence upon his truth and his holy word, to believe a fact that we do not understand. And this is no more than what we do every day in the works of nature, upon the credit of men of learning. Without faith we can do no works acceptable to God; for if they proceed from any other principle, they will not advance our salvation; and this faith, as I have explained it, we may acquire without giving up our senses, or contradicting our reason. May God of his infinite mercy inspire us with true faith in every article and mystery of our holy religion, so as to dispose us to do what is pleasing in his sight; and this we pray through Jesus Christ, to whom, with the Father and the Holy Ghost, the mysterious, incomprehensible ONE GOD, be all honour and glory now and for evermore! *Amen.*

SERMON THE THIRD

ON MUTUAL SUBJECTION.*

1 PETER, V. 5. *Yea, all of you, be subject one to another.*

THE apostle having, in many parts of this epistle, given directions to Christians concerning the duty of subjection or obedience to superiors; in the several instances of the subject to the prince, the child to his parent, the servant to his master, the wife to her husband, and the younger to the elder; doth here, in the words of my text, sum up the whole, by advancing a point of doctrine, which at first may appear a little extraordinary; "Yea, all of you," saith he, "be subject one to another." For it should seem that two persons cannot properly be said to be subject to each other, and that subjection is only due from inferiors to those above them: yet St. Paul hath several passages to the same purpose. For he exhorts the Romans, "in honour to prefer one another;" and the Philippians, "that in lowliness of mind they should each esteem other better than themselves;" and the Ephesians, "that they should submit themselves one to another in the fear of the Lord." Here we find these two great apostles recommending to all Christians this duty of mutual subjection. For we may observe, by St. Peter, that having mentioned the several relations which men bear to each other, as governor and subject, master and servant, and the rest which I have already repeated, he makes no exception, but sums up the whole with commanding "all to be subject one to another." Whence we may conclude, that this subjection, due from all men to all men, is something more than the compliment of course, when our betters are pleased to tell us they are our humble servants, but understand us to be their slaves.

I know very well that some of those who explain this text apply it to humility, to the duties of charity, to private exhortations, and to bearing with each other's infirmities; and it is probable the apostle may have had a regard to all these. But however many learned men agree, that there is something more understood, and so the words in their plain natural meaning must import; as you will observe yourselves, if you read them with the beginning of the verse, which is thus: "Likewise, ye younger submit yourselves unto the elder; yea, all of you be subject one to another." So that, upon the whole, there must be some kind of subjection due from every man to every man, which cannot be made void by any power, pre-eminence, or authority whatsoever. Now what sort of subjection this is, and how it ought to be paid, shall be the subject of my present discourse.

As God hath contrived all the works of nature to be useful, and in some manner a support to each other, by which the whole frame of the world under his providence is preserved and kept up; so among mankind our particular stations are appointed to each of us by God Almighty, wherein we are obliged to act, as far as our power reacheth, toward the good of the whole community. And he who doth not perform that part assigned him toward advancing the benefit of the whole in proportion to his opportunities and abilities, is not only a useless, but a very mischievous member of the public; because he takes the share of the profit and yet leaves his share of the burden to be borne by others, which is the true principal cause of most miseries and misfortunes in life. For a wise man who does not assist with his counsels; a great man with his protection; a rich man with his bounty and charity; and a poor man with his labour; are perfect nuisances in a commonwealth. Neither is any condition of life more honourable in the sight of God than another; otherwise he would be a respecter of persons, which he assures us he is not: for he hath proposed the same salvation to all men, and hath only placed them in different ways or stations to work it out. Princes are born with no more advantages of strength or wisdom than other men; and, by an unhappy education, are

* "A clearer style, or a discourse more properly adapted to a public audience, can scarce be framed. Every paragraph is simple, nervous, and intelligible."—*Orrery.*

usually more defective in both than thousands of their subjects. They depend for every necessary of life upon the meanest of their people: besides, obedience and subjection were never enjoined by God to humour the passions, lusts, and vanities of those who demand them from us; but we are commanded to obey our governors, because disobedience would breed seditions in the state. Thus servants are directed to obey their masters, children their parents, and wives their husbands; not from any respect of persons in God, but because otherwise there would be nothing but confusion in private families. This matter will be clearly explained by considering the comparison which St. Paul makes between the church of Christ and the body of man: for the same resemblance will hold, not only to families and kingdoms, but to the whole corporation of mankind. "The eye," saith he, "cannot say unto the hand, I have no need of thee; nor again the hand to the foot, I have no need of thee. Nay much more, those members of the body which seem to be more feeble are necessary: and whether one member suffer, all the members suffer with it; or one member be honoured, all the members rejoice with it." The case is directly the same among mankind. The prince cannot say to the merchant, I have no need of thee; nor the merchant to the labourer, I have no need of thee. Nay much more, those members which seem to be more feeble are necessary; for the poor are generally more necessary members of the commonwealth than the rich: which clearly shows, that God never intended such possessions for the sake and service of those to whom he lends them; but because he hath assigned every man his particular station to be useful in life, and this for the reason given by the apostle, "that there may be no schism in the body."

From hence may partly be gathered the nature of that subjection which we all owe to one another. God Almighty hath been pleased to put us into an imperfect state, where we have perpetual occasion of each other's assistance. There is none so low, as not to be in a capacity of assisting the highest; nor so high, as not to want the assistance of the lowest.

It plainly appears, from what hath been said, that no one human creature is more worthy than another in the sight of God, further than according to the goodness or holiness of their lives; and that power, wealth, and the like outward advantages are so far from being the marks of God's approving or preferring those on whom they are bestowed, that, on the contrary, he is pleased to suffer them to be almost engrossed by those who have least title to his favour. Now, according to this equality wherein God hath placed all mankind with relation to himself, you will observe that, in all the relations between man and man, there is a mutual dependence, whereby the one cannot subsist without the other. Thus, no man can be a prince without subjects, nor a master without servants, nor a father without children. And this both explains and confirms the doctrine of the text: for where there is a mutual dependence there must be a mutual duty, and consequently a mutual subjection. For instance, the subject must only obey the prince, because God commands it, human laws require it, and the safety of the public makes it necessary; for the same reasons we must obey all that are in authority, and submit ourselves not only to the good and gentle, but also to the froward, whether they rule according to our liking or no. On the other side, in those countries that pretend to freedom, princes are subject to those laws which their people have chosen; they are bound to protect their subjects in liberty, property, and religion, to receive their petitions, and redress their grievances; so that the best prince is, in the opinion of wise men, only the greatest servant of the nation; not only a servant to the public in general, but in some sort to every man in it. In the like manner, a servant owes obedience, and diligence, and faithfulness to his master; from whom at the same time he hath a just demand for protection, and maintenance, and gentle treatment. Nay, even the poor beggar hath a just demand of an alms from the rich man, who is guilty of fraud, injustice, and oppression, if he does not afford relief according to his abilities.

But this subjection we all owe one to another is nowhere more necessary than in the common conversations of life; for without it there could be no society among men. If the learned would not sometimes submit to the ignorant, the wise to the simple, the gentle to the froward, the old to the weaknesses of the young, there would be nothing but everlasting variance in the world. This our Saviour himself confirmed by his own example; for he appeared in the form of a servant, and washed his disciples' feet, adding those memorable words: "Ye call me Lord and Master, and ye say well; for so I am. If I then, your Lord and Master, wash your feet, how much more ought ye to wash one another's feet?" Under which expression of washing the feet is included all that subjection, assistance, love, and duty, which every good Christian ought to pay his brother, in whatever station God hath placed him. For the greatest prince and the meanest slave are not, by infinite degrees, so distant as our Saviour and those disciples whose feet he vouchsafed to wash.

And although this doctrine of subjecting ourselves to one another may seem to grate upon the pride and vanity of mankind, and may therefore be hard to be digested by those who value themselves upon their greatness or their wealth, yet it is really no more than what most men practise upon other occasions. For, if our neighbour, who is our inferior, comes to see us, we rise to receive him, we place him above us, and respect him, as if he were better than ourselves: and this is thought both decent and necessary, and is usually called good manners. Now, the duty required by the apostle is only that we should enlarge our minds, and that what we thus practise in the common course of life we should imitate in all our actions and proceedings whatsoever; since our Saviour tells us that every man is our neighbour, and since we are so ready, in the point of civility, to yield to others in our own houses, where only we have any title to govern.

Having thus shown you what sort of subjection it is which all men owe one to another, and in what manner it ought to be paid, I shall now draw some observations from what hath been said.

And, *first*, A thorough practice of this duty of subjecting ourselves to the wants and infirmities of each other would utterly extinguish in us the vice of pride. For, if God has pleased to entrust me with a talent, not for my own sake, but for the service of others, and at the same time hath left me full of wants and necessities which others must supply, I can then have no cause to set any extraordinary value upon myself, or to despise my brother, because he hath not the same talents which were lent to me. His being may probably be as useful to the public as mine; and therefore, by the rules of right reason, I am in no sort preferable to him.

Secondly, It is very manifest from what has been said that no man ought to look upon the advantages of life, such as riches, honour, power, and the like, as his property, but merely as a trust which God hath deposited with him to be employed for the use of his brethren; and God will certainly punish the breach of that trust, though the laws of man will not, or rather, indeed, cannot, because the trust was conferred only by God, who has not left it to any power on earth to decide infallibly whether a man makes a good use of

his talents or no, or to punish him where he fails. And therefore God seems to have more particularly taken this matter into his own hands, and will most certainly reward or punish us, in proportion to our good or ill performance in it. Now, although the advantages which one possesseth more than another may, in some sense, be called his property with respect to other men, yet, with respect to God, they are, as I said, only a trust, which will plainly appear from hence: if a man does not use those advantages to the good of the public, or the benefit of his neighbour, it is certain he doth not deserve them, and, consequently, that God never intended them for a blessing to him; and, on the other side, whoever does employ his talents as he ought, will find, by his own experience, that they were chiefly lent him for the service of others; for to the service of others he will certainly employ them.

Thirdly, If we could all be brought to practise this duty of subjecting ourselves to each other, it would very much contribute to the general happiness of mankind; for this would root out envy and malice from the heart of man; because you cannot envy your neighbour's strength, if he make use of it to defend your life, or carry your burden; you cannot envy his wisdom, if he give you good counsel; nor his riches, if he supply you in your wants; nor his greatness, if he employ it to your protection. The miseries of life are not properly owing to the unequal distribution of things; but God Almighty, the great King of Heaven, is treated like the kings of the earth, who, although perhaps intending well themselves, have often most abominable ministers and stewards; and those generally the vilest, to whom they entrust the most talents. But here is the difference, that the princes of this world see by other men's eyes, but God sees all things; and, therefore, whenever he permits his blessings to be dealt among those who are unworthy, we may certainly conclude that he intends them only as a punishment to an evil world, as well as to the owners. It were well if those would consider this whose riches serve them only as a spur to avarice, or as an instrument to their lusts; whose wisdom is only of this world, to put false colours upon things, to call good evil and evil good, against the conviction of their own consciences; and, lastly, who employ their power and favour in acts of oppression or injustice, in misrepresenting persons and things, or in countenancing the wicked, to the ruin of the innocent.

Fourthly, The practice of this duty of being subject to one another, would make us rest contented in the several stations of life wherein God hath thought fit to place us; because it would, in the best and easiest manner, bring us back as it were to that early state of the gospel when Christians had all things in common. For if the poor found the rich disposed to supply their wants; if the ignorant found the wise ready to instruct and direct them; or if the weak might always find protection from the mighty; they could none of them, with the least pretence of justice, lament their own condition.

From all that hath been hitherto said, it appears that great abilities of any sort, when they are employed as God directs, do but make the owners of them greater and more painful servants to their neighbour and the public: however, we are by no means to conclude from that they are not really blessings, when they are in the hands of good men. For, first, what can be a greater honour than to be chosen one of the stewards and dispensers of God's bounty to mankind? What is there that can give a generous spirit more pleasure and complacency of mind, than to consider that he is an instrument of doing much good? that great numbers owe to him, under God, their subsistence, their safety, their health, and the good conduct of their lives? The wickedest man upon earth takes a pleasure in doing good to those he loves; and therefore, surely, a good Christian, who obeys our Saviour's command of loving all men, cannot but take delight in doing good even to his enemies. God, who gives all things to all men, can receive nothing from any; and those among men who do the most good, and receive the fewest returns, do most resemble their Creator: for which reason St. Paul delivers it as a saying of our Saviour, that "it is more blessed to give than to receive." By this rule, what must become of those things which the world values as the greatest blessings—riches, power, and the like—when our Saviour plainly determines that the best way to make them blessings is to part with them? Therefore, although the advantages which one man hath over another may be called blessings, yet they are by no means so in the sense the world usually understands. Thus, for example, great riches are no blessing in themselves; because the poor man with the common necessaries of life enjoys more health, and has fewer cares, without them. How, then, do they become blessings? No otherwise than by being employed in feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, rewarding worthy men, and, in short, doing acts of charity and generosity. Thus, likewise, power is no blessing in itself, because private men bear less envy, and trouble, and anguish without it. But when it is employed to protect the innocent, to relieve the oppressed, and to punish the oppressor, then it becomes a great blessing.

And so, lastly, even great wisdom is, in the opinion of Solomon, not a blessing in itself; for "in much wisdom is much sorrow;" and men of common understanding, if they serve God and mind their callings, make fewer mistakes in the conduct of life than those who have better heads. And yet wisdom is a mighty blessing when it is applied to good purposes, to instruct the ignorant, to be a faithful counsellor either in public or private, to be a director to youth, and to many other ends needless here to mention.

To conclude: God sent us into the world to obey his commands, by doing as much good as our abilities will reach, and as little evil as our many infirmities will permit. Some he hath only trusted with one talent, some with five, and some with ten. No man is without his talent; and he that is faithful or negligent in a little shall be rewarded or punished, as well as he that hath been so in a great deal.

Consider what has been said; and the Lord give you a right understanding in all things. To whom, with the Son and the Holy Ghost, be all honour and glory, now and for ever.

SERMON THE FOURTH,

ON THE TESTIMONY OF CONSCIENCE.

2 CORINTHIANS i. 12.

For our rejoicing is this, the testimony of our conscience.

There is no word more frequently in the mouths of men than that of conscience, and the meaning of it is, in some measure, generally understood: however, because it is likewise a word extremely abused by many people, who apply other meanings to it which God Almighty never intended, I shall explain it to you in the clearest manner I am able. The word conscience properly signifies that knowledge which a man hath within himself of his own thoughts and actions And because if a man judgeth fairly of his own actions, by comparing them with the law of God, his mind will either approve or condemn him, according as he has

done good or evil; therefore this knowledge, or conscience, may properly be called both an accuser and a judge. So that, whenever our conscience accuseth us, we are certainly guilty; but we are not always innocent when it doth not accuse us: for very often, through the hardness of our hearts, or the fondness and favour we bear to ourselves, or through ignorance or neglect, we do not suffer our conscience to take any cognizance of several sins we commit. There is another office likewise belonging to conscience, which is that of being our director and guide; and the wrong use of this hath been the occasion of more evils under the sun than almost all other causes put together. For, as conscience is nothing else but the knowledge we have of what we are thinking and doing, so it can guide us no further than that knowledge reacheth: and, therefore, God hath placed conscience in us to be our director only in those actions which Scripture and reason plainly tell us to be good or evil. But in cases too difficult or doubtful for us to comprehend or determine, there conscience is not concerned; because it cannot advise in what it doth not understand, nor decide where it is itself in doubt: but, by God's great mercy, those difficult points are never of absolute necessity to our salvation. There is likewise another evil, that men often say a thing is against their conscience when really it is not. For instance: ask any of those who differ from the worship established, why they do not come to church? they will say they dislike the ceremonies, the prayers, the habits, and the like; and therefore it goes against their conscience. But they are mistaken, their teacher hath put those words into their mouths; for a man's conscience can go no higher than his knowledge; and therefore, till he has thoroughly examined by Scripture, and the practice of the ancient church, whether those points are blamable or no, his conscience cannot possibly direct him to condemn them. Hence have likewise arisen those mistakes about what is usually called liberty of conscience; which, properly speaking, is no more than a liberty of knowing our own thoughts, which liberty no one can take from us. But those words have obtained quite different meanings: liberty of conscience is now-a-days not only understood to be the liberty of believing what men please, but also of endeavouring to propagate that belief as much as they can, and to overthrow the faith which the laws have already established, and to be rewarded by the public for those wicked endeavours: and this is the liberty of conscience which the fanatics are now openly, in the face of the world, endeavouring at with their utmost application. At the same time, it cannot but be observed, that those very persons, who, under pretence of a public spirit and tenderness toward their Christian brethren, are so zealous for such a liberty of conscience as this, are, of all others, the least tender to those who differ from them in the smallest point relating to government; and I wish I could not say that the majesty of the living God may be offended with more security than the memory of a dead prince. But the wisdom of the world, at present, seems to agree with that of the heathen emperor, who said, if the gods were offended, it was their own concern, and they were able to vindicate themselves.

But although conscience hath been abused to those wicked purposes which I have already related, yet a due regard to the directions it plainly gives us, as well as to its accusations, reproaches, and advices, would be of the greatest use to mankind, both for their present welfare and future happiness.

Therefore my discourse at this time shall be directed to prove to you, that there is no solid, firm foundation for virtue but on a conscience which is guided by religion.

In order to this, I shall first show you the weakness and uncertainty of two false principles, which many people set up in the place of conscience for a guide to their actions.

The first of these principles is, what the world usually calls moral honesty. There are some people who appear very indifferent as to religion, and yet have the repute of being just and fair in their dealings; and these are generally known by the character of good moral men. But now, if you look into the grounds and the motives of such a man's actions, you shall find them to be no other than his own ease and interest. For example: you trust a moral man with your money in the way of trade, you trust another with the defence of your cause at law, and perhaps they both deal justly with you. Why? not from any regard they have for justice, but because their fortune depends upon their credit, and a stain of open public dishonesty must be to their disadvantage. But let it consist with such a man's interest and safety to wrong you, and then it will be impossible you can have any hold upon him; because there is nothing left to give him a check, or put in the balance against his profit. For if he hath nothing to govern himself by but the opinion of the world, as long as he can conceal his injustice from the world he thinks he is safe.

Besides, it is found by experience that those men who set up for morality without regard to religion are generally virtuous but in part: they will be just in their dealings between man and man; but if they find themselves disposed to pride, lust, intemperance, or avarice, they do not think their morality concerned to check them in any of these vices; because it is the great rule of such men that they may lawfully follow the dictates of nature, wherever their safety, health, and fortune are not injured. So that upon the whole, there is hardly one vice, which a mere moral man may not upon some occasions, allow himself to practise.

The other false principle, which some men set up in the place of conscience to be their director in life, is what those who pretend to it call honour.

This word is often made the sanction of an oath; it is reckoned a great commendation to be a man of strict honour; and it is commonly understood that a man of honour can never be guilty of a base action. This is usually the style of military men, of persons with titles, and of others who pretend to birth and quality. It is true indeed that in ancient times it was universally understood that honour was the reward of virtue; but if such honour as is now-a-days going will not permit a man to do a base action, it must be allowed there are few such things as base actions in nature. No man of honour, as that word is usually understood, did ever pretend that his honour obliged him to be chaste or temperate, to pay his creditors, to be useful to his country, to do good to mankind, to endeavour to be wise or learned, to regard his word, his promise, or his oath: or if he hath any of these virtues, they were never learned in the catechism of honour; which contains but two precepts, the punctual payment of debts contracted at play, and the right understanding the several degrees of an affront, in order to revenge it by the death of an adversary.

But suppose this principle of honour, which some men so much boast of, did really produce more virtues than it ever pretended to; yet, since the very being of that honour depended upon the breath, the opinion, or the fancy of the people, the virtues derived from it could be of no long or certain duration. For example: suppose a man from a principle of honour should resolve to be just, or chaste, or temperate, and yet the censuring world should take a humour of refusing him those characters, he would then think the

obligation at an end. Or, on the other side, if he thought he could gain honour by the falsest and vilest action, (which is a case that very often happens,) he would then make no scruple to perform it. And God knows it would be an unhappy state to have the religion, the liberty, or the property of a people lodged in such hands: which, however, hath been too often the case.

What I have said upon this principle of honour may perhaps be thought of small concernment to most of you who are my hearers: however, a caution was not altogether unnecessary; since there is nothing by which not only the vulgar, but the honest tradesman, has been so much deceived, as this infamous pretence to honour in too many of their betters.

Having thus shown you the weakness and uncertainty of those principles which some men set up in the place of conscience to direct them in their actions; I shall now endeavour to prove to you that there is no solid, firm foundation of virtue but in a conscience directed by the principles of religion.

There is no way of judging how far we may depend upon the actions of men otherwise than by knowing the motives, and grounds, and causes of them; and if the motives of our actions be not resolved and determined into the law of God, they will be precarious and uncertain, and liable to perpetual changes. I will show you what I mean by an example: suppose a man thinks it his duty to obey his parents, because reason tells him so, because he is obliged by gratitude, and because the laws of his country command him to do so: if he stops here, his parents can have no lasting security; for an occasion may happen wherein it may be extremely his interest to be disobedient, and where the laws of the land can lay no hold upon him; therefore, before such a man can safely be trusted, he must proceed further, and consider that his reason is the gift of God; that God commanded him to be obedient to the laws, and did, moreover, in a particular manner, enjoin him to be dutiful to his parents; after which, if he lays due weight upon those considerations, he will probably continue in his duty to the end of his life: because no earthly interest can ever come in competition to balance the danger of offending his Creator, or the happiness of pleasing him. And of all this his conscience will certainly inform him, if he hath any regard to religion.

Secondly, Fear and hope are the two greatest natural motives of all men's actions: but neither of these passions will ever put us in the way of virtue, unless they be directed by conscience. For, although virtuous men do sometimes accidentally make their way to preferment, yet the world is so corrupted, that no man can reasonably hope to be rewarded in it merely upon account of his virtue. And consequently the fear of punishment in this life will preserve men from very few vices, since some of the blackest and basest do often prove the surest steps to favour: such as ingratitude, hypocrisy, treachery, malice, subornation, atheism, and many more, which human laws do little concern themselves about. But when conscience places before us the hopes of everlasting happiness, and the fears of everlasting misery, as the reward and punishment of our good or evil actions, our reason can find no way to avoid the force of such an argument, otherwise than by running into infidelity.

Lastly, Conscience will direct us to love God, and to put our whole trust and confidence in him. Our love of God will inspire us with a detestation for sin, as what is of all things most contrary to his divine nature: and if we have an entire confidence in him, that will enable us to subdue and despise all the allurements of the world.

It may here be objected, if conscience be so sure a director to us Christians in the conduct of our lives, how comes it to pass that the ancient heathens, who had no other lights but those of nature and reason, should so far exceed us in all manner of virtue, as plainly appears by many examples they have left on record?

To which it may be answered; first, those heathens were extremely strict and exact in the education of their children; whereas among us this care is so much laid aside, that the more God has blessed any man with estate or quality, just so much the less in proportion is the care he takes in the education of his children, and particularly of that child which is to inherit his fortune: of which the effects are visible enough among the great ones of the world. Again, those heathens did in a particular manner instil the principle into their children of loving their country; which is so far otherwise now-a-days, that, of the several parties among us, there is none of them that seem to have so much as heard whether there be such a virtue in the world, as plainly appears by their practices; and especially when they are placed in those stations where they can only have opportunity of showing it. Lastly, the most considerable among the heathens did generally believe rewards and punishments in a life to come, which is the great principle for conscience to work upon: whereas too many of those who would be thought the most considerable among us do, both by their practices and their discourses, plainly affirm that they believe nothing at all of the matter.

Wherefore, since it hath manifestly appeared that a religious conscience is the only true solid foundation upon which virtue can be built, give me leave before I conclude to let you see how necessary such a conscience is to conduct us in every station and condition of our lives.

That a religious conscience is necessary in any station is confessed even by those who tell us that all religion was invented by cunning men in order to keep the world in awe. For if religion, by the confession of its adversaries, be necessary toward the well-governing of mankind, then every wise man in power will be sure not only to choose out for every station under him such persons as are most likely to be kept in awe by religion, but likewise to carry some appearance of it himself, or else he is a very weak politician. And accordingly, in any country where great persons affect to be open despisers of religion, their counsels will be found at last to be fully as destructive to the state as to the church.

It was the advice of Jethro to his son-in-law Moses, to "provide able men, such as fear God, men of truth, hating covetousness," and to place such over the people; and Moses, who was as wise a statesman at least as any in this age, thought fit to follow that advice. Great abilities, without the fear of God, are most dangerous instruments when they are trusted with power. The laws of man have thought fit that those who are called to any office of trust should be bound by an oath to the faithful discharge of it; but an oath is an appeal to God, and therefore can have no influence, except upon those who believe that he is, and that he is a rewarder of those that seek him, and a punisher of those who disobey him: and therefore, we see, the laws themselves are forced to have recourse to conscience in these cases, because their penalties cannot reach the arts of cunning men, who can find ways to be guilty of a thousand injustices without being discovered, or at least without being punished. And the reason why we find so many frauds, abuses, and corruptions, where any trust is conferred, can be no other than that there is so little conscience and religion left in the world: or at least that men, in their choice of instruments, have private ends in view, which are very different from the service

of the public. Besides, it is certain that men who profess to have no religion are full as zealous to bring over proselytes as any papist or fanatic can be. And therefore, if those who are in station high enough to be of influence or example to others; if those (I say) openly profess a contempt or disbelief of religion, they will be sure to make all their dependents of their own principles; and what security can the public expect from such persons, whenever their interests or their lusts come into competition with their duty? It is very possible for a man who hath the appearance of religion, and is a great pretender to conscience, to be wicked and a hypocrite; but it is impossible for a man, who openly declares against religion, to give any reasonable security that he will not be false, and cruel and corrupt, whenever a temptation offers which he values more than he does the power wherewith he was trusted. And if such a man doth not betray his cause and his master, it is only because the temptation was not properly offered, or the profit was too small, or the danger was too great. And hence it is that we find so little truth or justice among us: because there are so very few who, either in the service of the public, or in common dealings with each other, do ever look further than their own advantage, and how to guard themselves against the laws of the country; which a man may do by favour, by secrecy, or by cunning, though he breaks almost every law of God. Therefore to conclude: It plainly appears, that unless men are guided by the advice and judgment of conscience founded on religion, they can give no security that they will be either good subjects, faithful servants of the public, or honest in their mutual dealings; since there is no other tie through which the pride, or lust, or avarice, or ambition of mankind will not certainly break one time or other.

Consider what has been said; and the Lord give you a right understanding in all things. To whom, with the Son and the Holy Ghost, be all honour and glory, now and for ever.

SERMON THE FIFTH.

ON BROTHERLY LOVE.

HEB. xiii. 1.

Let brotherly love continue.

In the early times of the gospel, the Christians were very much distinguished from all other bodies of men by the great and constant love they bore to each other; which, although it was done in obedience to the frequent injunctions of our Saviour and his apostles, yet, I confess, there seemeth to have been likewise a natural reason that very much promoted it. For the Christians then were few and scattered, living under persecution by the heathens round about them, in whose hands was all the civil and military power; and there is nothing so apt to unite the minds and hearts of men, or to beget love and tenderness, as a general distress. The first dissensions between Christians took their beginning from the errors and heresies that arose among them; many of those heresies, sometimes extinguished and sometimes reviving, or succeeded by others, remain to this day; and having been made instruments to the pride, avarice, or ambition of ill-designing men, by extinguishing brotherly love, have been the cause of infinite calamities, as well as corruptions of faith and manners, in the Christian world.

The last legacy of Christ was peace and mutual love; but then he foretold that he came to send a sword upon the earth. The primitive Christians accepted the legacy, and their successors down to the present age have been largely fulfilling his prophecy. But whatever the practice of mankind hath been or still continues, there is no duty more incumbent upon those who profess the gospel, than that of brotherly love; which, whoever could restore in any degree among men, would be an instrument of more good to human society than ever was or will be done by all the statesmen and politicians in the world.

It is upon this subject of brotherly love that I intend to discourse at present; and the method I observe shall be as follows:—

First, I will inquire into the causes of this great want of brotherly love among us.

Secondly, I will lay open the sad effects and consequences which our animosities and mutual hatred have produced.

Lastly, I will use some motives and exhortations, that may persuade you to embrace brotherly love, and continue in it.

First, I shall inquire into the causes of this great want of brotherly love among us.

This nation of ours hath for a hundred years past been infested by two enemies, the papists and fanatics who each in their turns filled it with blood and slaughter, and for a time destroyed both the church and government. The memory of these events hath put all true protestants equally upon their guard against both these adversaries, who by consequence do equally hate us. The fanatics revile us as too nearly approaching to popery, and the papists condemn us, as bordering too much on fanaticism. The papists, God be praised, are by the wisdom of our laws put out of all visible possibility of hurting us; besides, their religion is so generally abhorred that they have no advocates or abettors among protestants to assist them. But the fanatics are to be considered in another light; they have had of late years the power, the luck, or the cunning to divide us among ourselves; they have endeavoured to represent all those who have been so bold as to oppose their errors and designs under the character of persons disaffected to the government; and they have so far succeeded that, now-a-days, if a clergyman happens to preach with any zeal and vehemence against the sin and danger of schism, there will not want too many in his congregation, ready enough to censure him as hot and high-flying, an inflamer of men's minds, an enemy to moderation, and disloyal to his prince. This hath produced a formed and settled division between those who profess the same doctrine and discipline; while they who call themselves moderate are forced to widen their bottom, by sacrificing their principles and their brethren to the encroachments and insolence of dissenters; who are therefore answerable as a principal cause of all that hatred and animosity now reigning among us.

Another cause of the great want of brotherly love is, the weakness and folly of too many among you of the lower sort, who are made the tools and instruments of your betters to work their designs, wherein you have no concern. Your numbers make you of use, and cunning men take the advantage, by putting words into your mouths which you do not understand: then they fix good or ill characters to those words, as it best serves their purposes; and thus you are taught to love or hate, you know not what or why; you often suspect your best friends and nearest neighbours, even your teacher himself, without any reason, if your leaders once taught you to call him by a name which they tell you signifieth some very bad thing.

A third cause of our great want of brotherly love seemeth to be, that this duty is not so often insisted on, from the pulpit as it ought to be in such times as these; on the contrary, it is to be doubted whether doctrines are not sometimes delivered by an ungoverned zeal, a desire to be distinguished, or a view of interest, which

produce quite different effects; when upon occasions set apart to return thanks to God for some public blessing, the time is employed in stirring up one part of the congregation against the other, by representations of things and persons, which God in his mercy forgive those who are guilty of.

The last cause I shall mention of the want of brotherly love is, that unhappy disposition towards politics among the trading people which hath been so industriously instilled into them. In former times the middle and lower sorts of mankind seldom gained or lost by the factions of the kingdom, and therefore were little concerned in them further than as matter of talk and amusement; but now the meanest dealer will expect to turn the penny by the merits of his party. He can represent his neighbour as a man of dangerous principles, can bring a railing accusation against him, perhaps a criminal one, and so rob him of his livelihood, and find his own account by that, much more than if he had disparaged his neighbour's goods or defamed him as a cheat. For so it happens, that instead of inquiring into the skill or honesty of those kind people, the manner is now to inquire into their party, and to reject or encourage them accordingly: which proceeding hath made our people in general such able politicians, that all the artifice, flattery, dissimulation, diligence, and dexterity in undermining each other, which the satirical wit of men hath charged upon courts, together with all the rage and violence, cruelty and injustice, which have been ever imputed to public assemblies, are with us (so polite are we grown) to be seen among our meanest traders and artificers in the greatest perfection. All which, as it may be matter of some humiliation to the wise and mighty of this world, so the effects thereof may perhaps in time prove very different from what I hope, in charity, were ever foreseen or intended.

I will therefore now, in the second place, lay open some of the sad effects and consequences which our animosities and mutual hatred have produced.

And the first ill consequence is, that our want of brotherly love hath almost driven out all sense of religion from among us, which cannot well be otherwise: for since our Saviour laid so much weight upon his disciples loving one another, that he gave it among his last instructions, and since the primitive Christians are allowed to have chiefly propagated the faith by their strict observance of that instruction, it must follow that in proportion as brotherly love declineth Christianity will do so too. The little religion there is in the world hath been observed to reside chiefly among the middle and lower sorts of people, who are neither tempted to pride nor luxury by great riches, nor to desperate courses by extreme poverty; and truly I upon that account have thought it a happiness that those who are under my immediate care are generally of that condition: but where party hath once made entrance, with all its consequences of hatred, envy, partiality and virulence, religion cannot long keep its hold in any state or degree of life whatsoever. For if the great men of the world have been censured in all ages for mingling too little religion with their politics, what a havoc of principles must they needs make in unlearned and irregular heads, of which indeed the effects are already too visible and melancholy all over the kingdom.

Another ill consequence from our want of brotherly love is, that it increaseth the insolence of the fanatics; and this partly ariseth from a mistaken meaning of the word moderation; a word which hath been much abused and bandied about for several years past. There are too many people indifferent enough to all religion; there are many others who dislike the clergy, and would have them live in poverty and dependence: both these sorts are much commended by the fanatics for moderate men, ready to put an end to our divisions and to make a general union among protestants. Many ignorant well-meaning people are deceived by these appearances, strengthened with great pretences to loyalty; and these occasions the fanatics lay hold on to revile the doctrine and discipline of the church, and even insult and oppress the clergy wherever their numbers or favourers will bear them out; insomuch, that one wilful refractory fanatic hath been able to disturb a whole parish for many years together. But the most moderate and favoured divines dare not own that the word moderation with respect to the dissenters can be at all applied to their religion, but is purely personal or prudential. No good man repineth at the liberty of conscience they enjoy; and perhaps a very moderate divine may think better of their loyalty than others do, or, to speak after the manner of men, may think it necessary that all protestants should be united against the common enemy, or, out of discretion or other reasons best known to himself, be tender of mentioning them at all. But still the errors of the dissenters are all fixed and determined, and must upon demand be acknowledged by all the divines of our church, whether they be called, in party phrase, high or low, moderate or violent. And further, I believe it would be hard to find many moderate divines who, if their opinion were asked whether dissenters should be trusted with power, could according to their consciences answer in the affirmative; from whence it is plain, that all the stir which the fanatics have made with this word moderation was only meant to increase our divisions, and widen them so far as to make room for themselves to get in between. And this is the only scheme they ever had (except that of destroying root and branch) for the uniting of protestants they so much talk of.

I shall mention but one ill consequence more, which attends our want of brotherly love—that it hath put an end to all hospitality and friendship, all good correspondence and commerce between mankind. There are indeed such things as leagues and confederacies among those of the same party; but surely God never intended that men should be so limited in the choice of their friends; however, so it is in town and country, in every parish and street; the pastor is divided from his flock, the father from his son, and the house often divided against itself. Men's very natures are soured and their passions inflamed, when they meet in party clubs, and spend their time in nothing else but railing at the opposite side: thus every man alive among us is encompassed with a million of enemies of his own country, among which his oldest acquaintance and friends, and kindred themselves, are often of the number; neither can people of different parties mix together without constraint, suspicion, or jealousy, watching every word they speak for fear of giving offence; or else falling into rudeness and reproaches, and so leaving themselves open to the malice and corruption of informers, who were never more numerous or expert in their trade. And as a further addition to this evil, those very few who, by the goodness and generosity of their nature, do in their own hearts despise this narrow principle of confining their friendship and esteem, their charity and good offices, to those of their own party, yet dare not discover their good inclinations for fear of losing their favour and interest. And others again, whom God had formed with mild and gentle dispositions, think it necessary to put a force upon their own tempers, by acting a noisy, violent, malicious part, as a means to be distinguished. Thus hath party got the better of the very genius and constitution of our people; so that whoever reads the character of the English in former ages will hardly believe their present posterity to be of the same nation or climate.

I shall now, in the last place, make use of some motives and exhortations that may persuade you to embrace brotherly love and continue in it. Let me apply myself to you of the lower sort, and desire you will consider, when any of you make use of fair and enticing words to draw in customers, whether you do it for their sakes or your own. And then, for whose sakes do you think it is that your leaders are so industrious to put into your heads all that party rage and virulence? Is it not to make you the tools and instruments by which they work out their own designs? Has this spirit of faction been useful to any of you in your worldly concerns, except to those who have traded in whispering, backbiting, or informing, wanting skill or honesty to thrive by fairer methods? It is no business of yours to inquire who is at the head of armies or of councils, unless you had power and skill to choose, neither of which is ever likely to be your case; and therefore to fill your heads with fears, and hatred of persons and things, of which it is impossible you can ever make a right judgment, or to set you at variance with your neighbour, because his thoughts are not the same as yours, is not only in a very gross manner to cheat you of your time and quiet, but likewise to endanger your souls.

Secondly, In order to restore brotherly love, let me earnestly exhort you to stand firm in your religion; I mean, the true religion hitherto established among us, without varying in the least either to popery on the one side, or to fanaticism on the other; and in a particular manner beware of that word moderation; and believe it, that your neighbour is not immediately a villain, a papist, and a traitor, because the fanatics and their adherents will not allow him to be a moderate man. Nay, it is very probable that your teacher himself may be a loyal, pious, and able divine, without the least grain of moderation, as the word is too frequently understood. Therefore, to set you right in this matter, I will lay before you the character of a truly moderate man; and then I will give you the description of such a one as falsely pretendeth to that title.

A man truly moderate is steady in the doctrine and discipline of the church, but with a due Christian charity to all who dissent from it out of a principle of conscience; the freedom of which he thinketh ought to be fully allowed, as long as it is not abused, but never trusted with power. He is ready to defend with his life and fortune the protestant succession, and the protestant established faith, against all invaders whatsoever. He is for giving the crown its just prerogative, and the people their just liberties. He hateth no man for differing from him in political opinions; nor doth he think it a maxim infallible, that virtue should always attend upon favour, and vice upon disgrace. These are some few lineaments in the character of a truly moderate man; let us now compare it with the description of one who usually passeth under that title.

A moderate man, in the new meaning of the word, is one to whom all religion is indifferent; who, although he denominates himself of the church, regardeth it no more than a conventicle. He perpetually raileth at the body of the clergy, with exceptions only to a very few, who, he hopeth, and probably upon false grounds, are as ready to betray their rights and properties as himself. He thinketh the power of the people can never be too great, nor that of the prince too little; and yet this very notion he publisheth, as his best argument, to prove him a most loyal subject. Every opinion in government that differeth in the least from his tendeth directly to popery, slavery, and rebellion. Whoever lieth under the frown of power can, in his judgment, neither have common sense, common honesty, nor religion. Lastly, his devotion consisteth in drinking gibbets, confusion, and damnation; in profanely idolizing the memory of one dead prince, and ungratefully trampling upon the ashes of another. [William and Anne.]

By these marks you will easily distinguish a truly moderate man from those who are commonly, but very falsely, so called; and while persons thus qualified are so numerous and so noisy, so full of zeal and industry to gain proselytes, and spread their opinions among the people, it cannot be wondered at that there should be so little brotherly love left among us.

Lastly, It would probably contribute to restore some degree of brotherly love, if we would but consider that the matter of those disputes which inflame us to this degree doth not, in its own nature, at all concern the generality of mankind. Indeed, as to those who have been great gainers or losers by the changes of the world the case is different: and to preach moderation to the first, and patience to the last, would perhaps be to little purpose: but what is that to the bulk of the people, who are not properly concerned in the quarrel, although evil instruments have drawn them into it? for if the reasonable men on both sides were to confer opinions, they would find neither religion, loyalty, nor interest, are at all affected in this dispute. Not religion, because the members of the church, on both sides, profess to agree in every article: not loyalty to our prince, which is pretended to by one party as much as the other, and therefore can be no subject for debate: nor interest, for trade and industry lie open to all; and, what is further, concerns only those who have expectations from the public; so that the body of the people, if they knew their own good, might yet live amicably together, and leave their betters to quarrel among themselves; who might also probably soon come to a better temper, if they were less seconded and supported by the poor deluded multitude.

I have now done with my text, which I confess to have treated in a manner more suited to the present times than to the nature of the subject in general. That I have not been more particular in explaining the several parts and properties of this great duty of brotherly love, the apostle to the Thessalonians will plead my excuse. "Touching brotherly love," saith he, "ye need not that I write unto you, for ye yourselves are taught of God to love one another." So that nothing remains to add, but our prayers to God that he would please to restore and continue this duty of brotherly love or charity among us, the very bond of peace and of all virtues.

Nov. 29, 1717.

SERMON THE SIXTH.

ON THE MARTYRDOM OF KING CHARLES I.

PREACHED AT ST. PATRICK'S, DUBLIN, ON SUNDAY, JANUARY 30, 1725-26.

GENESIS, xlix. 5, 6, 7.

Simeon and Levi are brethren; instruments of cruelty are in their habitations.

O my soul, come not thou into their secret; unto their assembly, mine honour, be not thou united: for in their anger they slew a man, and in their self-will they digged down a wall.

Cursed be their anger, for it was fierce; and their wrath, for it was cruel. I will divide them in Jacob, and scatter them in Israel.

I KNOW very well that the church hath been often censured for keeping holy this day of humiliation, in memory of that excellent king and blessed martyr Charles I., who rather chose to die on a scaffold than betray the religion and liberties of his people, wherewith God and the laws had entrusted him. But at the

same time it is manifest that those who make such censures are either people without any religion at all, or who derive their principles, and perhaps their birth, from the abettors of those who contrived the murder of that prince, and have not yet shown the world that their opinions are changed. It is alleged that the observation of this day hath served to continue and increase the animosity and enmity among our countrymen, and to disunite protestants; that a law was made upon the restoration of the martyr's son for a general pardon and oblivion, forbidding all reproaches upon that occasion; and since none are now alive who were actors or instruments in that tragedy, it is thought hard and uncharitable to keep up the memory of it for all generations.

Now because I conceive most of you to be ignorant in many particulars concerning that horrid murder, and the rebellion which preceded it, I will,

First, relate to you so much of the story as may be sufficient for your information:

Secondly, I will tell you the consequences which this bloody deed had upon these kingdoms:

And *lastly*, I will show you to what good uses this solemn day of humiliation may be applied.

As to the first: in the reign of this prince, Charles the martyr, the power and prerogative of the king were much greater than they are in our times, and so had been for at least seven hundred years before; and the best princes we ever had carried their power much further than the blessed martyr offered to do, in the most blamable part of his reign. But the lands of the crown having been prodigally bestowed to favourites in the preceding reigns, the succeeding kings could not support themselves without taxes raised by parliament, which put them under a necessity of frequently calling those assemblies; and the crown lands being gotten into the hands of the nobility and gentry, beside the possessions of which the church had been robbed by king Henry VIII., power, which always follows property, grew to lean to the side of the people, by whom even the just rights of the crown were often disputed.

But further, upon the cruel persecution raised against the protestants under queen Mary, among great numbers who fled the kingdom to seek for shelter, several went and resided at Geneva, which is a commonwealth governed without a king, and where the religion, contrived by Calvin, is without the order of bishops. When the protestant faith was restored by queen Elizabeth, those who fled to Geneva returned among the rest home to England, and were grown so fond of the government and religion of the place they had left, that they used all possible endeavours to introduce both into their own country; at the same time continually preaching and railing against ceremonies and distinct habits of the clergy, taxing whatever they disliked as a remnant of popery; and continued extremely troublesome to the church and state under that great queen, as well as her successor king James I. These people called themselves puritans, as pretending to a purer faith than those of the church established. And these were the founders of our dissenters. They did not think it sufficient to leave all the errors of popery, but threw off many laudable and edifying institutions of the primitive church, and at last, even the government of bishops; which, having been ordained by the apostles themselves, had continued without interruption in all Christian churches for above 1500 years. And all this they did, not because those things were evil, but because they were kept by the papists. From thence they proceeded by degrees to quarrel with the kingly government; because, as I have already said, the city of Geneva, to which their fathers had flown for refuge, was a commonwealth, or government of the people.

These puritans, about the middle of the martyr's reign, were grown to a considerable faction in the kingdom, and in the lower house of parliament. They filled the public with the most false and bitter libels against the bishops and the clergy, accusing chiefly the very best among them of popery; and at the same time the house of commons grew so insolent and uneasy to the king, that they refused to furnish him with necessary supplies for the support of his family, unless upon such conditions as he could not submit to without forfeiting his conscience and honour, and even his coronation oath. And in such an extremity he was forced upon a practice, no way justifiable, of raising money; for which however he had the opinion of the judges on his side; for wicked judges there were in those times as well as in ours. There were likewise many complaints, and sometimes justly made, against the proceedings of a certain court, called the star-chamber, a judicature of great antiquity; but it had suffered some corruptions, for which however the king was nowise answerable. I cannot recollect any more subjects of complaint with the least ground of reason; nor is it needful to recollect them, because this gracious king did, upon the first application, redress all grievances by an act of parliament, and put it out of his power to do any hardships for the future. But that wicked faction in the house of commons, not content with all those marks of his justice and condescension, urged still for more; and joining with a factious party from Scotland, who had the same fancies in religion, forced him to pass an act for cutting off the head of his best and chief minister; and at the same time compelled him, by tumults and threatenings of a packed rabble poisoned with the same doctrines, to pass another law, by which it should not be in his power to dissolve that parliament without their own consent.—Thus, by the greatest weakness and infatuation that ever possessed any man's spirit, this prince did in effect sign his own destruction. For the house of commons having the reins in their own hands, drove on furiously, sent him every day some unreasonable demand; and when he refused to grant it, made use of their own power, and declared that an ordinance of both houses, without the king's consent, should be obeyed as a law, contrary to all reason and equity, as well as to the fundamental constitution of the kingdom.

About this time the rebellion in Ireland broke out, wherein his parliament refused to assist him; nor would accept his offer to come hither in person to subdue those rebels. These and a thousand other barbarities forced the king to summon his loyal subjects to his standard in his own defence. Meanwhile the English parliament, instead of helping the poor protestants here, seized on the very army that his majesty was sending over for our relief, and turned them against their own sovereign. The rebellion in England continued for four or five years: at last the king was forced to fly in disguise to the Scots, who sold him to the rebels. And these puritans had the impudent cruelty to try his sacred person in a mock court of justice, and cut off his head; which he might have saved, if he would have yielded to betray the constitution in church and state.

In this whole proceeding, Simeon and Levi were brethren; the wicked insinuations of those fanatical preachers stirring up the cruelty of the soldiers, who, by force of arms, excluded from the house every member of parliament whom they apprehended to bear the least inclination toward an agreement with the king, suffering only those to enter who thirsted chiefly for his blood; and this is the very account given by their own writers. Whence it is clear that this prince was in all respects a real martyr for the true religion and the liberty of the people. That odious parliament had first turned the bishops out of the house of lords; in a few years after they murdered their king; then immediately abolished the whole house of

lords; and so, at last, obtained their wishes of having a government of the people, and a new religion, both after the manner of Geneva, without a king, a bishop, or a nobleman; and this they blasphemously called, "the kingdom of Christ and his saints."

This is enough for your information on the first head: I shall therefore proceed to the second, wherein I will show you the miserable consequences which that abominable rebellion and murder produced in these nations.

First, The Irish rebellion was wholly owing to that wicked English parliament. For the leaders in the Irish popish massacre would never have dared to stir a finger, if they had not been encouraged by that rebellious spirit in the English house of commons, which they very well knew must disable the king from sending any supplies to his protestant subjects here; and therefore, we may truly say, that the English parliament held the king's hands, while the Irish papists here were cutting our grandfathers' throats.

Secondly, That murderous puritan parliament, when they had all in their own power, could not agree upon any one method of settling a form either of religion or civil government; but changed every day from schism to schism, from heresy to heresy, and from one faction to another; whence arose that wild confusion, still continuing, in our several ways of serving God, and those absurd notions of civil power, which have so often torn us with factions more than any other nation in Europe.

Thirdly, To this rebellion and murder have been owing the rise and progress of atheism among us. For men, observing what numberless villanies of all kinds were committing during twenty years, under pretence of zeal and the reformation of God's church, were easily tempted to doubt that all religion was a mere imposture: and the same spirit of infidelity, so far spread among us at this present, is nothing but the fruit of the seeds sown by those rebellious hypocritical saints.

Fourthly, The old virtue, and loyalty, and generous spirit of the English nation were wholly corrupted by the power, the doctrine, and the example of those wicked people. Many of the ancient nobility were killed, and their families extinct, in defence of their prince and country, or murdered by the merciless courts of justice. Some of the worst among them favoured or complied with the reigning iniquities, and not a few of the new set, created when the martyr's son was restored, were such who had drunk too deep of the bad principles then prevailing.

Fifthly, The children of the murdered prince were forced to fly for the safety of their lives to foreign countries; where one of them at least, I mean king James II., was seduced to popery; which ended in the loss of his kingdoms, the misery and desolation of this country, and a long and expensive war abroad. Our deliverance was owing to the valour and conduct of the late king, and therefore we ought to remember him with gratitude, but not mingled with blasphemy or idolatry. It was happy that his interests and ours were the same: and God gave him greater success than our sins deserved. But as a house thrown down by a storm is seldom rebuilt without some change in the foundation; so it hath happened that, since the late revolution, men have sat much looser in the true fundamentals both of religion and government, and factions have been more violent, treacherous, and malicious than ever; men running naturally from one extreme into another, and, for private ends, taking up those very opinions professed by the leaders in that rebellion which carried the blessed martyr to the scaffold.

Sixthly, Another consequence of this horrid rebellion and murder was, the destroying or defacing of such vast number of God's houses. "In their self-will they digged down a wall." If a stranger should now travel in England and observe the churches in his way, he could not otherwise conclude, than that some vast army of Turks or heathens had been sent on purpose to ruin and blot out all marks of Christianity. They spared neither the statues of saints nor ancient prelates, nor kings, nor benefactors; broke down the tombs and monuments of men famous in their generations; seized the vessels of silver set apart for the holiest use; tore down the most innocent ornaments both within and without; made the houses of prayer dens of thieves, or stables for cattle. These were the mildest effects of puritan zeal and devotion for Christ; and this was what themselves affected to call a thorough reformation. In this kingdom, those ravages were not so easily seen; for the people here being too poor to raise such noble temples, the mean ones we had were not defaced, but totally destroyed.

Upon the whole it is certain that, although God might have found out many other ways to have punished a sinful people without permitting this rebellion and murder, yet, as the course of the world hath run ever since, we need seek for no other causes of all the public evils we have hitherto suffered, or may suffer for the future, by the misconduct of princes or wickedness of the people.

I go on now, upon the third head, to show you to what good uses this solemn day of humiliation may be applied.

First, It may be an instruction to princes themselves to be careful in the choice of those who are their advisers in matters of law. All the judges of England, except one or two, advised the king that he might legally raise money upon the subjects for building of ships, without consent of parliament, which, as it was the greatest oversight of his reign, so it proved the principal foundation of all his misfortunes. Princes may likewise learn from hence, not to sacrifice a faithful servant to the rage of a faction, nor to trust any body of men with a greater share of power than the laws of the land have appointed them, much less to deposit it in their hands until they shall please to restore it.

Secondly, By bringing to mind the tragedy of this day and the consequences that have arisen from it, we shall be convinced how necessary it is for those in power to curb in season all such unruly spirits as desire to introduce new doctrines and discipline in the church, or new forms of government in the state. Those wicked puritans began in queen Elizabeth's time to quarrel only with surplices and other habits, with the ring in matrimony, the cross in baptism, and the like; thence they went on to further matters of higher importance; and at last they must needs have the whole government of the church dissolved. This great work they compassed, first by depriving the bishops of their seats in parliament; then they abolished the whole order; and at last, which was their original design, they seized on all the church-lands, and divided the spoil among themselves; and like Jeroboam made priests of the very dregs of the people. This was their way of reforming the church. As to the civil government, you have already heard how they modelled it, upon the murder of their king, and discarding the nobility. Yet, clearly to show what a Babel they had built, after twelve years' trial, and twenty several sorts of government, the nation, grown weary of their tyranny, was forced to call in the son of him whom those reformers had sacrificed. And thus were Simeon and Levi divided in Jacob, and scattered in Israel.

Thirdly, Although the successors of these puritans, I mean our present dissenters, do not think fit to observe this day of humiliation; yet it would be very

proper in them, upon some occasions, to renounce in a public manner those principles upon which their predecessors acted; and it will be more prudent in them to do so, because those very puritans, of whom ours are followers, found by experience that, after they had overturned the church and state, murdered their king, and were projecting what they called a kingdom of the saints, they were cheated of the power and possessions they only panted after, by an upstart sect of religion that grew out of their own bowels, who subjected them to one tyrant, while they were endeavouring to set up a thousand.

Fourthly, Those who profess to be followers of our church established, and yet presume in discourse to justify or excuse that rebellion and murder of the king, ought to consider how utterly contrary all such opinions are to the doctrine of Christ and his apostles, as well as to the articles of our church, and to the preaching and practice of its true professors for above a hundred years. Of late times indeed, and I speak it with grief of heart, we have heard even sermons of a strange nature; although reason would make one think it a very unaccountable way of procuring favour under a monarchy, by palliating and lessening the guilt of those who murdered the best of kings in cold blood, and for a time destroyed the very monarchy itself. Pray God we may never more hear such doctrine from the pulpit, nor have it scattered about in print, to poison the people.

Fifthly, Some general knowledge of this horrid rebellion and murder, with the consequences they had upon these nations, may be a warning to our people not to believe a lie, and to mistrust those deluding spirits who, under pretence of a purer and more reformed religion, would lead them from their duty to God and the laws. Politicians may say what they please; but it is no hard thing at all for the meanest person, who hath common understanding, to know whether he be well or ill governed. If he be freely allowed to follow his trade and calling; if he be secure in his property, and hath the benefit of the law to defend himself against injustice and oppression; if his religion be different from that of his country, and the government think fit to tolerate it, (which he may be very secure of let it be what it will,) he ought to be fully satisfied, and give no offence by writing or discourse to the worship established, as the dissenting preachers are too apt to do. But if he hath new visions of his own, it is his duty to be quiet, and possess them in silence, without disturbing the community by a furious zeal for making proselytes. This was the folly and madness of those ancient puritan fanatics: they must needs overturn heaven and earth, violate all the laws of God and man, make their country a field of blood, to propagate whatever wild or wicked opinions came into their heads, declaring all their absurdities and blasphemies to proceed from the Holy Ghost.

To conclude this head. In answer to that objection of keeping up animosity and hatred between protestants by the observation of this day; if there be any sect or sort of people among us, who profess the same principles in religion and government which those puritan rebels put in practice, I think it is the interest of all those who love the church and king to keep up as strong a party against them as possible, until they shall in a body renounce all those wicked opinions upon which their predecessors acted, to the disgrace of Christianity and the perpetual infamy of the English nation.

When we accuse the papists of the horrid doctrine, "that no faith ought to be kept with heretics," they deny it to a man; and yet we justly think it dangerous to trust them, because we know their actions have been sometimes suitable to that opinion. But the followers of those who beheaded the martyr have not yet renounced their principles; and till they do they may be justly suspected. Neither will the bare name of protestants set them right; for surely Christ requires more from us than a profession of hating popery, which a Turk or an atheist may do as well as a protestant.

If an enslaved people should recover their liberty from a tyrannical power of any sort, who could blame them for commemorating their deliverance by a day of joy and thanksgiving? And doth not the destruction of a church, a king, and three kingdoms, by the artifices, hypocrisy, and cruelty of a wicked race of soldiers and preachers, and other sons of Belial, equally require a solemn time of humiliation? especially since the consequences of that bloody scene still continue, as I have already shown, in their effects upon us.

Thus I have done with the three heads I proposed to discourse on. But before I conclude, I must give a caution to those who hear me, that they may not think I am pleading for absolute unlimited power in any one man. It is true all power is from God; and as the apostle says, "the powers that be are ordained of God;" but this is in the same sense that all we have is from God, our food and raiment, and whatever possessions we hold by lawful means. Nothing can be meant in those, or any other words of Scripture, to justify tyrannical power, or the savage cruelties of those heathen emperors who lived in the time of the apostles. And so St. Paul concludes, "The powers that be are ordained of God:" for what? why, "for the punishment of evil doers, and the praise, the reward of them that do well." There is no more inward value in the greatest emperor than in the meanest of his subjects: his body is composed of the same substance, the same parts, and with the same or greater infirmities; his education is generally worse, by flattery, and idleness, and luxury, and those evil dispositions that early power is apt to give. It is therefore against common sense that his private personal interest or pleasure should be put in the balance with the safety of millions, every one of which is his equal by nature, equal in the sight of God, equally capable of salvation; and it is for their sakes, not his own, that he is entrusted with the government over them. He hath as high trust as can safely be reposed in one man; and if he discharge it as he ought, he deserves all the honour and duty that a mortal may be allowed to receive. His personal failings we have nothing to do with; and errors in government are to be imputed to his ministers in the state. To what height those errors may be suffered to proceed is not the business of this day, or this place, or of my function to determine. When oppressions grow too great and universal to be borne, nature or necessity may find a remedy. But if a private person reasonably expects pardon upon his amendment for all faults that are not capital, it would be a hard condition indeed not to give the same allowance to a prince, who must see with other men's eyes, and hear with other men's ears, which are often wilfully blind and deaf. Such was the condition of the martyr; and is so in some degree of all other princes. Yet this we may justly say in defence of the common people in all civilized nations, that it must be a very bad government indeed where the body of the subjects will not rather choose to live in peace and obedience than take up arms on pretence of faults in the administration, unless where the vulgar are deluded by false preachers to grow fond of new visions and fancies in religion; which, managed by dexterous men for sinister ends of malice, envy, or ambition, have often made whole nations run mad. This was exactly the case in the whole progress of that great rebellion, and the murder of King Charles I. But the late revolution under the prince of Orange

was occasioned by a proceeding directly contrary, the oppression and injustice there beginning from the throne: for that unhappy prince, king James II., did not only invade our laws and liberties, but would have forced a false religion upon his subjects, for which he was deservedly rejected, since there could be no other remedy found, or at least agreed on. But under the blessed martyr the deluded people would have forced many false religions, not only on their fellow-subjects, but even upon their sovereign himself, and at the same time invaded all his undoubted rights; and, because he would not comply, raised a horrid rebellion, wherein, by the permission of God, they prevailed, and put their sovereign to death like a common criminal in the face of the world.

Therefore, those who seem to think they cannot otherwise justify the late revolution and the change of the succession, than by lessening the guilt of the puritans, do certainly put the greatest affront imaginable upon the present powers, by supposing any relation or resemblance between that rebellion and the late revolution; and consequently, that the present establishment is to be defended by the same arguments which those usurpers made use of, who, to obtain their tyranny, trampled under foot all the laws of both God and man.

One great design of our discourse was, to give you warning against running into either extreme of two bad opinions with relation to obedience. As kings are called gods upon earth, so some would allow them an equal power with God over all laws and ordinances; and that the liberty, and property, and life, and religion of the subject depended wholly upon the breath of the prince; which however I hope was never meant by those who pleaded for passive obedience. And this opinion hath not been confined to that party which was first charged with it, but hath sometimes gone over to the other, to serve many an evil turn of interest or ambition; who have been as ready to enlarge prerogative, where they could find their own account, as highest maintainers of it.

On the other side, some look upon kings as answerable for every mistake or omission in government, and bound to comply with the most unreasonable demands of an unquiet faction; which was the case of those who persecuted the blessed martyr of this day from his throne to the scaffold.

Between these two extremes it is easy, from what hath been said, to choose a middle; to be good and loyal subjects, yet, according to your power, faithful assertors of your religion and liberties; to avoid all broachers and preachers of newfangled doctrines in the church; to be strict observers of the laws, which cannot be justly taken from you without your own consent: in short, "to obey God and the king, and meddle not with those who are given to change."

Which that you may all do, &c.

SERMON THE SEVENTH.

ON FALSE WITNESS.

EXODUS XX. 16.

Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour.

In those great changes that are made in a country by the prevailing of one party over another, it is very convenient that the prince and those who are in authority under him should use all just and proper methods for preventing any mischief to the public from seditious men. And governors do well when they encourage any good subject to discover (as his duty obligeth him) whatever plots or conspiracies may be any way dangerous to the state; neither are they to be blamed even when they receive informations from bad men in order to find out the truth, when it concerns the public welfare. Every one indeed is naturally inclined to have an ill opinion of an informer, although it is not impossible but an honest man may be called by that name; for whoever knoweth anything, the telling of which would prevent some great evil to his prince, his country, or his neighbour, is bound in conscience to reveal it. But the mischief is that, when parties are violently inflamed, which seemeth unfortunately to be our case at present, there is never wanting a set of evil instruments who, either out of mad zeal, private hatred, or filthy lucre, are always ready to offer their services to the prevailing side, and become accusers of their brethren without any regard to truth or charity. Holy David numbers this among the chief of his sufferings: "False witnesses are risen up against me, and such as breathe out cruelty." Ps. xxvii. 12. Our Saviour and his apostles did likewise undergo the same distress, as we read both in the Gospels and the Acts.

Now because the sin of false witnessing is so horrible and dangerous in itself, and so odious to God and man, and because the bitterness of too many among us is risen to such a height that it is not easy to know where it will stop, or how far some weak and wicked minds may be carried by a mistaken zeal, a malicious temper, or hope of reward, to break this great commandment delivered in the text; therefore, in order to prevent this evil and the consequences of it, at least among you who are my hearers, I shall,

First, Show you several ways by which a man may be called a false witness against his neighbour.

Secondly, I shall give you some rules for your conduct and behaviour, in order to defend yourselves against the malice and cunning of false accusers.

And, *lastly*, I shall conclude with showing you very briefly how far it is your duty as good subjects and good neighbours to bear faithful witness when you are lawfully called to it by those in authority, or by the sincere advice of your own consciences.

As to the first, there are several ways by which a man may be justly called a false witness against his neighbour.

First, According to the direct meaning of the word, when a man accuseth his neighbour without the least ground of truth. So we read, "that Jezebel hired two sons of Belial to accuse Naboth for blaspheming God and the king, for which, although he was entirely innocent, he was stoned to death." And in our age it is not easy to tell how many men have lost their lives, been ruined in their fortunes, and put to ignominious punishment, by the downright perjury of false witnesses, the law itself in such cases being not able to protect the innocent. But this is so horrible a crime that it doth not need to be aggravated by words.

A second way by which a man becometh a false witness is when he mixeth falsehood and truth together, or concealeth some circumstances which, if they were told, would destroy the falsehoods he uttereth. So the two false witnesses who accused our Saviour before the chief priests, by a very little perverting of his words, would have made him guilty of a capital crime; for so it was among the Jews to prophesy any evil against the temple: "This fellow said, I am able to destroy the temple of God, and to build it in three days;" whereas the words, as our Saviour spoke them, were to another end, and differently expressed; for when the Jews asked him to show them a sign, he said, "Destroy this temple, and in three days I will raise it up." In such cases as these an innocent man is half confounded, and looketh as if he were guilty, since he neither can deny his words nor perhaps readily strip them from the malicious additions of a false witness.

Thirdly, A man is a false witness when, in accusing his neighbour, he endeavours to aggravate by his ges

tures and tone of his voice, or when he chargeth a man with words which were only repeated or quoted from somebody else. As if any one should tell me that he heard another speak certain dangerous and seditious speeches, and I should immediately accuse him for speaking them himself, and so drop the only circumstance that made him innocent. This was the case of St. Stephen. The false witness said, "This man ceaseth not to speak blasphemous words against this holy place and the law." Whereas St. Stephen said no such words, but only repeated some prophecies of Jeremiah or Malachi, which threatened Jerusalem with destruction if it did not repent; however, by the fury of the people, this innocent holy person was stoned to death for words he never spoke.

Fourthly, The blackest kind of false witnesses are those who do the office of the devil, by tempting their brethren in order to betray them. I cannot call to mind any instances of this kind mentioned in holy Scripture. But I am afraid this vile practice hath been too much followed in the world. When a man's temper hath been so soured by misfortunes and hard usage, that perhaps he hath reason enough to complain, then one of these seducers, under the pretence of friendship, will seem to lament his case, urge the hardships he hath suffered, and endeavour to raise his passions, until he hath said something that a malicious informer can pervert or aggravate against him in a court of justice.

Fifthly, Whoever beareth witness against his neighbour out of a principle of malice and revenge from any old grudge or hatred to his person, such a man is a false witness in the sight of God, although what he says be true, because the motive or cause is evil, not to serve his prince or country, but to gratify his own resentments. And therefore, although a man thus accused may be very justly punished by the law, yet this doth by no means acquit the accuser, who, instead of regarding the public service, intended only to glut his private rage and spite.

Sixthly, I number among false witnesses all those who make a trade of being informers in hope of favour or reward, and to this end employ their time either by listening in public places to catch up an accidental word, or in corrupting men's servants to discover any unwary expression of their master, or thrusting themselves into company, and then using the most indecent scurrilous language, fastening a thousand falsehoods and scandals upon a whole party, on purpose to provoke such an answer as they may turn to an accusation. And truly this ungodly race is said to be grown so numerous that men of different parties can hardly converse together with any security. Even the pulpit hath not been free from the misrepresentation of these informers, of whom the clergy have not wanted occasions to complain with holy David: "They daily mistake my words, all they imagine is to do me evil." Nor is it any wonder at all that this trade of informing should be now in a flourishing condition, since our case is manifestly thus: We are divided into two parties, with very little charity or temper toward each other; the prevailing side may talk of past things as they please with security, and generally do it in the most provoking words they can invent, while those who are down are sometimes tempted to speak in favour of a lost cause, and therefore, without great caution, must needs be often caught tripping, and thereby furnish plenty of materials for witnesses and informers.

Lastly, Those may be well reckoned among false witnesses against their neighbour who bring him into trouble and punishment by such accusations as are of no consequence at all to the public, nor can be of any other use but to create vexation. Such witnesses are those who cannot hear an idle intemperate expression but they must immediately run to the magistrate to inform, or, perhaps wrangling in their cups over night, when they were not able to speak or apprehend three words of common sense, will pretend to remember everything the next morning, and think themselves very properly qualified to be accusers of their brethren God be thanked the throne of our king is too firmly settled to be shaken by the folly and rashness of every sottish companion. And I do not in the least doubt that when those in power begin to observe the falsehood, the prevarication, the aggravating manner, the treachery and seducing, the malice and revenge, the love of lucre, and, lastly, the trifling accusations in too many wicked people, they will be as ready to discourage every sort of those whom I have numbered among false witnesses, as they will be to countenance honest men, who, out of a true zeal to their prince and country, do in the innocence of their hearts freely discover whatever they may apprehend to be dangerous to either. A good Christian will think it sufficient to reprove his brother for a rash unguarded word where there is neither danger nor evil example to be apprehended, or, if he will not amend by reproof, avoid his conversation.

And thus much may serve to show the several ways whereby a man may be said to be a false witness against his neighbour. I might have added one kind more, and it is of those who inform against their neighbour out of fear of punishment to themselves; which, although it be more excusable, and hath less of malice than any of the rest, cannot however be justified. I go on therefore, upon the second head, to give you some rules for your conduct and behaviour, in order to defend yourselves against the malice and cunning of false accusers.

It is readily agreed that innocence is the best protection in the world; yet that it is not always sufficient without some degree of prudence, our Saviour himself intimateth to us, by instructing his disciples "to be wise as serpents, as well as innocent as doves." But if ever innocence be too weak a defence, it is chiefly so in jealous and suspicious times, when factions are arrived to a high pitch of animosity, and the minds of men, instead of being warmed by a true zeal for religion, are inflamed only by party fury. Neither is virtue itself a sufficient security in such times, because it is not allowed to be virtue otherwise than as it hath a mixture of party.

However, although virtue and innocence are no infallible defence against perjury, malice, and subornation, yet they are great supports for enabling us to bear those evils with temper and resignation; and it is an unspeakable comfort to a good man, under the malignity of evil mercenary tongues, that a few years will carry his appeal to a higher tribunal, where false witnesses, instead of daring to bring accusations before an all-seeing Judge, will call for mountains to cover them. As for earthly judges, they seldom have it in their power, and God knows whether they have it in their will, to mingle mercy with justice; they are so far from knowing the hearts of the accuser or the accused that they cannot know their own; and their understanding is frequently biassed, although their intentions be just. They are often prejudiced to causes, parties, and persons, through the infirmity of human nature, without being sensible themselves that they are so; and therefore, although God may pardon their errors here, he certainly will not ratify their sentences hereafter.

However, since, as we have before observed, our Saviour prescribeth to us to be not only harmless as doves but wise as serpents, give me leave to prescribe to you some rules which the most ignorant person may

follow for the conduct of his life with safety in perilous times against false accusers.

1st, Let me advise you to have nothing at all to do with that which is commonly called politics, or the government of the world, in the nature of which it is certain you are utterly ignorant; and when your opinion is wrong, although it proceeds from ignorance, it shall be an accusation against you. Besides, opinions in government are right or wrong, just according to the humour and disposition of the times; and unless you have judgment to distinguish, you may be punished at one time for what you would be rewarded in another.

2ndly, Be ready at all times, in your words and actions, to show your loyalty to the king that reigns over you. This is the plain manifest doctrine of holy Scripture: "Submit yourselves to every ordinance of man for the Lord's sake, whether it be to the king as supreme," &c. And another apostle telleth us, "The powers that be are ordained of God." Kings are the ordinances of man by the permission of God, and they are ordained of God by his instrument, man. The powers that be, the present powers, which are ordained by God, and yet in some sense are the ordinances of man, are what you must obey, without presuming to examine into rights and titles; neither can it be reasonably expected that the powers in being, or in possession, should suffer their title to be publicly disputed by subjects without severe punishment. And to say the truth, there is no duty in religion more easy to the generality of mankind than obedience to government; I say to the generality of mankind; because, while their law, and property, and religion are preserved, it is of no great consequence to them by whom they are governed, and therefore they are under no temptation to desire a change.

3rdly, In order to prevent any charge from the malice of false witnesses, be sure to avoid intemperance. If it be often so hard for men to govern their tongues when they are in their right senses, how can they hope to do it when they are heated with drink? In those cases most men regard not what they say, and too many not what they swear; neither will a man's memory, disordered with drunkenness, serve to defend himself, or satisfy him whether he were guilty or not.

4thly, Avoid as much as possible the conversation of those people who are given to talk of public persons and affairs, especially of those whose opinions in such matters are different from yours. I never once knew any disputes of this kind managed with tolerable temper; but on both sides they only agree as much as possible to provoke the passions of each other; indeed, with this disadvantage, that he who argueth on the side of power may speak securely the utmost his malice can invent; while the other lieth every moment at the mercy of an informer; and the law in these cases will give no allowance at all for passion, inadvertency, or the highest provocation.

I come now, in the last place, to show you how far it is your duty, as good subjects and good neighbours, to bear faithful witness, when you are lawfully called to it by those in authority, or by the sincere advice of your own consciences.

In what I have hitherto said, you easily find that I do not talk of bearing witness in general, which is and may be lawful upon a thousand accounts in relation to property and other matters, and wherein there are many scandalous corruptions almost peculiar to this country which would require to be handled by themselves. But I have confined my discourse only to that branch of bearing false witness whereby the public is injured in the safety or honour of the prince, or those in authority under him.

In order, therefore, to be a faithful witness, it is first necessary that a man doth not undertake it from the least prospect of any private advantage to himself. The smallest mixture of that leaven will sour the whole lump. Interest will infallibly bias his judgment, although he be ever so firmly resolved to say nothing but truth. He cannot serve God and Mammon; but, as interest is the chief end, he will use the most effectual means to advance it. He will aggravate circumstances to make his testimony valuable; he will be sorry if the person he accuseth should be able to clear himself; in short, he is labouring a point which he thinks necessary to his own good; and it would be a disappointment to him that his neighbour should prove innocent.

2ndly, Every good subject is obliged to bear witness against his neighbour for any action or words, the telling of which would be of disadvantage to the public, and the concealment dangerous or of ill example. Of this nature are all plots and conspiracies against the peace of a nation; all disgraceful words against a prince, such as clearly discover a disloyal and rebellious heart. But where our prince and country can possibly receive no damage or disgrace; where no scandal or ill example is given; and our neighbour, it may be, provoked by us, happeneth privately to drop a rash or indiscreet word, which in strictness of law might bring him under trouble, perhaps to his utter undoing; there we are obliged, we ought, to proceed no further than warning and reproof.

In describing to you the several kinds of false witnesses, I have made it less necessary to dwell much longer upon this head; because a faithful witness, like everything else, is known by his contrary. Therefore, it would be only a repetition of what I have already said to tell you that the strictest truth is required in a witness; that he should be wholly free from malice against the person he accuses; that he should not aggravate the smallest circumstance against the criminal, nor conceal the smallest in his favour; and to crown all, though I have hinted it before, that the only cause or motive of his undertaking an office, so subject to censure, and so difficult to perform, should be the safety and service of his prince and country.

Under these conditions and limitations, (but not otherwise,) there is no manner of doubt but a good man may lawfully and justly become a witness in behalf of the public, and may perform that office (in its own nature not very desirable) with honour and integrity. For the command in the text is positive, as well as negative; that is to say, as we are directed not to bear false witness against our neighbour, so we are to bear true. Next to the word of God and the advice of teachers, every man's conscience, strictly examined, will be his best director in this weighty point. and to that I shall leave him.

It might perhaps be thought proper to have added something by way of advice to those who are unhappily engaged in this abominable trade and sin of bearing false witness; but I am far from believing or supposing any of that destructive tribe are now my hearers. I look upon them as a sort of people that seldom frequent these holy places, where they can hardly pick up any materials to serve their turn, unless they think it worth their while to misrepresent or pervert the words of the preacher. And whoever is that way disposed, I doubt, cannot be in a very good condition to edify and reform himself by what he heareth. God in his mercy preserve us from all the guilt of this grievous sin forbidden in my text, and from the snares of those who are guilty of it!

I shall conclude with one or two precepts given by Moses from God to the children of Israel in Exod. xxiii. 1, 2.

"Thou shalt not raise a false report: put not thine hand with the wicked to be an unrighteous witness.

"Thou shalt not follow a multitude to do evil; neither shalt thou speak in a cause to decline after many, to wrest judgment."

Now to God the Father, the Son, and Holy Ghost, be praises for ever and ever. Amen.

SERMON THE EIGHTH.

ON THE POOR MAN'S CONTENTMENT.

PHILIPPIANS, IV. 11.

I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content.

THE holy Scripture is full of expressions to set forth the miserable condition of man during the whole progress of his life; his weakness, pride, and vanity; his unmeasurable desires and perpetual disappointments, the prevalency of his passions, and the corruptions of his reason; his deluding hopes, and his real as well as imaginary fears, his natural and artificial wants, his cares and anxieties, the diseases of his body and the diseases of his mind; the shortness of his life, his dread of a future state, with his carelessness to prepare for it: and the wise men of all ages have made the same reflections.

But all these are general calamities from which none are excepted, and, being without remedy, it is vain to bewail them. The great question, long debated in the world, is, whether the rich or the poor are the least miserable of the two? It is certain that no rich man ever desired to be poor, and that most, if not all poor men, desire to be rich; whence it may be argued that, in all appearance, the advantage lieth on the side of wealth, because both parties agree in preferring it before poverty. But this reasoning will be found to be false; for I lay it down as a certain truth that God Almighty hath placed all men upon an equal foot with respect to their happiness in this world, and the capacity of attaining their salvation in the next; or at least, if there be any difference, it is not to the advantage of the rich and the mighty. Now, since a great part of those who usually make up our congregations are not of considerable station, and many among them of the lower sort, and since the meaner people are generally and justly charged with the sin of repining and murmuring at their own condition, to which however their betters are sufficiently subject, (although, perhaps for shame, not always so loud in their complaints,) I thought it might be useful to reason upon this point in as plain a manner as I can. I shall therefore show, first, that the poor enjoy many temporal blessings which are not common to the rich and the great; and likewise, that the rich and the great are subject to many temporal evils which are not common to the poor.

But here I would not be misunderstood: perhaps there is not a word more abused than that of the poor; or wherein the world is more generally mistaken. Among the number of those who beg in our streets, or are half-starved at home, or languish in prison for debt, there is hardly one in a hundred who doth not owe his misfortunes to his own laziness, or drunkenness, or worse vices.

To these he owes those very diseases which often disable him from getting his bread. Such wretches are deservedly unhappy: they can only blame themselves; and when we are commanded to have pity on the poor, these are not understood to be of the number.

It is true indeed that sometimes honest endeavouring men are reduced to extreme want, even to the begging of alms, by losses, by accidents, by diseases, and old age, without any fault of their own: but these are very few in comparison of the other; nor would their support be any sensible burden to the public, if the charity of well-disposed persons were not intercepted by those common strollers, who are most importunate, and who least deserve it. These indeed are properly and justly called the poor, whom it should be our study to find out and distinguish, by making them partake of our superfluity and abundance.

But neither have these anything to do with my present subject; for by the poor I only intend the honest industrious artificer, the meaner sort of tradesmen, and the labouring man, who getteth his bread by the sweat of his brow in town or country, and who make the bulk of mankind among us.

First, I shall therefore show, that the poor (in the sense I understand the word) do enjoy many temporal blessings which are not common to the rich and great; and likewise, that the rich and great are subject to many temporal evils which are not common to the poor.

Secondly, From the arguments offered to prove the foregoing head, I shall draw some observations that may be useful for your practice.

As to the first: Health, we know, is generally allowed to be the best of all earthly possessions because it is that without which we can have no satisfaction in any of the rest. For riches are of no use, if sickness taketh from us the ability of enjoying them; and power and greatness are then only a burden. Now, if we would look for health, it must be in the humble habitation of the labouring man or industrious artificer, who earn their bread by the sweat of their brows, and usually live to a good old age, with a great degree of strength and vigour.

The refreshment of the body by sleep is another great happiness of the meaner sort. Their rest is not disturbed by the fear of thieves and robbers, nor is it interrupted by surfeits of intemperance. Labour and plain food supply the want of quieting draughts, and the wise man telleth us, that the sleep of the labouring man is sweet. As to children, which are certainly accounted of as a blessing, even to the poor, where industry is not wanting; they are an assistance to honest parents, instead of being a burden; they are healthy and strong, and fit for labour; neither is the father in fear, lest his heir should be ruined by an unequal match, nor he solicitous about his rising in the world, further than to be able to get his bread.

The poorer sort are not the objects of general hatred or envy; they have no twinges of ambition, nor trouble themselves with party quarrels, or state divisions. The idle rabble, who follow their ambitious leaders in such cases, do not fall within my description of the poorer sort; for it is plain I mean only the honest industrious poor in town or country, who are safest in times of public disturbance, in perilous seasons, and public revolutions, if they will be quiet, and do their business; for artificers and husbandmen are necessary in all governments, but in such seasons the rich are the public mark, because they are oftentimes of no use but to be plundered; like some sort of birds who are good for nothing but their feathers, and so fall a prey to the strongest side.

Let us proceed on the other side to examine the disadvantages which the rich and the great lie under with respect to the happiness of the present life.

First, then; While health, as we have said, is the general portion of the lower sort, the gout, the dropsy, the stone, the cholic, and all other diseases, are continually haunting the palaces of the rich and the great, as the natural attendants upon laziness and luxury. Neither does the rich man eat his sumptuous fare with half the appetite and relish that even the beggars do the crumbs which fall from his table, but, on the contrary, he is full of loathing and disgust, or at best of indifference, in the midst of plenty. Thus their in-

temperance shortens their lives, without pleasing their appetites?

Business, fear, guilt, design, anguish, and vexation are continually buzzing about the curtains of the rich, and the powerful, and will hardly suffer them to close their eyes, unless when they are dosed with the fumes of strong liquors.

It is a great mistake to imagine that the rich want but few things; their wants are more numerous, more craving and urgent, than those of poorer men; for these endeavour only at the necessaries of life, which make them happy, and they think no further; but the desire of power and wealth is endless, and therefore impossible to be satisfied with any acquisitions.

If riches were so great a blessing as they are commonly thought, they would at least have this advantage to give their owners cheerful hearts and countenances; they would often stir them up to express their thankfulness to God, and discover their satisfaction to the world. But in fact, the contrary to all this is true. For where are there more cloudy brows, more melancholy hearts, or more ingratitude to their great benefactor, than among those who abound in wealth? And indeed it is natural that it should be so, because those men who covet things that are hard to be got must be hard to please; and whereas a small thing maketh a poor man happy, and great losses cannot befall him.

It is likewise worth considering how few among the rich have procured their wealth by just measures. How many owe their fortunes to the sins of their parents, how many more to their own! If men's titles were to be tried before a true court of conscience, where false swearing and a thousand vile artifices (that are well known, and can hardly be avoided in human courts of justice) would avail nothing, how many would be ejected with infamy and disgrace! How many grow considerable by breach of trust, by bribery and corruption! how many have sold their religion, with the rights and liberties of themselves and others, for power and employments!

And it is a mistake to think that the most hardened sinner, who oweth his possessions or titles to any such wicked arts of thieving, can have true peace of mind, under the reproaches of a guilty conscience, and amid the cries of ruined widows and orphans.

I know not one real advantage that the rich have over the poor except the power of doing good to others; but this is an advantage which God hath not given wicked men the grace to make use of. The wealth acquired by evil means was never employed to good ends; for that would be to divide the kingdom of Satan against itself. Whatever hath been gained by fraud, avarice, oppression, and the like, must be preserved and increased by the same methods.

I shall add but one thing more upon this head, which I hope will convince you that God (whose thoughts are not as our thoughts) never intended riches or power to be necessary for the happiness of mankind in this life; because it is certain that there is not one single good quality of the mind absolutely necessary to obtain them, where men are resolved to be rich at any rate; neither honour, justice, temperance, wisdom, religion, truth, nor learning: for a slight acquaintance of the world will inform us, that there have been many instances of men in all ages who have arrived at great possessions and great dignities by cunning, fraud, or flattery without any of these or any other virtues that can be named. Now if riches and greatness were such blessings that good men without them could not have their share of happiness in this life, how cometh it to pass that God should suffer them to be often dealt to the worst and most profligate of mankind; that they should be generally procured by the most abominable means, and applied to the basest and most wicked uses? This ought not to be conceived of a just, a merciful, a wise, and *Almighty Being* We must therefore conclude that wealth and power are in their own nature at best but *things indifferent*, and that a good man may be equally happy without them, provided that he hath a sufficiency of the common blessings of human life to answer all the reasonable and virtuous demands of nature, which his industry will provide, and sobriety will prevent his wanting.—Agur's prayer, with the reasons of his wish, are full to this purpose: "Give me neither poverty nor riches. Feed me with food convenient for me; lest I be full and deny thee, and say, 'Who is the Lord?' or lest I be poor, and steal, and take the name of my God in vain."

From what hath been said I shall, in the second place, offer some considerations that may be useful for your practice.

And here I shall apply myself chiefly to those of the lower sort, for whose comfort and satisfaction this discourse is principally intended. For having observed the great sin of those who do not abound in wealth to be that of murmuring and repining, that God hath dealt his blessings unequally to the sons of men, I thought it would be of great use to remove out of your minds so false and wicked an opinion, by showing that your condition is really happier than most of you imagine.

First, Therefore it hath been always agreed in the world that the present happiness of mankind consisted in the ease of our body, and the quiet of our mind; but, from what has been already said, it plainly appears that neither wealth nor power do in any sort contribute to either of these two blessings. If, on the contrary, by multiplying our desires they increase our discontents; if they destroy our health, gall us with painful diseases, and shorten our life; if they expose us to hatred, to envy, to censure, to a thousand temptations, it is not easy to see why a wise man should make them his choice for their own sake, although it were in his power. Would any of you who are in health and strength of body, with moderate food and raiment earned by your own labour, rather choose to be in the rich man's bed under the torture of the gout, unable to take your natural rest or natural nourishment, with the additional load of a guilty conscience reproaching you for injustice, oppressions, covetousness, and fraud? No; but you would take the riches and power, and leave behind the inconveniences that attend them; and so would every man living. But that is more than our share, and God never intended this world for such a place of rest as we would make it; for the Scripture assureth us that it was only designed as a place of trial. Nothing is more frequent than a man to wish himself in another's condition, yet he seldom doth it without some reserve; he would not be so old, he would not be so sickly, he would not be so cruel, he would not be so insolent, he would not be so vicious, he would not be so oppressive, so griping, and so on. Whence it is plain that, in their own judgment, men are not so unequally dealt with as they would at first sight imagine; for if I would not change my condition with another man without any exception or reservation at all, I am in reality more happy than he.

Secondly, You of the meaner sort are subject to fewer temptations than the rich, and therefore your vices are more unpardonable. Labour subdueth your appetites to be satisfied with common things; the business of your several callings filleth up your whole time; so that idleness, which is the bane and destruction of virtue, doth not lead you into the neighbourhood of sin: your passions are cooler by not being inflamed with excess, and therefore the gate and the way that lead to life are not so strait and so narrow to you as to those who live among all the allurements to wickedness. To serve God with the best of your care

and understanding, and to be just and true in your dealings, is the short sum of your duty, and will be the more strictly required of you because nothing lieth in the way to divert you from it.

Thirdly, It is plain from what I have said that you of the lower rank have no just reason to complain of your condition; because, as you plainly see, it affordeth you so many advantages, and freeth you from so many vexations, so many distempers, both of body and mind, which pursue and torment the rich and powerful.

Fourthly, You are to remember and apply, that the poorest person is not excused from doing good to others, and even relieving the wants of his distressed neighbour, according to his abilities; and if you perform your duty in this point, you far outdo the greatest liberalities of the rich, and will accordingly be accepted of by God and get your reward: for it is our Saviour's own doctrine when the widow gave her two mites. The rich give out of their abundance; that is to say, what they give they do not feel it in their way of living; but the poor man who giveth out of his little stock, must spare it from the necessary food and raiment of himself and his family. And therefore our Saviour adds, "That the widow gave more than all who went before her, for she gave all she had, even all her living," and so went home utterly unprovided to supply her necessities.

Lastly, As it appeareth from what hath been said, that you in the lower rank have in reality a greater share of happiness, your work of salvation is easier by your being liable to fewer temptations; and as your reward in heaven is much more certain than it is to the rich if you seriously perform your duty, for yours is the kingdom of heaven: so your neglect of it will be less excusable, will meet with fewer allowances from God, and will be punished with double stripes; for the most unknowing among you cannot plead ignorance of what you have been so early taught, I hope so often instructed in, and which is so easy to be understood, I mean the art of leading a life agreeable to the plain and positive laws of God. Perhaps you may think you lie under one disadvantage which the great and rich have not, that idleness will certainly reduce you to beggary; whereas those who abound in wealth lie under no necessity either of labour or temperance to keep enough to live on. But this is indeed one part of your happiness, that the lowness of your condition in a manner forceth you to what is pleasing to God and necessary for your daily support. Thus your duty and interest are always the same.

To conclude: Since our blessed Lord, instead of a rich and honourable station in this world, was pleased to choose his lot among men of the lower condition, let not those on whom the bounty of Providence hath bestowed wealth and honours despise the men who are placed in a humble and inferior station; but rather with their utmost power, by their countenance, by their protection, by just payment of their honest labour, encourage their daily endeavours for the virtuous support of themselves and their families. On the other hand, let the poor labour to provide things honest in the sight of all men; and so, with diligence in their several employments, live soberly, righteously, and godlily in this present world, that they may obtain that glorious reward promised in the gospel to the poor, I mean the kingdom of heaven.

Now to God the Father, the Son, and Holy Ghost, be praises for ever and ever. Amen.

SERMON THE NINTH.

ON THE CAUSES OF THE WRETCHED CONDITION OF IRELAND.[a]

PSALM CXLIV. 13, 14.

That there be no complaining in our streets. Happy is the people that is in such a case.

It is a very melancholy reflection that such a country as ours, which is capable of producing all things necessary and most things convenient for life, sufficient for the support of four times the number of its inhabitants, should yet lie under the heaviest load of misery and want; our streets crowded with beggars, so many of our lower sort of tradesmen, labourers, and artificers not able to find clothes and food for their families.

I think it may therefore be of some use to lay before you the chief causes of this wretched condition we are in, and then it will be easier to assign what remedies are in our power toward removing at least some part of these evils.

For it is ever to be lamented that we lie under many disadvantages, not by our own faults, which are peculiar to ourselves, and of which no other nation under heaven hath any reason to complain.

I shall therefore first mention some causes of our miseries, which I doubt are not to be remedied, until God shall put it into the hearts of those who are the stronger to allow us the common rights and privileges of brethren, fellow-subjects, and even of mankind.

The first cause of our misery is the intolerable hardships we lie under in every branch of trade, by which we are become as hewers of wood and drawers of water to our rigorous neighbours.

The second cause of our miserable state is the folly, the vanity, and ingratitude of those vast numbers who think themselves too good to live in the country which gave them birth, and still gives them bread; and rather choose to pass their days and consume their wealth, and draw out the very vitals of their mother kingdom, among those who heartily despise them.

These I have but lightly touched on, because I fear they are not to be redressed; and besides, I am very sensible how ready some people are to take offence at the honest truth; and for that reason I shall omit several other grievances under which we are long likely to groan.

I shall therefore go on to relate some other causes of this nation's poverty, by which, if they continue much longer, it must infallibly sink to utter ruin.

The first is, that monstrous pride and vanity in both sexes, especially the weaker sex, who in the midst of poverty are suffered to run into all kind of expense and extravagance in dress; and particularly priding themselves to wear nothing but what cometh from abroad, disdaining the growth or manufacture of their own country, in those articles with which they can be better served at home at half the expense; and this is grown to such a height, that they will carry the whole yearly rent of a good estate at once on their body. And as there is in that sex a spirit of envy, by which they cannot endure to see others in a better habit than themselves, so those whose fortunes can hardly support their families in the necessaries of life will needs vie with the richest and greatest among us, to the ruin of themselves and their posterity.

Neither are the men less guilty of this pernicious folly, who, in imitation of a gaudiness and foppery of dress introduced of late years into our neighbouring kingdom, (as fools are apt to imitate only the defects of their betters,) cannot find materials in their own country worthy to adorn their bodies of clay, while their minds are naked of every valuable quality.

[a] This is not properly a sermon, but a political dissertation, and it is worthy of the subject and the author.

Thus our tradesmen and shopkeepers who deal in home goods are left in a starving condition, and only those encouraged who ruin the kingdom by importing among us foreign vanities.

Another cause of our low condition is our great luxury; the chief support of which is the materials of it brought to the nation in exchange for the few valuable things left us, whereby so many thousand families want the very necessaries of life.

Thirdly, In most parts of this kingdom the natives are from their infancy so given up to idleness and sloth that they often choose to beg or steal, rather than support themselves with their own labour; they marry without the least view or thought of being able to make any provision for their families; and whereas, in all industrious nations, children are looked on as a help to their parents, with us, for want of being early trained to work, they are an intolerable burden at home, and a grievous charge upon the public; as appeareth from the vast number of ragged and naked children in town and country, led about by strolling women, trained up in ignorance, and all manner of vice.

Lastly, A great cause of this nation's misery is, that Egyptian bondage of cruel, oppressing, covetous landlords; expecting that all who live under them should make bricks without straw; who grieve and envy when they see a tenant of their own in a whole coat, or able to afford one comfortable meal in a month; by which the spirits of the people are broken and made fit for slavery: the farmers and cottagers almost through the whole kingdom being, to all intents and purposes, as real beggars as any of those to whom we give our charity in the streets. And these cruel landlords are every day unpeopling the kingdom, by forbidding their miserable tenants to till the earth, against common reason and justice, and contrary to the practice and prudence of all other nations; by which numberless families have been forced either to leave the kingdom, or stroll about and increase the number of our thieves and beggars.

Such and much worse is our condition at present, if I had leisure or liberty to lay it before you; and therefore, the next thing which might be considered is, whether there may be any probable remedy found, at least against some part of these evils, for most of them are wholly desperate.

But this being too large a subject to be now handled, and the intent of my discourse confining me to give some directions concerning the poor of the city, I shall keep myself within those limits. It is indeed in the power of the lawgivers to found a school in every parish of the kingdom for teaching the meaner and poorer sort of children to speak and to read the English tongue, and to provide a reasonable maintenance for the teachers. This would in time abolish that part of barbarity and ignorance for which our natives are so despised by all foreigners; this would bring them to think and act according to the rules of reason, by which a spirit of industry, and thrift, and honesty would be introduced among them. And indeed, considering how small a tax would suffice for such a work, it is a public scandal that such a thing should never have been endeavoured, or perhaps so much as thought on.

To supply the want of such a law, several pious persons in many parts of this kingdom have been prevailed on, by the great endeavours and good example set them by the clergy, to erect charity-schools in several parishes, to which very often the richest parishioners contribute the least. In those schools children are, or ought to be, trained up to read and write and cast accounts; and these children should, if possible, be of honest parents, gone to decay through age, sickness, or other unavoidable calamity, by the hand of God; not the brood of wicked strollers; for it is by no means reasonable that the charity of well-inclined people should be applied to encourage the lewdness of those profligate, abandoned women, who crowd our streets with their borrowed or spurious issue.

In those hospitals which have good foundations and rents to support them, whereof, to the scandal of Christianity, there are very few in this kingdom; I say, in such hospitals, the children maintained ought to be only of decayed citizens and freemen, and be bred up to good trades. But in these small parish charity-schools, which have no support but the casual good-will of charitable people, I do altogether disapprove the custom of putting the children apprentice except to the very meanest trades; otherwise the poor honest citizen, who is just able to bring up his child, and pay a small sum of money with him to a good master, is wholly defeated, and the bastard issue, perhaps of some beggar, preferred before him. And hence we come to be so overstocked with apprentices and journeymen, more than our discouraged country can employ; and I fear the greatest part of our thieves, pickpockets, and other vagabonds are of this number.

Therefore, in order to make these parish charity-schools of great and universal use, I agree with the opinion of many wise persons, that a new turn should be given to this whole matter.

I think there is no complaint more just than what we find in almost every family, of the folly and ignorance, the fraud and knavery, the idleness and viciousness, the wasteful squandering temper of servants, who are, indeed, become one of the many public grievances of the kingdom; whereof, I believe, there are few masters that now hear me who are not convinced by their own experience. And I am very confident that more families, of all degrees, have been ruined by the corruption of servants, than by all other causes put together. Neither is this to be wondered at, when we consider, from what nurseries so many of them are received into our houses. The first is the tribe of wicked boys, wherewith most corners of this town are pestered, who haunt public doors. These, having been born of beggars, and bred to pilfer as soon as they can go or speak, as years come on, are employed in the lowest offices to get themselves bread, are practised in all manner of villany, and when they are grown up, if they are not entertained in a gang of thieves, are forced to seek for a service. The other nursery is the barbarous and desert part of the country from whence such lads come up hither to seek their fortunes, who are bred up from the dunghill in idleness, ignorance, lying, and thieving. From these two nurseries, I say, a great number of our servants come to us, sufficient to corrupt all the rest. Thus the whole race of servants in this kingdom have gotten so ill a reputation, that some persons from England, come over hither into great stations, are said to have absolutely refused admitting any servant born among us into their families. Neither can they be justly blamed; for, although it is not impossible to find an honest native fit for a good service, yet the inquiry is too troublesome, and the hazard too great, for a stranger to attempt.

If we consider the many misfortunes that befall private families, it will be found that servants are the causes and instruments of them all. Are our goods embezzled, wasted, and destroyed? is our house burnt to the ground? it is by the sloth, the drunkenness, or the villany of servants. Are we robbed and murdered in our beds? it is by confederacy with our servants. Are we engaged in quarrels and misunderstandings with our neighbours? these were all begun and inflamed by the false, malicious tongues of our servants. Are the secrets of our families betrayed, and evil repute spread of us? our servants were the authors. Do

false accusers rise up against us? (an evil too frequent in this country)—they have been tampering with our servants. Do our children discover folly, malice, pride, cruelty, revenge, undutifulness in their words and actions? are they seduced to lewdness or scandalous marriages? it is all by our servants. Nay, the very mistakes, follies, blunders, and absurdities of those in our service are able to ruffle and discompose the mildest nature, and are often of such consequence as to put whole families into confusion.

Since, therefore, not only our domestic peace and quiet, and the welfare of our children, but even the very safety of our lives, reputations, and fortunes, have so great a dependence upon the choice of our servants, I think it would well become the wisdom of the nation to make some provision in so important an affair. But in the mean time, and perhaps to better purpose, it were to be wished that the children of both sexes, entertained in the parish charity-schools, were bred up in such a manner as would give them a teachable disposition, and qualify them to learn whatever is required in any sort of service. For instance, they should be taught to read and write, to know somewhat in casting accounts, to understand the principles of religion, to practise cleanliness, to get a spirit of honesty, industry, and thrift, and be severely punished for every neglect in any of these particulars. For it is the misfortune of mankind that, if they are not used to be taught in their early childhood whereby to acquire what I call teachable disposition, they cannot, without great difficulty, learn the easiest thing in the course of thei lives, but are always awkward and unhandy; their minds, as well as bodies, for want of early practice, growing stiff and unmanageable; as we observe in the sort of gentlemen who, kept from school by the indulgence of their parents but a few years, are never able to recover the time they have lost, and grow up in ignorance and all manner of vice, whereof we have too many examples all over the nation. But to return to what I was saying: if these charity children were trained up in the manner I mentioned, and then bound apprentices in the families of gentlemen and citizens, (for which a late law giveth great encouragement,) being accustomed from their first entrance to be always learning some useful thing, they would learn in a month more than another, without those advantages, can do in a year; and in the mean time, be very useful in a family, as far as their age and strength would allow. And when such children come to years of discretion, they will probably be a useful example to their fellow-servants; at least they will prove a strong check upon the rest; for I suppose everybody will allow that one good, honest, diligent servant in a house may prevent abundance of mischief in the family.

These are the reasons for which I urge this matter so strongly and I hope those who listen to me will consider them.

I shall now say something about that great number of poor who, under the name of common beggars, infest our streets, and fill our ears with their continual cries and craving importunity. This I shall venture to call an unnecessary evil, brought upon us from the gross neglect and want of proper management in those whose duty it is to prevent it. But before I proceed further, let me humbly presume to vindicate the justice and mercy of God, and his dealings with mankind. Upon this particular he hath not dealt so hardly with his creatures as some would imagine, when they see so many miserable objects ready to perish for want; for it would infallibly be found, upon strict inquiry, that there is hardly one in twenty of those miserable objects who do not owe their present poverty to their own faults, to their present sloth and negligence, to their indiscreet marriage without the least prospect of supporting a family, to their foolish expensiveness, to their drunkenness and other vices, by which they have squandered their gettings, and contracted diseases in their old age. And to speak freely, is it any way reasonable or just that those who have denied themselves many lawful satisfactions and conveniences of life, from a principle of conscience as well as prudence, that they might not be a burden to the public, should be charged with supporting others, who have brought themselves to less than a morsel of bread by their idleness, extravagance, and vice? Yet such, and no other, are far the greatest number not only of those who beg in our streets, but even of what we call poor decayed housekeepers, whom we are apt to pity as real objects of charity, and distinguish them from common beggars, although, in truth, they both owe their undoing to the same causes; only the former are too nicely bred to endure walking half naked in the streets, or too proud to own their wants. For the artificer or other tradesman, who pleadeth he is grown too old to work or look after business, and therefore expecteth assistance as a decayed housekeeper; may we not ask him why he did not take care, in his youth and strength of days, to make some provision against old age, when he saw so many examples before him of people undone by their idleness and vicious extravagance? And to go a little higher, whence cometh it that so many citizens and shopkeepers, of the most creditable trade, who once made a good figure, go to decay by their expensive pride and vanity, affecting to educate and dress their children above their abilities, or the state of life they ought to expect?

However, since the best of us have too many infirmities to answer for, we ought not to be severe upon those of others; and therefore, if our brother, through grief, or sickness, or other incapacity, is not in a condition to preserve his being, we ought to support him to the best of our power, without reflecting over seriously on the causes that brought him to his misery. But in order to this, and to turn our charity into its proper channel, we ought to consider who and where those objects are whom it is chiefly incumbent upon us to support.

By the ancient law of this realm, still in force, every parish is obliged to maintain its own poor; which, although some may think to be not very equal, because many parishes are very rich, and have few poor among them, and others the contrary; yet I think may be justly defended: for as to remote country parishes, in the desert part of the kingdom, the necessaries of life are there so cheap, that the infirm poor may be provided for with little burden to the inhabitants. But in what I am going to say, I shall confine myself only to this city; where we are overrun not only with our own poor, but with a far greater number from every part of the nation. Now I say, this evil of being encumbered with so many foreign beggars, who have not the least title to our charity, and whom it is impossible for us to support, may be easily remedied, if the government of this city, in conjunction with the clergy and parish officers, would think it worth their care; and I am sure few things deserve it better. For if every parish would take a list of those begging poor which properly belong to it, and compel each of them to wear a badge, marked and numbered, so as to be seen and known by all they meet, and confine them to beg within the limits of their own parish, severely punishing them when they offend, and driving out all interlopers from other parishes, we could then make a computation of their numbers; and the strollers from the country being driven away, the remainder would not be too many for the charity of those who pass by to maintain; neither would any beggar,

although confined to his own parish, be hindered from receiving the charity of the whole town: because in this case, those well-disposed persons who walk the streets will give their charity to such whom they think proper objects, wherever they meet them, provided they are found in their own parishes, and wearing their badges of distinction. And as to those parishes which border upon the skirts and suburbs of the town, where country strollers are used to harbour themselves, they must be forced to go back to their homes, when they find nobody to relieve them, because they want that mark which only gives them licence to beg. Upon this point it were to be wished that inferior parish officers had better encouragement given them to perform their duty in driving away all beggars who do not belong to the parish, instead of conniving at them, as it is said they do for some small contribution; for the whole city would save much more by ridding themselves of many hundred beggars than they would lose by giving parish officers a reasonable support.

It should seem a strange, unaccountable thing, that those who have probably been reduced to want by riot, lewdness, and idleness, although they have assurance enough to beg alms publicly from all they meet, should yet be too proud to wear the parish badge, which would turn so much to their own advantage, by ridding them of such great numbers who now intercept the greatest part of what belongeth to them; yet it is certain that there are very many who publicly declare they will never wear those badges, and many others who either hide or throw them away; but the remedy for this is very short, easy, and just, by trying them like vagabonds and sturdy beggars, and forcibly driving them out of the town.

Therefore, as soon as this expedient of wearing badges shall be put in practice, I do earnestly exhort all those who hear me, never to give their alms to any public beggar who doth not fully comply with this order; by which our number of poor will be so reduced, that it will be much easier to provide for the rest. Our shop-doors will be no longer crowded with so many thieves and pickpockets in beggars' habits, nor our streets so dangerous to those who are forced to walk in the night.

Thus I have, with great freedom, delivered my thoughts upon this subject, which so nearly concerneth us. It is certainly a bad scheme, to any Christian country which God hath blessed with fruitfulness, and where the people enjoy the just rights and privileges of mankind, that there should be any beggars at all. But, alas! among us, where the whole nation itself is almost reduced to beggary, by the disadvantages we lie under, and the hardships we are forced to bear; the laziness, ignorance, thoughtlessness, squandering temper, slavish nature, and uncleanly manner of living in the poor popish natives, together with the cruel oppressions of their landlords, who delight to see their vassals in the dust: I say that in such a nation, how can we otherwise expect than to be overrun with objects of misery and want? Therefore there can be no other method to free this city from so intolerable a grievance than by endeavouring, as far as in us lies, that the burden may be more equally divided, by contributing to maintain our own poor, and forcing the strollers and vagabonds to return to their several homes in the country, there to smite the conscience of those oppressors who first stripped them of all their substance.

I might here, if the time would permit, offer many arguments to persuade to works of charity; but you hear them so often from the pulpit, that I am willing to hope you may not now want them. Besides, my present design was only to show where your alms would be best bestowed, to the honour of God, your own ease and advantage, the service of your country, and the benefit of the poor. I desire you will all weigh and consider what I have spoken, and according to your several stations and abilities endeavour to put it in practice; and God give you good success. To whom, with the Son and Holy Ghost, be all honour and glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

SERMON THE TENTH.

ON SLEEPING IN CHURCH.

ACTS, xx. 9.

And there sat in the window a certain young man, named Eutychus, being fallen into a deep sleep; and while Paul was long preaching, he sunk down with sleep, and fell down from the third loft, and was taken up dead.

I HAVE chosen these words with design, if possible, to disturb some part in this audience of half an hour's sleep, for the convenience and exercise whereof this place, at this season of the day, is very much celebrated.

There is, indeed, one mortal disadvantage to which all preaching is subject; that those who by the wickedness of their lives stand in greatest need have usually the smallest share; for either they are absent upon the account of idleness or spleen, or hatred to religion, or in order to doze away the intemperance of the week: or, if they do come, they are sure to employ their minds rather any other way than regarding or attending to the business of the place.

The accident which happened to this young man in the text, hath not been sufficient to discourage his successors; but, because the preachers now in the world, however they may exceed St. Paul in the art of setting men to sleep, do extremely fall short of him in the working of miracles; therefore men are become so cautious, as to choose more safe and convenient stations and postures for taking their repose, without hazard of their persons; and upon the whole matter, choose rather to trust their destruction to a miracle, than their safety. However, this being not the only way by which the lukewarm Christians and scorners of the age discover their neglect and contempt of preaching, I shall enter expressly into consideration of this matter, and order my discourse in the following method:—

First, I shall produce several instances to show the great neglect of preaching now among us.

Secondly, I shall reckon up some of the usual quarrels men have against preaching.

Thirdly, I shall set forth the great evil of this neglect and contempt of preaching, and discover the real causes whence it proceedeth.

Lastly, I shall offer some remedies against this great and spreading evil.

First, I shall produce certain instances to show the great neglect of preaching now among us.

These may be reduced under two heads. First, men's absence from the service of the church; and secondly, their misbehaviour when they are here.

The first instance of men's neglect is in their frequent absence from the church.

There is no excuse so trivial that will not pass upon some men's consciences to excuse their attendance at the public worship of God. Some are so unfortunate as to be always indisposed on the Lord's-day, and think nothing so unwholesome as the air of a church. Others have their affairs so oddly contrived, as to be always unluckily prevented by business. With some it is a great mark of wit and deep understanding to stay at home on Sundays. Others again discover strange fits of laziness, that seize them particularly on that day, and confine them to their beds. Others are absent out

of mere contempt of religion. And, lastly, there are not a few who look upon it as a day of rest, and therefore claim the privilege of their cattle, to keep the Sabbath by eating, drinking, and sleeping, after the toil and labour of the week. Now in all this the worst circumstance is, that these persons are such whose companies are most required, and who stand most in need of a physician.

Secondly, Men's great neglect and contempt of preaching appear by their misbehaviour when at church.

If the audience were to be ranked under several heads, according to their behaviour when the word of God is delivered, how small a number would appear of those who receive it as they ought! How much of the seed then sown would be found to fall by the wayside upon stony ground, or among thorns; and how little good ground there would be to take it! A preacher cannot look round from the pulpit without observing that some are in a perpetual whisper, and by their air and gesture give occasion to suspect that they are in those very minutes defaming their neighbour. Others have their eyes and imagination constantly engaged in such a circle of objects, perhaps to gratify the most unwarrantable desires, that they never once attend to the business of the place; the sound of the preacher's words does not so much as once interrupt them. Some have their minds wandering among idle, worldly, or vicious thoughts. Some lie at catch to ridicule whatever they hear, and with much wit and humour provide a stock of laughter by furnishing themselves from the pulpit. But of all misbehaviour, none is comparable to that of those who come here to sleep. Opium is not so stupifying to many persons as an afternoon sermon. Perpetual custom hath so brought it about that the words of whatever preacher become only a sort of uniform sound at a distance, than which nothing is more effectual to lull the senses. For that it is the very sound of the sermon which bindeth up their faculties is manifest from hence, because they all awake so very regularly as soon as it ceaseth, and with much devotion receive the blessing, dozed and besotted with indecencies I am ashamed to repeat.

I proceed, secondly, to reckon up some of the usual quarrels men have against preaching, and to show the unreasonableness of them.

Such unwarrantable demeanour as I have described among Christians in the house of God in a solemn assembly, while their faith and duty are explained and delivered, have put those who are guilty upon inventing some excuses to extenuate their fault: this they do by turning the blame either upon the particular preacher, or upon preaching in general. First, they object against the particular preacher; his manner his delivery ... despicable and perfectly ridiculous; or else, on the other side, he runs up into unintelligible speculation, empty notions, and abstracted flights, all clad in words above usual understandings.

Secondly, They object against preaching in general; it is a perfect road of talk, they know already whatever can be said, they have heard the same a hundred times over. They quarrel that preachers do not relieve an old beaten subject with wit and invention, and that now the art is lost of moving men's passions, so common among the ancient orators of Greece and Rome. These and the like objections are frequently in the mouths of men who despise the foolishness of preaching. But let us examine the reasonableness of them.

The doctrine delivered by all preachers is the same: "So we preach, and so ye believe:" but the manner of delivering is suited to the skill and abilities of each, which differ in preachers just as in the rest of mankind. However, in personal dislikes of a particular preacher, are these men sure they are always in the right? Do they consider how mixed a thing is every audience whose taste and judgment differ perhaps every day, not only from each other but themselves? and how to calculate a discourse that shall exactly suit them all is beyond the force and reach of human reason, knowledge, or invention. Wit and eloquence are shining qualities that God hath imparted in great degrees to very few; nor any more to be expected in the generality of any rank among men than riches and honour. But further, if preaching in general be all old and beaten, and that they are already so well acquainted with it, more shame and guilt to them who so little edify by it. But these men, whose ears are so delicate as not to endure a plain discourse of religion, who expect a constant supply of wit and eloquence on a subject handled so many thousand times; what will they say when we turn the objection upon themselves, who, with all the rude and profane liberty of discourse they take upon so many thousand subjects, are so dull as to furnish nothing but tedious repetitions, and little, paltry, nauseous commonplaces, so vulgar, so worn, or so obvious, as, upon any other occasion but that of advancing vice, would be hooted off the stage? Nor, lastly, are preachers justly blamed for neglecting human oratory to move the passions, which is not the business of a Christian orator, whose office it is only to work upon faith and reason. All other eloquence hath been a perfect cheat to stir up men's passions against truth and justice for the service of a faction; to put false colours upon things, and, by an amusement of agreeable words, make the worst reason appear to be the better. This is certainly not to be allowed in Christian eloquence, and therefore St. Paul took quite the other course; he "came not with the excellency of words or enticing speech of men's wisdom, but in plain evidence of the spirit and power." And perhaps it was for that reason the young man Eutychus, used to the Grecian eloquence, grew tired and fell so fast asleep.

I go on, *thirdly*, to set forth the great evil of this neglect and scorn of preaching, and to discover the real causes whence it proceedeth.

I think it is obvious that this neglect of preaching hath very much occasioned the great decay of religion among us. To this may be imputed no small part of that contempt some men bestow on the clergy; for whoever talketh without being regarded, is sure to be despised. To this we owe in a great measure the spreading of atheism and infidelity among us, for religion, like all other things, is soonest put out of countenance by being ridiculed. The scorn of preaching might perhaps have been at first introduced by men of nice ears and refined taste; but it is now become a spreading evil through all degrees and both sexes; for since sleeping, talking, and laughing are qualities sufficient to furnish out a critic, the meanest and most ignorant have set up a title, and succeeded in it as well as their betters. Thus are the last efforts of reforming mankind rendered wholly useless. "How shall they hear," saith the Apostle, "without a preacher?" But if they have a preacher, and make it a point of wit or breeding not to hear him, what remedy is left? To this neglect of preaching we may also entirely impute that gross ignorance among us in the very principles of religion, which it is amazing to find in persons who very much value their own knowledge and understanding in other things: yet it is a visible, inexcusable ignorance even in the meanest among us, considering the many advantages they have of learning their duty. And it hath been the great encouragement to all manner of vice: for in vain we preach down sin to a

people "whose hearts are waxed gross, whose ears are dull of hearing, and whose eyes are closed." Therefore Christ himself, in his discourses, frequently rouseth up the attention of the multitude and of his disciples themselves with this expression, "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear." But among all neglects of preaching, none is so fatal as that of sleeping in the house of God. A scorner may listen to truth and reason and in time grow serious; an unbeliever may feel the pangs of a guilty conscience: one whose thoughts or eyes wander among other objects may, by a lucky word, be called back to attention; but the sleeper shuts up all avenues to his soul; he is "like the deaf adder that hearkeneth not to the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely." And we may preach with as good success to the grave that is under his feet.

But the great evil of this neglect will further yet appear, from considering the real causes whence it proceedeth; whereof the first I take to be an evil conscience. Many men come to church to save or gain a reputation, or because they will not be singular, but comply with an established custom; yet all the while they are loaded with the guilt of old rooted sins. These men can expect to hear of nothing but terrors and threatenings, their sins laid open in true colours, and eternal misery the reward of them; therefore no wonder they stop their ears, and divert their thoughts, and seek any amusement rather than stir the hell within them.

Another cause of this neglect is a heart set upon worldly things. Men, whose minds are much enslaved to earthly affairs all the week, cannot disengage or break the chain of their thoughts so suddenly as to apply to a discourse that is wholly foreign to what they have most at heart. Tell a usurer of charity and mercy, and restitution, you talk to the deaf: his heart and soul, with all his senses, are got among his bags, or he is gravely asleep and dreaming of a mortgage. Tell a man of business that the cares of the world choke the good seed; that we must not encumber ourselves with much serving; that the salvation of his soul is the one thing necessary: you see indeed the shape of a man before you, but his faculties are all gone off among clients and papers, thinking how to defend a bad cause or find flaws in a good one; or he weareth out the time in drowsy nods.

A third cause of the great neglect and scorn of preaching ariseth from the practice of men who set up to decry and disparage religion; these, being zealous to promote infidelity and vice, learn a rote of buffoonery that serveth all occasions, and refutes the strongest arguments for piety and good manners. These have a set of ridicule calculated for all sermons and all preachers, and can be extremely witty as often as they please upon the same fund.

Let me now, in the last place, offer some remedies against this great evil.

It will be one remedy against the contempt of preaching rightly to consider the end for which it was designed. There are many who place abundance of merit in going to church, although it be with no other prospect but that of being well entertained, wherein if they happen to fail, they return wholly disappointed. Hence it is become an impertinent vein among people of all sorts to hunt after what they call a good sermon, as if it were a matter of pastime and diversion. Our business, alas! is quite another thing; either to learn, or at least be reminded of our duty, to apply the doctrines delivered, compare the rules we hear with our lives and actions, and find wherein we have transgressed. These are the dispositions men should bring into the house of God, and then they will be little concerned about the preacher's wit or eloquence, nor be curious to inquire out his faults and infirmities, but consider how to correct their own.

Another remedy against the contempt of preaching is that men would consider whether it be not reasonable to give more allowance for the different abilities of preachers than they usually do. Refinements of style and flights of wit, as they are not properly the business of any preacher, so they cannot possibly be the talents of all. In most other discourses men are satisfied with sober sense and plain reason, and, as understandings usually go, even that is not over frequent. Then why they should be so over nice in expectation of eloquence, where it is neither necessary nor convenient, is hard to imagine.

Lastly, The scorners of preaching would do well to consider that this talent of ridicule they value so much is a perfection very easily acquired and applied to all things whatsoever, neither is anything at all the worse because it is capable of being perverted to burlesque; perhaps it may be the more perfect upon that score, since we know the most celebrated pieces have been thus treated with greatest success. It is in any man's power to suppose a fool's cap on the wisest head, and then laugh at his own supposition. I think there are not many things cheaper than supposing and laughing; and if the uniting these two talents can bring a thing into contempt, it is hard to know where it may end.

To conclude:—These considerations may perhaps have some effect while men are awake, but what arguments shall we use to the sleeper? what methods shall we take to hold open his eyes? Will he be moved by considerations of common civility? We know it is reckoned a point of very bad manners to sleep in private company, when perhaps the tedious impertinence of many talkers would render it at least as excusable as the dullest sermon. Do they think it a small thing to watch four hours at a play where all virtue and religion are openly reviled, and can they not watch one half hour to hear them defended? Is this to deal like a judge, (I mean like a good judge,) to listen on one side of the cause and sleep on the other? I shall add but one word more: that this indecent sloth is very much owing to that luxury and excess men usually practise upon this day, by which half the service thereof is turned to sin, men dividing their time between God and their bellies, when after a gluttonous meal, their senses dozed and stupified, they retire to God's house to sleep out the afternoon. Surely, brethren, these things ought not so to be.

"He that hath ears to hear let him hear." And God give us all grace to hear and receive his holy word to the salvation of our own souls!

SERMON THE ELEVENTH.

ON THE WISDOM OF THIS WORLD.

1 COR. iii. 19.

The wisdom of this world is foolishness with God.

It is remarkable that about the time of our Saviour's coming into the world all kinds of learning flourished to a very great degree, insomuch that nothing is more frequent in the mouths of many men, even such who pretend to read and to know, than an extravagant praise and opinion of the wisdom and virtue of the Gentile sages of those days, and likewise of those ancient philosphers who went before them, whose doctrines are left upon record either by themselves or other writers.

As far as this may be taken for granted, it may be said that the providence of God brought this about for several very wise ends and purposes; for it is certain that these philosophers had been a long time before searching out where to fix the true happiness of man, and not being able to agree upon any certainty about it, they could not possibly but conclude, if they judged impartially, that all their inquiries were in the end but

vain and fruitless; the consequence of which must be not only an acknowledgment of the weakness of all human wisdom, but likewise an open passage hereby made for letting in those beams of light which the glorious sunshine of the gospel then brought into the world, by revealing those hidden truths which they had so long before been labouring to discover, and fixing the general happiness of mankind beyond all controversy and dispute. And therefore the providence of God wisely suffered men of deep genius and learning then to arise, who should search into the truth of the gospel now made known, and canvass its doctrines with all the subtilty and knowledge they were masters of, and in the end freely acknowledge that to be the true wisdom only "which cometh from above."

However, to make a further inquiry into the truth of this observation, I doubt not but there is reason to think that a great many of those encomiums given to ancient philosophers are taken upon trust, and by a sort of men who are not very likely to be at the pains of an inquiry that would employ so much time and thinking. For the usual ends why men affect this kind of discourse appear generally to be either out of ostentation, that they may pass upon the world for persons of great knowledge and observation; or, what is worse, there are some who highly exalt the wisdom of those Gentile sages, thereby obliquely to glance at and traduce divine revelation, and more especially that of the gospel; for the consequence they would have us draw is this, that since those ancient philosophers rose to a greater pitch of wisdom and virtue than was ever known among Christians, and all this purely upon the strength of their own reason and liberty of thinking, therefore it must follow that either all revelation is false, or, what is worse, that it has depraved the nature of man, and left him worse than it found him.

But this high opinion of heathen wisdom is not very ancient in the world, nor at all countenanced from primitive times. Our Saviour had but a low esteem of it, as appears by his treatment of the Pharisees and Sadducees, who followed the doctrines of Plato and Epicurus. St. Paul likewise, who was well versed in all the Grecian literature, seems very much to despise their philosophy, as we find in his writings, cautioning the Colossians to "beware lest any man spoil them through philosophy and vain deceit." And in another place he advises Timothy to "avoid profane and vain babblings, and oppositions of science falsely so called;" that is, not to introduce into the Christian doctrine the janglings of those vain philosophers, which they would pass upon the world for science. And the reasons he gives are, first, That those who professed them did err concerning the faith; secondly, because the knowledge of them did increase ungodliness, vain babblings being otherwise expounded vanities, or empty sounds, that is, tedious disputes about words, which the philosophers were always so full of, and which were the natural product of disputes and dissensions between several sects.

Neither had the primitive fathers any great or good opinion of the heathen philosophy, as it is manifest from several passages in their writings; so that this vein of affecting to raise the reputation of those sages so high is a mode and a vice but of yesterday, assumed chiefly, as I have said, to disparage revealed knowledge, and the consequences of it among us.

Now, because this is a prejudice which may prevail with some persons, so far as to lessen the influence of the gospel; and whereas, therefore, this is an opinion which men of education are likely to be encountered with, when they have produced themselves into the world; I shall endeavour to show that their preference of heathen wisdom and virtue before that of the Christian is every way unjust, and grounded upon ignorance or mistake; in order to which, I shall consider four things:—

First, I shall produce certain points wherein the wisdom and virtue of all unrevealed philosophy in general fell short and was very imperfect.

Secondly, I shall show in several instances where some of the most renowned philosophers have been grossly defective in their lessons of morality.

Thirdly, I shall prove the perfection of Christian wisdom, from the proper characters and marks of it.

Lastly, I shall show that the great examples of wisdom and virtue among the heathen wise men were produced by personal merit, and not influenced by the doctrine of any sect, whereas in Christianity it is quite the contrary.

First, I shall produce certain points wherein the wisdom and virtue of all unrevealed philosophy in general fell short and was very imperfect.

My design is to persuade men that Christian philosophy is in all things preferable to heathen wisdom; from which, or its professors, I shall however, have no occasion to detract. They were as wise and as good as it was possible for them to be under such disadvantages, and would have probably been infinitely more so with such aids as we enjoy; but our lessons are certainly much better, however our practices may fall short.

The first point I shall mention is that universal defect which was in all their schemes, that they could not agree about their chief good, or wherein to place the happiness of mankind; nor had any of them a tolerable answer upon this difficulty to satisfy a reasonable person. For to say, as the most plausible of them did, "that happiness consisted in virtue," was but vain babbling and a mere sound of words, to amuse others and themselves; because they were not agreed what this virtue was, or wherein it did consist; and likewise because several among the best of them taught quite different things, placing happiness in health or good fortune, in riches or in honour, where all were agreed that virtue was not, as I shall have occasion to show when I speak of their particular tenets.

The second great defect in the Gentile philosophy was, that it wanted some suitable reward proportioned to the better part of man, his mind, as an encouragement for his progress in virtue. The difficulties they met with upon the score of this default were great, and not to be accounted for: bodily goods being only suitable to bodily wants are no rest at all for the mind; and if they were, yet are they not the proper fruits of wisdom and virtue, being equally attainable by the ignorant and wicked. Now human nature is so constituted that we can never pursue anything heartily, but upon hopes of a reward. If we run a race, it is in expectation of a prize; and the greater the prize the faster we run; for an incorruptible crown, if we understand it, and believe it to be such, more than a corruptible one. But some of the philosophers gave all this quite another turn, and pretended to refine so far as to call virtue its own reward, and worthy to be followed only for itself; whereas if there be anything in this more than the sound of the words, it is at least too abstracted to become a universal influencing principle in the world, and therefore could not be of general use.

It was the want of assigning some happiness proportioned to the soul of man, that caused many of them, either on the one hand to be sour and morose, supercilious and untreatable; or, on the other, to fall into the vulgar pursuits of common men, to hunt after greatness and riches, to make their court and to serve occasions, as Plato did to the younger Dionysius, and Aristotle to Alexander the Great. So impossible it is for a man, who looks no further than the present world, to fix himself long in a contemplation where the present

world has no part: he has no sure hold, no firm footing, he can never expect to remove the earth he rests upon, while he has no support besides for his feet, but wants, like Archimedes, some other place whereon to stand. To talk of bearing pain and grief without any sort of present or future hope cannot be purely greatness of spirit, there must be a mixture in it of affectation and an allay of pride, or perhaps is wholly counterfeit.

It is true there has been all along in the world a notion of rewards and punishments in another life, but it seems to have rather served as an entertainment to poets, or as a terror of children, than a settled principle by which men pretended to govern any of their actions. The last celebrated words of Socrates, a little before his death, do not seem to reckon or build much upon any such opinion, and Cæsar made no scruple to disown it, and ridicule it in open senate.

Thirdly, The greatest and wisest of all their philosophers were never able to give any satisfaction to others and themselves in their notions of a Deity. They were often extremely gross and absurd in their conceptions, and those who made the fairest conjectures are such as were generally allowed by the learned, to have seen the system of Moses, if I may so call it, who was in great reputation at that time in the heathen world, as we find by Diodorus, Justin, Longinus, and other authors; for the rest, the wisest among them laid aside all notions after a Deity, as a disquisition vain and fruitless, which indeed it was upon unrevealed principles; and those who ventured to engage too far, fell into incoherence and confusion.

Fourthly, Those among them who had the justest conceptions of a Divine Power, and did also admit a providence, had no notion at all of entirely relying and depending upon either; they trusted in themselves for all things; but as for a trust or dependence upon God, they would not have understood the phrase, it made no part of the profane style.

Therefore it was that, in all issues and events which they could not reconcile to their own sentiments of reason and justice, they were quite disconcerted, they had no retreat; but upon every blow of adverse fortune either affected to be indifferent, or grew sullen and severe, or else yielded and sunk like other men.

Having now produced certain points wherein the wisdom and virtue of all unrevealed philosophy fell short and was very imperfect, I go on, in the second place, to show, in several instances, where some of the most renowned philosophers have been grossly defective in their lessons of morality.

Thales, the founder of the Ionic sect, so celebrated for morality, being asked how a man might bear ill-fortune with greatest ease, answered, "By seeing his enemies in a worse condition." An answer truly barbarous, unworthy of human nature, and which included such consequences as must destroy all society from the world.

Solon lamenting the death of a son, one told him, "You lament in vain." "Therefore," said he, "I lament because it is in vain." This was a plain confession how imperfect all his philosophy was, and that something was still wanting. He owned that all his wisdom and morals were useless, and this upon one of the most frequent accidents in life. How much better could he have learned to support himself even from David, by his entire dependence upon God; and that before our Saviour had advanced the notions of religion to the height and perfection wherewith he hath instructed his disciples!

Plato himself, with all his refinements, placed happiness in wisdom, health, good fortune, honour, and riches, and held that they who enjoyed all these were perfectly happy; which opinion was indeed unworthy its owner, leaving the wise and good man wholly at the mercy of uncertain chance, and to be miserable without resource.

His scholar Aristotle fell more grossly into the same notion, and plainly affirmed, "That virtue without the goods of fortune was not sufficient for happiness, but that a wise man must be miserable in poverty and sickness." Nay, Diogenes himself, from whose pride and singularity one would have looked for other notions, delivered it as his opinion, "That a poor old man was the most miserable thing in life."

Zeno also and his followers fell into many absurdities, among which nothing could be greater than that of maintaining all crimes to be equal; which, instead of making vice hateful, rendered it as a thing indifferent and familiar to all men.

Lastly, Epicurus had no notion of justice, but as it was profitable; and his placing happiness in pleasure, with all the advantages he could expound it by, was liable to very great exception; for although he taught that pleasure did consist in virtue, yet he did not any way fix or ascertain the boundaries of virtue as he ought to have done, by which means he misled his followers into the greatest vices, making their names to become odious and scandalous even in the heathen world.

I have produced these few instances from a great many others, to show the imperfection of heathen philosophy, wherein I have confined myself wholly to their morality. And surely we may pronounce upon it, in the words of St. James, that "this wisdom descended not from above, but was earthly and sensual." What if I had produced their absurd notions about God and the soul? it would then have completed the character given it by that apostle, and appeared to have been devilish too. But it is easy to observe, from the nature of these few particulars, that their defects in morals were purely the flagging and fainting of the mind, for want of a support by revelation from God.

I proceed, therefore, in the third place, to show the perfection of Christian wisdom from above; and I shall endeavour to make it appear, from those proper characters and marks of it by the apostle before mentioned, in the third chapter, and 15th, 16th, and 17th verses.

The words run thus:—

"This wisdom descendeth not from above; but is earthly, sensual, devilish.

"For where envying and strife is, there is confusion and every evil work.

"But the wisdom that is from above is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, and easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality, and without hypocrisy."

"The wisdom from above is, first, pure." This purity of the mind and spirit is peculiar to the gospel. Our Saviour says, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." A mind free from all pollution of lusts shall have a daily vision of God, whereof unrevealed religion can form no notion. This it is that keeps us unspotted from the world; and hereby many have been prevailed upon to live in the practice of all purity, holiness, and righteousness, far beyond the examples of the most celebrated philosophers.

It is "peaceable, gentle, and easy to be entreated." The Christian doctrine teacheth us all those dispositions that make us affable and courteous, gentle and kind, without any morose leaven of pride or vanity, which entered into the composition of most heathen schemes; so we are taught to be meek and lowly. Our Saviour's last legacy was peace; and he commands us to forgive our offending brother unto seventy times seven. Christian wisdom is full of mercy and good works, teaching the height of all moral virtues of which the heathens fell infinitely short. Plato

indeed (and it is worth observing) has somewhere a dialogue, or part of one, about forgiving our enemies, which was perhaps the highest strain ever reached by man without divine assistance; yet how little is that to what our Saviour commands us! "To love them that hate us; to bless them that curse us; and to do good to them that despitefully use us."

Christian wisdom is "without partiality;" it is not calculated for this or that nation of people, but the whole race of mankind: not so the philosophical schemes, which were narrow and confined, adapted to their peculiar towns, governments, or sects; but, "in every nation, he that feareth God and worketh righteousness is accepted with him."

Lastly, It is "without hypocrisy;" it appears to be what it really is; it is all of a piece. By the doctrines of the gospel, we are so far from being allowed to publish to the world those virtues we have not, that we are commanded to hide even from ourselves those we really have, and not to let our right hand know what our left hand does; unlike several branches of the heathen wisdom, which pretended to teach insensibility and indifference, magnanimity and contempt of life, while, at the same time, in other parts, it belied its own doctrines.

I come now, in the last place, to show that the great examples of wisdom and virtue among the Grecian sages were produced by personal merit, and not influenced by the doctrine of any particular sect; whereas, in Christianity, it is quite the contrary.

The two virtues most celebrated by ancient moralists were fortitude and temperance, as relating to the government of man in his private capacity, to which their schemes were generally addressed and confined; and the two instances wherein those virtues arrived at the greatest height were Socrates and Cato. But neither those, nor any other virtues possessed by these two, were at all owing to any lessons or doctrines of a sect. For Socrates himself was of none at all; and although Cato was called a stoic, it was more from a resemblance of manners in his worst qualities, than that he avowed himself one of their disciples. The same may be affirmed of many other great men of antiquity. Whence I infer, that those who were renowned for virtue among them were more obliged to the good natural dispositions of their own minds than to the doctrines of any sect they pretended to follow.

On the other side, as the examples of fortitude and patience among the primitive Christians have been infinitely greater and more numerous, so they were altogether the product of their principles and doctrine; and were such as the same persons, without those aids, would never have arrived to. Of this truth most of the apostles, with many thousand martyrs, are a cloud of witnesses beyond exception. Having therefore spoken so largely upon the former heads, I shall dwell no longer upon this.

And if it should here be objected, Why does not Christianity still produce the same effects? it is easy to answer, first, that although the number of pretended Christians be great, yet that of true believers, in proportion to the other, was never so small; and it is a true lively faith alone that, by the assistance of God's grace, can influence our practice.

[illegible] self

into religion, was thought to have given matter for some early heresies in the church. When disputes began to arise, the Peripatetic forms were introduced by Scotus, as best fitted for controversy. And however this may now have become necessary, it was surely the author of a litigious vein, which has since occasioned very pernicious consequences, stopped the progress of Christianity, and been a great promoter of vice; verifying that sentence given by St. James, and mentioned before, "Where envying and strife is, there is confusion and every evil work." This was the fatal stop to the Grecians, in their progress both of arts and arms; their wise men were divided under several sects, and their governments under several commonwealths, all in opposition to each other; which engaged them in eternal quarrels among themselves, while they should have been armed against the common enemy. And I wish we had no other examples, from the like causes, less foreign or ancient than that. Diogenes said Socrates was a madman; the disciples of Zeno and Epicurus, nay of Plato and Aristotle, were engaged in fierce disputes about the most insignificant trifles. And if this be the present language and practice among us Christians, no wonder that Christianity does not still produce the same effects which it did at first, when it was received and embraced in its utmost purity and perfection: for such wisdom as this cannot "descend from above;" but must be "earthly, sensual, devilish, full of confusion and every evil work;" whereas "the wisdom from above is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, and easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality, and without hypocrisy." This is the true heavenly wisdom, which Christianity only can boast of, and which the greatest of the heathen wise men could never arrive at.

Now to God the Father, the Son, and Holy Ghost be praises for ever and ever. Amen.

SERMON THE TWELFTH.

ON DOING GOOD;

A Sermon on the occasion of Wood's Project.*

GALATIANS, vi. 10.

As we have therefore opportunity, let us do good unto all men.

NATURE directs every one of us, and God permits us, to consult our own private good, before the private good of any other person whatsoever. We are indeed commanded to love our neighbour as ourselves, but not as well as ourselves. The love we have for ourselves is to be the pattern of that love we ought to have toward our neighbour; but as the copy doth not equal the original, so my neighbour cannot think it hard if I prefer myself, who am the original, before him, who is only the copy. Thus, if any matter equally concern the life, the reputation, the profit of my neighbour and my own; the law of nature, which is the law of God, obligeth me to take care of myself first, and afterward of him. And this I need not be at much pains in persuading you to; for the want of self-love, with regard to things of this world, is not among the faults of mankind. But then, on the other side, if, by a small hurt and loss to myself, I can procure a great good to my neighbour, in that case his interest is to be preferred. For example, if I can be sure of saving his life without great danger to my own; if I can preserve him from being undone without ruining myself; or recover his reputation without blasting mine; all this I am obliged to do: and if I sincerely perform it, I do then obey the command of God, in loving my neighbour as myself.

But, besides this love we owe to every man in his particular capacity, under the title of our neighbour, there is yet a duty of a more large extensive nature incumbent on us; which is, our love to our neighbour

* "I never," said the dean in a jocular conversation, "preached but twice in my life, and they were not sermons, but pamphlets." Being asked on what subject he replied. They were against Wood's halfpence."—PILKINGTON.

in his public capacity, as he is a member of that great body the commonwealth, under the same government with ourselves; and this is usually called love of the public, and is a duty to which we are more strictly obliged than even that of loving ourselves; because therein ourselves are also contained, as well as all our neighbours, in one great body. This love of the public, or of the commonwealth, or love of our country, was in ancient times properly known by the name of virtue, because it was the greatest of all virtues, and was supposed to contain all virtues in it; and many great examples of this virtue are left us on record, scarcely to be believed, or even conceived, in such a base, corrupted, wicked age as this we live in. In those times it was common for men to sacrifice their lives for the good of their country, although they had neither hope nor belief of future rewards; whereas, in our days, very few make the least scruple of sacrificing a whole nation, as well as their own souls, for a little present gain; which often hath been known to end in their own ruin in this world, as it certainly must in that to come.

Have we not seen men for the sake of some petty employment give up the very natural rights and liberties of their country and of mankind, in the ruin of which themselves must at last be involved? Are not these corruptions gotten among the meanest of our people, who for a piece of money will give their votes at a venture for the disposal of their own lives and fortunes, without considering whether it be to those wl are most likely to betray or defend them? But if I were to produce only one instance out of a hundred wherein we fail in this duty of loving our country, it would be an endless labour, and therefore I shall not attempt it.

But here I would not be misunderstood: by the l of our country I do not mean loyalty to our king, for that is a duty of another nature; and a man may be very loyal in the common sense of the word without one grain of public good at his heart. Witness this very kingdom we live in. I verily believe that since the beginning of the world no nation upon earth ever showed (all circumstances considered) such high constant marks of loyalty in all their actions and behaviour as we have done, and at the same time no people ever appeared more utterly void of what is called a public spirit. When I say the people, I mean the bulk or mass of the people, for I have nothing to do with those in power.

Therefore I shall think my time not ill spent if I can persuade most or all of you who hear me to show the love you have for your country by endeavouring in your several situations to do all the public good you are able. For I am certainly persuaded that all our misfortunes arise from no other original cause than that general disregard among us to the public welfare.

I therefore undertake to show you three things:—

First, That there are few people so weak or mean who have it not sometimes in their power to be useful to the public.

Secondly, That it is often in the power of the meanest among mankind to do mischief to the public.

And, *lastly*, That all wilful injuries done to the public are very great and aggravated sins in the sight of God.

First, There are few people so weak or mean who have it not sometimes in their power to be useful to the public.

Solomon tells us of a poor wise man who saved a city by his counsel. It hath often happened that a private soldier, by some unexpected brave attempt, hath been instrumental in obtaining a great victory. How many obscure men have been authors of very useful inventions whereof the world now reaps the benefit! The very example of honesty and industry in a poor tradesman will sometimes spread through a neighbourhood when others see how successful he is; and thus so many useful members are gained, for which the whole body of the public is the better. Whoever is blessed with a true public spirit, God will certainly put it into his way to make use of that blessing for the ends it was given him by some means or other; and therefore it hath been observed in most ages that the greatest actions for the benefit of the commonwealth have been performed by the wisdom or courage, the contrivance or industry, of particular men and not of numbers; and that the safety of a kingdom hath often been owing to those hands whence it was least expected.

But, *secondly*, It is often in the power of the meanest among mankind to do mischief to the public; and hence arise most of those miseries with which the states and kingdoms of the earth are infested. How many great princes have been murdered by the meanest ruffians! The weakest hand can open a flood-gate to drown a country, which a thousand of the strongest cannot stop. Those who have thrown off all regard for public good will often have it in their way to do public evil, and will not fail to exercise that power whenever they can. The greatest blow given of late to this kingdom was by the dishonesty of a few manufacturers, who by imposing bad ware at foreign markets, in almost the only traffic permitted to us, did half ruin that trade, by which this poor unhappy kingdom now suffers in the midst of sufferings. I speak not here of persons in high stations, who ought to be free from all reflection, and are supposed always to intend the welfare of the community; but we now find by experience that the meanest instrument may, by the concurrence of accidents, have it in his power to bring a whole kingdom to the very brink of destruction, and is at this present endeavouring to finish his work; and hath agents among ourselves who are contented to see their own country undone, to be small sharers in that iniquitous gain which at last must end in their own ruin as well as ours. I confess it was chiefly the consideration of that great danger we are in, which engaged me to discourse to you on this subject, to exhort you to a love of your country, and a public spirit when all you have is at stake; to prefer the interest of your prince and your fellow-subjects before that of one destructive impostor and a few of his adherents.

Perhaps it may be thought by some that this way of discoursing is not so proper from the pulpit. But surely when an open attempt is made and far carried on, to make a great kingdom one large poor-house, to deprive us of all means to exercise hospitality or charity, to turn our cities and churches into ruins, to make the country a desert for wild beasts and robbers, to destroy all arts and sciences, all trades and manufactures, and the very tillage of the ground, only to enrich one obscure, ill-designing projector and his followers, it is time for the pastor to cry out "that the wolf is getting into his flock," to warn them to stand together, and all to consult the common safety. And God be praised for his infinite goodness in raising such a spirit of union among us, at least in this point, in the midst of all our former divisions; which union, if it continue, will in all probability defeat the pernicious design of this pestilent enemy to the nation!

But hence it clearly follows how necessary the love of our country or a public spirit is in every particular man, since the wicked have so many opportunities of doing public mischief. Every man is upon his guard for his private advantage; but where the public is concerned, he is apt to be negligent, considering himself only as one among two or three millions, among whom the loss is equally shared, and thus he thinks he can be no great sufferer. Meanwhile the trader, the farmer,

and the shopkeeper complain of the hardness and deadness of the times, and wonder whence it comes; while it is in a great measure owing to their own folly, for want of that love of their country, and public spirit and firm union among themselves, which are so necessary to the prosperity of every nation.

Another method by which the meanest wicked man may have it in his power to injure the public is false accusation, whereof this kingdom hath afforded too many examples; neither is it long since no man whose opinions were thought to differ from those in fashion could safely converse beyond his nearest friends for fear of being sworn against as a traitor by those who made a traffic of perjury and subornation; by which the very peace of the nation was disturbed, and men fled from each other as they would from a lion or a bear got loose. And it is very remarkable that the pernicious project now in hand to reduce us to beggary was forwarded by one of these false accusers, who had been convicted of endeavouring, by perjury and subornation, to take away the lives of several innocent persons here among us, and indeed there could not be a more proper instrument for such a work.

Another method by which the meanest people may do injury to the public is the spreading of lies and false rumours: thus raising a distrust among the people of a nation, causing them to mistake their true interest, and their enemies for their friends; and this hath been likewise too successful a practice among us, where we have known the whole kingdom misled by the grossest lies, raised upon occasion to serve some particular turn As it hath also happened in the case I lately mentioned, where one obscure man, by representing our wants where they were least, and concealing them where they were greatest, had almost succeeded in a project of utterly ruining this whole kingdom, and may still succeed, if God doth not continue that public spirit which he hath almost miraculously kindled in us upon this occasion.

Thus we see the public is many times as it were at the mercy of the meanest instrument, who can be wicked enough to watch opportunities of doing it mischief, upon the principles of avarice or malice, which I am afraid are deeply rooted in too many breasts, and against which there can be no defence, but a firm resolution in all honest men to be closely united and active in showing their love to their country, by preferring the public interest to their present private advantage. If a passenger in a great storm at sea should hide his goods that they might not be thrown overboard to lighten the ship, what would be the consequence? The ship is cast away, and he loses his life and goods together.

We have heard of men who, through greediness of gain, have brought infected goods into a nation; which bred a plague, whereof the owners and their families perished first. Let those among us consider this and tremble, whose houses are privately stored with those materials of beggary and desolation, lately brought over to be scattered like a pestilence among their countrymen, which may probably first seize upon themselves and their families, until their houses shall be made a dunghill.

I shall mention one practice more, by which the meanest instruments often succeed in doing public mischief; and this is by deceiving us with plausible arguments, to make us believe that the most ruinous project they can offer is intended for our good, as it happened in the case so often mentioned. For the poor ignorant people, allured by the appearing convenience in their small dealings, did not discover the serpent in the brass, but were ready, like the Israelites, to offer incense to it; neither could the wisdom of the nation convince them, until some of good intentions made the cheat so plain to their sight, that those who run may read. And thus the design was to treat us, in every point, as the Philistines treated Samson, (I mean when he was betrayed by Delilah,) first to put out our eyes, and then to bind us with fetters of brass.

I proceed to the last thing I proposed, which was to show you that all wilful injuries done to the public are very great and aggravating sins in the sight of God.

First, It is apparent from Scripture, and most agreeable to reason, that the safety and welfare of nations are under the most peculiar care of God's providence. Thus he promised Abraham to save Sodom, if only ten righteous men could be found in it. Thus the reason which God gave to Jonas for not destroying Nineveh was, because there were six score thousand men in that city.

All government is from God, who is the God of order; and therefore whoever attempts to breed confusion or disturbance among a people doth his utmost to take the government of the world out of God's hands, and put it into the hands of the devil, who is the author of confusion. By which it is plain that no crime, how heinous soever, committed against particular persons, can equal the guilt of him who does injury to the public.

Secondly, All offenders against their country lie under this grievous difficulty, that it is impossible to obtain a pardon or make restitution. The bulk of mankind are very quick at resenting injuries, and very slow in forgiving them; and how shall one man be able to obtain the pardon of millions, or repair the injury he hath done to millions? How shall those who, by a most destructive fraud, got the whole wealth of our neighbouring kingdom into their hands, be ever able to make a recompense? How will the authors and promoters of that villanous project for the ruin of this poor country be able to account with us for the injuries they have already done, although they should no further succeed? The deplorable case of such wretches must entirely be left to the unfathomable mercies of God: for those who know the least in religion are not ignorant that, without our utmost endeavours to make restitution to the person injured, and to obtain his pardon, added to sincere repentance, there is no hope of salvation given in the gospel.

Lastly, All offences against our own country have this aggravation, that they are ungrateful and unnatural. It is to our country we owe those laws which protect us in our lives, our liberties, our properties, and our religion. Our country produced us into the world, and continues to nourish us, so that it is usually called our mother; and there have been examples of great magistrates who have put their own children to death for endeavouring to betray their country, as if they had attempted the life of their natural parent.

Thus I have briefly shown you how terrible a sin it is to be an enemy to our country, in order to incite you to the contrary virtue, which at this juncture is so highly necessary, when every man's endeavour will be of use. We have hitherto been just able to support ourselves under many hardships; but now the axe is laid to the root of the tree, and nothing but a firm union among us can prevent our utter undoing. This we are obliged to in duty to our gracious king, as well as to our ourselves. Let us therefore preserve that public spirit, which God hath raised in us, for our own temporal interest. For if this wicked project should succeed, which it cannot do but by our own folly; if we sell ourselves for nought, the merchant, the shopkeeper, the artificer, must fly to the desert with their miserable families, there to starve or live upon rapine,

or at least exchange their country for one more hospitable than that where they were born.

Thus much I thought it my duty to say to you who are under my care, to warn you against those temporal evils which may draw the worst of spiritual evils after them; such as heart-burnings, murmurings, discontents, and all manner of wickedness which a desperate condition of life may tempt men to.

I am sensible that what I have now said will not go very far, being confined to this assembly; but I hope it may stir up others of my brethren to exhort their several congregations, after a more effectual manner, to show their love for their country on this important occasion. And this I am sure cannot be called meddling in affairs of state.

I pray God protect his most gracious majesty and this kingdom long under his government; and defend us from all ruinous projectors, deceivers, suborners, perjurers, false accusers, and oppressors; from the virulence of party and faction; and unite us in loyalty to our king, love to our county, and charity to each other.

And this we beg, for Jesus Christ's sake: to whom be all honour, glory, power, might, majesty, and dominion, henceforth, and for evermore. Amen.

THOUGHTS ON RELIGION.

I AM in all opinions to believe according to my own impartial reason; which I am bound to inform and improve, as far as my capacities and opportunities will permit.

It may be prudent in me to act sometimes by other men's reason; but I can think only by my own.

If another man's reason fully convinces me, it becomes my own reason.

To say a man is bound to believe, is neither truth nor sense.

You may force men by interest or punishment to say or swear they believe and to act as if they believed; you can go no further.

Every man, as a member of the commonwealth, ought to be content with the possession of his own opinion in private, without perplexing his neighbour or disturbing the public.

Violent zeal for truth has a hundred to one odds, to be either petulancy, ambition, or pride.

There is a degree of corruption wherein some nations, as bad as the world is, will proceed to an amendment, till which time particular men should be quiet.

To remove opinions fundamental in religion, is impossible, and the attempt wicked, whether those opinions be true or false; unless your avowed design be to abolish that religion altogether. So for instance, in the famous doctrine of Christ's divinity, which has been universally received by all bodies of Christians since the condemnation of Arianism under Constantine and his successors; wherefore the proceedings of the Socinians are both vain and unwarrantable; because they will be never able to advance their own opinion, or meet any other success than breeding doubts and disturbances in the world—*Qui ratione suâ disturbant mœnia mundi.*

The want of belief is a defect that ought to be concealed, when it cannot be overcome.

The Christian religion, in the most early times, was proposed to the Jews and heathens without the article of Christ's divinity; which I remember Erasmus accounts for, by its being too strong a stumbling-block of the Mahometans. But, in a country already Christian, to bring so fundamental a point of faith into debate can have no consequences that are not pernicious to morals and public peace.

I have been often offended to find St. Paul's allegories, and other figures of Grecian eloquence, converted by divines into articles of faith.

God's mercy is over all his works; but divines of all sorts lessen that mercy too much.

I look upon myself, in the capacity of a clergyman, to be one appointed by Providence for defending a post assigned me, and for gaining over as many enemies as I can. Although I think my cause is just, yet one great motive is my submitting to the pleasure of Providence, and to the laws of my country.

I am not answerable to God for the doubts that arise in my own breast, since they are the consequence of that reason which he has planted in me; if I take care to conceal those doubts from others, if I use my best endeavours to subdue them, and if they have no influence on the conduct of my life.

I believe that thousands of men would be orthodox enough in certain points, if divines had not been too curious, or too narrow, in reducing orthodoxy within the compass of subtleties, niceties, and distinctions, with little warrant from Scripture, and less from reason or good policy.

I never saw, heard, nor read that the clergy were beloved in any nation where Christianity was the religion of the country. Nothing can render them popular but some degree of persecution.

Those fine gentlemen, who affect the humour of railing at the clergy, are, I think, bound in honour to turn parsons themselves, and show us better examples.

Miserable mortals! can we contribute to the honour and glory of God? I could wish that expression were struck out of our Prayer-books.

Liberty of conscience, properly speaking, is no more than the liberty of possessing our own thoughts and opinions, which every man enjoys without fear of the magistrate; but how far he shall publicly act in pursuance of those opinions is to be regulated by the laws of the country. Perhaps, in my own thoughts, I prefer a well-instituted commonwealth before a monarchy; and I know several others of the same opinion. Now, if upon this pretence I should insist upon liberty of conscience, form conventicles of republicans, and print books preferring that government and condemning what is established, the magistrate would, with great justice, hang me and my disciples. It is the same case in religion, although not so avowed; where liberty of conscience, under the present acceptation, equally produces revolutions, or at least convulsions and disturbances, in a state: which politicians would see well enough, if their eyes were not blinded by faction, and of which these kingdoms, as well as France, Sweden, and other countries, are flaming instances. Cromwell's notion upon that article was natural and right, when, upon the surrender of a town in Ireland, the popish governor insisted upon an article for liberty of concience. Cromwell said, "He meddled with no man's concience; but if by liberty of conscience the governor meant the liberty of the mass, he had express orders from the parliament of England against admitting any such liberty at all."

It is impossible that anything so natural, so necessary, and so universal as death should ever have been designed by Providence as an evil to mankind.

Although reason were intended by Providence to govern our passions, yet it seems that in two points of

dictates of reason. The other is, the love of life; which, from the dictates of reason, every man would despise and wish it an end, or that it never had a beginning. The Scripture system of man's creation is what Christians are bound to believe, and seems most agreeable of all others to probability and reason. Adam was formed from a piece of clay, and Eve from one of his ribs. The text mentioneth nothing of his Maker's intending him for, except to rule over the beasts of the field and birds of the air. As to Eve, it doth not appear that her husband was her monarch; only she was to be his help-mate, and placed in some degree of subjection. However, before his fall, the beasts were his most obedient subjects, whom he governed by absolute power. After his eating the forbidden fruit, the course of nature was changed; the animals began to reject his government; some were able to escape by flight, and others were too fierce to be attacked. The Scripture mentioneth no particular acts of royalty in Adam over his posterity who were contemporary with him, or of any monarch until after the flood; whereof the first was Nimrod, the mighty hunter, who, as Milton expresseth it, made men, and not beasts, his prey; for men were easier caught by promises, and subdued by the folly or treachery of their own species; whereas the brutes prevailed only by their courage or strength, which, among them, are peculiar to certain kinds. Lions, bears, elephants, and some other animals, are strong or valiant; and their species never degenerates in their native soil, except they happen to be enslaved or destroyed by human fraud; but men degenerate every day, merely by the folly, the perverseness, the avarice, the tyranny, the pride, the treachery, or inhumanity of their own kind.

TRACTS, RELIGIOUS AND MISCELLANEOUS.

AN ARGUMENT

TO PROVE THAT THE ABOLISHING OF

CHRISTIANITY IN ENGLAND

MAY, AS THINGS NOW STAND, BE ATTENDED WITH SOME INCONVENIENCES, AND PERHAPS NOT PRODUCE THOSE MANY GOOD EFFECTS PROPOSED THEREBY.[a]

I AM very sensible what a weakness and presumption it is to reason against the general humour and disposition of the world. I remember it was, with great justice, and due regard to the freedom both of the public and the press, forbidden, upon several penalties, to write, or discourse, or lay wagers against the Union, even before it was confirmed by parliament; because that was looked upon as a design to oppose the current of the people, which, beside the folly of it, is a manifest breach of the fundamental law, that makes this majority of opinion the voice of God. In like manner, and for the very same reasons, it may perhaps be neither safe nor prudent to argue against the abolishing of Christianity, at a juncture when all parties appear so unanimously determined upon the point, as we cannot but allow from their actions, their discourses, and their writings. However, I know not how, whether from the affectation of singularity, or the perverseness of human nature, but so it unhappily falls out, that I cannot be entirely of this opinion. Nay, though I were sure an order were issued for my immediate prosecution by the attorney-general, I should still confess that, in the present posture of our affairs at home or abroad, I do not yet see the absolute necessity of extirpating the Christian religion from among us.

This perhaps may appear too great a paradox even for our wise and paradoxical age to endure; therefore I shall handle it with all tenderness, and with the utmost deference to that great and profound majority which is of another sentiment.

And yet the curious may please to observe how much the genius of a nation is liable to alter in half an age. I have heard it affirmed for certain, by some very old people, that the contrary opinion was, even in their memories, as much in vogue as the other is now; and that a project for the abolishing of Christianity would then have appeared as singular, and been thought as absurd, as it would be, at this time, to write or discourse in its defence.

Therefore I freely own that all appearances are against me. The system of the gospel, after the fate of other systems, is generally antiquated and exploded: and the mass or body of the common people, among whom it seems to have had its latest credit, are now grown as much ashamed of it as their betters; opinions like fashions always descending from those of quality to the middle sort, and thence to the vulgar, where at length they are dropped and vanish.

But here I would not be mistaken, and must therefore be so bold as to borrow a distinction from the writers on the other side, when they make a difference between nominal and real Trinitarians. I hope no reader imagines me so weak to stand up in the defence of real Christianity, such as used in primitive times, (if we may believe the authors of those ages,) to have an influence upon men's belief and actions: to offer at the restoring of that would indeed be a wild project; it would be to dig up foundations; to destroy at one blow all the wit and half the learning of the kingdom; to break the entire frame and constitution of things; to ruin trade, extinguish arts and sciences, with the professors of them; in short, to turn our courts, exchanges, and shops into deserts; and would be full as absurd as the proposal of Horace, where he advises the Romans all in a body to leave their city, and seek a new seat in some remote part of the world, by way of cure for the corruption of their manners.

Therefore I think this caution was in itself altogether unnecessary, (which I have inserted only to prevent all possibility of cavilling,) since every candid reader will easily understand my discourse to be intended only in defence of nominal Christianity; the other having been for some time wholly laid aside by general consent, as utterly inconsistent with our present schemes of wealth and power.

But why we should therefore cast off the name and title of Christians, although the general opinion and resolution be so violent for it, I confess I cannot (with submission) apprehend, nor is the consequence necessary. However, since the undertakers propose such wonderful advantages to the nation by this project, and advance many plausible objections against the system of Christianity, I shall briefly consider the strength of both, fairly allow them their greatest weight, and offer such answers as I think most reasonable. After which I will beg leave to show what inconveniences may possibly happen by such an innovation, in the present posture of our affairs.

First, one great advantage proposed by the abolishing

[a] This is a very happy and judicious idea.—JOHNSON.

of Christianity is, that it would very much enlarge and establish liberty of conscience, that great bulwark of our nation, and of the Protestant religion; which is still too much limited by priestcraft, notwithstanding all the good intentions of the legislature, as we have lately found by a severe instance. For it is confidently reported that two young gentlemen of real hopes, bright wit, and profound judgment, who, upon a thorough examination of causes and effects, and by the mere force of natural abilities, without the least tincture of learning, having made a discovery that there was no God. and generously communicating their thoughts for the good of the public, were some time ago, by an unparallelled severity, and upon I know not what obsolete law, broke for blasphemy. And as it has been wisely observed, if persecution once begins, no man alive knows how far it may reach or where it will end.

In answer to all which, with deference to wiser judgments, I think this rather shows the necessity of a nominal religion among us. Great wits love to be free with the highest objects; and if they cannot be allowed a God to revile or renounce, they will speak evil of dignities, abuse the government, and reflect upon the ministry; which I am sure few will deny to be of much more pernicious consequence, according to the saying of Tiberius, *deorum offensa diis curæ*. As to the particular fact related, I think it is not fair to argue from one instance, perhaps another cannot be produced: yet (to the comfort of all those who may be apprehensive of persecution) blasphemy, we know, is freely spoken a million of times in every coffee-house and tavern, or wherever else good company meet. It must be allowed indeed that, to break an English free-born officer only for blasphemy was, to speak the gentlest of such an action, a very high strain of absolute power. Little can be said in excuse for the general: perhaps he was afraid it might give offence to the allies, among whom, for aught we know, it may be the custom of the country to believe a God. But if he argued, as some have done, upon a mistaken principle, that an officer who is guilty of speaking blasphemy may some time or other proceed so far as to raise a mutiny, the consequence is by no means to be admitted; for surely the commander of an English army is likely to be but ill obeyed whose soldiers fear and reverence him as little as they do a Deity.

It is further objected against the gospel system, that it obliges men to the belief of things too difficult for freethinkers, and such who have shaken off the prejudices that usually cling to a confined education. To which I answer, that men should be cautious how they raise objections which reflect upon the wisdom of the nation. Is not everybody freely allowed to believe whatever he pleases, and to publish his belief to the world whenever he thinks fit, especially if it serves to strengthen the party which is in the right? Would any indifferent foreigner, who should read the trumpery lately written by Asgil, Tindal, Toland, Coward, and forty more, imagine the gospel to be our rule of faith, and confirmed by parliaments? Does any man either believe, or say he believes, or desire to have it thought that he says he believes, one syllable of the matter? And is any man worse received upon that score, or does he find his want of nominal faith a disadvantage to him in the pursuit of any civil or military employment? What if there be an old dormant statute or two against him, are they not now obsolete to a degree, that Epsom and Dudley themselves, if they were now alive, would find it impossible to put them in execution?

It is likewise urged that there are, by computation, in this kingdom, above ten thousand parsons, whose revenues, added to those of my lords the bishops, would suffice to maintain at least two hundred young gentlemen of wit and pleasure, and freethinking, enemies to priestcraft, narrow principles, pedantry, and prejudices, who might be an ornament to the court and town: and then again, so great a number of able [bodied] divines might be a recruit to our fleet and armies. This indeed appears to be a consideration of some weight; but then, on the other side, several things deserve to be considered likewise: as first, whether it may not be thought necessary that in certain tracts of country, like what we call parishes, there shall be one man at least of abilities to read and write. Then it seems a wrong computation, that the revenues of the church throughout this island would be large enough to maintain two hundred young gentlemen, or even half that number, after the present refined way of living; that is, to allow each of them such a rent as, in the modern form of speech, would make them easy. But still there is in this project a greater mischief behind; and we ought to beware of the woman's folly, who killed the hen that every morning laid her a golden egg. For, pray what would become of the race of men in the next age, if we had nothing to trust to beside the scrofulous, consumptive productions furnished by our men of wit and pleasure, when, having squandered away their vigour, health, and estates, they are forced, by some disagreeable marriage, to piece up their broken fortunes, and entail rottenness and politeness on their posterity? Now, here are ten thousand persons reduced, by the wise regulations of Henry VIII., to the necessity of a low diet and moderate exercise, who are the only great restorers of our breed, without which the nation would in an age or two become one great hospital.

Another advantage proposed by the abolishing of Christianity is the clear gain of one day in seven, which is now entirely lost, and consequently the kingdom one-seventh less considerable in trade, business, and pleasure; besides the loss to the public of so many stately structures, now in the hands of the clergy, which might be converted into play-houses, market-houses, exchanges, common dormitories, and other public edifices.

I hope I shall be forgiven a hard word, if I call this a perfect *cavil*. I readily own there has been an old custom, time out of mind, for people to assemble in the churches every Sunday, and that shops are still frequently shut, in order, as it is conceived, to preserve the memory of that ancient practice; but how this can prove a hinderance to business or pleasure is hard to imagine. What if the men of pleasure are forced, one day in the week, to game at home instead of the chocolate-houses? are not the taverns and coffee-houses open? can there be a more convenient season for taking a dose of physic? are fewer claps got upon Sundays than other days? is not that the chief day for traders to sum up the accounts of the week, and for lawyers to prepare their briefs? But I would fain know how it can be pretended that the churches are misapplied? where are more appointments and rendezvouses of gallantry? where more care to appear in the foremost box, with greater advantage of dress? where more meetings for business? where more bargains driven of all sorts? and where so many conveniences or incitements to sleep?

There is one advantage greater than any of the foregoing, proposed by the abolishing of Christianity; that it will utterly extinguish parties among us, by removing those factious distinctions of high and low church, of Whig and Tory, Presbyterian and Church of England, which are now so many grievous clogs upon public proceedings, and are apt to dispose men to prefer the gratifying of themselves, or depressing of their adversaries, before the most important interests of the state.

I confess, if it were certain that so great an advantage would redound to the nation by this expedient, I would submit and be silent; but will any man say that, if the words *whoring*, *drinking*, *cheating*, *lying*, *stealing* were, by act of parliament, ejected out of the English tongue and dictionaries, we should all awake next morning chaste and temperate, honest and just, and lovers of truth? Is this a fair consequence? Or, if the physicians would forbid us to pronounce the words *pox*, *gout*, *rheumatism*, and *stone*, would that expedient serve, like so many talismans, to destroy the diseases themselves? Are party and faction rooted in men's hearts no deeper than phrases borrowed from religion, or founded upon no firmer principles? and is our language so poor that we cannot find other terms to express them? Are *envy*, *pride*, *avarice*, and *ambition* such ill nomenclators, that they cannot furnish appellations for their owners? Will not *heydukes*, and *mamalukes*, *mandarins*, and *patshaws*, or any other words formed at pleasure, serve to distinguish those who are in the ministry, from others, who would be in it if they could? What, for instance, is easier than to vary the form of speech, and instead of the word church make it a question in politics whether the monument be in danger? Because religion was nearest at hand to furnish a few convenient phrases, is our invention so barren, we can find no other? Suppose, for argument sake, that the Tories favoured Margarita, the Whigs Mrs. Tofts, and the trimmers Valentini; would not *Margaritians*, *Toftians*, and *Valentinians* be very tolerable marks of distinction? The *Prasini* and *Veniti*, two most virulent factions in Italy, began (if I remember right) by a distinction of colours in ribbons; and we might contend with as good a grace about the dignity of the *blue* and the *green*, which would serve as properly to divide the court, the parliament, and the kingdom between them as any terms of art whatsoever borrowed from religion. And therefore I think there is little force in this objection against Christianity, or prospect of so great an advantage, as is proposed in the abolishing of it.

It is again objected, as a very absurd, ridiculous custom, that a set of men should be suffered, much less employed and hired, to bawl one day in seven against the lawfulness of those methods most in use, toward the pursuit of greatness, riches, and pleasure, which are the constant practice of all men alive on the other six. But this objection is, I think, a little unworthy of so refined an age as ours. Let us argue this matter calmly: I appeal to the breast of any polite freethinker, whether, in the pursuit of gratifying a predominant passion, he has not always felt a wonderful incitement, by reflecting it was a thing forbidden; and therefore we see, in order to cultivate this taste, the wisdom of the nation has taken special care that the ladies should be furnished with prohibited silks, and the men with prohibited wine. And indeed it were to be wished that some other prohibitions were promoted, in order to improve the pleasures of the town; which for want of such expedients begin already, as I am told, to flag and grow languid, giving way daily to cruel inroads from the spleen.

It is likewise proposed as a great advantage to the public, that if we once discard the system of the gospel, all religion will of course be banished for ever; and consequently along with it those grievous prejudices of education, which under the names of *virtue*, *conscience*, *honour*, *justice*, and the like, are so apt to disturb the peace of human minds, and the notions whereof are so hard to be eradicated, by right reason or freethinking, sometimes during the whole course of our lives.

Here first I observe, how difficult it is to get rid of a phrase which the world is once grown fond of, though the occasion that first produced it be entirely taken away. For several years past, if a man had but an ill-favoured nose, the deep-thinkers of the age would some way or other contrive to impute the cause to the prejudice of his education. From this fountain were said to be derived all our foolish notions of justice, piety, love of our country; all our opinions of God or a future state, heaven, hell, and the like; and there might formerly perhaps have been some pretence for this charge. But so effectual care has been taken to remove those prejudices by an entire change in the methods of education, that (with honour I mention it to our polite innovators) the young gentlemen who are now on the scene seem to have not the least tincture of those infusions, or string of those weeds; and by consequence, the reason for abolishing nominal Christianity upon that pretext is wholly ceased.

For the rest, it may perhaps admit a controversy whether the banishing of all notions of religion whatsoever would be convenient for the vulgar. Not that I am in the least of opinion with those who hold religion to have been the invention of politicians to keep the lower part of the world in awe, by the fear of invisible powers; unless mankind were then very different to what it is now: for I look upon the mass or body of our people here in England to be as freethinkers, that is to say, as stanch unbelievers, as any of the highest rank. But I conceive some scattered notions about a superior power to be of singular use for the common people, as furnishing excellent materials to keep children quiet when they grow peevish, and providing topics of amusement in a tedious winter-night.

Lastly, it is proposed as a singular advantage, that the abolishing of Christianity will very much contribute to the uniting of Protestants, by enlarging the terms of communion, so as to take in all sorts of dissenters, who are now shut out of the pale upon account of a few ceremonies, which all sides confess to be things indifferent; that this alone will effectually answer the great ends of a scheme for comprehension, by opening a large noble gate, at which all bodies may enter; whereas the chaffering with dissenters, and dodging about this or the other ceremony, is but like opening a few wickets, and leaving them at jar, by which no more than one can get in at a time, and that not without stooping, and sideling, and squeezing his body.

To all this I answer, that there is one darling inclination of mankind which usually affects to be a retainer to religion, though she be neither its parent, its godmother, or its friend; I mean the spirit of opposition, that lived long before Christianity, and can easily subsist without it. Let us, for instance, examine wherein the opposition of sectaries among us consists; we shall find Christianity to have no share in it at all. Does the gospel anywhere prescribe a starched, squeezed countenance, a stiff formal gait, a singularity of manners and habit, or any affected modes of speech, different from the reasonable part of mankind? Yet, if Christianity did not lend its name to stand in the gap, and to employ or divert these humours, they must of necessity be spent in contraventions to the laws of the land, and disturbance of the public peace. There is a portion of enthusiasm assigned to every nation, which, if it has not proper objects to work on, will burst out and set all in a flame. If the quiet of a state can be bought by only flinging men a few ceremonies to devour, it is a purchase no wise man would refuse. Let the mastiffs amuse themselves about a sheep's skin stuffed with hay, provided it will keep them from worrying the flock. The institution of convents abroad seems in one point a strain of great wisdom; there being few irregularities in human passions that may not have recourse to vent themselves in some of those

orders, which are so many retreats for the speculative, the melancholy, the proud, the silent, the politic, and the morose, to spend themselves, and evaporate the noxious particles; for each of whom we in this island are forced to provide a several sect of religion, to keep them quiet; and whenever Christianity shall be abolished, the legislature must find some other expedient to employ and entertain them. For what imports it how large a gate you open, if there will be always left a number, who place a pride and a merit in refusing to enter?

Having thus considered the most important objections against Christianity, and the chief advantages proposed by the abolishing thereof, I shall now, with equal deference and submission to wiser judgments, as before, proceed to mention a few inconveniences that may happen, if the gospel should be repealed, which perhaps the projectors may not have sufficiently considered.

And first, I am very sensible how much the gentlemen of wit and pleasure are apt to murmur, and be choked at the sight of so many daggled-tail parsons, who happen to fall in their way and offend their eyes; but, at the same time, these wise reformers do not consider what an advantage and felicity it is for great wits to be always provided with objects of scorn and contempt, in order to exercise and improve their talents, and divert their spleen from falling on each other or on themselves; especially when all this may be done without the least imaginable danger to their persons.

And to urge another argument of a parallel nature: if Christianity were once abolished, how could the freethinkers, the strong reasoners, and the men of profound learning, be able to find another subject, so calculated in all points, whereon to display their abilities? what wonderful productions of wit should we be deprived of from those whose genius, by continual practice, has been wholly turned upon raillery and invectives against religion, and would therefore never be able to shine or distinguish themselves upon any other subject? we are daily complaining of the great decline of wit among us, and would we take away the greatest, perhaps the only, topic we have left? Who would ever have suspected Asgil for a wit, or Toland for a philosopher, if the inexhaustible stock of Christianity had not been at hand to provide them with materials? what other subject, through all art or nature, could have produced Tindal for a profound author, or furnished him with readers? it is the wise choice of the subject that alone adorns and distinguishes the writer. For had a hundred such pens as these been employed on the side of religion, they would have immediately sunk into silence and oblivion.

Nor do I think it wholly groundless, or my fears altogether imaginary, that the abolishing Christianity may perhaps bring the church into danger, or at least put the senate to the trouble of another securing vote. I desire I may not be mistaken; I am far from presuming to affirm or think that the church is in danger at present, or as things now stand; but we know not how soon it may be so, when the Christian religion is repealed. As plausible as this project seems, there may be a dangerous design lurking under it. Nothing can be more notorious than that the atheists, deists, socinians, anti-trinitarians, and other subdivisions of freethinkers, are persons of little zeal for the present ecclesiastical establishment; their declared opinion is for repealing the sacramental test; they are very indifferent with regard to ceremonies, nor do they hold the *jus divinum* of episcopacy; therefore this may be intended as one politic step toward altering the constitution of the church established, and setting up presbytery in the stead, which I leave to be further considered by those at the helm.

In the last place, I think nothing can be more plain than that, by this expedient, we shall run into the evil we chiefly pretend to avoid, and that the abolishment of the Christian religion will be the readiest course we can take to introduce popery. And I am the more inclined to this opinion, because we know it has been the constant practice of the jesuits to send over emissaries with instructions to personate themselves members of the several prevailing sects among us. So it is recorded that they have at sundry times appeared in the disguise of presbyterians, anabaptists, independents, and quakers, according as any of these were most in credit; so, since the fashion has been taken up of exploding religion, the popish missionaries have not been wanting to mix with the freethinkers; among whom Toland, the great oracle of the antichristians, is an Irish priest, the son of an Irish priest, and the most learned and ingenious author of a book called "The Rights of the Christian Church," was in a proper juncture reconciled to the Romish faith, whose true son, as appears by a hundred passages in his treatise, he still continues. Perhaps I could add some others to the number, but the fact is beyond dispute, and the reasoning they proceed by is right; for, supposing Christianity to be extinguished, the people will never be at ease till they find out some other method of worship; which will as infallibly produce superstition, as superstition will end in popery.

And therefore if, notwithstanding all I have said, it still be thought necessary to have a bill brought in for repealing Christianity, I would humbly offer an amendment, that instead of the word Christianity, may be put religion in general, which, I conceive, will much better answer all the good ends proposed by the projectors of it. For, as long as we leave in being a God and his providence, with all the necessary consequences which curious and inquisitive men will be apt to draw from such premises, we do not strike at the root of the evil, though we should ever so effectually annihilate the present scheme of the gospel: for of what use is freedom of thought, if it will not produce freedom of action? which is the sole end, how remote soever in appearance, of all objections against Christianity; and therefore the freethinkers consider it as a sort of edifice, wherein all the parts have such a mutual dependence on each other, that if you happen to pull out one single nail, the whole fabric must fall to the ground. This was happily expressed by him, who had heard of a text brought for proof of the Trinity, which in an ancient manuscript was differently read; he thereupon immediately took the hint, and by a sudden deduction of a long *sorites*, most logically concluded; "Why, if it be as you say, I may safely whore and drink on, and defy the parson." From which, and many the like instances easy to be produced, I think nothing can be more manifest than that the quarrel is not against any particular points of hard digestion in the Christian system, but against religion in general; which, by laying restraints on human nature, is supposed the great enemy to the freedom of thought and action.

Upon the whole, if it shall still be thought for the benefit of church and state that Christianity be abolished, I conceive, however, it may be more convenient to defer the execution to a time of peace, and not venture, in this conjuncture, to disoblige our allies, who, as it falls out, are all Christians, and many of them, by the prejudices of their education, so bigoted as to place a sort of pride in the appellation. If upon being rejected by them, we are to trust to an alliance with the Turk, we shall find ourselves much deceived: for, as he is too remote, and generally engaged in war with the Persian emperor, so his people would be more scandalized at our infidelity than our Christian neighbours. For the Turks are not only strict observers of

religious worship, but, what is worse, believe a God; which is more than is required of us, even while we preserve the name of Christians.

To conclude: whatever some may think of the great advantages to trade by this favourite scheme, I do very much apprehend that, in six months time after the act is passed for the extirpation of the gospel, the Bank and East-India stock may fall at least one *per cent.* And since that is fifty times more than ever the wisdom of our age thought fit to venture for the preservation of Christianity, there is no reason we should be at so great a loss, merely for the sake of destroying it.

A PROJECT

FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF RELIGION,

AND THE

REFORMATION OF MANNERS.

BY A PERSON OF QUALITY.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1709.

O siquis volet impias
Cædes, et rabiem tollere civicam:
Si quæret pater urbium
Subscribi statuis, indomitam audeat
Refrænare licentiam.[a]

Hor. Lib. iii. Od. 24.

STEELE spoke of this treatise in the fifth number of the Tatler. "The title was so uncommon, and promised so peculiar a way of thinking, that every man here has read it and as many as have done so have approved it. It is written with the spirit of one who has seen the world enough to undervalue it with good-breeding. The author must certainly be a man of wisdom as well as piety, and have spent much time in the exercise of both. The real causes of the decay of the interest of religion are set forth in a clear and lively manner, without unseasonable passions; and the whole air of the book, as to the language, the sentiments, and the reasonings, shows it was written by one whose virtue sits easy about him, and to whom vice is thoroughly contemptible. It was said by one in company, ...ing to that knowledge of the world this author seems to have, 'The man writes much like a gentleman, and goes to heaven with a very good mien.'"

TO THE COUNTESS OF BERKELEY[b]

MADAM,—My intention of prefixing your ladyship's name is not, after the common form, to desire your protection of the following papers, which I take to be a very unreasonable request; since, by being inscribed to your ladyship, though without your knowledge, and from a concealed hand, you cannot recommend them without some suspicion of partiality. My real design is, I confess, the very same I have often detested in most dedications; that of publishing your praises to the world; not upon the subject of your noble birth, for I know others as noble; or of the greatness of your fortune, for I know others far greater; or of that beautiful race (the images of their parents) which call you mother; for even this may perhaps have been equalled in some other age or country. Besides, none of these advantages do derive any accomplishments to the owners, but serve at best only to adorn what they really possess. What I intend is, your piety, truth, good sense, and good nature, affability, and charity; wherein I wish your ladyship had many equals, or any superiors; and I wish I could say I knew them too, for then your ladyship might have had a chance to escape this address. In the mean time, I think it highly necessary, for the interest of virtue and religion, that the whole kingdom should be informed in some parts of your character: for instance, that the easiest and politest conversation, joined with the truest piety, may be observed in your ladyship, in as great perfection as they were ever seen apart in any other persons. That by your prudence and management under several disadvantages, you have preserved the lustre of that most noble family into which you are grafted, and which the unmeasurable profusion of ancestors, for many generations, had too much eclipsed. Then, how happily you perform every office of life to which Providence has called you: in the education of those two incomparable daughters, whose conduct is so universally admired; in every duty of a prudent, complying, affectionate wife; in that care which descends to the meanest of your domestics; and lastly, in that endless bounty to the poor, and discretion where to distribute it. I insist on my opinion, that it is of importance for the public to know this and a great deal more of your ladyship; yet whoever goes about to inform them shall, instead of finding credit, perhaps be censured for a flatterer. To avoid so usual a reproach, I declare this to be no dedication, but merely an introduction to a proposal for the advancement of religion and morals, by tracing, however imperfectly, some few lineaments in the character of a lady, who has spent all her life in the practice and promotion of both.

[a] Oh! that some patriot wise and good,
Would stop this impious thirst of blood,
And joy on statues to behold
His name, the father of the state, enroll'd.
FRANCIS.

[b] Elizabeth, daughter of Baptist Noel, viscount Campden, and sister to Edward earl of Gainsborough. To the kindness of this lady it is not unlikely that Swift was indebted for his benefices.—JOHNSON.

A PROJECT, &c.

AMONG all the schemes offered to the public in this projecting age, I have observed with some displeasure that there have never been any for the improvement of religion and morals; which, beside the piety of the design from the consequence of such a reformation in a future life, would be the best natural means for advancing the public felicity of the state as well as the present happiness of every individual. For, as much as faith and morality are declined among us, I am altogether confident they might in a short time, and with no very great trouble, be raised to as high a perfection as numbers are capable of receiving. Indeed, the method is so easy and obvious and some present opportunities so good, that in order to have this project reduced to practice, there seems to want nothing more than to put those in mind who, by their honour, duty, and interest, are chiefly concerned.

But because it is idle to propose remedies before we are assured of the disease, or to be in fear till we are convinced of the danger, I shall first show in general that the nation is extremely corrupted in religion and morals; and then I will offer a short scheme for the reformation of both.

As to the first, I know it is reckoned but a form of speech, when divines complain of the wickedness of the age: however, I believe, upon a fair comparison with other times and countries, it would be found an undoubted truth.

For, first to deliver nothing but plain matter of fact without exaggeration or satire, I suppose it will be granted that hardly one in a hundred among our people of quality or gentry appears to act by any principle of religion; that great numbers of them do entirely discard it, and are ready to own their disbelief of all revelation in ordinary discourse. Nor is the case much better among the vulgar, especially in great towns, where the profaneness and ignorance of handicraftsmen, small traders, servants, and the like are to a degree very hard to be imagined greater. Then it is observed abroad, that no race of mortals have so little sense of religion as the English soldiers; to confirm which, I have been often told by great officers of the army that, in the whole compass of their acquaintance, they could not recollect three of their profession who seemed to regard or believe one syllable of the gospel: and the same at least may be affirmed of the fleet. The conse-

quences of all which upon the actions of men are equally manifest. They never go about as in former times to hide or palliate their vices, but expose them freely to view like any other common occurrences of life, without the least reproach from the world or themselves. For instance, any man will tell you he intends to be drunk this evening, or was so last night, with as little ceremony or scruple as he would tell you the time of the day. He will let you know he is going to a wench, or that he has got the venereal disease, with as much indifferency as he would a piece of public news. He will swear, curse, or blaspheme without the least passion or provocation. And though all regard for reputation is not quite laid aside in the other sex, it is however at so low an ebb, that very few among them seem to think virtue and conduct of absolute necessity for preserving it. If this be not so, how comes it to pass that women of tainted reputations find the same countenance and reception in all public places with those of the nicest virtue, who pay and receive visits from them without any manner of scruple? which proceeding, as it is not very old among us, so I take it to be of most pernicious consequence: it looks like a sort of compounding between virtue and vice, as if a woman were allowed to be vicious, provided she be not a profligate; as if there were a certain point where gallantry ends and infamy begins; or that a hundred criminal amours were not as pardonable as half a score.

Besides those corruptions already mentioned, it would be endless to enumerate such as arise from the excess of play or gaming: the cheats, the quarrels, the oaths, and blasphemies among the men; among the women the neglect of household affairs, the unlimited freedoms, the indecent passion, and, lastly, the known inlet to all lewdness, when, after an ill run, the person must answer the defects of the purse; the rule on such occasions holding true in play as it does in law, *quod non habet in crumena luat in corpore.*

But all these are trifles in comparison, if we step into other scenes and consider the fraud and cozenage of trading men and shopkeepers; that insatiable gulf of injustice and oppression the law; the open traffic for all civil and military employments (I wish it rested there) without the least regard to merit or qualifications; the corrupt management of men in office; the many detestable abuses in choosing those who represent the people; with the management of interest and factions among the representatives: to which I must be bold to add, the ignorance of some of the lower clergy, the mean servile temper of others; the pert, pragmatical demeanour of several young stagers in divinity upon their first producing themselves into the world; with many other circumstances needless, or rather invidious to mention; which falling in with the corruptions already related have, however unjustly, almost rendered the whole order contemptible.

This is a short view of the general depravities among us, without entering into particulars, which would be an endless labour. Now, as universal and deep-rooted as these appear to be, I am utterly deceived if an effectual remedy might not be applied to most of them: neither am I at present upon a wild speculative project, but such a one as may be easily put in execution.

For while the prerogative of giving all employments continues in the crown, either immediately or by subordination, it is in the power of the prince to make piety and virtue become the fashion of the age, if at the same time he would make them necessary qualifications for favour and preferment.

It is clear from present experience, that the bare example of the best prince will not have any mighty influence where the age is very corrupt. For when was there ever a better prince on the throne than the present queen? I do not talk of her talent for government, her love of the people, or any other qualities that are purely regal; but her piety, charity, temperance, conjugal love, and whatever other virtues do best adorn a private life; wherein, without question or flattery, she has no superior: yet neither will it be satire or peevish invective to affirm, that infidelity and vice are not much diminished since her coming to the crown, nor will in all probability, till more effectual remedies be provided.

Thus human nature seems to lie under the disadvantage that the example alone of a vicious prince will in time corrupt an age; but the example of a good one will not be sufficient to reform it without further endeavours. Princes must therefore supply this defect by a vigorous exercise of that authority which the law has left them, by making it every man's interest and honour to cultivate religion and virtue; by rendering vice a disgrace and the certain ruin to preferment or pretensions: all which they should first attempt in their own courts and families. For instance, might not the queen's domestics of the middle and lower sort be obliged, upon penalty of suspension or loss of their employments, to a constant weekly attendance at least on the service of the church; to a decent behaviour in it; to receive the sacrament four times in the year; to avoid swearing and irreligious profane discourses; and to the appearance at least, of temperance and chastity? Might not the care of all this be committed to the strict inspection of proper officers? Might not those of higher rank and nearer access to her majesty's person receive her own commands to the same purpose, and be countenanced or disfavoured according as they obey? Might not the queen lay her injunctions on the bishops and other great men of undoubted piety to make diligent inquiry and give her notice if any person about her should happen to be of libertine principles or morals? Might not all those who enter upon any office in her majesty's family be obliged to take an oath parallel with that against simony, which is administered to the clergy? It is not to be doubted, but that if these or the like proceedings were duly observed, morality and religion would soon become fashionable court virtues, and be taken up as the only methods to get or keep employments there; which alone would have mighty influence upon many of the nobility and principal gentry.

But if the like methods were pursued as far as possible with regard to those who are in the great employments of state, it is hard to conceive how general a reformation they might in time produce among us. For if piety and virtue were once reckoned qualifications necessary to preferment, every man thus endowed, when put into great stations, would readily imitate the queen's example in the distribution of all offices in his disposal, especially if any apparent transgression, through favour or partiality, would be imputed to him for a misdemeanour, by which he must certainly forfeit his favour and station; and there being such great numbers in employment, scattered through every town and county in this kingdom, if all these were exemplary in the conduct of their lives, things would soon take a new face, and religion receive a mighty encouragement; nor would the public weal be less advanced, since of nine offices in ten that are ill executed, the defect is not in capacity or understanding, but in common honesty. I know no employment for which piety disqualifies any man; and if it did, I doubt the objection would not be very seasonably offered at present; because it is perhaps too just a reflection, that in the disposal of places, the question whether a person be fit for what he is recommended to is generally the last that is thought on or regarded.

I have often imagined that something parallel to the office of censors anciently in Rome would be of mighty

use among us, and could be easily limited from running into any exorbitances. The Romans understood liberty at least as well as we, were as jealous of it, and upon every occasion as bold assertors. Yet I do not remember to have read any great complaint of the abuses in that office among them, but many admirable effects of it are left upon record. There are several pernicious vices frequent and notorious among us, that escape or elude the punishment of any law we have yet invented, or have had no law at all against them; such as atheism, drunkenness, fraud, avarice and several others, which by this institution, wisely regulated, might be much reformed. Suppose, for instance, that itinerary commissioners were appointed to inspect everywhere throughout the kingdom into the conduct at least of men in office, with respect to their morals and religion as well as their abilities; to receive the complaints and informations that should be offered against them, and make their report here upon oath to the court or the ministry, who should reward or punish accordingly. I avoid entering into the particulars of this or any other scheme, which, coming from a private hand, might be liable to many defects, but would soon be digested by the wisdom of the nation; and surely 6000*l.* a-year would not be ill laid out among as many commissioners duly qualified, who, in three divisions, should be personally obliged to take their yearly circuits for that purpose.

But this is beside my present design, which was only to show what degree of reformation is in the power of the queen without the interposition of the legislature, and which her majesty is, without question, obliged in conscience to endeavour by her authority as much as she does by her practice.

It will be easily granted, that the example of this great town has a mighty influence over the whole kingdom; and it is as manifest, that the town is equally influenced by the court, and the ministry, and those who, by their employments or their hopes, depend upon them. Now, if under so excellent a princess as the present queen, we would suppose a family strictly regulated, as I have above proposed, a ministry where every single person was of distinguished piety; if we should suppose all great offices of state and law filled after the same manner, and with such as were equally diligent in choosing persons, who, in their several subordinations, would be obliged to follow the examples of their superiors, under the penalty of loss of favour and place, will not everybody grant that the empire of vice and irreligion would be soon destroyed in this great metropolis, and receive a terrible blow through the whole island, which has so great an intercourse with it, and so much affects to follow its fashions?

For if religion were once understood to be the necessary step to favour and preferment, can it be imagined that any man would openly offend against it who had the least regard for his reputation or his fortune? There is no quality so contrary to any nature which men cannot affect and put on upon occasion in order to serve an interest or gratify a prevailing passion. The proudest man will personate humility, the morosest learn to flatter, the laziest will be sedulous and active, where he is in pursuit of what he has much at heart: how ready, therefore, would most men be to step into the paths of virtue and piety if they infallibly led to favour and fortune!

If swearing and profaneness, scandalous and avowed lewdness, excessive gaming and intemperance were a little discountenanced in the army, I cannot readily see what ill consequences could be apprehended. If gentlemen of that profession were at least obliged to some external decorum in their conduct, or even if a profligate life and character were not a means of advancement, and the appearance of piety a most infallible hindrance, it is impossible the corruptions there should be so universal and exorbitant. I have been assured by several great officers, that no troops abroad are so ill disciplined as the English, which cannot well be otherwise while the common soldiers have perpetually before their eyes the vicious example of their leaders; and it is hardly possible for those to commit any crime whereof these are not infinitely more guilty, and with less temptation.

It is commonly charged upon the gentlemen of the army, that the beastly vice of drinking to excess has been lately, from their example, restored among us, which for some years before was almost dropped in England. But, whoever the introducers were, they have succeeded to a miracle; many of the young nobility and gentry are already become great proficients, and are under no manner of concern to hide their talent, but are got beyond all sense of shame, or fear of reproach.

This might soon be remedied if the queen would think fit to declare, that no young person of quality whatsoever who was notoriously addicted to that or any other vice should be capable of her favour, or even admitted into her presence, with positive command to her ministers, and others in great office, to treat them in the same manner; after which all men who had any regard for their reputation, or any prospect of preferment, would avoid their commerce. This would quickly make that vice so scandalous, that those who could not subdue would at least endeavour to disguise it.

By the like methods a stop might be put to that ruinous practice of deep gaming; and the reason why it prevails so much is, because a treatment directly opposite in every point is made use of to promote it; by which means the laws enacted against this abuse are wholly eluded.

It cannot be denied that the want of strict discipline in the universities has been of pernicious consequence to the youth of this nation, who are there almost left entirely to their own management, especially those among them of better quality and fortune; who, because they are not under a necessity of making learning their maintenance, are easily allowed to pass their time, and take their degrees with little or no improvement; than which there cannot well be a greater absurdity: for if no advancement of knowledge can be had from those places, the time there spent is at best utterly lost, because every ornamental part of education is better taught elsewhere: and as for keeping youths out of harm's way, I doubt, where so many of them are got together, at full liberty of doing what they please, it will not answer the end. But whatever abuses, corruptions, or deviations from statutes have crept into the universities through neglect or length of time, they might in a great degree be reformed, by strict injunctions from court (upon each particular) to the visitors and heads of houses; beside the peculiar authority the queen may have in several colleges, whereof her predecessors were the founders. And among other regulations, it would be very convenient to prevent the excess of drinking; with that scurvy custom among the lads, and parent of the former vice, the taking of tobacco where it is not absolutely necessary in point of health.

From the universities the young nobility, and others of great fortunes, are sent for early up to town, for fear of contracting any airs of pedantry by a college education. Many of the younger gentry retire to the inns of court, where they are wholly left to their own discretion. And the consequence of this remissness in education appears, by observing that nine in ten of those who rise in the church, or the court, the law, or the army, are younger brothers, or new men, whose nar-

row fortunes have forced them upon industry and application.

As for the inns of court, unless we suppose them to be much degenerated, they must needs be the worst instituted seminaries in any Christian country; but whether they may be corrected without interposition of the legislature I have not skill enough to determine. However, it is certain that all wise nations have agreed in the necessity of a strict education, which consisted, among other things, in the observance of moral duties, especially justice, temperance, and chastity, as well as the knowledge of arts, and bodily exercises; but all these among us are laughed out of doors.

Without the least intention to offend the clergy, I cannot but think that, through a mistaken notion and practice, they prevent themselves from doing much service, which otherwise might lie in their power, to religion and virtue: I mean, by affecting so much to converse with each other, and caring so little to mingle with the laity. They have their particular clubs, and particular coffee-houses, where they generally appear in clusters: a single divine dares hardly show his person among numbers of fine gentlemen; or if he happens to fall into such company, he is silent and suspicious, in continual apprehension that some pert man of pleasure should break an unmannerly jest and render him ridiculous. Now I take this behaviour of the clergy to be just as reasonable as if the physicians should agree to spend their time in visiting one another, or their several apothecaries, and leave their patients to shift for themselves. In my humble opinion, the clergy's business lies entirely among the laity; neither is there, perhaps, a more effectual way to forward the salvation of men's souls, than for spiritual persons to make themselves as agreeable as they can in the conversations of the world, for which a learned education gives them great advantage, if they would please to improve and apply it. It so happens that the men of pleasure, who never go to church, nor use themselves to read books of devotion, form their ideas of the clergy from a few poor strollers they often observe in the streets, or sneaking out of some person of quality's house, where they are hired by the lady at ten shillings a-month: while those of better figure and parts do seldom appear to correct these notions. And let some reasoners think what they please, it is certain that men must be brought to esteem and love the clergy before they can be persuaded to be in love with religion. No man values the best medicine if administered by a physician whose person he hates or despises. If the clergy were as forward to appear in all companies as other gentlemen, and would a little study the arts of conversation to make themselves agreeable, they might be welcome at every party where there was the least regard for politeness or good sense; and consequently prevent a thousand vicious or profane discourses, as well as actions; neither would men of understanding complain that a clergyman was a constraint upon the company, because they could not speak blasphemy or obscene jests before him. While the people are so jealous of the clergy's ambition, as to abhor all thoughts of the return of ecclesiastical discipline among them, I do not see any other method left for men of that function to take, in order to reform the world, than by using all honest arts to make themselves acceptable to the laity. This, no doubt, is part of that wisdom of the serpent, which the author of Christianity directs, and is the very method used by St. Paul, who became all things to all men—to the Jews a Jew, and a Greek to the Greeks.

How to remedy these inconveniences may be a matter of some difficulty, since the clergy seem to be of an opinion that this humour of sequestering themselves is a part of their duty; nay, as I remember they have been told so by some of their bishops in their pastoral letters, particularly by one [Dr. Burnet] among them of great merit and distinction, who yet in his own practice has all his lifetime taken a course directly contrary. But I am deceived if an awkward shame and fear of ill usage from the laity have not a greater share in this mistaken conduct than their own inclinations: however, if the outward profession of religion and virtue were once in practice and countenance at court as well as among all men in office, or who have any hopes or dependence for preferment, a good treatment of the clergy would be the necessary consequence of such a reformation; and they would soon be wise enough to see their own duty and interest in qualifying themselves for lay conversation when once they were out of fear of being choked by ribaldry or profaneness.

There is one further circumstance upon this occasion which I know not whether it will be very orthodox to mention: the clergy are the only set of men among us who constantly wear a distinct habit from others; the consequence of which (not in reason but in fact) is this, that as long as any scandalous persons appear in that dress, it will continue in some degree a general mark of contempt. Whoever happens to see a scoundrel in a gown reeling home at midnight (a sight neither frequent nor miraculous) is apt to entertain an ill idea of the whole order, and at the same time to be extremely comforted in his own vices. Some remedy might be put to this, if those straggling gentlemen who come up to town to seek their fortunes were fairly dismissed to the West Indies, where there is work enough, and where some better provision should be made for them than I doubt there is at present. Or what if no person were allowed to wear the habit who had not some preferment in the church, or at least some temporal fortune sufficient to keep him out of contempt? though in my opinion it were infinitely better if all the clergy (except the bishops) were permitted to appear like other men of the graver sort, unless at those seasons when they are doing the business of their function.

There is one abuse in this town which wonderfully contributes to the promotion of vice; that such men are often put into the commission of the peace, whose interest it is that virtue should be utterly banished from among us; who maintain or at least enrich themselves by encouraging the grossest immoralities; to whom all the bawds of the ward pay contribution for shelter and protection from the laws. Thus these worthy magistrates, instead of lessening enormities, are the occasion of just twice as much debauchery as there would be without them. For those infamous women are forced upon doubling their work and industry to answer double charges of paying the justice and supporting themselves; like thieves who escape the gallows and are let out to steal in order to discharge the gaoler's fees.

It is not to be questioned but the queen and ministry might easily redress this abominable grievance by enlarging the number of justices of the peace; by endeavouring to choose men of virtuous principles; by admitting none who have not considerable fortunes; perhaps by receiving into the number some of the most eminent clergy: than by forcing all of them, upon severe penalties, to act when there is occasion, and not permitting any who are offered to refuse the commission; but in these two last cases, which are very material, I doubt there will be need of the legislature.

The reformation of the stage is entirely in the power of the queen; and in the consequences it has upon the minds of the younger people, does very well deserve the strictest care. Besides the indecent and profane passages; besides the perpetual turning into ridicule the very function of the priesthood, with other irregularities,

in most modern comedies, which have been often objected to them; it is worth observing the distributive justice of the authors, which is constantly applied to the punishment of virtue and the reward of vice; directly opposite to the rules of their best critics, as well as to the practice of dramatic poets, in all other ages and countries. For example, a country squire, who is represented with no other vice but that of being a clown and having the provincial accent upon his tongue, which is neither a fault nor in his power to remedy, must be condemned to marry a cast wench or a cracked chambermaid. On the other side, a rakehell of the town, whose character is set off with no other accomplishment but excessive prodigality, profaneness, intemperance, and lust, is rewarded with a lady of great fortune to repair his own, which his vices had almost ruined. And as in a tragedy the hero is represented to have obtained many victories in order to raise his character in the minds of the spectators; so the hero of a comedy is represented to have been victorious in all his intrigues for the same reason. I do not remember that our English poets ever suffered a criminal amour to succeed upon the stage till the reign of king Charles II. Ever since that time the alderman is made a cuckold, the deluded virgin is debauched, and adultery and fornication are supposed to be committed behind the scenes as part of the action. These and many more corruptions of the theatre, peculiar to our age and nation, need continue no longer than while the court is content to connive at or neglect them. Surely a pension would not be ill employed on some men of wit, learning, and virtue, who might have power to strike out every offensive or unbecoming passage from plays already written, as well as those that may be offered to the stage for the future. By which, and other wise regulations, the theatre might become a very innocent and useful diversion, instead of being a scandal and reproach to our religion and country.

The proposals I have hitherto made for the advancement of religion and morality are such as come within reach of the administration; such as a pious active prince, with a steady resolution, might soon bring to effect. Neither am I aware of any objections to be raised against what I have advanced; unless it should be thought that making religion a necessary step to interest and favour might increase hypocrisy among us; and I readily believe it would. But if one in twenty should be brought over to true piety by this or the like methods, and the other nineteen be only hypocrites, the advantage would still be great. Besides, hypocrisy is much more eligible than open infidelity and vice; it wears the livery of religion; it acknowledges her, authority and is cautious of giving scandal. Nay, a long continued disguise is too great a constraint upon human nature, especially an English disposition: men would leave off their vices out of mere weariness rather than undergo the toil and hazard, and perhaps the expense, of practising them perpetually in private. And I believe it is often with religion as it is with love; which by much dissembling, at last grows real.

All other projects to this great end have proved hitherto ineffectual. Laws against immorality have not been executed, and proclamations occasionally issued out to enforce them are wholly unregarded, as things of form. Religious societies, though begun with excellent intention, and by persons of true piety, are said, I know not whether truly or not, to have dwindled into factious clubs, and grown a trade to enrich little knavish informers of the meanest rank, such as common constables, and broken shopkeepers.

And that some effectual attempt should be made toward such a reformation, is perhaps more necessary than people commonly apprehend; because the ruin of a state is generally preceded by a universal degeneracy of manners and contempt of religion; which is entirely our case at present.

Diis te minorem, quod geris, imperas[a].—Hor.

Neither is this a matter to be deferred till a more convenient time of peace and leisure; because a reformation in men's faith and morals is the best natural, as well as religious, means to bring the war to a good conclusion. For, if men in trust performed their duty for conscience sake, affairs would not suffer through fraud, falsehood, and neglect, as they now perpetually do. And if they believed a God, and his providence, and acted accordingly, they might reasonably hope for his divine assistance in so just a cause as ours.

Nor could the majesty of the English crown appear, upon any occasion, in a greater lustre, either to foreigners or subjects, than by an administration which, producing such great effects, would discover so much power. And power being the natural appetite of princes, a limited monarch cannot so well gratify it in anything, as a strict execution of the laws.

Besides, all parties would be obliged to close with so good a work as this, for their own reputation: neither is any expedient more likely to unite them. For the most violent party men I have ever observed are such as, in the conduct of their lives, have discovered least sense of religion or morality; and when all such are laid aside, at least those among them as shall be found incorrigible, it will be a matter perhaps of no great difficulty to reconcile the rest.

The many corruptions at present in every branch of business are almost inconceivable. I have heard it computed by skilful persons, that of 6,000,000*l.* raised every year for the service of the public, one-third, at least, is sunk and intercepted through the several classes and subordinations of artful men in office, before the remainder is applied to the proper uses. This is an accidental ill effect of our freedom. And while such men are in trust, who have no check from within, nor any views but toward their interest, there is no other fence against them, but the certainty of being hanged upon the first discovery, by the arbitrary will of an unlimited monarch, or his vizier. Among us, the only danger to be apprehended is the loss of an employment; and that danger is to be eluded a thousand ways. Besides, when fraud is great, it furnishes weapons to defend itself: and at worst, if the crimes be so flagrant, that a man is laid aside out of perfect shame (which rarely happens), he retires loaded with the spoils of the nation; *et fruitur diis iratis.* I could name a commission, where several persons, out of a salary of 500*l.*, without other visible revenues, have always lived at the rate of 2000*l.*, and laid out 40,000*l.* or 50,000*l.* upon purchases of lands or annuities. A hundred other instances of the same kind might easily be produced. What remedy, therefore, can be found against such grievances, in a constitution like ours, but to bring religion into countenance, and encourage those who, from the hope of future reward, and dread of future punishment, will be moved to act with justice and integrity?

This is not to be accomplished any other way than by introducing religion as much as possible to be the turn and fashion of the age, which only lies in the power of the administration; the prince with utmost strictness regulating the court, the ministry, and other persons in great employment; and these, by their example and authority, reforming all who have dependence on them.

It is certain that a reformation, successfully carried on in this great town, would in time spread itself over the whole kingdom; since most of the considerable

a "That you the power Divine obey,
Boundless on earth extend your sway."—Francis.

youth pass here that season of their lives wherein the strongest impressions are made, in order to improve their education or advance their fortunes, and those among them who return into their several counties are sure to be followed and imitated as the greatest patterns of wit and good breeding.

And if things were once in this train, that is, if virtue and religion were established as the necessary titles to reputation and preferment; and if vice and infidelity were not only laden with infamy, but made the infallible ruin of all men's pretensions, our duty, by becoming our interest, would take root in our natures, and mix with the very genius of our people, so that it would not be easy for the example of one wicked prince to bring us back to our former corruptions.

I have confined myself (as it is before observed) to those methods for the advancement of piety which are in the power of a prince, limited like ours, by a strict execution of the laws already in force. And this is enough for a project that comes without any name or recommendation, I doubt a great deal more than will suddenly be reduced into practice. Though if any disposition should appear toward so good a work, it is certain that the assistance of the legislative power would be necessary to make it more complete. I will instance only a few particulars:—

In order to reform the vices of this town, which, as we have said, has so mighty an influence on the whole kingdom, it would be very instrumental to have a law made that all taverns and alehouses should be obliged to dismiss their company by twelve at night, and shut up their doors; and that no woman should be suffered to enter any tavern or alehouse upon any pretence whatsoever. It is easy to conceive what a number of ill consequences such a law would prevent; the mischiefs of quarrels, and lewdness, and thefts, and midnight brawls, the diseases of intemperance and venery, and a thousand other evils needless to mention. Nor would it be amiss if the masters of those public houses were obliged, upon the severest penalties, to give only a proportioned quantity of drink to every company; and when he found his guests disordered with excess, to refuse them any more.

I believe there is hardly a nation in Christendom where all kind of fraud is practised in so unmeasurable a degree as with us. The lawyer, the tradesman, the mechanic, have found so many arts to deceive in their several callings, that they far outgrow the common prudence of mankind, which is in no sort able to fence against them. Neither could the legislature in anything more consult the public good, than by providing some effectual remedy against this evil, which, in several cases, deserves greater punishment than many crimes that are capital among us. The vintner who, by mixing poison with his wines, destroys more lives than any one disease in the bill of mortality; the lawyer, who persuades you to a purchase which he knows is mortgaged for more than the worth, to the ruin of you and your family; the goldsmith or scrivener, who takes all your fortune to dispose of, when he has beforehand resolved to break the following day, do surely deserve the gallows much better than the wretch who is carried thither for stealing a horse.

It cannot easily be answered to God or man why a law is not made for limiting the press; at least so far as to prevent the publishing of such pernicious books as, under pretence of freethinking, endeavour to overthrow those tenets in religion which have been held inviolable, almost in all ages, by every sect that pretend to be Christian; and cannot, therefore, with any colour of reason, be called points in controversy, or matters of speculation, as some would pretend. The doctrine of the Trinity, the divinity of Christ, the immortality of the soul, and even the truth of all revelation, are daily exploded and denied in books openly printed; though it is to be supposed neither party will avow such principles, or own the supporting of them to be any way necessary to their service.

It would be endless to set down every corruption or defect which requires a remedy from the legislative power. Senates are likely to have little regard for any proposals that come from without doors; though, under a due sense of my own inabilities, I am fully convinced that the unbiassed thoughts of an honest and wise man, employed on the good of his country, may be better digested than the results of a multitude, where faction and interest too often prevail; as a single guide may direct the way better than five hundred, who have contrary views, or look asquint, or shut their eyes.

I shall therefore mention but one more particular, which I think the parliament ought to take under consideration; whether it be not a shame to our country, and a scandal to Christianity, that in many towns, where there is a prodigious increase in the number of houses and inhabitants, so little care should be taken for the building of churches, that five parts in six of the people are absolutely hindered from hearing divine service? particularly here in London,[a] where a single minister, with one or two sorry curates, has the care sometimes of above twenty thousand souls incumbent on him; a neglect of religion so ignominious, in my opinion, that it can hardly be equalled in any civilised age or country.

But, to leave these airy imaginations of introducing new laws for the amendment of mankind, what I principally insist on is, a due execution of the old, which lies wholly in the crown, and in the authority thence derived: I return, therefore, to my former assertion, that if stations of power, trust, profit, and honour, were constantly made the rewards of virtue and piety, such an administration must needs have a mighty influence on the faith and morals of the whole kingdom: and men of great abilities would then endeavour to excel in the duties of a religious life, in order to qualify themselves for public service. I may possibly be wrong in some of the means I prescribe towards this end; but that is no material objection against the design itself. Let those who are at the helm contrive it better, which, perhaps, they may easily do. Everybody will agree that the disease is manifest, as well as dangerous; that some remedy is necessary, and that none yet applied has been effectual; which is a sufficient excuse for any man who wishes well to his country to offer his thoughts, when he can have no other end in view but the public good. The present queen is a princess of as many and great virtues as ever filled a throne: how would it brighten her character to the present and after ages, if she would exert her utmost authority to instil some share of those virtues into her people, which they are too degenerate to learn only from her example! and, be it spoke with all the veneration possible for so excellent a sovereign, her best endeavours in this weighty affair are a most important part of her duty, as well as of her interest and her honour.

But it must be confessed that, as things are now, every man thinks he has laid in a sufficient stock of merit, and may pretend to any employment, provided he has been loud and frequent in declaring himself hearty for the government. It is true, he is a man of pleasure, and a freethinker; that is, in other words, he is profligate in his morals, and a despiser of religion; but in point of party, he is one to be confided in; he is an assertor of liberty and property; he rattles it out against popery and arbitrary power, and priestcraft and

a The first hint for procuring a fund for building fifty new churches in London.

high church. It is enough: he is a person fully qualified for any employment, in the court or the navy, the law or the revenue; where he will be sure to leave no arts untried, of bribery, fraud, injustice, oppression, that he can practise with any hope of impunity. No wonder such men are true to a government where liberty runs high, where property, however attained, is so well secured, and where the administration is at least so gentle: it is impossible they could choose any other constitution without changing to their loss.

Fidelity to a present establishment is indeed the principal means to defend it from a foreign enemy, but without other qualifications, will not prevent corruptions from within; and states are more often ruined by these than the other.

To conclude: whether the proposals I have offered toward a reformation be such as are most prudent and convenient may probably be a question, but it is none at all whether some reformation be absolutely necessary; because the nature of things is such that if abuses be not remedied they will certainly increase, nor ever stop till they end in the subversion of a commonwealth. As there must always of necessity be some corruptions, so, in a well-instituted state the executive power will be always contending against them by reducing things (as Machiavel speaks) to their first principles, never letting abuses grow inveterate or multiply so far that it will be hard to find remedies, and perhaps impossible to apply them. As he that would keep his house in repair must attend every little breach or flaw, and supply it immediately, else time alone will bring all to ruin,—how much more the common accidents of storms and rain? He must live in perpetual danger of his house falling about his ears, and will find it cheaper to throw it quite down and build it again from the ground, perhaps upon a new foundation, or at least in a new form, which may neither be so safe nor so convenient as the old.

REMARKS UPON A BOOK

ENTITLED

"THE RIGHTS OF THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH," &c.,

Written in the year 1708, but left unfinished.[a]

Before I enter upon a particular examination of this treatise it will be convenient to do two things:—

First, To give some account of the author, together with the motives that might probably engage him in such a work; and,

Secondly, To discover the nature and tendency in general of the work itself.

The first of these, although it has been objected against, seems highly reasonable, especially in books that instil pernicious principles. For, although a book is not intrinsically much better or worse according to the stature or complexion of the author, yet when it happens to make a noise, we are apt and curious, as in other noises, to look about from whence it comes. But, however, there is something more in the matter.

If a theological subject be well handled by a layman, it is better received than if it came from a divine, and that for reasons obvious enough, which, although of little weight in themselves, will ever have a great deal with mankind.

But when books are written with ill intentions, to advance dangerous opinions or destroy foundations, it may be then of real use to know from what quarter they come, and go a good way toward their confutation. For instance, if any man should write a book against the lawfulness of punishing felony with death, and upon inquiry the author should be found in Newgate under condemnation for robbing a house, his arguments would, not very unjustly, lose much of their force from the circumstances he lay under; so, when Milton writ his book of divorces, it was presently rejected as an occasional treatise, because everybody knew he had a shrew for his wife. Neither can there be any reason imagined why he might not, after he was blind, have writ another upon the danger and inconvenience of eyes. But it is a piece of logic which will hardly pass on the world, that because one man has a sore nose therefore all the town should put plasters upon theirs. So, if this treatise about the rights of the church should prove to be the work of a man steady in his principles, of exact morals, and profound learning, a true lover of his country, and a hater of Christianity—as what he really believes to be a cheat upon mankind, whom he would undeceive purely for their good—it might be apt to check unwary men, even of good dispositions toward religion. But if it be found the production of a man soured with age and misfortunes, together with the consciousness of past miscarriages; of one who, in hopes of preferment, was reconciled to the popish religion; of one wholly prostitute in life and principles, and only an enemy to religion because it condemns them: in this case—and this last I find is the universal opinion—he is likely to have few proselytes beside those who, from a sense of their vicious lives, require to be perpetually supplied by such amusements as this, which serve to flatter their wishes and debase their understandings.

I know there are some who would fain have it that this discourse was written by a club of freethinkers, among whom the supposed author only came in for a share: but sure we cannot judge so meanly of any party without affronting the dignity of mankind. If this be so, and if here be the product of all their quotas and contributions, we must needs allow that freethinking is a most confined and limited talent. It is true, indeed, the whole discourse seems to be a motley, inconsistent composition, made up of various shreds of equal fineness, although of different colours. It is a bundle of incoherent maxims and assertions that frequently destroy one another: but still there is the same flatness of thought and style, the same weak advances toward wit and raillery, the same petulancy and pertness of spirit, the same train of superficial reading, the same threadbare quotation, the same affectation of forming general rules upon false and scanty premises; and, lastly, the same vapid venom sprinkled over the whole, which, like the dying impotent bite of a trodden benumbed snake, may be nauseous and offensive, but cannot be very dangerous.

And, indeed, I am so far from thinking this libel to be born of several fathers, that it has been the wonder of several others, as well as myself, how it was possible for any man who appears to have gone the common circle of academical education; who has taken so universal a liberty, and has so entirely laid aside all regards, not only of Christianity but common truth and

[a] To understand the merits of this controversy it is necessary to premise that Dr. Matthew Tindal, born about 1637, became a commoner of Lincoln College, Oxford, in 1652, and was finally elected fellow of All Souls in 1676. In the reign of James II. he declared himself a Roman Catholic, but afterwards renounced that religion. He distinguished himself by two works: first, "The Rights of the Christian Church Asserted," in 1706. This book made some noise, and met with many answers; among others it exercised the pen of Dr. Swift in these judicious remarks. Dr. Tindal published a "Defence" in the year 1705, which, with the book itself, the house of commons ordered to be burnt by the hangman, March 25th, 1710. The other work was "Christianity as Old as the Creation," published in 1730. He left a second volume of that work in manuscript, the publication of which was prevented by bishop Gibson. He was indisputably a man of great reasoning powers, and very sufficient learning; and Christians might have wished, with reason, that he had employed his talents to a better purpose.

justice; one who is dead to all sense of shame, and seems to be past the getting or losing of a reputation, should, with so many advantages, and upon so unlimited a subject, come out with so poor, so jejune a production. Should we pity or be amazed at so perverse a talent, which, instead of qualifying an author to give a new turn to old matters, disposes him quite contrary to talk in an old beaten trivial manner upon topics wholly new; to make so many sallies into pedantry without a call upon a subject the most alien, and in the very moments he is declaiming against it, and in an age, too, where it is so violently exploded, especially among those readers he proposes to entertain?

I know it will be said, that this is only to talk in the common style of an answerer, but I have not so little policy. If there were any hope of reputation or merit from such victory, I should be apt, like others, to cry up the courage and conduct of an enemy. Whereas to detect the weakness, the malice, the sophistry, the falsehood, the ignorance of such a writer, requires little more than to rank his perfections in such an order, and place them in such a light, that the commonest reader may form a judgment of them.

It may still be a wonder how so heavy a book, written upon a subject in appearance so little instructive or diverting, should survive to three editions, and consequently find a better reception than is usual with such bulky, spiritless volumes; and this in an age that pretends so soon to be nauseated with what is tedious and dull. To which I can only return, that as burning a book by the common hangman is a known expedient to make it sell, so to write a book that deserves such treatment is another; and a third, perhaps as effectual as either, is to ply an insipid, worthless tract with grave and learned answers, as Dr. Hickes, Dr. Potter, and Mr. Wotton have done. Such performances, however commendable, have glanced a reputation upon the piece, which owes its life to the strength of those hands and weapons that were raised to destroy it; like flinging a mountain upon a worm, which, instead of being bruised by the advantage of its littleness, lodges under it unhurt.

But neither is this all. For the subject, as unpromising as it seems at first view, is no less than that of Lucretius, to free men's minds from the bondage of religion; and this not by little hints and by piecemeal, after the manner of those little atheistical tracts that steal into the world, but in a thorough wholesale manner, by making religion, church, Christianity, with all their concomitants, a perfect contrivance of the civil power. It is an imputation often charged on this sort of men, that, by their invectives against religion, they can possibly propose no other end than that of fortifying themselves and others against the reproaches of a vicious life, it being necessary for men of libertine practices to embrace libertine principles, or else they cannot act in consistence with any reason, or preserve any peace of mind. Whether such authors have this design, (whereof I think they have never gone about to acquit themselves,) thus much is certain, that no other use is made of such writings; neither did I ever hear this author's book justified by any person, either Whig or Tory, except such who are of that profligate character. And I believe whoever examines it will be of the same opinion; although, indeed, such wretches are so numerous, that it seems rather surprising why the book has had no more editions than why it should have so many.

Having thus endeavoured to satisfy the curious with some account of this author's character, let us examine what might probably be the motives to engage him in such a work. I shall say nothing of the principal, which is a sum of money; because that is not a mark to distinguish him from any other trader with the press. I will say nothing of revenge and malice, from resentment of the indignities and contempt he has undergone for his crime of apostacy. To this passion he has thought fit to sacrifice order, propriety, discretion, and common sense, as may be seen in every page of his book; but I am deceived, if there were not a third motive as powerful as the other two; and that is, vanity. About the latter end of king James's reign he had almost finished a learned discourse in defence of the church of Rome, and to justify his conversion; all which, upon the revolution, was quite out of season. Having thus prostituted his reputation, and at once ruined his hopes, he had no recourse left but to show his spite against religion in general, the false pretensions to which had proved so destructive to his credit and fortune: and at the same time, loath to employ the speculations of so many years to no purpose, by an easy turn, the same arguments he had made use of to advance popery were full as properly levelled by him against Christianity itself; like the image, which, while it was new and handsome, was worshipped for a saint, and when it came to be old and broken was still good enough to make a tolerable devil. And therefore every reader will observe, that the arguments for popery are much the strongest of any in his book, as I shall further remark when I find them in my way.

There is one circumstance in his title-page, which I take to be not amiss, where he calls his book "Part the First." This is a project to fright away answerers, and make the poor advocates for religion believe he still keeps further vengeance in petto. It must be allowed, he has not wholly lost time while he was of the Romish communion. This very trick he learned from his old father the pope, whose custom it is to lift up his hand, and threaten to fulminate when he never meant to shoot his bolts; because the princes of Christendom had learned the secret to avoid or despise them. Dr. Hickes knew this very well, and therefore, in his answer to this "Book of Rights," where a second part is threatened, like a rash person he desperately cries, "Let it come." But I, who have too much phlegm to provoke angry wits of his standard, must tell the author that the doctor plays the wag, as if he were sure it were all grimace. For my part, I declare, if he writes a second part, I will not write another answer; or if I do, it shall be published before the other part comes out.

There may have been another motive, although it be hardly credible, both for publishing this work and threatening a second part: it is soon conceived how far the sense of a man's vanity will transport him. This man must have somewhere heard that dangerous enemies have been often bribed to silence with money or preferment; and therefore, to show how formidable he is, he has published his first essay, and in hopes of hire to be quiet, has frighted us with his design of another. What must the clergy do in these unhappy circumstances? If they should bestow this man bread enough to stop his mouth, it will but open those of a hundred more, who are every whit as well qualified to rail as he. And truly, when I compare the former enemies to Christianity, such as Socinus, Hobbes, and Spinosa, with such of their successors, as Toland, Asgil, Coward, Gildon, this author of the Rights, and some others, the church appears to me like the sick old lion in the fable, who, after having his person outraged by the bull, the elephant, the horse, and the bear, took nothing so much to heart as to find himself at last insulted by the spurn of an ass.

I will now add a few words, to give the reader some general notion of the nature and tendency of the work itself.

I think I may assert, without the least partiality,

that it is a treatise wholly devoid of wit or learning, under the most violent and weak endeavours and pretences to both: that it is replenished throughout with bold, rude, improbable falsehoods, and gross misinterpretations; and supported by the most impudent sophistry, and false logic, I have anywhere observed. To this he has added a paltry, traditional cant of priestrid and priestcraft, without reason or pretext as he applies it. And when he rails at those doctrines in popery, (which no Protestant was ever supposed to believe,) he leads the reader, however, by the hand, to make applications against the English clergy; and then he never fails to triumph, as if he had made a very shrewd and notable stroke. And because the court and kingdom seemed disposed to moderation with regard to dissenters, more perhaps than is agreeable to the hot unreasonable temper of some mistaken men among us; therefore, under the shelter of that popular opinion, he ridicules all that is sound in religion, even Christianity itself, under the names of Jacobite, Tackers, High Church, and other terms of factious jargon. All which, if it were to be first rased from his book, (as just so much of nothing to the purpose,) how little would remain to give the trouble of an answer! To which let me add, that the spirit or genius, which animates the whole, is plainly perceived to be nothing else but the abortive malice of an old neglected man who has long lain under the extremes of obloquy, poverty, and contempt, that have soured his temper and made him fearless. But where is the merit of being bold to a man that is secure of impunity to his person, and is past apprehension of anything else? He that has neither reputation nor bread has very little else to lose, and has therefore as little to fear. And as it is usually said, "Whoever values not his own life, is master of another man's," so there is something like it in reputation: he that is wholly lost to all regards of truth or modesty, may scatter so much calumny and scandal that some part may perhaps be taken up before it fall to the ground; because the ill talent of the world is such that those who will be at pains enough to inform themselves in a malicious story will take none at all to be undeceived, nay, will be apt, with some reluctance, to admit a favourable truth.

To expostulate, therefore, with this author for doing mischief to religion, is to strew his bed with roses: he will reply in triumph, that this was his design; and I am loath to mortify him, by asserting he has done none at all. For I never yet saw so poor an atheistical scribble which would not serve as a twig for sinking libertines to catch at. It must be allowed in their behalf, that the faith of Christians is not as a grain of mustard-seed in comparison of theirs, which can remove such mountains of absurdities, and submit with so entire a resignation to such apostles. If these men had any share of that reason they pretend to, they would retire into Christianity, merely to give it ease. And, therefore, men can never be confirmed in such doctrines until they are confirmed in their vices; which last, as we have already observed, is the principal design of this and all other writers against revealed religion.

I am now opening the book which I propose to examine; an employment, as it is entirely new to me, so it is that to which of all others I have naturally the greatest antipathy. And indeed, who can dwell upon a tedious piece of insipid thinking and false reasoning, so long as I am likely to do, without sharing the infection?

But, before I plunge into the depths of the book itself, I must be forced to wade through the shallows of a long preface.

This preface, large as we see it, is only made up of such supernumary arguments against an independent power in the church, as he could not, without nauseous repetition, scatter into the body of his book: and it is detached, like a forlorn hope, to blunt the enemy's sword that intends to attack him. Now I think it will be easy to prove, that the opinion of *imperium in imperio,* in the sense he charges it upon the clergy of England, is what no one divine of any reputation, and very few at all, did ever maintain; and that their universal sentiment in this matter is such as few Protestants did ever dispute. But if the author of the "Regale," or two or three or more obscure writers, have carried any points further than Scripture and reason will allow, (which is more than I know or shall trouble myself to inquire,) the clergy of England is no more answerable for those than the laity is for all the folly and impertinence of this treatise. And, therefore, that people may not be amused, or think this man is somewhat, that he has advanced or defended any oppressed truth, or overthrown any growing dangerous errors, I will set in as clear a light as I can what I conceive to be held by the established clergy and all reasonable Protestants in this matter.

Everybody knows and allows, that in all government there is an absolute, unlimited, legislative power; which is originally in the body of the people, although, by custom, conquest, usurpation, or other accidents, sometimes fallen into the hands of one or a few. This in England is placed in the three estates, (otherwise called the two houses of parliament,) in conjunction with the king. And whatever they please to enact, or to repeal in the settled forms, whether it be ecclesiastical or civil, immediately becomes law or nullity. Their decrees may be against equity, truth, reason, and religion, but they are not against law: because law is the will of the supreme legislature, and that is themselves. And there is no manner of doubt but the same authority whenever it pleases, may abolish Christianity, and set up the Jewish, Mahometan, or heathen religion. In short, they may do anything within the compass of human power. And, therefore, who will dispute that the same law which deprived the church not only of lands, misapplied to superstitious uses, but even the tithes and glebes, (the ancient and necessary support of parish priests,) may take away all the rest whenever the lawgivers please, and make the priesthood as primitive as this writer or others of his stamp can desire.

But as the supreme power can certainly do ten thousand things more than it ought, so there are several things which some people may think it can do, although it really cannot. For it unfortunately happens, that edicts which cannot be executed will not alter the nature of things. So, if a king and parliament should please to enact that a woman who has been a month married is *virgo intacta,* would that actually restore her to her primitive state? If the supreme power should resolve a corporal of dragoons to be a doctor of divinity, law, or physic, few, I believe, would trust their souls, fortunes, or bodies to his direction; because that power is neither fit to judge or teach those qualifications which are absolutely necessary to the several professions. Put the case, that walking on the slack-rope were the only talent required by an act of parliament for making a man a bishop; no doubt, when a man had done his feat of activity in form, he might sit in the house of lords, put on his robes and his rochet, go down to his palace, receive and spend his rents; but it requires very little Christianity to believe this tumbler to be one whit more a bishop than he was before, because the law of God has otherwise decreed; which law, although a nation may refuse to receive it, cannot alter in its own nature.

And here lies the mistake of this superficial man,

who is not able to distinguish between what the civil power can hinder and what it can do. "If the parliament can annul ecclesiastical laws, they must be able to make them, since no greater power is required for one than the other." (See preface, p. 8.) This consequence he repeats above twenty times, and always in the wrong. He affects to form a few words into the shape and size of a maxim, then tries it by his ear, and according as he likes the sound or cadence, pronounces it true. Cannot I stand over a man with a great pole, and hinder him from making a watch, although I am not able to make one myself? If I have strength enough to knock a man on the head, does it follow I can raise him to life again? The parliament may condemn all the Greek and Roman authors; can it therefore create new ones in their stead? They may make laws, indeed, and call them canon and ecclesiastical laws, and oblige all men to observe them under pain of high treason. And so may I, who love as well as any man to have in my own family the power in the last resort, take a turnip, tie a string to it, and call it a watch, and turn away all my servants if they refuse to call it so too.

For my own part, I must confess that this opinion of the independent power of the church, or *imperium in imperio*, wherewith this writer raiseth such a dust, is what I never imagined to be of any consequence, never once heard disputed amongst divines, nor remember to have read, otherwise than as a scheme in one or two authors of middle rank, but with very little weight laid on it. And I dare believe there is hardly one divine in ten that ever once thought of this matter. Yet to see a large swelling volume written only to encounter this doctrine, what could one think less than that the whole body of the clergy were perpetually tiring the press and the pulpit with nothing else?

I remember some years ago a virtuoso writ a small tract about worms, proved them to be in more places than was generally observed, and made some discoveries by glasses. This having met with some reception, presently the poor man's head was full of nothing but worms; all we eat and drink, all the whole consistence of human bodies, and those of every other animal, the very air we breathed, in short, all nature throughout, was nothing but worms; and by that system, he solved all difficulties, and from thence all causes in philosophy. Thus it has fared with our author, and his independent power. The attack against occasional conformity, and the scarcity of coffee, the invasion of Scotland, the loss of kerseys and narrow cloths, the death of king William, the author's turning papist for preferment, the loss of the battle of Almanza, with ten thousand other misfortunes, are all owing to this *imperium in imperio*.

It will be therefore necessary to set this matter in a clear light, by inquiring whether the clergy have any power independent of the civil, and of what nature it is.

Whenever the Christian religion was embraced by the civil power in any nation, there is no doubt but the magistrates and senates were fully instructed in the rudiments of it. Besides, the Christians were so numerous, and their worship so open before the conversion of princes, that their discipline, as well as doctrine, could not be a secret: they saw plainly a subordination of ecclesiastics, bishops, priests, and deacons: that these had certain powers and employments different from the laity: that the bishops were consecrated, and set apart for that office, by those of their own order: that the presbyters and deacons were differently set apart, always by the bishops: that none but the ecclesiastics presumed to pray or preach in places set apart for God's worship, or to administer the Lord's supper: that all questions, relating either to discipline or doctrine, were determined in ecclesiastical conventions. These, and the like doctrines and practices, being most of them directly proved, and the rest by very fair consequence deduced from the words of our Saviour and his apostles were certainly received as a divine law, by every prince or state which admitted the Christian religion: and consequently, what they could not justly alter afterward, any more than the common laws of nature. And therefore, although the supreme power can hinder the clergy or church from making any new canons, or executing the old; from consecrating bishops, or refuse those that they do consecrate; or, in short, from performing any ecclesiastical office, as they may from eating, drinking, and sleeping; yet they cannot themselves perform those offices, which are assigned to the clergy by our Saviour and his apostles; or, if they do, it is not according to the divine institution, and consequently, null and void. Our Saviour tells us, "His kingdom is not of this world;" and therefore, to be sure, the world is not of his kingdom; nor can ever please him by interfering in the administration of it, since he has appointed ministers of his own, and has empowered and instructed them for that purpose: so that I believe the clergy who, as he says, are good at distinguishing, would think it reasonable to distinguish between their power and the liberty of exercising this power. The former they claim immediately from Christ, and the latter, from the permission, connivance, or authority of the civil government; with which the clergy's power, according to the solution I have given, cannot possibly interfere.

But this writer, setting up to form a system upon stale, scanty topics, and a narrow circle of thought, falls into a thousand absurdities. And for a further help, he has a talent of rattling out phrases, which seem to have sense, but have none at all; the usual fate of those who are ignorant of the force and compass of words, without which it is impossible for a man to write either pertinently, or intelligibly, upon the most obvious subjects.

So, in the beginning of his preface, page 4, he says, "The Church of England, being established by acts of parliament, is a perfect creature of the civil power; I mean the polity and discipline of it, and it is that which makes all the contention; for as to the doctrines expressed in the articles, I do not find high church to be in any manner of pain; but they who lay claim to most orthodoxy can distinguish themselves out of them." It is observable in this author, that his style is naturally harsh and ungrateful to the ear, and his expressions mean and trivial; but whenever he goes about to polish a period, you may be certain of some gross defect in propriety or meaning: so, the lines just quoted seem to run easily over the tongue, and upon examination they are perfect nonsense and blunder: to speak in his own borrowed phrase, what is contained in the idea of established? Surely, not existence. Does establishment give being to a thing? He might have said the same thing of Christianity in general, or the existence of God, since both are confirmed by acts of parliament. But the best is behind: for in the next line, having named the church half a dozen times before, he now says, he means only the polity and discipline of it; as if, having spoken in praise of the art of physic, a man should explain himself, that he meant only the institution of a college of physicians into a president and fellows. And it will appear that this author, however versed in the practice, has grossly transgressed the rules of nonsense, (whose property it is neither to affirm nor deny,) since every visible assertion gathered from those few lines is absolutely false: for where was the necessity of excepting the doctrines expressed in the articles, since these are equally creatures of the civil power, having been established by acts of

parliament as well as the others? But the church of England is no creature of the civil power, either as to its polity or doctrines. The fundamentals of both were deduced from Christ and his apostles, and the instructions of the purest and earliest ages; and were received as such by those princes or states who embraced Christianity, whatever prudential additions have been made to the former by human laws, which alone can be justly altered or annulled by them.

What I have already said would, I think, be a sufficient answer to his whole preface, and indeed to the greatest part of his book, which is wholly turned upon battering down a sort of independent power in the clergy, which few or none of them ever claimed or defended. But there being certain peculiarities in this preface that very much set off the wit, the learning, the raillery, reasoning, and sincerity of the author, I shall take notice of some of them as I pass.

But here, I hope, it will not be expected, that I should bestow remarks upon every passage in this book that is liable to exception for ignorance, falsehood, dulness, or malice. Where he is so insipid that nothing can be struck out for the reader's entertainment, I shall observe Horace's rule:

Quæ desperes tractata nitescere posse, relinquas.*

Upon which account I shall say nothing of that great instance of his candour and judgment in relation to Dr. Stillingfleet, who (happening to lie under his displeasure upon the fatal test of *imperium in imperio*) is high church and jacobite, took the oaths of allegiance to save him from the gallows, and subscribed the articles only to keep his preferment: whereas the character of that prelate is universally known to have been directly the reverse of what this writer gives him.

But before he can attempt to ruin this damnable opinion of two independent powers, he tells us, page 6, "It will be necessary to show what is contained in the idea of government." Now, it is to be understood that this refined way of speaking was introduced by Mr. Locke; after whom the author limps as fast as he is able. All the former philosophers in the world, from the age of Socrates to ours, would have ignorantly put the question, *Quid est imperium?* But now, it seems, we must vary our phrase: and since our modern improvement of human understanding, instead of desiring a philosopher to describe or define a mouse-trap, or tell me what it is, I must gravely ask, what is contained in the idea of a mouse-trap? But then, to observe how deeply this new way of putting questions to a man's self makes him enter into the nature of things: his present business is to show us what is contained in the idea of government. The company knows nothing of the matter, and would gladly be instructed; which he does in the following words, p. 6.—

"It would be in vain for one intelligent being to pretend to set rules to the actions of another, if he had it not in his power to reward the compliance with, or punish the deviations from, his rules, by some good or evil, which is not the natural consequence of those actions; since the forbidding men to do or forbear an action, on the account of that convenience or inconvenience which attends it, whether he who forbids it will or no, can be no more than advice."

I shall not often draw such long quotations as this, which I could not forbear to offer as a specimen of the propriety and perspicuity of this author's style. And indeed, what a light breaks out upon us all as soon as we have read these words! how thoroughly are we instructed in the whole nature of government! what mighty truths are here discovered, and how clearly conveyed to our understanding! and, therefore, let us melt this refined jargon into the old style, for the improvement of such who are not enough conversant in the new.

If the author were one who used to talk like one of us, he would have spoken in this manner: "I think it necessary to give a full and perfect definition of government, such as will show the nature and all the properties of it: and my definition is thus: One man will never cure another of stealing horses, merely by minding him of the pains he has taken, the cold he has got, and the shoe-leather he has lost, in stealing that horse; nay, to warn him that the horse may kick or fling him, or cost him more than he is worth in hay and oats, can be no more than advice. For the gallows is not the natural effect of robbing on the highway, as heat is of fire; and, therefore, if you will govern a man, you must find out some other way of punishment than what he will inflict upon himself."

Or, if this will not do, let us try it in another case, (which I instanced before,) and in his own terms. Suppose he had thought it necessary (and I think it was as much so as the other) to show us what is contained in the idea of a mouse-trap, he must have proceeded in these terms: "It would be in vain for an intelligent being to set rules for hindering a mouse from eating his cheese, unless he can inflict upon that mouse some punishment, which is not the natural consequence of eating her cheese. For to tell her it may lie heavy on her stomach, that she will grow too big to get back into her hole and the like, can be no more than advice; therefore, we must find out some other way of punishing her, which has more inconveniences than she will ever suffer by the mere eating of cheese." After this, who is so slow of understanding as not to have in his mind a full and complete idea of a mouse-trap? Well.—The freethinkers may talk what they please of pedantry, and cant, and jargon of schoolmen, and insignificant terms in the writings of the clergy, if ever the most perplexed and perplexing follower of Aristotle, from Scotus to Suarez, could be a match for this author.

But the strength of his arguments is equal to the clearness of his definitions. For having most ignorantly divided government into three parts, whereof the first contains the other two, he attempts to prove that the clergy possess none of these by a divine right. And he argues thus, p. vii. "As to a legislative power, if that belongs to the clergy by divine right, it must be when they are assembled in convocation: but the 25th Henry VIII., c. 19, is a bar to any such divine right, because that act makes it no less than a præmunire for them so much as to meet without the king's writ, &c." So that the force of his argument lies here; if the clergy had a divine right, it is taken away by the 25th of Henry VIII. And as ridiculous as this argument is, the preface and book are founded upon it.

Another argument against the legislative power in the clergy of England is, p. viii., that Tacitus tells us that, in great affairs, the Germans consulted the whole body of the people: "De minoribus rebus principes consultant, de majoribus omnes: ita tamen, ut ea quoque, quorum penes plebem arbitrium est, apud principes pertractentur."—Tacitus de Moribus et Populis Germaniæ. Upon which Tindal observes thus: "De majoribus omnes," was a fundamental among our ancestors long before they arrived in Great Britain, and matters of religion were ever reckoned among their majora. (See Pref. p. viii. and ix.) Now it is plain that our ancestors, the Saxons, came from Germany; it is likewise plain, that religion was always reckoned by the heathens among their majora; and it is plain the whole body of the people could not be the clergy, and therefore the clergy of England have no legislative power.

* "Artful he knows each circumstance to leave
Which will not grace and ornament receive."
FRANCIS.

Thirdly, p. ix. They have no legislative power, because Mr. Washington, in his "Observations on the Ecclesiastical Jurisdiction of the Kings of England, shows, from undeniable authorities, that in the time of William the Conqueror, and several of his successors, there were no laws enacted concerning religion, but by the great council of the kingdom." I hope, likewise, Mr. Washington observes, that this great council of the *kingdom*, as appears by undeniable authorities, was *sometimes entirely composed of bishops and clergy*, and called the parliament, and often consulted upon affairs of state, as well as church, as it is agreed by twenty writers of those ages; and if Mr. Washington says otherwise, he is an author just fit to be quoted by beaux.

Fourthly.—But it is endless to pursue this matter any further; in that it is plain, the clergy have no divine right to make laws; because Henry VIII., Edward VI., and queen Elizabeth, with their parliaments, will not allow it them. Now, without examining what divine right the clergy have, or how far it extends; is it any sort of proof that I have no right, because a stronger power will not let me exercise it? or, does all that this author says through his preface, or book itself, offer any other sort of argument but this, or what he deduces the same way?

But his arguments and definitions are yet more supportable than the grossness of the historical remarks, which are scattered so plentifully in his book, that it would be tedious to enumerate, or to show the fraud and ignorance of them. I beg the reader's leave to take notice of one here just in my way; and the rather, because I design for the future to let hundreds of them pass without further notice. "When," says he, p. x. "by the abolishing of the pope's power, things were brought back to their ancient channel, the parliament's right in making ecclesiastical laws revived of course." What can possibly be meant by this "ancient channel?" Why, the channel that things ran in before the pope had any power in England: that is to say, before Austin the monk converted England; before which time, it seems, the parliament had a right to make ecclesiastical laws. And what parliament could this be? Why the lords spiritual and temporal, and the commons, met at Westminster.

I cannot here forbear reproving the folly and pedantry of some lawyers, whose opinions this poor creature blindly follows, and renders yet more absurd by his comments. The knowledge of our constitution can be only attained by consulting the earliest English histories, of which those gentlemen seem utterly ignorant, further than a quotation or index. They would fain derive our government, as now constituted, from antiquity: and because they have seen Tacitus quoted for his majoribus omnes; and have read of the Goths' military institution in their progress and conquests, they presently dream of a parliament. Had their reading reached so far, they might have deduced it much more fairly from Aristotle and Polybius; who both distinctly name the composition of rex, seniores, et populus; and the latter, as I remember particularly, with the highest approbation. The princes in the Saxon Heptarchy did indeed call their nobles sometimes together upon weighty affairs, as most other princes of the world have done in all ages. But they made war and peace, and raised money, by their own authority: they gave or mended laws by their charters, and they raised armies by their tenures. Besides, some of those kingdoms fell in by conquests before England was reduced under one head, and therefore could pretend no rights but by the concessions of the conqueror.

Further, which is more material, upon the admission of Christianity, great quantities of land were acquired by the clergy, so that the great council of the nation was often entirely of churchmen, and ever a considerable part. But our present constitution is an artificial thing, not fairly to be traced, in my opinion, beyond Henry I. Since which time it has in every age admitted several alterations; and differs now as much, even from what it was then, as almost any two species of government described by Aristotle. And it would be much more reasonable to affirm, that the government of Rome continued the same under *Justinian* as it was in the time of Scipio, because the senate and consuls still remained, although the power of both had been, for several hundred years, transferred to the emperors.

REMARKS ON THE PREFACE.

Page iv.; v. "If men of opposite sentiments can subscribe the same articles, they are as much at liberty as if there were none." May not a man subscribe the whole articles, because he differs from another in the explication of one? how many oaths are prescribed that men may differ in the explication of some part of them? Instance, &c.

Page vi. "Idea of government." A canting pedantic way, learned from Locke; and how prettily he shows it. Instance—

Page vii. "25 Hen. VIII. cap. 19. is a bar to any such divine right [of legislative power in the clergy.]" Absurd to argue against the clergy's divine right, because of the statute of Henry VIII. How does that destroy divine right? The sottish way of arguing; from what the parliament can do; from their power, &c.

Page viii. "If the parliament did not think they had a plenitude of power in this matter, they would not have damned all the canons of 1640." What does he mean? A grave divine could not answer all his playhouse and Alsatia cant, &c. He has read Hudibras, and many plays.

Ibid. "If the parliament can annul ecclesiastical laws, they must be able to make them." Distinguish and show the silliness, &c.

Ibid. All that he says against the discipline, he might say the same against the doctrine, nay, against the belief of a God, viz., that the legislature might forbid it. The church forms and contrives canons; and the civil power, which is compulsive, confirms them.

Page ix. "There were no laws enacted but by the great council of the kingdom." And that was very often, chiefly only bishops.

Ibid. "Laws settled by parliament to punish the clergy." What laws were those?

Page x. "The people are bound to no laws but of their own choosing." It is fraudulent; for they may consent to what others choose, and so people often do.

Page xiv. paragraph 6. "The clergy are not supposed to have any divine legislature, because that must be superior to all worldly power; and then the clergy might as well forbid the parliament to meet but when and where they please, &c." No such consequence at all. They have a power exclusive from all others. Ordained to act as clergy, but not govern in civil affairs; nor act without leave of the civil power.

Page xxv. "The parliament suspected the love of power natural to churchmen." Truly, so is the love of pudding, and most other things desirable in this life; and in that they are like the laity, as in all other things that are not good. And therefore they are held not in esteem for what they are like in, but for their virtues. The true way to abuse them with effect, is to tell us some faults of theirs, that other men have not, or not so much of as they, &c. Might not any man speak full as bad of senates, diets, and parliaments, as he can do about councils; and as bad of princes as he does of bishops?

Page xxxi. "They might as well have made cardi-

nals Campegi and de Chinuchii bishops of Salisbury and Worcester as have enacted that their several sees and bishoprics were utterly void." No. The legislature might determine who should not be a bishop there, but not make a bishop.

Page xxxi. "Were not a greater number deprived by parliament upon the Restoration?" Does he mean presbyters? What signifies that?

Ibid. "Have they not trusted this power with our princes?" Why, ay. But that argues not right, but power. Have they not cut off a King's head, &c.? The church must do the best they can, if not what they would.

Page xxxvi. "If tithes and first-fruits are paid to spiritual persons as such, the king or queen is the most spiritual person," &c. As if the first-fruits, &c., were paid to the king, as tithes to a spiritual person.

Page xliii. "King Charles II. thought fit that the bishops in Scotland should hold their bishoprics during will and pleasure: I do not find that high church complained of this as an encroachment," &c. No; but as a pernicious counsel of lord Loch.

Page xliv. "The common law judges have a power to determine whether a man has a legal right to the sacrament." They pretend it, but what we complain of as a most abominable hardship, &c.

Page xlv. "Giving men thus blindly to the devil, is an extraordinary piece of complaisance to a lay chancellor." He is something in the right; and therefore it is a pity there are any; and I hope the church will provide against it. But if the sentence be just, it is not the person, but the contempt. And if the author attacks a man on the highway, and takes but twopence, he shall be sent to the gallows, more terrible to him than the devil, for his contempt of the law, &c. Therefore he need not complain of being sent to hell.

Page lxiv. Mr. Lesley may carry things too far, as it is natural; because the other extreme is so great. But what he says of the king's losses, since the church lands were given away, is too great a truth, &c.

Page lxxvi. "To which I have nothing to plead, except the zeal I have for the Church of England." You will see, some pages further, what he means by the church; but it is not fair not to begin with telling us what is contained in the idea of a church, &c.

Page lxxxiii. "They will not be angry with me for thinking better of the church than they do," &c. No, but they will differ from you; because the worse the queen is pleased you think her better. I believe the church will not concern themselves much about your opinion of them, &c.

Page lxxxiv. "But the popish, eastern, presbyterian, and jacobite clergy, &c." This is like a general pardon, with such exceptions as make it useless, if we compute it, &c.

Page lxxxvii. "Misapplying of the word church, &c." This is cavilling. No doubt his project is for exempting the people; but that is not what in common speech we usually mean by the church. Besides, who does not know that distinction?

Ibid. "Constantly apply the same ideas to them." This is, in old English, meaning the same thing.

Page lxxxix. "Demonstrates I could have no designs but the promoting of truth," &c. Yes, several designs, as money, spleen, atheism, &c. What? will any man think truth was his design, and not money and malice? Does he expect the house will go into a committee for a bill to bring things to his scheme, to confound everything, &c.?

Some deny Tindal to be the author, and produce stories of his dulness and stupidity. But what is there in all this book that the dullest man in England might not write, if he were angry and bold enough, and had no regard to truth?

REMARKS ON THE BOOK, &c.

Page 4. "WHETHER Lewis XIV. has such a power over Philip V.?" He speaks here of the unlimited, uncontrollable authority of fathers. A very foolish question! and his discourse hitherto, of government, weak and trivial, and liable to objections.

Ibid. "Whom he is to consider not as his own, but the Almighty's workmanship." A very likely consideration for the ideas of the state of nature. A very wrong deduction of paternal government; but that is nothing to the dispute, &c.

Page 12. "And as such might justly be punished by every one in the state of nature." False; he does not seem to understand the state of nature, although he has borrowed it from Hobbes, &c.

Page 14. "Merely speculative points, and other indifferent things," &c. And why are speculative opinions so insignificant? do not men proceed in their practice according to their speculations? so, if the author were a chancellor, and one of his speculations were, that the poorer the clergy the better, would not that be of great use if a cause came before him of tithes or church lands?

Ibid. "Which can only be known by examining whether men had any power in the state of nature over their own or others' actions in these matters." No, that is a wrong method, unless where religion has not been revealed; in natural religion, &c.

Ibid. "Nothing at first sight can be more obvious than that, in all religious matters, none could make over the right of judging for himself, since that would cause his religion to be absolutely at the disposal of another." At his rate of arguing (I think I do not misrepresent him, and I believe he will not deny the consequence) a man may profess Heathenism, Mahometism, &c., gain as many proselytes as he can; and they may have their assemblies, and the magistrate ought to protect them, provided they do not disturb the state: and they may enjoy all secular preferments, be lords chancellors, judges, &c. But there are some opinions in several religions, which, although they do not directly make men rebel, yet lead to it. Nay, we might have temples for idols, &c. A thousand such absurdities follow from his general notions, and ill-digested schemes. And we see in the Old Testament, that kings were reckoned good or ill, as they suffered or hindered image-worship and idolatry, &c., which was limiting conscience.

Page 15. "Men may form what clubs, companies, or meetings they think fit, &c., which the magistrate, as long as the public sustains no damage, cannot hinder," &c. This is false; although the public sustain no damage, they will forbid clubs where they think danger may happen.

Page 16. "The magistrate is as much obliged to protect them in the way they choose of worshipping him, as in any other indifferent matter."—Page 17. "The magistrate ought to treat all his subjects alike, how much soever they differ from him or one another in these matters." This shows that, although they be Turks, Jews, or Heathens, it is so. But we are sure Christianity is the only true religion, &c.; and therefore it should be the magistrate's chief care to propagate it; and that God should be worshipped in that form, that those who are the teachers think most proper, &c.

Page 18. "So that persecution is the most comprehensive of all crimes, &c." But he has not told us what is included in the idea of persecution. State it right.

Ibid. "But here it may be demanded, if a man's conscience make him do such acts, &c." This does not answer the above objection: for if the public be not disturbed with atheistical principles preached, nor im-

moralities, all is well. So that still men may be Jews, Turks, &c.

Page 22. "The same reason which obliges them to make statutes of mortmain, and other laws, against the people's giving estates to the clergy, will equally hold for their taking them away when given." A great security for property! Will this hold to any other society in the state, as merchants, &c., or only to ecclesiastics? A petty project: forming general schemes requires a deeper head than this man's.

Ibid. "But the good of the society being the only reason of the magistrate's having any power over men's properties, I cannot see why he should deprive his subjects of any part thereof, for the maintenance of such opinions as have no tendency that way," &c. Here is a paragraph (vide also infra) which has a great deal in it. The meaning is, that no man ought to pay tithes, who does not believe what the minister preaches. But how came they by this property? When they purchased the land, they paid only for so much; and the tithes were exempted. It is an older title than any man's estate is; and if it were taken away to-morrow, it could not, without a new law, belong to the owners of the other nine parts, any more than impropriations do.

Ibid. "For the maintenance of such opinions, as nowise contribute to the public good." By such opinions as the public receive no advantage by he must mean Christianity.

Page 23. "Who by reason of such articles are divided into different sects." A pretty cause of sects! &c.

Page 24. "So the same reason, as often as it occurs, will oblige him to leave that church." This is an excuse for his turning papist.

Ibid. "Unless you suppose churches like traps, easy to admit one; but when once he is in, there he must always stick, either for the pleasure or profit of the trap-setters." Remark his wit.

Page 29. "Nothing can be more absurd than maintaining there must be two independent powers in the same society, &c." This is abominably absurd: show it.

Page 33. "The whole hierarchy as built on it, must necessarily fall to the ground, and great will be the fall of this spiritual Babylon." I will do him justice, and take notice when he his witty, &c.

Page 36. "For if there may be two such [independent powers] in every society on earth, why may there not be more than one in heaven?" A delicate consequence.

Page 37. "Without having the less, he could not have the greater, in which that is contained." Sophistical: instance wherein.

Page 42. "Some since, subtler than the Jews, have managed commutations more to their own advantage by enriching themselves, and beggaring, if fame be not a liar, many an honest dissenter." It is fair to produce witnesses, is she a liar or not? The report is almost impossible. Commutations were contrived for roguish registers and proctors, and lay chancellors, but not for the clergy.

Page 43. "Kings and people, who (as the Indians do the devil) adored the pope out of fear." I am in doubt whether I shall allow that for wit or not, &c. Look you, in these cases, preface it thus: If one may use an old saying.

Page 44. "One reason why the clergy make what they call schism to be so heinous a sin." There it is now; because he has changed churches, he ridicules schism; as Milton wrote for divorces, because he had an ill wife. For ten pages on, we must give the true answer, that makes all these arguments of no use.

Page 60. "It possibly will be said, I have all this while being doing these gentlemen a great deal of wrong." To do him justice, he sets forth the objections of his adversaries with great strength, and much to their advantage. No doubt those are the very objections we would offer.

Page 68. "Their executioner." He is fond of this word in many places, yet there is nothing in it further than it is the name for the hangman, &c.

Page 69. "Since they exclude both from having anything in the ordering of church matters." Another part of his scheme; for, by this the people ought to execute ecclesiastical offices without distinction, for he brings the other opinion as an absurd one.

Page 72. "They claim a judicial power, and, by virtue of it, the government of the church, and thereby (pardon the expression) become traitors both to God and man." Who does he desire to pardon him? or is this meant of the English clergy? so it seems. Does he desire them to pardon him? they do it as Christians. Does he desire the government to do it? but then how can they make examples? He says, the clergy do so, &c.; so he means all.

Page 74. "I would gladly know what they mean by giving the Holy Ghost." Explain what is really meant by giving the Holy Ghost, like a king empowering an ambassador.

Page 76. "The Popish clergy make very bold with the three persons of the Trinity." Why then, don't mix them; but we see whom this glances on most. As to the *Congé d'élire*, and *Nolo episcopari*, not so absurd; and if omitted, why changed?

Page 78. "But not to digress"—Pray does he call scurrility upon the clergy a digression? The apology needless, &c.

Ibid. "A clergyman, it is said, is God's ambassador." But you know an ambassador may have a secretary, &c.

Ibid. "Call their pulpit-speeches the word of God." That is a mistake.

Page 79. "Such persons to represent him." Are not they that own his power fitter to represent him than others? Would the author be a fitter person?

Ibid. "Puffed up with intolerable pride and insolence." Not at all; for where is the pride to be employed by a prince, whom so few own, and whose being is disputed by such as this author?

Ibid. "Perhaps from a poor servitor, &c., to be a prime minister in God's kingdom." That is right. God takes notice of the difference between poor servitors, &c. Extremely foolish: show it. The argument lies strongly against the apostles, poor fishermen; and St. Paul a tent-maker. So gross and idle!

Page 80. "The formality of laying hand over head on a man." A pun; but an old one. I remember when Swan made that pun first, he was severely checked for it.

Ibid. "What more is required to give one a right," &c. Here show what power is in the church, and what in the state, to make priests.

Page 85. "To bring men into, and not turn them out of, the ordinary way of salvation." Yes; but as one rotten sheep does mischief—and do you think it reasonable that such a one as this author should converse with Christians, and weak ones?

Ibid. See his fine account of spiritual punishment.

Page 87. "The clergy affirm, that if they had not the power to exclude men from the church, its unity could not be preserved." So to expel an ill member from a college, would be the way to divide the college; as in All-Souls', &c. Apply it to him.

Page 88. "I cannot see but it is contrary to the rules of charity to exclude men from the church," &c. All this turns upon the falsest reasoning in the world. So, if a man be imprisoned for stealing a horse, he is hindered from other duties. and you might argue, that a man who does ill, ought to be more diligent in minding other duties, and not to be debarred from them.

It is for contumacy and rebellion against that power in the church which the law has confirmed. So a man is outlawed for a trifle, upon contumacy.

Page 92. "Obliging all by penal laws to receive the sacrament." This is false.

Page 93. "The want of which means can only harden a man in his impenitence." It is for his being hardened that he is excluded. Suppose a son robs his father on the highway, and his father will not see him till he restores the money, and owns his fault. It is hard to deny him paying his duty in other things, &c. How absurd this!

Page 95. "And that only they had a right to give it." Another part of his scheme, that the people have a right to give the sacrament. See more of it, pp. 135 and 137.

Page 96. "Made familiar to such practices by the heathen priests." Well; and this shows the necessity of it for peace sake. A silly objection of this and other enemies to religion, to think to disgrace it by applying heathenism, which only concerns the political part, wherein they were as wise as others, and might give rules. Instance, in some, &c.

Page 98. "How differently from this do the great pretenders to primitive practice act," &c. This is a remarkable passage. Does he condemn or allow this mysterious way? It seems the first; and therefore these words are a little turned, but infallibly stood in the first draught as a great argument for popery.

Page 100. "They dress them up in a sanbenito." So, now we are to answer for the inquisition. One thing is, that he makes the fathers guilty of asserting most of the corruptions about the power of priests.

Page 101. "Some priests assume to themselves an arbitrary power of excluding men from the Lord's supper." His scheme; that anybody may administer the sacraments, women, or children, &c.

Page 108. "One no more than another can be reckoned a priest." See his scheme. Here he disgraces what the law enacts, about the manner of consecrating, &c.

Page 118. "Churches serve to worse purposes than bear-gardens." This from Hudibras.

Page 119. "In the time of that wise heathen Ammianus Marcellinus." Here he runs down all Christianity in general.

Page 120. "I shall, in the following part of my discourse, show that this doctrine is so far from serving the ends of religion, that, 1. It prevents the spreading of the gospel, &c." This independent power in the church is like the worms; being the cause of all diseases.

Page 121. "How easily could the Roman emperors have destroyed the church?" Just as if he had said, how easily could Herod kill Christ while a child, &c.

Page 125. "The people were set against bishops by reason of their tyranny." Wrong; for the bishops were no tyrants: their power was swallowed up by the popes, and the people desired they should have more. It was the regulars that tyrannized and formed priestcraft. He is ignorant.

Page 139. "He is not bound by the laws of Christ to leave his friends in order to be baptized," &c. This directly against the gospel.—One would think him an emissary, by his preaching schism.

Page 142. "Then will the communion of saints be practicable, to which the principles of all parties, the occasional conformists only excepted, stand in direct opposition," &c. So that all are wrong but they. The Scripture is fully against schism. Tindal promotes it, and places in it all the present and future happiness of man.

Page 144. All he has hitherto said on this matter, with a very little turn, were arguments for popery; for it is certain that religion had share in very few wars for many hundred years before the Reformation, because they were all of a mind. It is the ambition of rebels, preaching upon the discontents of sectaries, that they are not supreme, which has caused wars for religion. He is mistaken altogether. His little narrow understanding and want of learning.

Page 145. "Though some say the highfliers' lives might serve for a very good rule, if men would act quite contrary to them." Is he one of those some? Beside the new turn of wit, &c., all the clergy in England come under his notion of highfliers, as he states it.

Page 147. "None of them (churchmen) could be brought to acknowledge it lawful, upon any account whatever, to exclude the duke of York." This account false in fact.

Ibid. "And the body politic, whether ecclesiastical or civil, must be dealt with after the same manner as the body natural." What, because it is called a body, and is a simile, must it hold in all circumstances?

Page 148. "We find all wise legislators have had regard to the tempers, inclinations, and prejudices," &c. This paragraph false.—It was directly contrary in several, as Lycurgus, &c.

Page 152. "All the skill of the prelatists is not able to discover the least distinction between bishop and presbyter." Yet, God knows, this hath been done many a time.

Page 158. "The Epistle to the Philippians is directed to the bishops and deacons; I mean in due order after the people, viz., to the saints, with their bishops and deacons." I hope he would argue from another place that the people precede the king because of these words—"Ye shall be destroyed, both you and your king."

Page 161. "The pope, and other great church dons." I suppose he means bishops; but I wish he would explain himself, and not be so very witty in the midst of an argument; it is like two mediums, not fair in disputing.

Page 167. "Clemens Romanus blames the people, not for assuming a power, but for making a wrong use of it," &c. His great error all along is, that he does not distinguish between a power and a liberty of exercising that power, &c. I would appeal to any man whether the clergy have not too little power, since a book like his, that unsettles foundations and would destroy all, goes unpunished, &c.

Page 171. "By this or some such method, the bishops obtained their power over their fellow-presbyters, and both over the people. The whole tenour of the gospel directly contrary to it." Then it is not an allowable means: this carries it so far as to spoil his own system; it is a sin to have bishops as we have them.

Page 172. "The preservation of peace and unity, and not any divine right, was the reason of establishing a superiority of one of the presbyters over the rest; otherwise there would, as they say, have been as many schismatics as presbyters. No great compliment to the clergy of those days." Why so? It is the natural effect of a worse independency, which he keeps such a clatter about, an independency of churches on each other, which must naturally create schism.

Page 183. "How could the Christians have asserted the disinterestedness of those who first preached the gospel, particularly their having a right to the tenth part?" Yes, that would have passed easy enough; for they could not imagine teachers could live on air, and their heathen priests were much more unreasonable

Page 184. "Men's suffering for such opinions is not sufficient to support the weight of them." This is a glance against Christianity. State the case of convert-

ing infidels; the converters are supposed few; the bulk of the priests must be of the converted country. It is their own people therefore they maintain. What project or end can a few converters propose? they can leave no power to their families, &c. State this, I say, at length, and give it a true turn. Princes give corporations power to purchase lands.

Page 187. "That it became an easy prey to the barbarous nations." Ignorance in Tindal. The empire long declined before Christianity was introduced. This a wrong cause, if ever there was one.

Page 190. "It is the clergy's interest to have religion corrupted." Quite the contrary; prove it. How is it the interest of the English clergy to corrupt religion? The more justice and piety the people have, the better it is for them; for that would prevent the penury of farmers, and the oppression of exacting, covetous landlords, &c. That which has corrupted religion is the liberty unlimited of professing all opinions. Do not lawyers render law intricate by their speculations, &c. And physicians, &c.

Page 209. "The spirit and temper of the clergy," &c. What does this man think the clergy are made of? Answer generally to what he says against councils in the ten pages before. Suppose I should bring quotations in their praise.

Page 211. "As the clergy, though few in comparison of the laity, were the inventors of corruptions." His scheme is, that the fewer and poorer the clergy the better, and the contrary among the laity. A noble principle; and delicate consequences from it.

Page 207. "Men are not always condemned for the sake of opinions, but opinions sometimes for the sake of men." And so he hopes that, if his opinions are condemned, people will think it is a spite against him, as having been always scandalous.

Page 210. "The meanest layman as good a judge as the greatest priest, for the meanest man is as much interested in the truth of religion as the greatest priest." As if one should say the meanest sick man has as much interest in health as a physician, therefore is as good a judge of physic as a physician, &c.

Ibid. "Had synods been composed of laymen, none of those corruptions which tend to advance the interest of the clergy," &c. True. But the part the laity had in reforming was little more than plundering. He should understand that the nature of things is this, that the clergy are made of men, and without some encouragement they will not have the best but the worst.

Page 215. "They who gave estates to, rather than they who took them from, the clergy, were guilty of sacrilege." Thus the people are the church, and the clergy not; another part of his scheme.

Page 219. "The clergy, as they subsisted by the alms of the people," &c. This he would have still. Show the folly of it. Not possible to show any civilized nation ever did it. Who would be clergymen then? The absurdity appears by putting the case that none were to be statesmen, lawyers, or physicians, but who were to subsist by alms.

Page 222. "These subtle clergymen work their designs who lately cut out such a tacking job for them," &c. He is mistaken—everybody was for the bill almost, though not for the tack. The bishop of Sarum was for it, as appears by his speech against it. But it seems the tacking is owing to metaphysical speculations. I wonder whether is most perplexed, this author in his style or the writings of our divines. In the judgment of all people our divines have carried practical preaching and writing to the greatest perfection it ever arrived to; which shows that we may affirm in general our clergy is excellent, although this or that man be faulty. As if an army be constantly victorious, regular, &c., we may say it is an excellent, victorious army: but Tindal, to disparage it, would say such a serjeant ran away; such an ensign hid himself in a ditch; nay, one colonel turned his back, therefore it is a corrupt, cowardly army, &c.

Page 224. "They were as apprehensive of the works of Aristotle as some men are of the works of a late philosopher, which they are afraid will let too much light into the world." Yet just such another: only a commentator on Aristotle. People are likely to improve their understanding much with Locke; it is not his "Human Understanding," but other works, that people dislike, although in that there are some dangerous tenets, as that of no innate ideas.

Page 226. "Could they, like the popish priests, add to this a restraint on the press, their business would be done." So it ought: for example, to hinder his book, because it is written to justify the vices and infidelity of the age. There can be no other design in it. For is this a way or manner to do good? railing does but provoke. The opinion of the whole parliament is, the clergy are too poor.

Ibid. "When some nations could be no longer kept from prying into learning, this miserable gibberish of the schools was contrived." We have exploded schoolmen as much as he, and in some people's opinion too much, since the liberty of embracing any opinion is allowed; they following Aristotle, who is doubtless the greatest master of arguing in the world: but it has been a fashion of late years to explode Aristotle; and therefore this man has fallen into it like others, for that reason, without understanding him. Aristotle's poetry, rhetoric, and politics are admirable; and therefore it is likely, so are his logics.

Page 230. "In these freer countries, as the clergy have less power, so religion is better understood, and more useful and excellent discourses are made on that subject," &c. Not generally. Holland not very famous; Spain has been, and France is. But it requires more knowledge than his to form general rules, which people strain, when ignorant, to false deductions to make them out.

Page 232. Chap. VII. That this hypothesis of an independent power in any set of clergymen makes all reformation unlawful, except where those who have this power do consent. The title of this chapter a truism.

Page 231. "If God has not placed mankind, in respect to civil matters, under an absolute power, but has permitted them in every society to act as they judge best for their own safety," &c. Bad parallels; bad politics; want of due distinction between teaching and government. The people may know when they are governed well, but not be wiser than their instructors. Show the difference.

Ibid. "If God has allowed the civil society these privileges, can we suppose he has less kindness for his church?" &c. Here they are distinguished then; here it makes for him. It is a sort of turn of expression which is scarce with him, and he contradicts himself to follow it.

Page 235. "This cursed hypothesis had perhaps never been thought on with relation to civils, had not the clergy (who have an inexhaustible magazine of oppressive doctrines) contrived first in ecclesiasticals," &c. The seventh paragraph furious and false. Were there no tyrants before the clergy, &c.?

Page 236. "Therefore, in order to serve them, though I expect little thanks," &c. And why so? Will they not, as you say, follow their interest? I thought you said so. He has three or four sprightly turns of this kind, that look as if he thought he had done wonders and had put all the clergy in a ferment; whereas, I do assure him there are but two things wonderful in his book: first, how any man in a

Christian country could have the boldness and wickedness to write it; and how any government would neglect punishing the author of it, if not as an enemy of religion, yet as a profligate trumpeter of sedition. These are hard words, got by reading his book.

Page 236. "The light of nature, as well as the gospel, obliges people to judge of themselves," &c. "to avoid false prophets, seducers," &c. The legislature can turn out a priest, and appoint another ready made, but not make one; as you discharge a physician and may take a farrier; but he is no physician unless made as he ought to be.

Ibid. "Since no more power is required for the one than the other." This is, I dislike my physician and can turn him off, therefore I can make any man a physician, &c. *Cujus est destruere*, &c. Jest on it: therefore, because he lays schemes for destroying the church, we must employ him to raise it again. See what danger lies in applying maxims at random. So because it is the soldiers' business to knock men on the head, it is theirs likewise to raise them to life, &c.

Page 237. "It can belong only to the people to appoint their own ecclesiastical officers." This word "people" is so delicious in him that I cannot tell what is included in the idea of the "people." Does he mean the rabble or the legislature, &c.? In this sense it may be true that the legislature gives leave to the bishops to appoint, and they appoint themselves; I mean, the executive power appoints, &c. He shows his ignorance in government. As to high church, he carries it a prodigious way, and includes in the idea of it more than others will allow.

Page 239. "Though it be customary to admit none to the ministry who are not approved by the bishops or priests," &c. One of his principles to expose.

Ibid. "If every one has not an inherent right to choose his own guide, then a man must be either of the religion of his guide, or," &c. That would make delicate work in a nation: what would become of all our churches? They must dwindle into conventicles. Show what would be the consequence of this scheme in several points. This great reformer, if his projects were reduced to practice, how many thousand sects, and consequently tumults, &c. Men must be governed in speculations, at least not suffered to vent them, because opinions tend to actions, which are most governed by opinions, &c. If those who write for the church writ no better, they would succeed but scurvily. But to see whether he be a good writer, let us see when he has published his second part.

Page 253. "An excellent author in his preface to the account of Denmark." This man judges and writes much of a level. Molesworth's preface full of stale profligate topics. That author wrote his book in spite to a nation, as this does to religion, and both perhaps on poor personal piques.[a]

Ibid. "By which means, and not by any difference in speculative matters, they are more rich and populous." As if ever anybody thought that a difference in speculative opinions made men richer or poorer; for example, &c.

Page 258. "Play the devil for God's sake." If this is meant for wit, I would be glad to observe it; but in such cases I first look whether there be common sense, &c.

Page 261. "Christendom has been the scene of perpetual wars, massacres," &c. He does not consider that most religious wars have been caused by schisms, when the dissenting parties were ready to join with any ambitious discontented man. The national religion always desires peace, even in her notions, for its interests.

Page 270. "Some have taken the liberty to compare a high-church priest in politics, to a monkey in a glass-shop, where, as he can do no good, so he never fails of doing mischief enough." That is his modesty, it is his own simile, and it rather fits a man that does so and so, meaning himself. Besides, the comparison is foolish: so it is with men as with stags.

Page 276. "Their interest obliges them directly to promote tyranny." The matter is, that Christianity is the fault which spoils the priests, for they were like other men before they were priests. Among the Romans, priests did not do so: for they had the greatest power during the republic. I wonder he did not prove they spoiled Nero.

Page 277. "No princes have been more insupportable, and done greater violence to the commonwealth, than those the clergy have honoured for saints and martyrs." For example in our country, the princes most celebrated by our clergy are, &c. &c. &c. And the quarrels since the Conquest were nothing at all of the clergy, but purely of families, &c., wherein the clergy only joined like other men.

Page 279. "After the reformation, I desire to know whether the conduct of the clergy was anywise altered for the better," &c. Monstrous misrepresentation! Does this man's spirit of declaiming let him forget all truth of fact, as here, &c.? Show it. Or does he flatter himself a time will come in future ages that men will believe it on his word? In short, between declaiming, between misrepresenting, and falseness, and charging popish things, and independency, huddled together, his whole book is employed.

Set forth at large the necessity of union in religion, and the disadvantage of the contrary, and answer the contrary in Holland, where they have no religion, and are the worst constituted government in the world to last. It is ignorance of causes and appearances which makes shallow people judge so much to their advantage. They are governed by the administration and almost legislature of Holland, through advantage of property, nor are they fit to be set in balance with a noble kingdom, &c., like a man that gets a hundred pounds a-year by hard labour, and one that has it in land.

Page 280. "It may be worth inquiring whether the difference between the several sects in England," &c. A noble notion started, that union in the church must enslave the kingdom: reflect on it. This man has somewhere heard that it is a point of wit to advance paradoxes, and the bolder the better. But the wit lies in maintaining them, which he neglects, and forms imaginary conclusions from them as if they were true and uncontested.

He adds, "That in the best constituted church the greatest good which can be expected of the ecclesiastics is from their divisions." This is a maxim deduced from a gradation of false suppositions. If a man should turn the tables, and argue that all the debauchery, atheism, licentiousness, &c., of the times, were owing to the poverty of the clergy, &c., what would he say? There have been more wars of religion since the ruin of the clergy than before in England. All the civil wars before were from other causes.

Page 283. "Prayers are made in the loyal university of Oxford to continue the throne free from the contagion of schism. See Mather's sermon on the 29th of May, 1705." Thus he ridicules the university, while he is eating their bread.[b] The whole university comes with the most loyal addresses, yet that goes for nothing. If one indiscreet man drops an indiscreet word, all must answer for it.

Page 286. "By allowing all who hold no opinions prejudicial to the state, and contribute equally with their fellow-subjects to its support, equal privileges in it." But who denies that of the dissenters? The Calvinist scheme one would not think proper for monarchy. Therefore they fall in with the Scotch, Geneva, and Holland; and when they had strength

[a] Lord Molesworth's account of Denmark

[b] Tindal was fellow of All Souls' College.

here, they pulled down the monarchy. But I will tell an opinion they hold prejudicial to the state in his opinion; and that is, that they are against toleration, of which if I do not show him ten times more instances from their greatest writers than he can do of passive obedience among the clergy, I have done.

"Does not justice demand that they who alike contribute to the burden should alike receive the advantage?" Here is another of his maxims closely put without considering what exceptions may be made. The papists have contributed doubly (being so taxed), therefore, by this rule, they ought to have double advantage. Protection in property, leave to trade and purchase, &c., are enough for a government to give. Employments in a state are a reward for those who entirely agree with it, &c. For example, a man who upon all occasions declared his opinion of a commonwealth to be preferable to a monarchy would not be a fit man to have employments; let him enjoy his opinion, but not be in a capacity of reducing it to practice, &c.

Page 287. "There can be no alteration in the established mode of church discipline, which is not made in a legal way." Oh! but there are several methods to compass this legal way, by cunning, faction, industry. The common people he knows may be wrought upon by priests; these may influence the faction, and so compass a very pernicious law, and in a legal way ruin the state; as king Charles I. began to be ruined in a legal way by passing bills, &c.

Page 288. "As everything is persecution which puts a man in a worse condition than his neighbours." It is hard to think sometimes whether this man is hired to write for or against dissenters and the sects. This is their opinion, although they will not own it so roundly. Let this be brought to practice: make a quaker lord-chancellor who thinks paying tithes unlawful; and bring other instances to show that several employments affect the church

Ibid. "Great advantages which both church and state have got by the kindness already shown to dissenters." Let them then be thankful for that. We humour children for their good sometimes, but too much may hurt. Observe that this 64th paragraph just contradicts the former. For, if we have advantage by kindness shown dissenters, then there is no necessity of banishment or death.

Page 290. "Christ never designed the holy sacrament should be prostituted to serve a party. And that people should be bribed by a place to receive unworthily." Why, the business is, to be sure, that those who are employed are of the national church; and the way to know it is by receiving the sacrament, which all men ought to do in their own church, and if not, are hardly fit for an office; and if they have those moral qualifications he mentions joined to religion, no fear of receiving unworthily. And for this there might be a remedy: to take an oath that they are of the same principles, &c., for that is the end of receiving; and that it might be no bribe, the bill against occasional conformity would prevent entirely.

Ibid. "Preferring men not for their capacity, but their zeal to the church." The misfortune is, that if we prefer dissenters to great posts they will have an inclination to make themselves the national church, and so there will be perpetual struggling; which case may be dangerous to the state. For men are naturally wishing to get over others to their own opinion: witness this writer, who has published as singular and absurd notions as possible, yet has a mighty zeal to bring us over to them, &c.

Page 292. Here are two pages of scurrilous faction, with a deal of reflections on great persons. Under the notion of high-churchmen he runs down all uniformity and church government. Here is the whole lower house of convocation, which represents the body of the clergy, and both universities, treated with rudeness by an obscure, corrupt member, while he is eating their bread.

Page 294. "The reason why the middle sort of people retain so much of their ancient virtue, &c., is because no such pernicious notions are the ingredients of their education; which it is a sign are infinitely absurd when so many of the gentry and nobility can, notwithstanding their prepossession, get clear of them." Now the very same argument lies against religion, morality, honour, and honesty; which are, it seems, but prejudices of education, and too many get clear of them. The middle sort of people have other things to mind than the factions of the age. He always assigns many causes, and sometimes with reason, since he makes imaginary effects. He quarrels at power being lodged in the clergy: when there is no reasonable Protestant, clergy or laity, who will not readily own the inconveniences by too great power and wealth in any one body of men, ecclesiastics or seculars: but on that account to weed up the wheat with the tares; to banish all religion because it is capable of being corrupted; to give unbounded licence to all sects, &c.—And if heresies had not been used with some violence in the primitive age, we should have had, instead of true religion, the most corrupt one in the world.

Page 316. "The Dutch, and the rest of our Presbyterian allies, &c." The Dutch will hardly thank him for this appellation. The French Huguenots and Geneva Protestants themselves, and others, have lamented the want of episcopacy and approved ours, &c. In this and the next paragraph the author introduces the arguments he formerly used when he turned Papist in King James's time; and, loath to lose them, he gives them a new turn; and they are the strongest in his book, at least have most utilice.

Page 333. "'Tis plain all the power the bishops have is derived from the people," &c. In general the distinction lies here. The permissive power of exercising jurisdiction lies in the people, or legislature, or administrator of a kingdom; but not of making him a bishop: as a physician that commences abroad may be suffered to practise in London, or be hindered; but they have not the power of creating him a doctor, which is peculiar to a university. This is some allusion; but the thing is plain, as it seems to me, and wants no subterfuge, &c.

Page 368. "A journeyman bishop to ordain for him." Does any man think that writing at this rate does the author's cause any service? is it his wit or his spleen that he cannot govern?

Page 364. "Can any have a right to an office without having a right to do those things in which the office consists?" I answer, the ordination is valid. But a man may prudentially forbid to do some things: as a clergyman may marry without licence or banns; the marriage is good, yet he is punishable for it.

Page 368. "A choice made by persons who have no right to choose is an error of the first concoction." That battered simile again! this is hard. I wish physicians had kept that a secret, it lies so ready for him to be witty with.

Page 370. "If prescription can make mere nullities to become good and valid, the laity may be capable of all manner of ecclesiastical power," &c. There is a difference; for here the same way is kept, although there might be breaches; but it is quite otherwise if you alter the whole method from what it was at first. We see bishops: there always were bishops: it is the old way still. So a family is still held the same, although we are not sure of the purity of every one of the race.

Page 380. "It is said that every nation is not a complete body politic within itself as to ecclesiasticals.

But the whole church, say they, composes such a body, and Christ is the head of it. But Christ's headship makes Christians no more one body politic with respect to ecclesiasticals than to civils." Here we must show the reason and necessity of the church being a corporation all over the world: to avoid heresies, and preserve fundamentals, and hinder the corrupting of Scripture, &c. But there are no such necessities in government to be the same everywhere, &c. It is something like the colleges in a university; they are all independent, yet joined are one body. So a general council consisteth of many persons independent of one another, &c.

However, there is such a thing as *jus gentium*, &c. And he that is doctor of physic or law is so in any university of Europe, like the *Respublica Literaria*. Nor to me does there seem anything contradicting or improper in this notion of the Catholic church; and for want of such a communion religion is so much corrupted, and would be more if there were not more communion in this than in civils. It is of no import to mankind how nations are governed; but the preserving the purity of religion is best held up by endeavouring to make it one body over the world. Something like as there is in trade. So to be able to communicate with all Christians we come among is at least to be wished and aimed at as much as we can.

Page 384. "In a word, if the bishops are not supreme," &c. Here he reassumes his arguments for popery, that there cannot be a body politic of the church through the whole world without a visible head to have recourse to. These were formerly writ to advance popery, and now to put an absurdity upon the hypothesis of a Catholic church. As they say in Ireland, in King James's time they built mass-houses which we make very good barns of.

Page 388. "Bishops are under a premunire obliged to confirm and consecrate the person named in the *congé d'élire*." This perhaps is complained of. He is permitted to do it. We allow the legislature may hinder if they please; as they may turn out Christianity if they think fit.

Page 389. "It is the magistrate who empowers them to do more for other bishops than they can for themselves, since they cannot appoint their own successors." Yes they could if the magistrate would let them. Here is an endless splutter and a parcel of perplexed distinctions upon no occasion. All that the clergy pretend to is a right of qualifying men for the ministry, something like what a university doth with degrees. This power they claim from God, and that the civil power cannot do it as pleasing to God without them; but they may choose whether they will suffer it or not. A religion cannot be crammed down a nation's throat against their will; but when they receive a religion, it is supposed they receive it as their converters give it; and upon that foot they cannot justly mingle their own methods that contradict that religion, &c.

Page 390. "With us the bishops act only ministerially and by virtue of the regal commission, by which the prince firmly enjoins and commands them to proceed in choosing, confirming, and consecrating, &c." Suppose we held it unlawful to do so: how can we help it? But does that make it rightful if it be not so? Suppose the author lived in a heathen country, where a law would be made to call Christianity idolatrous; would that be a topic for him to prove it so by, &c? And why do the clergy incur a premunire? to frighten them? Because the law understandeth that if they refuse the chosen cannot be a bishop. But, if the clergy had an order to do it otherwise than they have prescribed, they ought and would incur a hundred rather.

Page 402. "I believe the Catholic church," &c. Here he ridicules the Apostles' Creed. Another part of his scheme. By what he says in these pages it is certain his design is either to run down Christianity or set up popery; the latter it is more charitable to think, and from his past life, highly probable.

Page 405. "That which gave the papists so great advantage was, clergymen's talking so very inconsistent with themselves," &c. State the difference here between our separation from Rome and the dissenters from us, and show the falseness of what he says. I wish he would tell us what he leaves for a clergyman to do, if he may not instruct the people in religion, and if they should not receive his instructions.

Page 411. "The restraint of the press a badge of popery." Why is that a badge of popery? why not restrain the press to those who would confound religion as in civil matters? But this toucheth himself. He would starve perhaps, &c. Let him get some honester livelihood then. It is plain all his arguments against constraint, &c., favour the papists as much as dissenters; for both have opinions that may affect the peace of the state.

Page 413. "Since this discourse," &c. And must we have another volume on this one subject of independency? or is it to fright us? I am not of Dr. Hickes's mind, *Qu'il vienne*. I pity the readers and the clergy that must answer it, be it ever so insipid. Reflect on this sarcastic conclusion, &c.

MR. COLLINS'S DISCOURSE OF FREETHINKING;

PUT INTO PLAIN ENGLISH, BY WAY OF ABSTRACT, FOR THE USE OF THE POOR.

BY FRIEND OF THE AUTHOR.

"I came home at seven, and began a little whim which just came into my head and will make a threepenny pamphlet. It shall be finished in a week; and if it succeeds, you shall know what it is; otherwise not."—*Journal to Stella*, Jan. 16, 1712-13.

"I was to day with my printer, to give him a little pamphlet I have written, but not politicks. It will be out by Monday."—*Ibid.* Jan. 21.

"I hear there is now in the press, 'An Abstract of Mr. Collins's Discourse on Freethinking.' Whether it be written by an enemy or a friend, my author does not say; but in either case, if the writer strips that adventurous piece of its disguise, and leaves it naked and exposed in full light, he will amply deserve a perusal, and cannot fail of being useful or entertaining."—*Examiner*, Jan 23.

"My little pamphlet is out; it is not politicks."—*Journal to Stella*, Jan 25.

"This discourse is a striking specimen of the dean's well-known talent for irony; which, as he somewhere says,

'He was born to introduce,
To fashion brought, and taught its use.'

"It must be owned, however, that this species of rhetorical figure is too refined, at least in the present instance, to be adapted to the apprehension and discernment of the poor, for whom it is *professedly* intended; but perhaps that profession was ironical too.

Anthur Collins, esq., published in 1713 his memorable "Discourse of Freethinking, occasioned by the rise and growth of a sect called Freethinkers." This made a great noise; and was attacked among others by Mr. Hoadly, and by Dr. Bentley under the name of *Phileleutherus Lipsiensis*; and was at the same time exposed by the admirable irony of Dr. Swift.—Whilst all parties exerted their zeal against it in England, the author went abroad; and was treated with great civility by all sorts of people, priests, Jesuits, Calvinists, Arminians, &c. He went from Holland to Flanders, with a design of visiting France and Italy; but was recalled by the sudden death of a near relation. In 1715, he published "A philosophical Enquiry concerning Human Liberty;" and retired that year into Essex, for which county he was chosen treasurer in 1718, an office in which his strict integrity gained him much reputation. In 1724, he published "A Discourse of the Grounds and Reasons of the Christian Faith," which produced a number of answers; as did his "Scheme of Literal Prophecy," which appeared in 1727. After having been some years in a declining state of health, and severely afflicted with the stone, he died Dec. 13, 1729.

Mr. Collins called his discourse "A Letter to * * *, esq." N.

INTRODUCTION.

Our party having failed by all their political arguments to re-establish their power, the wise leaders have determined that the last and principal remedy should be made use of for opening the eyes of this blinded nation; and that a short but perfect system of their divinity should be published, to which we are all of us ready to subscribe, and which we lay down as a model, bearing a close analogy to our schemes in religion. Crafty, designing men, that they might keep the world in awe, have, in their several forms of government, placed a Supreme Power on earth to keep human kind in fear of being hanged, and a Supreme Power in heaven for fear of being damned. In order to cure men's apprehensions of the former, several of our learned members have written many profound treatises on anarchy; but a brief complete body of atheology seemed yet wanting till this irrefragable discourse appeared. However, it so happens that our ablest brethren, in their elaborate disquisitions upon this subject, have written with so much caution that ignorant unbelievers have edified very little by them. I grant that those daring spirits who first adventured to write against the direct rules of the gospel, the current of antiquity, the religion of the magistrate, and the laws of the land, had some measures to keep; and particularly where they railed at religion, were in the right to use little artful disguises, by which a jury could only find them guilty of abusing heathenism or popery. But the mystery is now revealed, that there is no such thing as mystery or revelation; and though our friends are out of place and power, yet we may have so much confidence in the present ministry to be secure that those who suffer so many free speeches against their sovereign and themselves to pass unpunished will never resent our expressing the freest thoughts against their religion; but think with Tiberius, that, if there be a God, he is able enough to revenge any injuries done to himself, without expecting the civil power to interpose.

By these reflections I was brought to think that the most ingenious author of the Discourse upon Freethinking, in a letter to Somebody, esq., although he has used less reserve than any of his predecessors, might yet have been more free and open. I considered that several well-willers to infidelity might be discouraged by a show of logic and a multiplicity of quotations scattered through his book, which to understandings of that size might carry an appearance of something like book-learning, and consequently fright them from reading for their improvement. I could see no reason why these great discoveries should be hid from our youth of quality who frequent White's and Tom's; why they should not be adapted to the capacities of the Kitcat and Hanover clubs, who might then be able to read lectures on them to their several toasts: and it will be allowed on all hands that nothing can sooner help to restore our abdicated cause than a firm universal belief of the principles laid down by this sublime author: for I am sensible that nothing would more contribute to "the continuance of the war" and the restoration of the late ministry than to have the doctrines delivered in this treatise well infused into the people. I have therefore compiled them into the following abstract, wherein I have adhered to the very words of our author, only adding some few explanations of my own where the terms happen to be too learned, and consequently a little beyond the comprehension of those for whom the work was principally intended—I mean the nobility and gentry of our party: after which I hope it will be impossible for the malice of a Jacobite, high-flying, priest-ridden faction to misrepresent us. The few additions I have made are for no other use than to help the transition, which could not otherwise be kept in an abstract: but I have not presumed to advance anything of my own; which, besides, would be needless to an author who has so fully handled and demonstrated every particular. I shall only add that, though this writer, when he speaks of priests, desires chiefly to be understood to mean the English clergy, yet he includes all priests whatsoever, except the ancient and modern heathens, the Turks, Quakers, and Socinians.

THE LETTER.

Sir, I send you this apology for freethinking without the least hopes of doing good, but purely to comply with your request; for those truths which nobody can deny will do no good to those who deny them. The clergy who are so impudent to teach the people the doctrines of faith, are all either cunning knaves or mad fools; for none but artificial, designing men, and crack-brained enthusiasts, presume to be guides to others in matters of speculation, which all the doctrines of Christianity are; and whoever has a mind to learn the Christian religion naturally, chooses such knaves and fools to teach them. Now the Bible, which contains the precepts of the priests' religion, is the most difficult book in the world to be understood: it requires a thorough knowledge in natural, civil, ecclesiastical history, law, husbandry, sailing, physic, pharmacy, mathematics, metaphysics, ethics, and everything else that can be named: and everybody who believes it ought to understand it, and must do so by force of his own freethinking without any guide or instructor.

How can a man think at all if he does not think freely? A man who does not eat and drink freely, does not eat and drink at all. Why may not I be denied the liberty of freeseeing as well as freethinking? Yet nobody pretends that the first is unlawful, for a cat may look on a king; though you be near-sighted, or have weak or sore eyes, or are blind, you may be a freeseer; you ought to see for yourself, and not trust to a guide to choose the colour of your stockings or save you from falling into a ditch.

In like manner, there ought to be no restraint at all on thinking freely upon any proposition, however impious or absurd. There is not the least hurt in the wickedest thoughts, provided they be free; nor in telling those thoughts to everybody, and endeavouring to convince the world of them; for all this is included in the doctrine of freethinking, as I shall plainly show you in what follows; and therefore you are all along to understand the word freethinking in this sense.

If you are apt to be afraid of the devil, think freely of him and you destroy him and his kingdom. Freethinking has done him more mischief than all the clergy in the world ever could do: they believe in the devil, they have an interest in him, and therefore are the great supports of his kingdom. The devil was in the states-general before they began to be freethinkers; for England and Holland were formerly the Christian territories of the devil. I told you how he left Holland; and freethinking and the Revolution banished him from England; I defy all the clergy to show me when they ever had such success against him. My meaning is, that to think freely of the devil is to think there is no devil at all; and he that thinks so, the devil is in him if he be afraid of the devil.

But within these two or three years the devil has come into England again; and Dr. Sacheverell has given him commission to appear in the shape of a cat, and carry old women about upon broomsticks: and the devil has now so many "ministers ordained to his service," that they have rendered freethinking odious, and nothing but the second coming of Christ can restore it

The priests tell me I am to believe the Bible; but freethinking tells me otherwise in many particulars. The Bible says the Jews were a nation favoured by God; but I, who am a freethinker, say that cannot be, because the Jews lived in a corner of the earth, and freethinking makes it clear that those who live in corners cannot be favourites of God. The New Testament all along asserts the truth of Christianity, but freethinking denies it; because Christianity was communicated but to a few, and whatever is communicated but to a few cannot be true; for that is like whispering, and the proverb says "that there is no whispering without lying."

Here is a society in London for propagating freethinking throughout the world, encouraged and supported by the queen and many others. You say, perhaps, it is for propagating the gospel. Do you think the missionaries we send will tell the heathens that they must not think freely? No, surely; why then, it is manifest those missionaries must be freethinkers and make the heathens so too. But why should not the king of Siam, whose religion is heathenism and idolatry, send over a parcel of his priests to convert us to his church, as well as we send missionaries there? Both projects are exactly of a piece and equally reasonable; and if those heathen priests were here, it would be our duty to hearken to them, and think freely whether they may not be in the right rather than we. I heartily wish a detachment of such divines as Dr. Atterbury, Dr. Smalridge, Dr. Swift, Dr. Sacheverell, and some others, were sent every year to the farthest part of the heathen world, and that we had a cargo of their priests in return who would spread freethinking among us. Then the war would go on, the late ministry be restored, and faction cease; which our priests inflame by haranguing upon texts, and falsely call that "preaching the gospel."

I have another project in my head, which ought to be put in execution in order to make us freethinkers. It is a great hardship and injustice that our priests must not be disturbed while they are prating in their pulpit. For example: why should not William Penn the Quaker, or any Anabaptist, Papist, Muggletonian, Jew, or sweet-singer, have liberty to come into St. Paul's church in the midst of divine service, and endeavour to convert first the aldermen, then the preacher and singing-men? or pray, why might not poor Mr. Whiston, who denies the divinity of Christ, be allowed to come into the lower house of convocation and convert the clergy? But, alas! we are overrun with such false notions, that if Penn or Whiston should do their duty, they would be reckoned fanatics and disturbers of the holy synod; although they have as good a title to it as St. Paul had to go into the synagogues of the Jews; and their authority is full as divine as his.

Christ himself commands us to be freethinkers; for he bids us search the Scriptures and take heed what and whom we hear: by which he plainly warns us not to believe our bishops and clergy; for Jesus Christ, when he considered that all the Jewish and heathen priests, whose religion he came to abolish, were his enemies, rightly concluded that those appointed by him to preach his own gospel would probably be so too; and could not be secure that any set of priests of the faith he delivered would ever be otherwise: therefore it is fully demonstrated that the clergy of the church of England are mortal enemies to Christ, and ought not to be believed.

But without the privilege of freethinking, how is it possible to know which is the right Scripture? Here are perhaps twenty sorts of scriptures in the several parts of the world, and every set of priests contends that their scripture is the true one. The Indian bramins have a book of scripture called the Shaster; the Persees their Zundivastaw; the bonzes in China have theirs, written by the disciples of Fohe, whom they call "God and Saviour of the world, who was born to teach the way of salvation, and to give satisfaction for all men's sins:" which, you see, is directly the same with what our priests pretend of Christ. And must we not think freely to find out which are in the right, whether the bishops or the bonzes? But the talapoins, or heathen clergy of Siam, approach yet nearer to the system of our priests; they have a book of scripture written by Sommonocodam, who, the Siamese say, was "born of a virgin," and was "the God expected by the universe;" just as our priests tell us that Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary, and was the Messiah so long expected. The Turkish priests, or dervises, have their scripture which they call the Alcoran. The Jews have the Old Testament for their scripture, and the Christians have both the Old and the New. Now, among all these scriptures there cannot above one be right; and how is it possible to know which is that without reading them all, and then thinking freely, every one of us for ourselves, without following the advice or instruction of any guide, before we venture to choose? The parliament ought to be at the charge of finding a sufficient number of these scriptures for every one of her majesty's subjects; for there are twenty to one against us that we may be in the wrong: but a great deal of freethinking will at last set us all right, and every one will adhere to the scripture he likes best; by which means, religion, peace, and wealth will be for ever secured in her majesty's realms.

And it is the more necessary that the good people of England should have liberty to choose some other scripture, because all Christian priests differ so much about the copies of theirs, and about the various readings of the several manuscripts, which quite destroys the authority of the Bible: for what authority can a book pretend to where there are various readings? And for this reason it is manifest that no man can know the opinions of Aristotle or Plato, or believe the facts related by Thucydides or Livy, or be pleased with the poetry of Homer and Virgil, all which books are utterly useless upon account of their various readings. Some books of Scripture are said to be lost, and this utterly destroys the credit of those that are left: some we reject which the Africans and Coptics receive; and why may we not think freely and reject the rest? Some think the Scriptures wholly inspired, some partly, and some not at all. Now this is just the very case with the bramins, persees, bonzes, talapoins, dervises, rabbis, and all other priests, who build their religion upon books, as our priests do upon their Bibles. They all equally differ about the copies, various readings, and inspirations, of their several scriptures; and God knows which are in the right: freethinking alone can determine it.

It would be endless to show in how many particulars the priests of the heathen and Christian churches differ about the meaning even of those Scriptures which they universally receive as sacred. But to avoid prolixity I shall confine myself to the different opinions among the priests of the church of England; and here only give you a specimen, because even these are too many to be enumerated.

I have found out a bishop (though indeed his opinions are condemned by all his brethren) who allows the scriptures to be so difficult, that God has left them rather as a trial of our industry than a repository of our faith and furniture of creeds and articles of belief; with several other admirable schemes of freethinking, which you may consult at your leisure.

The doctrine of the Trinity is the most fundamental

point of the whole Christian religion. Nothing is more easy to a freethinker: yet what different notions of it do the English priests pretend to deduce from Scripture, explaining it by "specific unities, eternal modes of subsistence," and the like unintelligible jargon! Nay, it is a question whether this doctrine be fundamental or not; for though Dr. South and bishop Bull affirm it, yet bishop Taylor and Dr. Wallis deny it. And that excellent freethinking prelate bishop Taylor observes that Athanasius's example was followed with too much greediness: by which means it has happened that the greater number of our priests are in that sentiment, and think it necessary to believe the Trinity and incarnation of Christ.

Our priests likewise dispute several circumstances about the resurrection of the dead, the nature of our bodies after the resurrection, and in what manner they shall be united to our souls. They also attack one another "very weakly, with great vigour," about predestination. And it is certainly true (for bishop Taylor and Mr. Whiston the socinian say so) that all churches in prosperity alter their doctrines every age, and [illegible] ithe[illegible]sfied with the[illegible] elv[illegible] confessions; neither does any clergyman of sense believe the thirty-nine articles.

Our priests differ about the eternity of hell torments. The famous Dr. Henry More, and the most pious and rational of all priests, Dr. Tillotson (both freethinkers), believe them to be not eternal. They differ about keeping the sabbath, the divine right of episcopacy, and the doctrine of original sin; which is the foundation of the whole Christian religion; for, if men are not liable to be damned for Adam's sin, the Christian religion is an imposture: yet this is now disputed among them; so is lay baptism; so was formerly the lawfulness of usury; but now the priests are common stock-jobbers, attorneys, and scriveners. In short, there is no end of disputing among priests: and therefore I conclude that there ought to be no such thing in the world as priests, teachers, or guides, for instructing ignorant people in religion, but that every man ought to think freely for himself.

I will tell you my meaning in all this. The priests dispute every point in the Christian religion as well as almost every text in the Bible; and the force of my argument lies here, that, whatever point is disputed by one or two divines, however condemned by the church, not only that particular point, but the whole article to which it relates, may lawfully be received or rejected by any freethinker. For instance, suppose More and Tillotson deny the eternity of hell torments, a freethinker may deny all future punishments whatsoever. The priests dispute about explaining the Trinity; therefore a freethinker may reject one or two, or the whole three persons: at least he may reject Christianity, because the Trinity is the most fundamental doctrine of that religion. So I affirm original sin, and that men are now liable to be damned for Adam's sin, to be the foundation of the whole Christian religion; but this point was formerly, and is now, disputed; therefore a freethinker may deny the whole. And I cannot help giving you one further direction, how I insinuate all along that the wisest freethinking priests, whom you may distinguish by the epithets I bestow on them, were those who differed most from the generality of their brethren.

But, besides, the conduct of our priests in many other points makes freethinking unavoidable; for some of them own that the doctrines of the church are contradictory to one another, as well as to reason; which I thus prove: Dr. Sacheverell says, in his speech at his trial, "That by abandoning passive obedience we must render ourselves the most inconsistent church in the world;" *ergo*, there must have been a great many inconsistencies and contradictory doctrines in the church before. Dr. South describes the incarnation of Christ as an astonishing mystery, impossible to be conceived by man's reason; *ergo*, it is contradictory to itself and to reason, and ought to be exploded by all freethinkers.

Another instance of the priests' conduct which multiplies freethinkers is their acknowledgment of abuses, defects, and false doctrines in the church; particularly that of eating black-pudding, which is so plainly forbid in the Old and New Testament, that I wonder those who pretend to believe a syllable in either will presume to taste it. Why should I mention the want of discipline and of a sideboard at the altar, with complaints of other great abuses and defects made by some of the priests, which no man can think on without freethinking, and consequently rejecting Christianity?

When I see an honest freethinking bishop endeavour to destroy the power and privileges of the church, and Dr. Atterbury angry with him for it, and calling it "dirty work," what can I conclude, by virtue of being a freethinker, but that Christianity is all a cheat?

Mr. Whiston has published several tracts wherein he absolutely denies the divinity of Christ. A bishop tells him, "Sir, in any matter where you have the church's judgment against you, you should be careful not to break the peace of the church by writing against it, though you are sure you are in the right." Now my opinion is directly contrary; and I affirm that, if ten thousand freethinkers thought differently from the received doctrine and from each other, they would be all in duty bound to publish their thoughts, provided they were all sure of being in the right, though it broke the peace of the church and state ten thousand times.

And here I must take leave to tell you, although you cannot but have perceived it from what I have already said, and shall be still more amply convinced by what is to follow, that freethinking signifies nothing without freespeaking and freewriting. It is the indispensable duty of a freethinker to endeavour forcing all the world to think as he does, and by that means make them freethinkers too. You are also to understand that I allow no man to be a freethinker any further than as he differs from the received doctrines of religion. Where a man falls in, though by perfect chance, with what is generally believed, he is in that point a confined and limited thinker; and you shall see by and by that I celebrate those for the noblest freethinkers in every age who differed from the religion of their countries in the most fundamental points, and especially in those which bear any analogy to the chief fundamentals of religion among us.

Another trick of the priests is, to charge all men with atheism who have more wit than themselves; which, therefore, I expect will be my case for writing this discourse. This is what makes them so implacable against Mr. Gildon, Dr. Tindal, Mr. Toland, and myself; and when they call us wits atheists, it provokes us to be freethinkers.

Again: the priests cannot agree when their Scripture was written. They differ about the number of canonical books, and the various readings. Now, those few among us who understand Latin are careful to tell this to our disciples, who presently fall a-freethinking, that the Bible is a book not to be depended upon in anything at all.

There is another thing that mightily spreads freethinking, which I believe you would hardly guess. The priests have got a way of late of writing books against freethinking; I mean treatises in dialogue, where they introduce atheists, deists, sceptics, and Socinians, offering their several arguments. Now these freethinkers are too hard for the priests themselves in their own books. And how can it be otherwise? For,

if the arguments usually offered by atheists are fairly represented in these books, they must needs convert everybody that reads them; because atheists, deists, sceptics, and Socinians, have certainly better arguments to maintain their opinions than any the priests can produce to maintain the contrary.

Mr. Creech, a priest, translated Lucretius into English, which is a complete system of atheism; and several young students, who were afterwards priests, wrote verses in praise of this translation. The arguments against Providence in that book are so strong that they have added mightily to the number of freethinkers.

Why should I mention the pious cheats of the priests, who in the New Testament translate the word *ecclesia*, sometimes the *church*, and sometimes the *congregation*; and *episcopus* sometimes a *bishop*, and sometimes an *overseer*? A priest, translating a book, left out a whole passage that reflected on the king, by which he was an enemy to political freethinking, a most considerable branch of our system. Another priest, translating a book of travels, left out a lying miracle, out of mere malice, to conceal an argument for freethinking. In short, these frauds are very common in all books which are published by priests. But, however, I love to excuse them whenever I can: and as to this accusation, they may plead the authority of the ancient fathers of the church for forgery, corruption, and mangling authors, with more reason than for any of their articles of faith. St. Jerom, St. Hilary, Eusebius Vercellensis, Victorinus, and several others, were all guilty of arrant forgery and corruption: for when they translated the works of several freethinkers, whom they called heretics, they omitted all their heresies or freethinkings, and had the impudence to own it to the world.

From these many notorious instances of the priests' conduct, I conclude they are not to be relied on in any one thing relating to religion, but that every man must think freely for himself.

But to this it may be objected that the bulk of mankind is as well qualified for flying as thinking; and if every man thought it his duty to think freely, and trouble his neighbour with his thoughts (which is an essential part of freethinking), it would make wild work in the world. I answer; whoever cannot think freely may let it alone if he pleases by virtue of his right to think freely; that is to say, if such a man freely thinks that he cannot think freely, of which every man is a sufficient judge, why then he need not think freely unless he thinks fit.

Besides, if the bulk of mankind cannot think freely in matters of speculation, as the being of a God, the immortality of the soul, &c., why then freethinking is indeed no duty: but then the priests must allow that men are not concerned to believe whether there is a God or not. But still those who are disposed to think freely may think freely if they please.

It is again objected that freethinking will produce endless divisions in opinion, and by consequence disorder society. To which I answer,—

When every single man comes to have a different opinion every day from the whole world and from himself, by virtue of freethinking, and thinks it his duty to convert every man to his own freethinking, as all we freethinkers do, how can that possibly create so great a diversity of opinions as to have a set of priests agree among themselves to teach the same opinions in their several parishes to all who will come to hear them? Besides, if all people were of the same opinion, the remedy would be worse than the disease; I will tell you the reason some other time.

Besides, difference in opinion, especially in matters of great moment, breeds no confusion at all. Witness Papist and Protestant, Roundhead and Cavalier, and Whig and Tory now among us. I observe, the Turkish empire is more at peace within itself than Christian princes are with one another. Those noble Turkish virtues of charity and toleration are what contribute chiefly to the flourishing state of that happy monarchy. There Christians and Jews are tolerated, and live at ease, if they can hold their tongues and think freely, provided they never set foot within the mosques nor write against Mahomet. A few plunderings now and then by the janissaries are all they have to fear.

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It is objected that priests ought to be relied on by the people as lawyers and physicians, because it is their faculty. I answer, it is true, a man who is no lawyer is not suffered to plead for himself. But every man may be his own quack if he pleases, and he only ventures his life; but in the other case, the priest tells him he must be damned: therefore do not trust the priest, but think freely for yourself: and if you happen to think there is no hell, there certainly is none, and consequently you cannot be damned. I answer further, that wherever there is no lawyer, physician, or priest, that country is paradise. Besides, all priests (except the orthodox, and those are not ours, nor any that I know) are hired by the public to lead men into mischief: but lawyers and physicians are not; you hire them yourself.

It is objected (by priests, no doubt, but I have forgot their names) that false speculations are necessary to be imposed upon men in order to assist the magistrate in keeping the peace; and that men ought therefore to be deceived, like children, for their own good. I answer, that zeal for imposing speculations, whether true or false (under which name of speculations I include all opinions of religion, as the belief of a God, providence, immortality of the soul, future rewards and punishments, &c.), has done more hurt than it is possible for religion to do good. It puts us to the charge of maintaining ten thousand priests in England, which is a burden upon society never felt on any other occasion; and a greater evil to the public than if these ecclesiastics were only employed in the most innocent offices of life, which I take to be eating and drinking. Now, if you offer to impose anything on mankind beside what relates to moral duties, as to pay your debts, not pick pockets, nor commit murder, and the like; that is to say, if, beside this, you oblige them to believe in God and Jesus Christ, what you add to their faith will take just so much off from their morality. By this argument it is manifest that a perfect moral man must be a perfect atheist; every inch of religion he gets loses him an inch of morality; for there is a certain *quantum* belongs to every man, of which there is nothing to spare. This is clear from the common practice of all our priests: they never once preach to you to love your neighbour, to be just in your dealings, or to be sober and temperate. The streets of London are full of common whores, publicly tolerated in their wickedness; yet the priests make no complaints against this enormity either from the pulpit or the press: I can affirm that neither you nor I, sir, have ever heard one sermon against whoring since we were boys. No, the priests allow all these vices, and love us the better for them, provided we will promise not "to harangue upon a text," nor to sprinkle a little

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It is objected that by freethinking men will think themselves into atheism; and indeed I have allowed all along that atheistical books convert men to freethinking. But suppose that to be true, I can bring you two divines who affirm superstition and enthusiasm to be worse than atheism, and more mischievous to society: and in short, it is necessary that the bulk of the people should be atheists or superstitious.

It is objected that priests ought to be relied on by the people as lawyers and physicians, because it is their faculty. I answer, it is true, a man who is no lawyer is not suffered to plead for himself. But every man may be his own quack if he pleases, and he only ventures his life; but in the other case, the priest tells him he must be damned: therefore do not trust the priest, but think freely for yourself: and if you happen to think there is no hell, there certainly is none, and consequently you cannot be damned. I answer further, that wherever there is no lawyer, physician, or priest, that country is paradise. Besides, all priests (except the orthodox, and those are not ours, nor any that I know) are hired by the public to lead men into mischief: but lawyers and physicians are not; you hire them yourself.

It is objected (by priests, no doubt, but I have forgot their names) that false speculations are necessary to be imposed upon men in order to assist the magistrate in keeping the peace; and that men ought therefore to be deceived, like children, for their own good. I answer, that zeal for imposing speculations, whether true or false (under which name of speculations I include all opinions of religion, as the belief of a God, providence, immortality of the soul, future rewards and punishments, &c.), has done more hurt than it is possible for religion to do good. It puts us to the charge of maintaining ten thousand priests in England, which is a burden upon society never felt on any other occasion; and a greater evil to the public than if these ecclesiastics were only employed in the most innocent offices of life, which I take to be eating and drinking. Now, if you offer to impose anything on mankind beside what relates to moral duties, as to pay your debts, not pick pockets, nor commit murder, and the like; that is to say, if, beside this, you oblige them to believe in God and Jesus Christ, what you add to their faith will take just so much off from their morality. By this argument it is manifest that a perfect moral man must be a perfect atheist; every inch of religion he gets loses him an inch of morality; for there is a certain *quantum* belongs to every man, of which there is nothing to spare. This is clear from the common practice of all our priests: they never once preach to you to love your neighbour, to be just in your dealings, or to be sober and temperate. The streets of London are full of common whores, publicly tolerated in their wickedness; yet the priests make no complaints against this enormity either from the pulpit or the press: I can affirm that neither you nor I, sir, have ever heard one sermon against whoring since we were boys. No, the priests allow all these vices, and love us the better for them, provided we will promise not "to harangue upon a text," nor to sprinkle a little

water in a child's face, which they call baptizing, and would engross it all to themselves.

Besides, the priests engage all the rogues, villains, and fools in their party, in order to make it as large as they can; by this means they seduced Constantine the Great over to their religion, who was the first Christian emperor, and so horrible a villain that the heathen priests told him they could not expiate his crimes in their church; so he was at a loss to know what to do, till an Egyptian bishop assured him that there was no villany so great but was to be expiated by the sacraments of the Christian religion; upon which he became a Christian, and to him that religion owes its first settlement.

It is objected that freethinkers themselves are the most infamous, wicked, and senseless of all mankind.

I answer, first, we say the same of priests and other believers. But the truth is, men of all sects are equally good and bad; for no religion whatsoever contributes in the least to mend men's lives.

I answer, secondly, that freethinkers use their understanding; but those who have religion do not: therefore the first have more understanding than the others; witness Toland, Tindal, Gildon, Clendon, Coward, and myself. For, use legs, and have legs.

I answer, thirdly, that freethinkers are the most virtuous persons in the world; for all freethinkers must certainly differ from the priests, and from nine hundred ninety-nine of a thousand of those among whom they live; and are therefore virtuous of course because everybody hates them.

I answer, fourthly, that the most virtuous people in all ages have been freethinkers; of which I shall produce several instances.

Socrates was a freethinker; for he disbelieved the gods of his country and the common creeds about them, and declared his dislike when he heard men attribute "repentance, anger, and other passions to the gods, and talk of wars and battles in heaven, and of the gods getting women with child," and such like fabulous and blasphemous stories. I pick out these particulars, because they are the very same with what the priests have in their Bibles, where repentance and anger are attributed to God; where it is said, there was "war in heaven;" and that "the Virgin Mary was with child by the Holy Ghost," whom the priests call God; all fabulous and blasphemous stories. Now, I affirm Socrates to have been a true Christian. You will ask, perhaps, how that can be, since he lived three or four hundred years before Christ? I answer, with Justin Martyr, that Christ is nothing else but reason; and I hope you do not think Socrates lived before reason. Now, this true Christian Socrates never made notions, speculations, or mysteries any part of his religion; but demonstrated all men to be fools who troubled themselves with inquiries into heavenly things. Lastly, it is plain that Socrates was a freethinker, because he was calumniated for an atheist, as freethinkers generally are, only because he was an enemy to all speculations and inquiries into heavenly things. For I argue thus, that if I never trouble myself to think whether there be a God or not, and forbid others to do it, I am a freethinker, but not an atheist.

Plato was a freethinker; and his notions are so like some in the gospel, that a heathen charged Christ with borrowing his doctrine from Plato. But Origen defends Christ very well against this charge by saying he did not understand Greek, and therefore could not borrow his doctrines from Plato. However, their two religions agreed so well that it was common for Christians to turn Platonists, and Platonists Christians. When the Christians found out this, one of their zealous priests (worse than any atheist) forged several things under Plato's name, but conformable to Christianity, by which the heathens were fraudulently converted.

Epicurus was the greatest of all freethinkers, and consequently the most virtuous man in the world. His opinions in religion were the most complete system of atheism that ever appeared. Christians ought to have the greatest veneration for him because he taught a higher point of virtue than Christ; I mean the virtue of friendship, which, in the sense we usually understand it, is not so much as named in the New Testament.

Plutarch was a freethinker, notwithstanding his being a priest; but indeed he was a heathen priest. His freethinking appears by showing the innocence of atheism (which at worst is only false reasoning) and the mischiefs of superstition; and he explains what superstition is by calling it a conceit of immortal ills after death, the opinion of hell torments, dreadful aspects, doleful groans, and the like. He is likewise very satirical upon the public forms of devotion in his own country, a qualification absolutely necessary to a freethinker; yet those forms which he ridicules are the very same that now pass for true worship in almost all countries. I am sure some of them do so in ours; such as abject looks, distortions, wry faces, beggarly tones, humiliation, and contrition.

Varro, the most learned among the Romans, was a freethinker; for he said the heathen divinity contained many fables below the dignity of immortal beings; such, for instance, as Gods begotten and proceeding from other Gods. These two words I desire you will particularly remark, because they are the very terms made us of by our priests in their doctrine of the Trinity. He says likewise that there are many things false in religion, and so say all freethinkers; but then he adds, "which the vulgar ought not to know, but it is expedient they should believe." In this last he indeed discovers the whole secret of a statesman and politician, by denying the vulgar the privilege of freethinking; and here I differ from him. However, it is manifest from hence that the Trinity was an invention of statesmen and politicians.

The grave and wise Cato, the censor, will for ever live in that noble freethinking saying—"I wonder," said he, "how one of our priests can forbear laughing when he sees another!" For contempt of priests is another grand characteristic of a freethinker. This shows that Cato understood the whole mystery of the Roman "religion as by law established." I beg you, sir, not to overlook these last words, "religion as by law established." I translate *haruspex* into the general word *priest*. Thus I apply the sentence to the priests in England; and when Dr. Smallridge sees Dr. Atterbury, I wonder how either of them can forbear laughing at the cheat they put upon the people by making them believe their "religion as by law established."

Cicero, that consummate philosopher and noble patriot, though he was a priest, and consequently more likely to be a knave, gave the greatest proofs of his freethinking. First, he professed the sceptic philosophy, which doubts of everything: then he wrote two treatises; in the first he shows the weakness of the stoics' arguments for the being of the gods; in the latter, he has destroyed the whole revealed religion of the Greeks and Romans; for why should not theirs be a revealed religion as well as that of Christ? Cicero likewise tells us, as his own opinion, that they who study philosophy do not believe there are any gods: he denies the immortality of the soul, and says there can be nothing after death.

And because the priests have the impudence to quote Cicero in their pulpits and pamphlets against freethinking, I am resolved to disarm them of this authority. You must know his philosophical works are generally in dialogues, where people are brought in disputing

against one another. Now the priests, when they see an argument to prove a god, offered perhaps by a stoic, are such knaves or blockheads to quote it as if it were Cicero's own; whereas Cicero was so noble a freethinker that he believed nothing at all of the matter, nor ever shows the least inclination to favour superstition, or the belief of God and the immortality of the soul, unless what he throws out sometimes to save himself from danger, in his speeches to the Roman mob, whose religion was however much more innocent and less absurd than that of Popery at least: and I could say more—but you understand me.

Seneca was a great freethinker, and had a noble notion of the worship of the gods, for which our priests would call any man an atheist: he laughs at morning devotions, or worshipping upon Sabbath-days; he says, God has no need of ministers and servants, because he himself serves mankind. This religious man, like his religious brethren the stoics, denies the immortality of the soul; and says all that is feigned to be so terrible in hell is but a fable; death puts an end to all our misery, &c. Yet the priests were anciently so fond of Seneca, that they forged a correspondence of letters between him and St. Paul.

Solomon himself, whose writings are called "the word of God," was such a freethinker, that if he were now alive, nothing but his building of churches could have kept our priests from calling him an atheist. He affirms the eternity of the world almost in the same manner with Manilius, the heathen philosophical poet, which opinion entirely overthrows the history of the creation by Moses and all the New Testament: he denies the immortality of the soul, assures us "that men die like beasts," and "that both go to one place."

The prophets of the Old Testament were generally freethinkers. You must understand that their way of learning to prophesy was by music and drinking. These prophets wrote against the established religion of the Jews, (which those people looked upon as the institution of God himself,) as if they believed it was all a cheat: that is to say, with as great liberty against the priests and prophets of Israel, as Dr. Tindal did lately against the priests and prophets of our Israel, who has clearly shown them and their religion to be cheats. To prove this, you may read several passages in Isaiah, Ezekiel, Amos, Jeremiah, &c., wherein you will find such instances of freethinking, that if any Englishman had talked so in our days, their opinions would have been registered in Dr. Sacheverell's trial, and in the representation of the lower house of convocation, and produced as so many proofs of the profaneness, blasphemy, and atheism of the nation; there being nothing more profane, blasphemous, or atheistical in those representations than what these prophets have spoken, whose writings are yet called by our priests "the word of God." And therefore these prophets are as much atheists as myself, or as any of my freethinking brethren whom I lately named to you.

Josephus was a great freethinker. I wish he had chosen a better subject to write on than those ignorant, barbarous, ridiculous scoundrels, the Jews, whom God (if we may believe the priests) thought fit to choose for his own people. I will give you some instances of his freethinking. He says Cain travelled through several countries and kept company with rakes and profligate fellows; he corrupted the simplicities of former times, &c., which plainly supposes men before Adam, and consequently that the priests' history of the creation by Moses is an imposture. He says the Israelites' passing through the Red Sea was no more than Alexander's passing at the Pamphilian sea: that as for the appearance of God at Mount Sinai, the reader may believe it as he pleases, that Moses persuaded the Jews he had God for his guide, just as the Greeks pretended they had their laws from Apollo. These are noble strains of freethinking, which the priests know not how to solve but by thinking as freely; for one of them says that Josephus wrote this to make his work acceptable to the heathens by striking out every thing that was incredible.

Origen, who was the first Christian that had any learning, has left a noble testimony of his freethinking; for a general council has determined him to be damned, which plainly shows he was a freethinker and was no saint; for people were only sainted because of their want of learning and excess of zeal; so that all the fathers who are called saints by the priests were worse than atheists.

Minutius Felix seems to be a true modern latitudinarian freethinking Christian; for he is against altars, churches, public preaching, and public assemblies; and likewise against priests; for he says there were several great flourishing empires before there were any orders of priests in the world.

Synesius, who had too much learning and too little zeal for a saint, was for some time a great freethinker; he could not believe the resurrection till he was made a bishop, and then pretended to be convinced by a lying miracle.

To come to our own country: my lord Bacon was a great freethinker, when he tells us "that whatever has the least relation to religion is particularly liable to suspicion;" by which he seems to suspect all the facts whereon most of the superstitions (that is to say, what the priests call the religions) of the world are grounded. He also prefers atheism before superstition.

Mr. Hobbes was a person of great learning, virtue, and freethinking, except in his high-church politics.

But archbishop Tillotson is the person whom all English freethinkers own as their head; and his virtue is indisputable for this manifest reason, that Dr. Hickes, a priest, calls him an atheist; says he caused several to turn atheists, and to ridicule the priesthood and religion. These must be allowed to be noble effects of freethinking. This great prelate assures us that all the duties of the Christian religion with respect to God are no other but what natural light prompts unto us, except the two sacraments, and praying to God in the name and mediation of Christ. As a priest and prelate, he was obliged to say something of Christianity; but pray observe, sir, how he brings himself off. He justly affirms that even these things are of less moment than natural duties; and, because mothers nursing their children is a natural duty, it is of more moment than the two sacraments, or than praying to God in the name and by the mediation of Christ. This freethinking archbishop could not allow a miracle sufficient to give credit to a prophet who taught anything contrary to our natural notions; by which it is plain he rejected at once all the mysteries of Christianity.

I could name one-and-twenty more great men, who were all freethinkers, but that I fear to be tedious; for it is certain that all men of sense depart from the opinions commonly received, and are consequently more or less men of sense according as they depart more or less from the opinions commonly received; neither can you name an enemy to freethinking, however he be dignified or distinguished, whether archbishop, bishop, priest, or deacon, who has not been either "a crack-brained enthusiast, a diabolical villain, or a most profound ignorant brute."

Thus, sir, I have endeavoured to execute your commands, and you may print this letter if you please; but I would have you conceal my name. For my opinion of virtue is, that we ought not to venture doing ourselves harm by endeavouring to do good.

I am yours, &c.

CONCLUSION.

I have here given the public a brief but faithful abstract of this most excellent essay; wherein I have all along religiously adhered to our author's notions, and generally to his words, without any other addition than that of explaining a few necessary consequences for the sake of ignorant readers; for to those who have the least degree of learning I own they will be wholly useless. I hope I have no in any single instance misrepresented the thoughts of this admirable writer. If I have happened to mistake through inadvertency, I entreat he will condescend to inform me and point out the place; upon which I will immediately beg pardon both of him and the world. The design of his piece is to recommend freethinking; and one chief motive is the example of many excellent men who were of that sect. He produces, as the principal points of their freethinking, that they denied the being of a God, the torments of hell, the immortality of the soul, the Trinity, incarnation, the history of the creation by Moses, with many other such "fabulous and blasphemous stories," as he judiciously calls them: and he asserts that whoever denies the most of these is the completest freethinker, and consequently the wisest and most virtuous man.

The author, sensible of the prejudices of the age, does not directly affirm himself an atheist; he goes no further than to pronounce that atheism is the most perfect degree of freethinking, and leaves the reader to form the conclusion. However, he seems to allow that a man may be a tolerable freethinker, though he does believe a God, provided he utterly rejects "providence, revelation, the Old and New Testament, future rewards and punishments, the immortality of the soul," and other the like impossible absurdities. Which mark of superabundant caution, sacrificing truth to the superstition of priests, may perhaps be forgiven, but ought not to be imitated by any who would arrive (even in this author's judgment) at the true perfection of freethinking.

SOME THOUGHTS ON FREE-THINKING,

WRITTEN IN ENGLAND, BUT LEFT UNFINISHED.

Discoursing one day with a prelate of the kingdom of Ireland, who is a person of excellent wit and learning, he offered a notion applicable to the subject we were then upon, which I took to be altogether new and right. He said that the difference betwixt a madman and one in his wits in what related to speech, consisted in this; that the former spoke out whatever came into his mind, and just in the confused manner as his imagination presented the ideas: the latter only expressed such thoughts as his judgment directed him to choose, leaving the rest to die away in his memory; and that if the wisest man would at any time utter his thoughts in the crude indigested manner as they come into his head, he would be looked upon as raving mad. And, indeed when we consider our thoughts, as they are the seeds of words and actions, we cannot but agree that they ought to be kept under the strictest regulation: and that in the great multiplicity of ideas which one's mind is apt to form, there is nothing more difficult than to select those which are most proper for the conduct of life. So that I cannot imagine what is meant by the mighty zeal in some people for asserting the freedom of thinking; because if such thinkers keep their thoughts within their own breasts, they can be of no consequence further than to themselves. If they publish them to the world, they ought to be answerable for the effects their thoughts produce upon others. There are thousands in this kingdom who in their thoughts prefer a republic or absolute power of a prince before a limited monarchy; yet if any of these should publish their opinions, and go about by writing or discourse to persuade the people to innovations in government, they would be liable to the severest punishments the law can inflict; and therefore they are usually so wise as to keep their sentiments to themselves. But with respect to religion, the matter is quite otherwise; and the public, at least here in England, seems to be of opinion with *Tiberius* that *Deorum injuriæ diis curæ.* They leave it to God Almighty to vindicate the injuries done to himself, who is no doubt sufficiently able, by perpetual miracles, to revenge the affronts of impious men. And it should seem that is what princes expect from him, though I cannot readily conceive the grounds they go upon; nor why, since they are God's vicegerents, they do not think themselves at least equally obliged to preserve their master's honour as their own; since this is what they expect from those they depute, and since they never fail to represent the disobedience of their subjects as offences against God. It is true, the visible reason of this neglect is obvious enough: the consequences of atheistical opinions published to the world are not so immediate, or so sensible as doctrines of rebellion and sedition spread in a proper season. However, I cannot but think the same consequences are as natural and probable from the former, though more remote: and whether these have not been in view among our great planters of infidelity in England, I shall hereafter examine.

A LETTER

TO A YOUNG CLERGYMAN,

LATELY ENTERED INTO HOLY ORDERS.

Sir, Dublin, Jan. 9, 1719-20.

Although it was against my knowledge or advice that you entered into holy orders, under the present dispositions of mankind toward the church, yet since it is now supposed too late to recede (at least according to the general practice and opinion), I cannot forbear offering my thoughts to you upon this new condition of life you are engaged in.

I could heartily wish that the circumstances of your fortune had enabled you to have continued some years longer in the university, at least till you were ten years' standing; to have laid in a competent stock of human learning, and some knowledge in divinity, before you attempted to appear in the world; for I cannot but lament the common course which at least nine in ten of those who enter into the ministry are obliged to run. When they have taken a degree, and are consequently grown a burden to their friends, who now think themselves fully discharged, they get into orders as soon as they can, (upon which I shall make no remarks,) first solicit a readership, and if they be very fortunate, arrive in time to a curacy here in town, or else are sent to be assistants in the country, where they probably continue several years, (many of them their whole lives,) with 30*l.* or 40*l.* a-year for their support; till some bishop, who happens to be not overstocked with relations, or attached to favourites, or is content to supply his diocese without colonies from England, bestows upon them some inconsiderable benefice, when it is odds they are already encumbered with a numerous family. I should be glad to know, what intervals of life such persons can possibly set apart for the improvement of their minds; or which way they could be furnished with books, the library they brought with them from their college being usually not the most numerous, or judiciously chosen. If such gentlemen arrive to be great scholars, it must, I think, be

either by means supernatural, or by a method altogether out of any road yet known to the learned. But I conceive the fact directly otherwise, and that many of them lose the greatest part of the small pittance they receive at the university.

I take it for granted that you intend to pursue the beaten tract, and are already desirous to be seen in a pulpit: only I hope you will think it proper to pass your quarantine among some of the desolate churches five miles round this town, where you may at least learn to read and to speak before you venture to expose your parts in a city congregation: not that these are better judges, but because, if a man must needs expose his folly, it is more safe and discreet to do so before few witnesses, and in a scattered neighbourhood. And you will do well if you can prevail upon some intimate and judicious friend to be your constant hearer, and allow him with the utmost freedom to give you notice of whatever he shall find amiss, either in your voice or gesture; for want of which early warning, many clergymen continue defective, and sometimes ridiculous, to the end of their lives. Neither is it rare to observe among excellent and learned divines, a certain ungracious manner, or an unhappy tone of voice, which they never have been able to shake off.

I should likewise have been glad, if you had applied yourself a little more to the study of the English language than I fear you have done; the neglect whereof is one of the most general defects among the scholars of this kingdom, who seem not to have the least conception of a style, but run on in a flat kind of phraseology, often mingled with barbarous terms and expressions, peculiar to the nation; neither do I perceive that any person either finds or acknowledges his wants upon this head, or in the least desires to have them supplied. Proper words in proper places make the true definition of a style. But this would require too ample a disquisition to be now dwelt on: however, I shall venture to name one or two faults, which are easy to be remedied with a very small portion of abilities.

The first is the frequent use of obscure terms, which by the women are called hard words, and, by the better sort of vulgar, fine language; than which I do not know a more universal, inexcusable, and unnecessary mistake, among the clergy of all distinctions, but especially the younger practitioners. I have been curious enough to take a list of several hundred words in a sermon of a new beginner, which not one of his hearers among a hundred could possibly understand; neither can I easily call to mind any clergyman of my own acquaintance who is wholly exempt from this error, although many of them agree with me in the dislike of the thing. But I am apt to put myself in the place of the vulgar, and think many words difficult or obscure, which the preacher will not allow to be so because those words are obvious to scholars. I believe the method observed by the famous lord Falkland,[a] in some of his writings, would not be an ill one for young divines: I was assured by an old person of quality, who knew him well, that when he doubted whether a word was perfectly intelligible or not, he used to consult one of his lady's chambermaids (not the waiting-woman, because it was possible she might be conversant in romances), and by her judgment was guided whether to receive or reject it. And if that great person thought such a caution necessary in treatises offered to the learned world, it will be sure at least as proper in sermons, where the meanest hearer is supposed to be concerned, and where very often a lady's chambermaid may be allowed to equal half the congregation, both as to quality and understanding. But I know not how it comes to pass, that professors in most arts and sciences are generally the worst qualified to explain their meanings to those who are not of their tribe: a common farmer shall make you understand in three words that his foot is out of joint, or his collar-bone broken; wherein a surgeon, after a hundred terms of art, if you are not a scholar, shall leave you to seek. It is frequently the same case in law, physic, and even many of the meaner arts.

And upon this account it is, that among hard words I number likewise those which are peculiar to divinity, as it is a science, because I have observed several clergymen, otherwise little fond of obscure terms, yet in their sermons very liberal of those which they find in ecclesiastical writers, as if it were our duty to understand them—which I am sure it is not. And I defy the greatest divine to produce any law, either of God or man, which obliges me to comprehend the meaning of *omniscience*, *omnipresence*, *ubiquity*, *attribute*, *beatific vision*, with a thousand others so frequent in pulpits, any more than that of *eccentric*, *idiosyncracy*, *entity*, and the like. I believe I may venture to insist further, that many terms used in holy writ, particularly by St. Paul, might with more discretion be changed into plainer speech except when they are introduced as part of a quotation.

I am the more earnest in this matter, because it is a general complaint, and the justest in the world. For a divine has nothing to say to the wisest congregation of any parish in this kingdom, which he may not express in a manner to be understood by the meanest among them. And this assertion must be true, or else God requires from us more than we are able to perform. However, not to contend whether a logician might possibly put a case that would serve for an exception, I will appeal to any man of letters, whether at least nineteen in twenty of those perplexing words might not be changed into easy ones, such as naturally first occur to ordinary men, and probably did so at first to those very gentlemen, who are so fond of the former.

We are often reproved by divines, from the pulpits, on account of our ignorance in things sacred, and perhaps with justice enough; however, it is not very reasonable for them to expect that common men should understand expressions which are never made use of in common life. No gentleman thinks it safe or prudent to send a servant with a message, without repeating it more than once, and endeavouring to put it into terms brought down to the capacity of the bearer; yet, after all this care, it is frequent for servants to mistake, and sometimes occasion misunderstandings among friends. Although the common domestics in some gentlemen's families have more opportunities of improving their minds than the ordinary sort of tradesmen.

It is usual for clergymen, who are taxed with this learned defect, to quote Dr. Tillotson, and other famous divines, in their defence, without considering the difference between elaborate discourses upon important occasions, delivered to princes or parliaments, written with a view of being made public, and a plain sermon intended for the middle or lower size of people. Neither do they seem to remember the many alterations, additions, and expungings, made by great authors in those treatises, which they prepare for the public. Besides, that excellent prelate above mentioned was known to preach after a much more popular manner in the city congregations; and if in those parts of his works he be anywhere too obscure for the understandings of many, who may be supposed to have been his hearers, it ought to be numbered among his omissions.

[a] Lucius Cary, viscount Falkland, who fell in the great civil war, now better known by the character drawn by lord Clarendon, than by his own compositions.

The fear of being thought pedants, has been of pernicious consequence to young divines. This has wholly taken many of them off from their severer studies in the university; which they have exchanged for plays, poems, and pamphlets, in order to qualify them for tea-tables and coffee-houses. This they usually call "polite conversation, knowing the world, and reading men instead of books." These accomplishments, when applied to the pulpit, appear by a quaint, terse, florid style, rounded into periods and cadences commonly without either propriety or meaning. I have listened with my utmost attention for half an hour to an orator of this species, without being able to understand, much less to carry away, one single sentence out of a whole sermon. Others, to show that their studies have not been confined to sciences or ancient authors, will talk in the style of a gaming ordinary, and White Friars,[a] when I suppose the hearers can be little edified by the terms of "*palming, shuffling, biting, bamboozling*," and the like, if they have not been sometimes conversant among pickpockets and sharpers. And truly, as they say a man is known by his company, so it should seem that a man's company may be known by his manner of expressing himself, either in public assemblies or private conversation.

It would be endless to run over the several defects of style among us: I shall therefore say nothing of the mean and paltry, (which are usually attended by the fustian,) much less of the slovenly or indecent. Two things I will just warn you against: the first is, the frequency of flat unnecessary epithets; and the other is, the folly of using old threadbare phrases, which will often make you go out of your way to find and apply them, are nauseous to rational hearers, and will seldom express your meaning, as well as your own natural words.

Although, as I have already observed, our English tongue is too little cultivated in this kingdom, yet the faults are nine in ten owing to affectation, and not to the want of understanding. When a man's thoughts are clear, the properest words will generally offer themselves first, and his own judgment will direct him in what order to place them, so as they may be best understood. Where men err against this method, it is usually on purpose, and to show their knowledge of the world. In short, that simplicity, without which no human performance can arrive to any great perfection, is nowhere more eminently useful than in this.

I have been considering that part of oratory which relates to the moving of the passions; this I observe is in esteem and practice among some church divines as well as among all the preachers and hearers of the fanatic or enthusiastic strain. I will here deliver to you (perhaps with more freedom than prudence) my opinion upon the point:—

The two great orators of Greece and Rome, Demosthenes and Cicero, though each of them a leader (or, as the Greeks called it, a demagogue) in a popular state, yet seem to differ in their practice upon this branch of their art: the former, who had to deal with a people of much more politeness, learning, and wit, laid the greatest weight of his oratory upon the strength of his arguments, offered to their understanding and reason: whereas Tully considered the dispositions of a sincere, more ignorant, and less mercurial nation, by dwelling almost entirely on the pathetic part.

But the principal thing to be remembered is, that the constant design of both these orators, in all their speeches, was, to drive some one particular point; either the condemnation or acquittal of an accused person, a persuasive to war, the enforcing of a law, and the like: which was determined upon the spot, according as the orators on either side prevailed. And here it was often found of absolute necessity to inflame or cool the passions of the audience; especially at Rome, where Tully spoke, and with whose writings young divines (I mean those among them who read old authors) are more conversant than with those of Demosthenes, who by many degrees excelled the other, at least as an orator. But I do not see how this talent of moving the passions can be of any great use toward directing Christian men in the conduct of their lives; at least, in these northern climates, where I am confident the strongest eloquence of that kind will leave few impressions upon any of our spirits deep enough to last till the next morning, or rather, to the next meal.

But what has chiefly put me out of conceit with this moving manner of preaching, is the frequent disappointment it meets with. I know a gentleman who made it a rule in reading, to skip over all sentences where he spied a note of admiration at the end. I believe those preachers who abound in *epiphonemas*, if they look about them, would find one part of their congregation out of countenance, and the other asleep; except perhaps an old female beggar or two in the aisles, who (if they be sincere) may probably groan at the sound.

Nor is it a wonder that this expedient should so often miscarry, which requires so much art and genius to arrive at any perfection in it; as every man will find, much sooner than learn, by consulting Cicero himself.

I therefore entreat you to make use of this faculty (if you ever be so unfortunate as to think you have it) as seldom and with as much caution as you can, else I may probably have occasion to say of you, as a great person said of another upon this very subject: a lady asked him, coming out of church, whether it were not a very moving discourse? "Yes," says he, "I was extremely sorry, for the man is my friend."

If in company you offer something for a jest, and nobody seconds you in your own laughter, or seems to relish what you said, you may condemn their taste, if you please, and appeal to better judgments; but, in the mean time, it must be agreed, you make a very indifferent figure. and it is at least equally ridiculous to be disappointed in endeavouring to make other folks grieve, as to make them laugh.

A plain convincing reason may possibly operate upon the mind, both of a learned and ignorant hearer, as long as they live, and will edify a thousand times more than the art of wetting the handkerchiefs of a whole congregation, if you were sure to attain it.

If your arguments be strong, in God's name offer them in as moving a manner as the nature of the subject will properly admit, wherein reason and good advice will be your safest guides; but beware of letting the pathetic part swallow up the rational: for I suppose philosophers have long agreed, that passion should never prevail over reason.

As I take it, the two principal branches of preaching are, first, to tell the people what is their duty, and then to convince them that it is so. The topics for both these, we know, are brought from Scripture and reason. Upon the former, I wish it were often practised to instruct the hearers in the limits, extent, and compass of every duty, which requires a good deal of skill and judgment; the other branch is, I think, not so difficult. But what I would offer upon both is this, that it seems to be in the power of a reasonable clergyman, if he will be at the pains, to make the most ignorant man comprehend what is his duty, and to convince him by arguments drawn to the level of his understanding, that he ought to perform it.

But I must remember that my design in this paper was not so much to instruct you in your business,

[a] A place of asylum for debtors, frequented by sharpers and debauchees

either as a clergyman or a preacher, as to warn you against some mistakes, which are obvious to the generality of mankind as well as to me: and we, who are hearers, may be allowed to have some opportunities in the quality of being standers by. Only, perhaps, I may now again trangress, by desiring you to express the heads of your divisions in as few and clear words as you possibly can; otherwise I, and many thousand others, will never be able to retain them, and consequently to carry away a syllable of the sermon.

I shall now mention a particular wherein your whole body will be certainly against me, and the laity, almost to a man, on my side. However it came about, I cannot get over the prejudice of taking some little offence at the clergy, for perpetually reading their sermons; perhaps my frequent hearing of foreigners, who never made use of notes, may have added to my disgust. And I cannot but think, that whatever is read differs as much from what is repeated without book, as a copy does from an original. At the same time I am highly sensible what an extreme difficulty it would be upon you to alter this method; and that in such a case your sermons would be much less valuable than they are, for want of time to improve and correct them. I would therefore gladly come to a compromise with you in this matter. I knew a clergyman of some distinction, who appeared to deliver his sermon without looking into his notes, which when I complimented him upon, he assured me he could not repeat six lines; but his method was to write the whole sermon in a large plain hand, with all the forms of margin, paragraph, marked page, and the like; then on Sunday morning he took care to run it over five or six times, which he could do in an hour; and when he delivered it, by pretending to turn his face from one side to the other, he would (in his own expression) pick up the lines, and cheat his people, by making them believe he had it all by heart. He further added, that whenever he happened by neglect to omit any of these circumstances, the vogue of the parish was, "Our doctor gave us but an indifferent sermon to-day." Now, among us, many clergyman act so directly contrary to this method, that from a habit of saving time and paper, which they acquired at the university, they write in so diminutive a manner, with such frequent blots and interlineations, that they are hardly able to go on without perpetual hesitations, or extemporary expletives: and I desire to know what can be more inexcusable than to see a divine and a scholar at a loss in reading his own compositions, which it is supposed he has been preparing with much pains and thought for the instruction of his people? The want of a little more care in this article is the cause of much ungraceful behaviour. You will observe some clergymen with their heads held down from the beginning to the end, within an inch of the cushion, to read what is hardly legible; which, besides the untoward manner, hinders them from making the best advantage of their voice: others again have a trick of popping up and down every moment from their paper to the audience, like an idle schoolboy on a repetition day.

Let me entreat you, therefore, to add one half-crown a year to the article of paper; to transcribe your sermons in as large and plain a manner as you can; and either make no interlineations, or change the whole leaf; for we, your hearers, would rather you should be less correct than perpetually stammering, which I take to be one of the worst solecisms in rhetoric. And, lastly, read your sermon once or twice a-day, for a few days before you preach it: to which you will probably answer some years hence, "that it was but just finished when the last bell rang to church;" and I shall readily believe, but not excuse you.

I cannot forbear warning you, in the most earnest manner, against endeavouring at wit in your sermons, because, by the strictest computation, it is very near a million to one that you have none: and because too many of your calling have consequently made themselves everlastingly ridiculous by attempting it. I remember several young men in this town, who could never leave the pulpit under half a dozen conceits; and this faculty adhered to those gentlemen a longer or shorter time, exactly in proportion to their several degrees of dulness: accordingly, I am told that some of them retain it to this day. I heartily wish the brood were at an end.

Before you enter into the common insufferable cant of taking all occasions to disparage the heathen philosophers, I hope you will differ from some of your brethren, by first inquiring what those philosophers can say for themselves. The system of morality to be gathered out of the writings or sayings of those ancient sages falls undoubtedly very short of that delivered in the gospel, and wants, besides, the divine sanction which our Saviour gave his. Whatever is further related by the evangelists contains chiefly matters of fact, and consequently of faith; such as the birth of Christ, his being the Messiah, his miracles, his death, resurrection, and ascension: none of which can properly come under the appellation of human wisdom, being intended only to make us wise unto salvation. And therefore in this point nothing can be justly laid to the charge of the philosophers, further than that they were ignorant of certain facts that happened long after their death. But I am deceived if a better comment could be anywhere collected upon the moral part of the gospel than from the writings of those excellent men; even that divine precept of loving our enemies is at large insisted on by Plato, who puts it, as I remember, into the mouth of Socrates. And as to the reproach of heathenism, I doubt they had less of it than the corrupted Jews, in whose time they lived. For it is a gross piece of ignorance among us to conceive that, in those polite and learned ages, even persons of any tolerable education, much less the wisest philosophers, did acknowledge or worship any more than one almighty power, under several denominations, to whom they allowed all those attributes we ascribe to the Divinity; and, as I take it, human comprehension reaches no further; neither did our Saviour think it necessary to explain to us the nature of God, because, as I suppose, it would be impossible, without bestowing on us other faculties than we possess at present. But the true misery of the heathen world appears to be, what I before mentioned, the want of a divine sanction, without which the dictates of the philosophers failed in the point of authority: and consequently the bulk of mankind lay indeed under a great load of ignorance, even in the article of morality; but the philosophers themselves, did not. Take the matter in this light, it will afford field enough for a divine to enlarge on, by showing the advantages which the Christian world has over the heathen, and the absolute necessity of divine revelation to make the knowledge of the true God, and the practice of virtue more universal in the world.

I am not ignorant how much I differ in this opinion from some ancient fathers in the church, who, arguing against the heathens, made it a principal topic to decry their philosophy as much as they could: which, I hope, is not altogether our present case. Besides, it is to be considered that those fathers lived in the decline of literature; and in my judgment (who should be unwilling to give the least offence) appear to be rather most excellent holy persons than of transcendent genius and learning. Their genuine writings (for many of them have extremely suffered by spurious editions) are of admirable use for confirming the truth of ancient doctrines and discipline, by showing the state

and practice of the primitive church. But among such of them as have fallen in my way, I do not remember any whose manner of arguing or exhorting I could heartily recommend to the imitation of a young divine, when he is to speak from the pulpit. Perhaps I judge too hastily, there being several of them in whose writings I have made very little progress, and in others none at all. For I perused only such as were recommended to me, a a time when I had more leisure and a better disposition to read than have since fallen to my share.

To return, then, to the heathen philosophers: I hope you will not only give them quarter, but make their works a considerable part of your study. To these I will venture to add the principal orators and historians, and perhaps a few of the poets; by the reading of which, you will soon discover your mind and thoughts to be enlarged, your imagination extended and refined; your judgment directed, your admiration lessened, and your fortitude increased; all which advantages must needs be of excellent use to a divine, whose duty it is to preach and practise the contempt of human things.

I would say something concerning quotations, wherein I think you cannot be too sparing, except from Scripture, and the primitive writers of the church. As to the former, when you offer a text as a proof of an illustration, we your hearers expect to be fairly used, and sometimes think we have reason to complain, especially of you younger divines; which makes us fear that some of you conceive you have no more to do than to turn over a concordance, and there, having found the principal word, introduce as much of the verse as will serve your turn, though in reality it makes nothing for you. I do not altogether disapprove the manner of interweaving texts of Scripture through the style of your sermons, wherein, however, I have sometimes observed great instances of indiscretion and impropriety, against which I therefore venture to give you a caution.

As to quotations from ancient fathers, I think they are best brought in to confirm some opinion controverted by those who differ from us: in other cases we give you full power to adopt the sentence for your own, rather than tell us, "as St. Austin excellently observes." But to mention modern writers by name, or use the phrase of "a late excellent prelate of our church," and the like, is altogether intolerable, and, for what reason I know not, makes every rational hearer ashamed. Of no better a stamp is your "heathen philosopher," and "famous poet," and "Roman historian," at least in common congregations, who will rather believe you on your own word than on that of Plato or Homer.

I have lived to see Greek and Latin almost entirely driven out of the pulpit, for which I am heartily glad. The frequent use of the latter was certainly a remnant of popery, which never admitted Scripture in the vulgar language; and I wonder that practice was never accordingly objected to us by the fanatics.

The mention of quotations puts me in mind of commonplace books, which have been long in use by industrious young divines, and, I hear, do still continue so: I know they are very beneficial to lawyers and physicians, because they are collections of facts or cases, whereupon a great part of their several faculties depend: of these I have seen several, but never yet any written by a clergyman; only from what I am informed, they generally are extracts of theological and moral sentences, drawn from ecclesiastical and other authors, reduced under proper heads, usually begun, and perhaps finished, while the collectors were young in the church, as being intended for materials, or nurseries to stock future sermons. You will observe the wise editors of ancient authors, when they meet a sentence worthy of being distinguished, take special care to have the first word printed in capital letters, that you may not overlook it: such, for example, as the inconstancy of fortune, the goodness of peace, the excellency of wisdom, the certainty of death: that prosperity makes men insolent, and adversity humble; and the like eternal truths, which every ploughman knows well enough, though he never heard of Aristotle or Plato. If theological commonplace books be no better filled, I think they had better be laid aside; and I could wish that men of tolerable intellectuals would rather trust their own natural reason, improved by a general conversation with books, to enlarge on a point which they are supposed already to understand. If a rational man reads an excellent author with just application, he shall find himself extremely improved, and, perhaps, insensibly led to imitate that author's perfections, although in a little time he should not remember one word in the book, nor even the subject it handled; for books give the same turn to our thoughts and way of reasoning that good and ill company do to our behaviour and conversation; without either loading our memories, or making us even sensible of the change. And particularly I have observed in preaching, that no men succeed better than those who trust entirely to the stock or fund of their own reason, advanced indeed, but not overlaid, by commerce with books. Whoever only reads in order to transcribe wise and shining remarks, without entering into the genius and spirit of the author, as it is probable he will make no very judicious extract, so he will be apt to trust to that collection in all his compositions, and be misled out of the regular way of thinking, in order to introduce those materials which he has been at the pains to gather: and the product of all this will be found a manifest incoherent piece of patchwork.

Some gentlemen, abounding in their university erudition, are apt to fill their sermons with philosophical terms and notions of the metaphysical or abstracted kind; which generally have one advantage, to be equally understood by the wise, the vulgar, and the preacher himself. I have been better entertained, and more informed, by a few pages in the "Pilgrim's Progress," than by a long discourse upon the will and the intellect, and simple or complex ideas. Others again are fond of dilating on matter and motion, talk of the fortuitous concourse of atoms, of theories, and phenomena, directly against the advice of St. Paul, who yet appears to have been conversant enough in those kinds of studies.

I do not find that you are anywhere directed in the canons or articles, to attempt explaining the mysteries of the Christian religion. And indeed, since Providence intended there should be mysteries, I do not see how it can be agreeable to piety, orthodoxy, or good sense to go about such a work. For to me there seems to be a manifest dilemma in the case; if you explain them, they are mysteries no longer; if you fail, you have laboured to no purpose. What I should think most reasonable and safe for you to do upon this occasion, is, upon solemn days, to deliver the doctrine as the church holds it, and confirm it by Scripture. For my part, having considered the matter impartially, I can see no great reason, which those gentlemen you call the freethinkers can have, for their clamour against religious mysteries, since it is plain they were not invented by the clergy, to whom they bring no profit, nor acquire any honour. For every clergyman is ready, either to tell us the utmost he knows, or to confess that he does not understand them: neither is it strange that there should be mysteries in divinity, as well as in the commonest operations of nature.

And here I am at a loss what to say upon the fre-

quent custom of preaching against atheism, deism, freethinking, and the like, as young divines are particularly fond of doing, especially when they exercise their talent in churches frequented by persons of quality; which, as it is but an ill compliment to the audience, so I am under some doubt whether it answers the end: because persons under those imputations are generally no great frequenters of churches, and so the congregation is but little edified for the sake of three or four fools, who are past grace: neither do I think it any part of prudence to perplex the minds of well-disposed people with doubts, which probably would never have otherwise come into their heads. But I am of opinion, and dare be positive in it, that not one in a hundred of those who pretend to be freethinkers are really so in their hearts. For there is one observation, which I never knew to fail, and I desire you will examine it in the course of your life, that no gentleman of a liberal education, and regular in his morals, did ever profess himself a freethinker: where then are these kind of people to be found? among the worst part of the soldiery, made up of pages, younger brothers of obscure families, and others of desperate fortunes; or else among idle town fops, and now and then a drunken 'squire of the country. Therefore nothing can be plainer than that ignorance and vice are two ingredients absolutely necessary in the composition of those you generally call freethinkers, who, in propriety of speech, are no thinkers at all. And since I am in the way of it, pray consider one thing further: as young as you are, you cannot but have already observed what a violent run there is among too many weak people against university education: be firmly assured that the whole cry is made up by those who were either never sent to college, or, through their irregularities and stupidity, never made the least improvement while they were there. I have above forty of the latter sort now in my eye; several of them in this town, whose learning, manners, temperance, probity, good-nature, and politics are all of a piece; others of them in the country, oppressing their tenants, tyrannizing over the neighbourhood, cheating the vicar, talking nonsense, and getting drunk at the sessions. It is from such seminaries as these that the world is provided with the several tribes and denominations of freethinkers; who, in my judgment, are not to be reformed by arguments offered to prove the truth of the Christian religion, because reasoning will never make a man correct an ill opinion, which by reasoning he never acquired: for in the course of things men always grow vicious before they become unbelievers: but if you would once convince the town or country profligate by topics drawn from the view of their own quiet, reputation, health, and advantage, their infidelity would soon drop off: this, I confess, is no easy task, because it is almost, in a literal sense, to fight with beasts. Now to make it clear that we are to look for no other original of this infidelity, whereof divines so much complain, it is allowed on all hands that the people of England are more corrupt in their morals than any other nation at this day under the sun: and this corruption is manifestly owing to other causes, both numerous and obvious, much more than to the publication of irreligious books, which indeed are but the consequence of the former. For all the writers against Christianity since the Revolution, have been of the lowest rank among men in regard to literature, wit, and good sense, and upon that account wholly unqualified to propagate heresies unless among a people already abandoned.

In an age, where everything disliked by those who think with the majority is called disaffection, it may perhaps be ill interpreted, when I venture to tell you, that this universal depravation of manners is owing to the perpetual bandying of factions among us for thirty years past, when, without weighing the motives of justice, law, conscience, or honour, every man adjusts his principles to those of the party he has chosen, and among whom he may best find his own account; but by reason of our frequent vicissitudes, men who were impatient of being out of play have been forced to recant, or at least to reconcile their former tenets with every new system of administration. Add to this, that the old fundamental custom of annual parliaments being wholly laid aside, and elections growing chargeable, since gentlemen found that their country seats brought them in less than a seat in the house, the voters, that is to say, the bulk of the common people, have been universally seduced into bribery, perjury, drunkenness, malice, and slander.

Not to be further tedious, or rather invidious, these are a few, among other causes, which have contributed to the ruin of our morals, and consequently to the contempt of religion: for, imagine to yourself, if you please, a landed youth, whom his mother would never suffer to look into a book for fear of spoiling his eyes, got into parliament, and observing all enemies to the clergy heard with the utmost applause, what notions he must imbibe, how readily he will join in the cry, what an esteem he will conceive of himself, and what a contempt he must entertain, not only for his vicar at home, but for the whole order.

I therefore again conclude, that the trade of infidelity has been taken up only for an expedient to keep in countenance that universal corruption of morals which many other causes first contributed to introduce and to cultivate. And thus Mr. Hobbes's saying upon reason may be much more properly applied to religion—that if religion will be against a man, a man will be against religion. Though after all I have heard a profligate offer much stronger arguments against paying his debts than ever he was known to do against Christianity; indeed, the reason was, because in that juncture he happened to be closer pressed by the bailiff than the parson.

Ignorance may perhaps be the mother of superstition, but experience has not proved it to be so of devotion; for Christianity always made the most easy and quickest progress in civilized countries. I mention this, because it is affirmed that the clergy are in most credit where ignorance prevails, (and surely this kingdom would be called the paradise of clergymen if that opinion were true,) for which they instance England in the times of popery. But whoever knows anything of three or four centuries before the Reformation, will find the little learning then stirring was more equally divided between the English clergy and laity than it is at present. There were several famous lawyers in that period, whose writings are still in the highest repute, and some historians and poets, who were not of the church. Whereas, now-a-days, our education is so corrupted, that you will hardly find a young person of quality with the least tincture of knowledge, at the same time that many of the clergy were never more learned, or so scurvily treated. Here, among us at least, a man of letters out of the three professions is almost a prodigy. And those few who have preserved any rudiments of learning are (except perhaps one or two smatterers) the clergy's friends to a man; and I dare appeal to any clergyman in this kingdom, whether the greatest dunce in the parish be not always the most proud, wicked, fraudulent, and intractable of his flock.

I think the clergy have almost given over perplexing themselves and their hearers with abstruse points of predestination, election, and the like; at least it is time they should; and therefore I shall not trouble you further upon this head.

I have now said all I could think convenient with relation to your conduct in the pulpit: your behaviour

in the world is another scene, upon which I shall readily offer you my thoughts if you appear to desire them from me by your approbation of what I have here written; if not, I have already troubled you too much.—I am, sir, your affectionate friend and servant.

AN ESSAY ON THE FATES OF CLERGYMEN.

There is no talent so useful toward rising in the world, or which puts men more out of the reach of fortune, than that quality generally possessed by the dullest sort of men, and in common speech called discretion; a species of lower prudence, by the assistance of which people of the meanest intellectuals, without any other qualification, pass through the world in great tranquillity and with universal good treatment, neither giving nor taking offence. Courts are seldom unprovided of persons under this character, on whom, if they happen to be of great quality, most employments, even the greatest, naturally fall when competitors will not agree; and in such promotions nobody rejoices or grieves. The truth of this I could prove by several instances within my own memory; for I say nothing of present times.

And, indeed, as regularity and forms are of great use in carrying on the business of the world, so it is very convenient that persons endued with this kind of discretion should have that share which is proper to their talents in the conduct of affairs, but by no means meddle in matters which require genius, learning, strong comprehension, quickness of conception, magnanimity, generosity, sagacity, or any other superior gift of human minds. Because this sort of discretion is usually attended with a strong desire of money, and few scruples about the way of obtaining it; with servile flattery and submission; with a want of all public spirit or principle; with a perpetual wrong judgment, when the owners come into power and high place, how to dispose of favour and preferment; having no measure for merit and virtue in others but those very steps by which themselves ascended; nor the least intention of doing good or hurt to the public further than either one or t'other is likely to be subservient to their own security or interest. Thus, being void of all friendship and enmity, they never complain or find fault with the times, and indeed never have reason to do so.

Men of eminent parts and abilities, as well as virtues, do sometimes rise in the court, sometimes in the law, and sometimes even in the church. Such were the lord Bacon, the earl of Strafford, archbishop Laud, in the reign of king Charles I., and others in our own times, whom I shall not name; but these, and many more, under different princes and in different kingdoms, dis[illegible]d or banished, or suffered death, merely in envy to their virtues and superior genius, which emboldened them in great exigencies and distresses of state (wanting a reasonable infusion of this aldermanly discretion) to attempt the service of their prince and country out of the common forms.

This evil fortune, which generally attends extraordinary men in the management of great affairs, has been imputed to divers causes that need not be here set down, when so obvious a one occurs, if what a certain writer observes be true, that when a great genius appears in the world, the dunces are all in confederacy against him. And if this be his fate when he employs his talents wholly in his closet, without interfering with any man's ambition or avarice, what must he expect when he ventures out to seek for preferment in a court but universal opposition when he is mounting the ladder, and every hand ready to turn him off when he is at the top? and in this point fortune generally acts directly contrary to nature; for in nature we find that bodies full of life and spirits mount easily and are hard to fall, whereas heavy bodies are hard to rise, and come down with greater velocity in proportion to their weight; but we find fortune every day acting just the reverse of this.

This talent of discretion, as I have described it in its several adjuncts and circumstances, is nowhere so serviceable as to the clergy, to whose preferment nothing is so fatal as the character of wit, politeness in reading or manners, or that kind of behaviour which we contract by having too much conversation with persons of high station and eminency; these qualifications being reckoned, by the vulgar of all ranks, to be marks of levity, which is the last crime the world will pardon in a clergyman; to this I may add a free manner of speaking in mixed company, and too frequent an appearance in places of much resort, which are equally noxious to spiritual promotion.

I have known, indeed, a few exceptions to some parts of these observations. I have seen some of the dullest men alive aiming at wit, and others, with as little pretensions, affecting politeness in manners and discourse; but never being able to persuade the world of their guilt, they grew into considerable stations, upon the firm assurance which all people had of their discretion, because they were of a size too low to deceive the world to their own disadvantage. But this, I confess, is a trial too dangerous often to engage in.

There is a known story of a clergyman, who was recommended for a preferment by some great men at court, to an archbishop [Tenison.] His grace said, "he had heard that the clergyman used to play at whist and swobbers; that as to playing now and then a sober game at whist for pastime, it might be pardoned, but he could not digest those wicked swobbers;" and it was with some pains that my lord Somers could undeceive him. I ask, by what talents we may suppose that great prelate ascended so high, or what sort of qualifications he would expect in those whom he took into his patronage, or would probably recommend to court for the government of distant churches?

Two clergymen, in my memory, stood candidates for a small free-school in Yorkshire, where a gentleman of quality and interest in the county, who happened to have a better understanding than his neighbours, procured the place for him who was the better scholar and more gentlemanly person of the two, very much to the regret of all the parish: the other being disappointed, came up to London, where he became the greatest pattern of this lower discretion that I have known, and possessed it with as heavy intellectuals; which, together with the coldness of his temper and gravity of his deportment, carried him safe through many difficulties, and he lived and died in a great station; while his competitor is too obscure for fame to tell us what became of him.

This species of discretion, which I so much celebrate and do most heartily recommend, has one advantage not yet mentioned: it will carry a man safe through all the malice and variety of parties so far, that, whatever faction happens to be uppermost, his claim is usually allowed for a share of what is going. And the thing seems to be highly reasonable; for in all great changes the prevailing side is usually so tempestuous that it wants the ballast of those whom the world calls moderate men, and I call men of discretion; whom people in power may, with little ceremony, load as heavy as they please, drive them through the hardest and deepest roads without danger of foundering or breaking their backs, and will be sure to find them neither resty nor vicious.

I will here give the reader a short history of two clergymen in England, the characters of each, and

the progress of their fortunes in the world; by which the force of worldly discretion, and the bad consequences from the want of that virtue, will strongly appear:—

Corusodes, an Oxford student and a farmer's son, was never absent from prayers or lecture, nor once out of his college after Tom had tolled. He spent every day ten hours in his closet, in reading his courses, dozing, clipping papers, or darning his stockings; which last he performed to admiration. He could be soberly drunk at the expense of others, with college ale, and at those seasons was always most devout. He wore the same gown five years without draggling or tearing. He never once looked into a play-book or a poem. He read Virgil and Ramus in the same cadence, but with a very different taste. He never understood a jest, or had the least conception of wit.

For one saying he stands in renown to this day. Being with some other students over a pot of ale, one of the company said so many pleasant things, that the rest were much diverted, only Corusodes was silent and unmoved. When they parted, he called this merry companion aside, and said, "Sir, I perceive by your often speaking, and our friends laughing, that you spoke many jests; and you could not but observe my silence; but, sir, this is my humour: I never make a jest myself, nor ever laugh at another man's."

Corusodes, thus endowed, got into holy orders; having by the most extreme parsimony, saved 34*l.* out of a very beggarly fellowship, he went up to London, where his sister was waiting-woman to a lady, and so good a solicitor that by her means he was admitted to read prayers in the family twice a-day, at 10*s.* a-month. He had now acquired a low, obsequious, awkward bow, and a talent of gross flattery both in and out of season; he would shake the butler by the hand; he taught the page his catechism, and was sometimes admitted to dine at the steward's table. In short, he got the good word of the whole family, and was recommended by my lady for chaplain to some other noble houses, by which his revenue (besides vales) amounted to about 30*l.* a-year; his sister procured him a scarf from my lord, who had a small design of gallantry upon her; and by his lordship's solicitation he got a lectureship in town of 60*l.* a-year; where he preached constantly in person, in a grave manner, with an audible voice, a style ecclesiastic, and the matter (such as it was) was suited to the intellectuals of his hearers. Some time after, a country living fell in my lord's disposal; and his lordship, who had now some encouragement given him of success in his amour, bestowed the living on Corusodes, who still kept his lectureship and residence in town; where he was a constant attendant at all meetings relating to charity, without ever contributing further than his frequent pious exhortations. If any woman of better fashion in the parish happened to be absent from church, they were sure of a visit from him in a day or two, to chide and to dine with them.

He had a select number of poor constantly attending at the street-door of his lodging, for whom he was a common solicitor to his former patroness, dropping in his own half-crown among the collections, and taking it out when he disposed of the money. At a person of quality's house, he would never sit down till he was thrice bid, and then upon the corner of the most distant chair. His whole demeanour was formal and starch, which adhered so close, that he could never shake it off in his highest promotion.

His lord was now in high employment at court, and attended by him with the most abject assiduity; and his sister being gone off with child to a private lodging, my lord continued his graces to Corusodes, got him to be a chaplain in ordinary, and in due time a parish in town, and a dignity in the church.

He paid his curates punctually, at the lowest salary, and partly out of the communion money; but gave them good advice in abundance. He married a citizen's widow, who taught him to put out small sums at ten per cent., and brought him acquainted with jobbers in Change-alley. By her dexterity he sold the clerkship of his parish when it became vacant.

He kept a miserable house, but the blame was laid wholly upon madam; for the good doctor was always at his books, or visiting the sick, or doing other offices of charity and piety in his parish.

He treated all his inferiors of the clergy with a most sanctified pride; was rigorously and universally censorious upon all his brethren of the gown, on their first appearance in the world, or while they continued meanly preferred; but gave large allowance to the laity of high rank or great riches, using neither eyes nor ears for their faults: he was never sensible of the least corruption in courts, parliaments, or ministries, but made the most favourable constructions of all public proceedings; and power in whatever hands or whatever party, was always secure of his most charitable opinion. He had many wholesome maxims ready to excuse all miscarriages of state; men are but men, *erunt vitia donec homines;* and *quod supra nos, nil ad nos;* with several others of equal weight.

It would lengthen my paper beyond measure to trace out the whole system of his conduct; his dreadful apprehensions of popery; his great moderation towards dissenters of all denominations, with hearty wishes that, by yielding somewhat on both sides, there might be a general union among Protestants; his short, inoffensive sermons in his turns at court, and the matter exactly suited to the present juncture of prevailing opinions; the arts he used to obtain a mitre, by writing against Episcopacy; and the proofs he gave of his loyalty, by palliating or defending the murder of a martyred prince.

Endued with all these accomplishments, we leave him in the full career of success, mounting fast toward the top of the ladder ecclesiastical, which he has a fair probability to reach; without the merit of one single virtue, moderately stocked with the least valuable parts of erudition, utterly devoid of all taste, judgment or genius; and, in his grandeur, naturally choosing to haul up others after him whose accomplishments most resembled his own, except his beloved sons, nephews, or other kindred, be in competition; or, lastly, except his inclinations be diverted by those who have power to mortify or further advance him.

Eugenio set out from the same university and about the same time with Corusodes; he had the reputation of an arch lad at school, and was unfortunately possessed with a talent for poetry; on which account he received many chiding letters from his father and grave advice from his tutor. He did not neglect his college learning, but his chief study was the authors of antiquity, with a perfect knowledge in the Greek and Roman tongues. He could never procure himself to be chosen fellow; for it was objected against him that he had written verses, and particularly some wherein he glanced at a certain reverend doctor famous for dulness; that he had been seen bowing to ladies as he met them in the street; and it was proved that once he had been found dancing in a private family with half a dozen of both sexes.

He was the younger son to a gentleman of good birth but small estate; and his father dying, he was driven to London to seek his fortune; he got into orders, and became reader in a parish church at 20*l.* a-year; was carried by an Oxford friend to Will's coffee-house, frequented in those days by men of wit,

where in some time he had the bad luck to be distinguished. His scanty salary compelled him to run deep in debt for a new gown and cassock, and now and then forced him to write some paper of wit or humour or preach a sermon for 10s. to supply his necessities He was a thousand times recommended by his poetical friends to great persons as a young man of excellent parts who deserved encouragement, and received a thousand promises; but his modesty, and a generous spirit, which disdained the slavery of continual application and attendance, always disappointed him, making room for vigilant dunces, who were sure to be never out of sight.

He had an excellent faculty in preaching, if he were not sometimes a little too refined, and apt to trust too much to his own way of thinking and reasoning.

When, upon the vacancy of a preferment, he was hardly drawn to attend upon some promising lord, he received the usual answer, "That he came too late, for it had been given to another the very day before." And he had only this comfort left, that everybody said, "*It was a thousand pities something could not be done for poor Mr. Eugenio.*"

The remainder of his story will be despatched in a few words: wearied with weak hopes and weaker pursuits, he accepted a curacy in Derbyshire of 30*l.* a-year, and when he was 45, had the great felicity to be preferred by a friend of his father's to a vicarage worth annually 60*l.*, in the most desert parts of Lincolnshire; where, his spirit quite sunk with those reflections that solitude and disappointments bring, he married a farmer's widow, and is still alive, utterly undistinguished and forgotten; only some of the neighbours have accidentally heard that he had been a notable man in his youth.

CONCERNING THAT

UNIVERSAL HATRED

WHICH PREVAILS

AGAINST THE CLERGY.

May 24, 1736

I HAVE been long considering and conjecturing what could be the causes of that great disgust of late against the clergy of both kingdoms, beyond what was ever known till that monster and tyrant Henry VIII., who took away from them, against law, reason, and justice, at least two-thirds of their legal possessions; and whose successors (except queen Mary) went on with their rapine till the accession of king James I. That detestable tyrant Henry VIII., although he abolished the pope's power in England as universal bishop, yet what he did in that article, however just it were in itself, was the mere effect of his irregular appetite, to divorce himself from a wife he was weary of, for a younger and more beautiful woman whom he afterwards beheaded. But, at the same time, he was an entire defender of all the popish doctrines, even those which were the most absurd. And while he put the people to death for denying him to be head of the church, he burned every offender against the doctrines of the Roman faith; and cut off the head of sir Thomas More, a person of the greatest virtue this kingdom ever produced, for not directly owning him to be head of the church. Among all the princes who ever reigned in the world, there was never so infernal a beast as Henry VIII., in every vice of the most odious kind, without any one appearance of virtue: but cruelty, lust, rapine, and atheism, were his peculiar talents. He rejected the power of the pope for no other reason than to give his full swing to commit sacrilege, in which no tyrant since Christianity became national did ever equal him by many degrees. The abbeys, endowed with lands by the mistaken notion of well-disposed men, were indeed too numerous and hurtful to the kingdom; and therefore the legislature might, after the Reformation, have justly applied them to some pious or public uses.

In a very few centuries after Christianity became national in most parts of Europe, although the church of Rome had already introduced many corruptions in religion; yet the piety of early Christians, as well as the new converts, was so great, and particularly princes, as well as noblemen and other wealthy persons, that they built many religious houses for those who were inclined to live in a recluse or solitary manner, endowing those monasteries with land. It is true we read of monks some ages before, who dwelt in caves and cells in desert places. But when public edifices were erected and endowed, they began gradually to degenerate into idleness, ignorance, avarice, ambition, and luxury, after the usual fate of all human institutions. The popes, who had already aggrandized themselves, laid hold of the opportunity to subject all religious houses, with their priors and abbots, to their peculiar authority; whereby those religious orders became of an interest directly different from the rest of mankind, and wholly at the pope's devotion. I need say no more on this article, so generally known and so frequently treated, or of the frequent endeavours of some other princes, as well as our own, to check the growth, and wealth, and power, of the regulars.

In later times this mistaken piety of erecting and endowing abbeys began to decrease. And therefore, when some new-invented sects of monks and friars began to start up, not being able to procure grants of land, they got leave from the pope to appropriate the tithes and glebes of certain parishes, as contiguous or near as they could find, obliging themselves to send out some of their body to take care of the people's souls; and if some of those parishes were at too great a distance from the abbey, the monks appointed to attend them were paid for the cure either a small stipend of a determined sum, or sometimes a third part, or what are now called the vicarial tithes.

As to the church-lands, it hath been the opinion of many writers that in England they amounted to a third part of the whole kingdom And therefore, if that wicked prince above mentioned, when he had cast off the pope's power, had introduced some reformation in religion, he could not have been blamed for taking away the abbey-lands by authority of parliament. But, when he continued the most cruel persecution of all those who differed in the least article of the popish religion, which was then the national and established faith, his seizing on those lands, and applying them to profane uses, was absolute sacrilege in the strongest sense of the word; having been bequeathed by princes and pious men to sacred uses.

In the reign of this prince the church and court of Rome had arrived to such a height of corruption in doctrine and discipline as gave great offence to many wise, learned, and pious men, through most parts of Europe; and several countries agreed to make some reformation in religion. But although a proper and just reformation were allowed to be necessary, even to preserve Christianity itself, yet the passions and vices of men had mingled themselves so far as to pervert and confound all the good endeavours of those who intended well: and thus the reformation, in every country where it was attempted, was carried on in the most impious and scandalous manner that can possibly be conceived. To which unhappy proceedings we owe all the just reproaches that Roman Catholics have cast upon us ever since. For when the northern kingdoms and states grew weary of the pope's tyranny, and when

their preachers, beginning with the scandalous abuses of indulgences, and proceeding further to examine several points of faith, had credit enough with their princes, who were in some fear lest such a change might affect the peace of their countries, because their bishops had great influence on the people by their wealth and power; these politic teachers had a ready answer to this purpose: "Sir, your majesty need not be in any pain or apprehension: take away the lands, and sink the authority of the bishops: bestow those lands on your courtiers, on your nobles, and on your great officers in your army; and then you will be secure of the people." This advice was exactly followed. And in the Protestant monarchies abroad little more than the shadow of Episcopacy is left; but in the republics it is wholly extinct.

In England, the reformation was brought in after a somewhat different manner, but upon the same principle of robbing the church. However, Henry VIII., with great dexterity, discovered an invention to gratify his insatiable thirst for blood on both religions. * * * *

THE SENTIMENTS
OF A
CHURCH-OF-ENGLAND MAN
With respect to Religion and Government.
WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1708.

DR. SWIFT wrote this treatise in the quality of a moderator between the two parties that then divided the nation, because he could not possibly think so well or ill of either party as they would endeavour to persuade the world of each other and of themselves. For instance, he did "not charge it upon the body of the Whigs or the Tories that their several principles led them to introduce presbytery and the religion of the church of Rome, or a commonwealth and arbitrary power." As for himself, he says, "I believe I am no bigot in religion; and I am sure I am none in government. I converse in full freedom with many considerable men of both parties; and if not in equal number it is purely accidental and personal, as happening to be near the court, and to have made acquaintance there more under one ministry than another."—This appears to be an apology for the Tories, and a justification of them against the misrepresentations of the Whigs, who were then in the ministry, and used every artifice to perpetuate their power. Mr. Harley, afterwards lord Oxford, had, by the influence of the duke of Marlborough and lord treasurer Godolphin, been lately removed from his post of principal secretary of state; and Mr St. John, afterwards lord Bolingbroke, resigned his place of secretary-at-war, and sir Simon Harcourt that of attorney-general.[a]

SECTION THE FIRST.

WHOEVER has examined the conduct and proceedings of both parties for some years past, whether in or out of power, cannot well conceive it possible to go far toward the extremes of either without offering some violence to his integrity or understanding. A wise and a good man may indeed be sometimes induced to comply with a number whose opinion he generally approves, though it be perhaps against his own. But this liberty should be made use of upon very few occasions, and those of small importance, and then only with a view of bringing over his own side another time to something of greater and more public moment. But to sacrifice the innocency of a friend, the good of our country, or our own conscience, to the humour, or passion or interest of a party, plainly shows that either our heads or our hearts are not as they should be: yet this very practice is the fundamental law of each faction among us, as may be obvious to any who will impartially and without engagement be at the pains to examine their actions, which, however, is not so easy a task: for it seems a principle in human nature to incline one way more than another, even in matters where we are wholly unconcerned. And it is a common observation that in reading a history of facts done a thousand years ago, or standing by at play among those who are perfect strangers to us, we are apt to find our hopes and wishes engaged on a sudden in favour of one side more than another. No wonder then that we are all so ready to interest ourselves in the course of public affairs, where the most inconsiderable have some real share, and, by the wonderful importance which every man is of to himself, a very great imaginary one.

And, indeed, when the two parties that divide the whole commonwealth come once to a rupture, without any hopes left of forming a third with better principles to balance the others, it seems every man's duty to choose one of the two sides, though he cannot entirely approve of either; and all pretences to neutrality are justly exploded by both, being too stale and obvious, only intending the safety and ease of a few individuals, while the public is embroiled. This was the opinion and practice of the latter Cato, whom I esteem to have been the wisest and best of all the Romans. But before things proceed to open violence, the truest service a private man may hope to do his country is, by unbiassing his mind as much as possible, and then endeavouring to moderate between the rival powers; which must needs be owned a fair proceeding with the world, because it is, of all others, the least consistent with the common design of making a fortune by the merits of an opinion.

I have gone as far as I am able in qualifying myself to be such a moderator: I believe I am no bigot in religion, and I am sure I am none in government. I converse in full freedom with many considerable men of both parties; and if not in equal number it is purely accidental and personal, as happening to be near the court, and to have made acquaintance there, more under one ministry than another. Then, I am not under the necessity of declaring myself by the prospect of an employment. And, lastly, if all this be not sufficient, I industriously conceal my name, which wholly exempts me from any hopes and fears in delivering my opinion.

In consequence of this free use of my reason, I cannot possibly think so well or so ill of either party as they would endeavour to persuade the world of each other and of themselves. For instance; I do not charge it upon the body of the Whigs or the Tories that their several principles lead them to introduce Presbytery and the religion of the church of Rome, or a commonwealth and arbitrary power. For why should any party be accused of a principle which they solemnly disown and protest against? But to this they have a mutual answer ready; they both assure us that their adversaries are not to be believed; that they disown their principles out of fear, which are manifest enough when we examine their practices. To prove this, they will produce instances, on one side, either of avowed presbyterians, or persons of libertine and atheistical tenets; and on the other, of professed papists, or such as are openly in the interest of the abdicated family. Now it is very natural for all subordinate sects and denominations in a state to side with some general party, and to choose that which they find to agree with themselves in some general principle. Thus, at the restoration, the Presbyterians, Anabaptists, Independents, and other sects, did all, with very good reason, unite and solder up their several schemes to join against the church; who, without regard to their distinctions, treated them all as equal adversaries. Thus, our present dissenters do very naturally close in with the Whigs, who profess moderation, declare they abhor all thoughts of persecution, and think it hard that those who differ only in a few ceremonies and speculations should be denied the privilege and profit of serving their country in the highest employments of state.

[a] This tract is written with great coolness, moderation, ease, and perspicuity.—JOHNSON.

Thus, the atheists, libertines, despisers of religion and revelation in general, that is to say, all those who usually pass under the name of freethinkers, do properly join with the same body: because they likewise preach up moderation, and are not so overnice to distinguish between an unlimited liberty of conscience and an unlimited freedom of opinion. Then, on the other side, the professed firmness of the Tories for episcopacy, as an apostolical institution; their aversion to those sects who lie under the reproach of having once destroyed their constitution, and who, they imagine, by too indiscreet a zeal for reformation, have defaced the primitive model of the church; next, their veneration for monarchical government in the common course of succession, and their hatred to republican schemes: these, I say, are principles which not only the nonjuring zealots profess, but even papists themselves fall readily in with. And every extreme here mentioned flings a general scandal upon the whole body it pretends to adhere to.

But surely no man whatsoever ought, in justice or good manners, to be charged with principles he actually disowns, unless his practices do openly, and without the least room for doubt, contradict his profession; not upon small surmises, or because he has the misfortune to have ill men sometimes agree with him in a few general sentiments. However, though the extremes of Whig and Tory seem, with little justice, to have drawn religion into their controversies, wherein they have small concern, yet they both have borrowed one leading principle from the abuse of it: which is, to have built their several systems of political faith, not upon inquiries after truth, but upon opposition to each other, upon injurious appellations, charging their adversaries with horrid opinions, and then reproaching them for the want of charity; *et neuter falso.*

In order to remove these prejudices, I have thought nothing could be more effectual than to describe the sentiments of a church-of-England man with respect to religion and government. This I shall endeavour to do in such a manner as may not be liable to the least objection from either party, and which I am confident would be assented to by great numbers in both, if they were not misled to those mutual misrepresentations by such motives as they would be ashamed to own.

I shall begin with religion.

And here, though it makes an odd sound, yet it is necessary to say that whoever professes himself a member of the church of England ought to believe a God and his providence, together with revealed religion and the divinity of Christ. For beside those many thousands who (to speak in the phrase of divines) do practically deny all this by the immorality of their lives, there is no small number who, in their conversation and writings, directly or by consequence, endeavour to overthrow it; yet all these place themselves in the list of the national church, though at the same time (as it is highly reasonable) they are great sticklers for liberty of conscience.

To enter upon particulars: a church-of-England man has a true veneration for the scheme established among us of ecclesiastic government; and though he will not determine whether episcopacy be of divine right, he is sure it is most agreeable to primitive institution, fittest of all others for preserving order and purity, and, under its present regulations, best calculated for our civil state: he should therefore think the abolishment of that order among us would prove a mighty scandal and corruption to our faith, and manifestly dangerous to our monarchy; nay, he would defend it by arms against all the powers on earth, except our own legislature; in which case he would submit, as to a general calamity, a dearth, or a pestilence.

As to rites and ceremonies and forms of prayer, he allows there might be some useful alterations, and more which, in the prospect of uniting Christians, might be very supportable, as things declared in their own nature indifferent; to which he therefore would readily comply, if the clergy, or (though this be not so fair a method) if the legislature should direct: yet, at the same time, he cannot altogether blame the former for their unwillingness to consent to any alteration; which, besides the trouble, and perhaps disgrace, would certainly never produce the good effects intended by it. The only condition that could make it prudent and just for the clergy to comply in altering the ceremonial, or any other indifferent part, would be a firm resolution in the legislature to interpose, by some strict and effectual laws, to prevent the rising and spreading of new sects, how plausible soever, for the future; else there must never be an end: and it would be to act like a man who should pull down and change the ornaments of his house, in compliance to every one who was disposed to find fault as he passed by; which, besides the perpetual trouble and expense, would very much damage, and perhaps in time destroy, the building. Sects in a state seem only tolerated with any reason because they are already spread; and because it would not be agreeable with so mild a government, or so pure a religion as ours, to use violent methods against great numbers of mistaken people, while they do not manifestly endanger the constitution of either. But the greatest advocates for general liberty of conscience will allow that they ought to be checked in their beginnings, if they will allow them to be an evil at all; or, which is the same thing, if they will only grant it were better for the peace of the state that there should be none. But while the clergy consider the natural temper of mankind in general, or of our own country in particular, what assurances can they have that any compliances they shall make will remove the evil of dissension, while the liberty still continues of professing whatever new opinion we please? Or how can it be imagined, that the body of dissenting teachers, who must be all undone by such a revolution, will not cast about for some new objections to withhold their flocks, and draw in fresh proselytes, by some further innovations or refinements?

Upon these reasons he is for tolerating such different forms in religious worship as are already admitted, but by no means for leaving it in the power of those who are tolerated to advance their own models upon the ruin of what is already established; which it is natural for all sects to desire, and which they cannot be justified by any consistent principles if they do not endeavour; and yet, which they cannot succeed in without the utmost danger to the public peace.

To prevent these inconveniences, he thinks it highly just that all rewards of trust, profit, or dignity, which the state leaves in the disposal of the administration, should be given only to those whose principles direct them to preserve the constitution in all its parts. In the late affair of occasional conformity, the general argument of those who were against it was, not to deny it an evil in itself, but that the remedy proposed was violent, untimely, and improper; which is the bishop of Salisbury's opinion in the speech he made and published against the bill: but however just their fears or complaints might have been upon that score, he thinks it a little too gross and precipitate to employ their writers already in arguments for repealing the sacramental test, upon no wiser maxim than that no man should on the account of conscience be deprived the liberty of serving his country; a topic which may be equally applied to admit Papists, Atheists, Mahometans, Heathens, and Jews. If the church wants members of its own to employ in the service of the public, or be so

unhappily contrived as to exclude from its communions such persons who are likeliest to have great abilities, it is time it should be altered, and reduced into some more perfect, or at least more popular form: but in the mean while, it is not altogether improbable, that when those who dislike the constitution are so very zealous in their offers for the service of their country, they are not wholly unmindful of their party or of themselves.

The Dutch, whose practice is so often quoted to prove and celebrate the great advantages of a general liberty of conscience, have yet a national religion professed by all who bear office among them: but why should they be a precedent for us either in religion or government? our country differs from theirs, as well in situation, soil, and productions of nature, as in the genius and complexion of inhabitants. They are a commonwealth founded on a sudden, by a desperate attempt in a desperate condition, not formed or digested into a regular system by mature thought and reason, but huddled up under the pressure of sudden exigencies; calculated for no long duration, and hitherto subsisting by accident, in the midst of contending powers, who cannot yet agree about sharing it among them. These difficulties do indeed preserve them from any great corruptions, which their crazy constitution would extremely subject them to in a long peace. That confluence of people, in a persecuting age, to a place of refuge nearest at hand, put them upon the necessity of trade, to which they wisely gave all ease and encouragement: and if we could think fit to imitate them in this last particular, there would need no more to invite foreigners among us; who seem to think no further than how to secure their property and conscience, without projecting any share in that government which gives them protection, or calling it persecution if it be denied them. But, I speak it for the honour of our administration, although our sects are not so numerous as those in Holland, which I presume is not our fault, and I hope is not our misfortune, we much excel them, and all Christendom besides, in our indulgence to tender consciences. One single compliance with the national form of receiving the sacrament is all we require to qualify any sectary among us for the greatest employments in the state, after which he is at liberty to rejoin his own assemblies for the rest of his life. Besides, I will suppose any of the numerous sects in Holland to have so far prevailed as to have raised a civil war, destroyed their government and religion, and put their administrators to death; after which, I will suppose the people to have recovered all again, and to have settled on their old foundation. Then I would put a query whether that sect which was the unhappy instrument of all this confusion could reasonably expect to be entrusted for the future with the greatest employments, or indeed to be hardly tolerated among them?

To go on with the sentiments of a church-of-England man: he does not see how that mighty passion for the church, which some men pretend can well consist with those indignities, and that contempt they bestow on the persons of the clergy. It is a strange mark whereby to distinguish high-church-men, that they are such who imagine the clergy can never be too low. He thinks the maxim these gentlemen are so fond of, that they are for an humble clergy, is a very good one: and so is he, and for an humble laity too, since humility is a virtue that perhaps equally befits and adorns every station of life.

But then, if the scribblers on the other side freely speak the sentiments of their party, a divine of the church of England cannot look for much better quarter thence. You shall observe nothing more frequent in their weekly papers than a way of affecting to confound the terms of clergy and high church, of applying both indifferently, and then loading the latter with all the calumny they can invent. They will tell you they honour a clergyman; but talk at the same time as if there were not three in the kingdom who could fall in with their definition. After the like manner they insult the universities, as poisoned fountains and corrupters of youth.

Now it seems clear to me that the Whigs might easily have procured and maintained a majority among the clergy, and perhaps in the universities, if they had not too much encouraged or connived at this intemperance of speech and virulence of pen in the worst and most prostitute of their party; among whom there has been for some years past such a perpetual clamour against the ambition, the implacable temper, and the covetousness of the priesthood; such a cant of high church, and persecution, and being priestridden; so many reproaches about narrow principles or terms of communion; then such scandalous reflections on the universities for infecting the youth of the nation with arbitrary and Jacobite principles, that it was natural for those who had the care of religion and education to apprehend some general design of altering the constitution of both. And all this was the more extraordinary because it could not easily be forgot that whatever opposition was made to the usurpations of king James proceeded altogether from the church of England, and chiefly from the clergy and one of the universities. For, if it were of any use to recall matters of fact, what is more notorious than that prince's applying himself first to the church of England? and upon their refusal to fall in with his measures, making the like advances to the dissenters of all kinds, who readily and almost universally complied with him, affecting, in their numerous addresses and pamphlets, the style of our brethren the Roman Catholics; whose interests they put on the same foot with their own; and some of Cromwell's officers took posts in the army raised against the Prince of Orange. These proceedings of theirs they can only extenuate by urging the provocations they had met from the church in king Charles's reign; which, though perhaps excusable upon the score of human infirmity, are not by any means a plea of merit equal to the constancy and sufferings of the bishops and clergy, or of the head and fellows of Magdalen College, that furnished the prince of Orange's declaration with such powerful arguments to justify and promote the revolution.

Therefore a church-of-England man abhors the humour of the age in delighting to fling scandals upon the clergy in general; which, besides the disgrace to the Reformation and to religion itself, cast an ignominy upon the kingdom that it does not deserve. We have no better materials to compound the priesthood of than the mass of mankind which, corrupted as it is, those who receive orders must have some vices to leave behind them when they enter into the church; and if a few do still adhere it is no wonder, but rather a great one that they are no worse. Therefore he cannot think ambition or love of power more justly laid to their charge than to other men's; because that would be to make religion itself, or at least the best constitution of church government, answerable for the errors and depravity of human nature.

Within these last two hundred years all sorts of temporal power have been wrested from the clergy and much of their ecclesiastic, the reason or justice of which proceeding I shall not examine; but that the remedies were a little too violent, with respect to their possessions, the legislature has lately confessed by the remission of their first fruits. Neither do the common libellers deny this, who in their invectives only tax the church with an insatiable desire of power and wealth (equally

common to all bodies of men as well as individuals) but thank God that the laws have deprived them of both. However, it is worth observing the justice of parties; the sects among us are apt to complain, and think it hard usage to be reproached now after fifty years for overturning the state, for the murder of a king, and the indignity of a usurpation; yet these very men and their partisans are continually reproaching the clergy, and laying to their charge, the pride the avarice the luxury, the ignorance and superstition of popish times for a thousand years past.

He thinks it a scandal to government that such an unlimited liberty should be allowed of publishing books against those doctrines in religion wherein all Christians have agreed; much more to connive at such tracts as reject all revelation, and by their consequences often deny the very being of a God. Surely it is not a sufficient atonement for the writers that they profess much loyalty to the present government, and sprinkle up and down some arguments in favour of the dissenters; that they dispute as strenuously as they can for liberty of conscience, and inveigh largely against all ecclesiastics under the name of high church; and, in short, under the shelter of some popular principles in politics and religion, undermine the foundations of all piety and virtue.

As he does not reckon every schism of that damnable nature which some would represent, so he is very far from closing with the new opinion of those who would make it no crime at all; and argue at a wild rate that God Almighty is delighted with the variety of faith and worship, as he is with the varieties of nature. To such absurdities are men carried by the affectation of freethinking and removing the prejudices of education; under which head they have for some time begun to list morality and religion. It is certain that, before the rebellion in 1642, though the number of puritans (as they were then called) was as great as it is with us, and though they affected to follow pastors of that denomination, yet those pastors had episcopal ordination, possessed preferments in the church, and were sometimes promoted to bishoprics themselves. But a breach in the general form of worship was in those days reckoned so dangerous and sinful in itself, and so offensive to Roman catholics at home and abroad, that it was too unpopular to be attempted; neither, I believe, was the expedient then found out of maintaining separate pastors out of private purses.

When a schism is once spread in a nation, there grows at length a dispute which are the schismatics. Without entering on the arguments used by both sides among us to fix the guilt on each other, it is certain that, in the sense of the law, the schism lies on that side which opposes itself to the religion of the state. I leave it among the divines to dilate upon the danger of schism as a spiritual evil; but I would consider it only as a temporal one. And I think it clear that any great separation from the established worship, though to a new one that is more pure and perfect, may be an occasion of endangering the public peace; because it will compose a body always in reserve, prepared to follow any discontented heads, upon the plausible pretext of advancing true religion, and opposing error, superstition, or idolatry. For this reason Plato lays it down as a maxim, that men ought to worship the gods according to the laws of the country; and he introduces Socrates, in his last discourse, utterly disowning the crime laid to his charge, of teaching new divinities or methods of worship. Thus the poor Huguenots of France were engaged in a civil war by the specious pretences of some who, under the guise of religion, sacrificed so many thousand lives to their own ambition and revenge. Thus was the whole body of puritans in England drawn to be instruments or abettors of all manner of villany, by the artifices of a few men, whose designs from the first were levelled to destroy the constitution both of religion and government. And thus, even in Holland itself, where it is pretended that the variety of sects live so amicably together and in such perfect obedience to the magistrate, it is notorious how a turbulent party, joining with the Arminians, did, in the memory of our fathers, attempt to destroy the liberty of that republic. So that, upon the whole, where sects are tolerated in a state, it is fit they should enjoy a full liberty of conscience, and every other privilege of freeborn subjects to which no power is annexed. And to preserve their obedience upon all emergencies, a government cannot give them too much ease nor trust them with too little power.

The clergy are usually charged with a persecuting spirit, which they are said to discover by an implacable hatred to all dissenters: and this appears to be more unreasonable, because they suffer less in their interests by a toleration than any of the conforming laity: for while the church remains in its present form, no dissenter can possibly have any share in its dignities, revenues, or power; whereas, by once receiving the sacrament, he is rendered capable of the highest employments in the state. And it is very possible that a narrow education, together with a mixture of human infirmity, may help to beget among some of the clergy in possession such an aversion and contempt for all innovators as physicians are apt to have for empirics, or lawyers for pettifoggers, or merchants for pedlers; but since the number of sectaries does not concern the clergy, either in point of interest or conscience, (it being an evil not in their power to remedy,) it is more fair and reasonable to suppose their dislike proceeds from the dangers they apprehend to the peace of the commonwealth, in the ruin whereof they must expect to be the first and greatest sufferers.

To conclude this section, it must be observed that here is a very good word which has of late suffered much by both parties,—I mean moderation; which the one side very justly disowns, and the other as unjustly pretends to. Beside what passes every day in conversation, any man who reads the papers published by Mr. Lesley, and others of his stamp, must needs conclude that, if this author could make the nation see his adversaries under the colours he paints them in, we have nothing else to do but rise as one man and destroy such wretches from the face of the earth. On the other side, how shall we excuse the advocates for moderation? among whom I could appeal to a hundred papers of universal approbation by the cause they were writ for, which lay such principles to the whole body of the Tories as, if they were true and believed, our next business should in prudence be to erect gibbets in every parish and hang them out of the way. But I suppose it is presumed the common people understand raillery, or at least rhetoric, and will not take hyperboles in too literal a sense; which, however, in some junctures, might prove a desperate experiment. And this is moderation in the modern sense of the word, to which, speaking impartially, the bigots of both parties are equally entitled.

SECTION THE SECOND.

The Sentiments of a Church-of-England Man with respect to Government.

WE look upon it as a very just reproach, though we cannot agree where to fix it, that there should be so much violence and hatred in religious matters among men who agree in all fundamentals, and only differ in some ceremonies, or, at most, mere speculative points. Yet, is not this frequently the case between contending

parties in a state? For instance: do not the generality of Whigs and Tories among us profess to agree in the same fundamentals, their loyalty to the queen, their abjuration of the pretender, the settlement of the crown in the protestant line, and a revolution principle? their affection to the church established, with toleration of dissenters? nay, sometimes they go further, and pass over into each other's principles; the Whigs become great assertors of the prerogative, and the Tories of the people's liberty; these, crying down almost the whole set of bishops, and those defending them; so that the differences, fairly stated, would be much of a sort with those in religion among us, and amount to little more than who should take place, or go in and out first, or kiss the queen's hand; and what are these but a few court ceremonies? or who should be in the ministry; and what is that to the body of the nation but a mere speculative point? yet I think it must be allowed that no religious sects ever carried their mutual aversions to greater heights than our state parties have done; who, the more to inflame their passions, have mixed religious and civil animosities together; borrowing one of their appellations from the church, with the addition of high and low, how little soever their disputes relate to the term as it is generally understood.

I now proceed to deliver the sentiments of a Church-of-England man with respect to government.

He does not think the church of England so narrowly calculated that it cannot fall in with any regular species of government, nor does he think any one regular species of government more acceptable to God than another. The three generally received in the schools have all of them their several perfections, and are subject to their several depravations. However, few states are ruined by any defect in their institution, but generally by the corruption of manners; against which the best institution is no longer a security; and, without which a very ill one may subsist and flourish; whereof there are two pregnant instances now in Europe. The first is, the aristocracy of Venice, which, founded upon the wisest maxims and digested by a great length of time, has in our age admitted so many abuses through the degeneracy of the nobles, that the period of its duration seems to approach. The other is, the united republics of the states-general, where a vein of temperance, industry, parsimony, and a public spirit, running through the whole body of the people, has preserved an infant commonwealth, of an untimely birth and sickly constitution, for above a hundred years, through so many dangers and difficulties as a much more healthy one could never have struggled against without those advantages.

Where security of person and property are preserved by laws which none but the whole can repeal, there the great ends of government are provided for, whether the administration be in the hands of one or of many. Where any one person or body of men, who do not represent the whole, seize into their hands the power in the last resort, there is properly no longer a government, but what Aristotle and his followers call the abuse and corruption of one. This distinction excludes arbitrary power, in whatever numbers; which notwithstanding all that Hobbes, Filmer, and others, have said to its advantage, I look upon as a greater evil than anarchy itself, as much as a savage is in a happier state of life than a slave at the oar.

It is reckoned ill manners, as well as unreasonable, for men to quarrel upon difference in opinion; because that is usually supposed to be a thing which no man can help in himself: but this I do not conceive to be a universal infallible maxim, except in those cases where the question is pretty equally disputed among the learned and the wise: where it is otherwise, a man of tolerable reason, some experience, and willing to be instructed, may apprehend he is got into a wrong opinion, though the whole course of his mind and inclination would persuade him to believe it true; he may be convinced that he is in an error, though he does not see where it lies, by the bad effects of it in the common conduct of his life, and by observing those persons for whose wisdom and goodness he has the greatest deference to be of a contrary sentiment. According to Hobbes's comparison of reasoning with casting up accounts, whoever finds a mistake in the sum total must allow himself out, though, after repeated trials, he may not see in which article he has misreckoned. I will instance in one opinion, which I look upon every man obliged in conscience to quit or in prudence to conceal; I mean that, whoever argues in defence of absolute power in a single person, though he offers the old plausible plea that it is his opinion, which he cannot help unless he be convinced, ought in all free states to be treated as the common enemy of mankind. Yet this is laid as a heavy charge upon the clergy of the two reigns before the revolution, who, under the terms of passive obedience and nonresistance, are said to have preached up the unlimited power of the prince, because they found it a doctrine that pleased the court and made way for their preferment. And I believe there may be truth enough in this accusation to convince us that human frailty will too often interpose itself among persons of the holiest function. However, it may be offered in excuse for the clergy, that in the best societies there are some ill members which a corrupted court and ministry will industriously find out and introduce. Besides, it is manifest that the greater number of those who held and preached this doctrine were misguided by equivocal terms, and by perfect ignorance in the principles of government, which they had not made any part of their study. The question originally put, and, as I remember to have heard it disputed in public schools, was this, Whether, under any pretence whatsoever, it may be lawful to resist the supreme magistrate? which was held in the negative; and this is certainly the right opinion. But many of the clergy, and other learned men, deceived by dubious expression, mistook the object to which passive obedience was due. By the supreme magistrate, is properly understood the legislative power, which in all governments must be absolute and unlimited. But the word magistrate seeming to denote a single person, and to express the executive power, it came to pass that the obedience due to the legislature was, for want of knowing or considering this easy distinction, misapplied to the administration. Neither is it any wonder that the clergy or other well-meaning people should fall into this error, which deceived Hobbes himself so far as to be the foundation of all the political mistakes in his books; where he perpetually confounds the executive with the legislative power, though all well-instituted states have ever placed them in different hands, as may be obvious to those who know anything of Athens, Sparta, Thebes, and other republics of Greece, as well as the greater ones of Carthage and Rome.

Besides, it is to be considered that when these doctrines began to be preached among us, the kingdom had not quite worn out the memory of that horrid rebellion under the consequences of which it had groaned almost twenty years. And a weak prince, in conjunction with a succession of most prostitute ministers, began again to dispose the people to new attempts, which it was, no doubt, the clergy's duty to endeavour to prevent; though some of them, for want of knowledge in temporal affairs, and others perhaps from a worse principle, proceeded upon a topic that, strictly followed, would enslave all mankind.

Among other theological arguments made use of in

those times in praise of monarchy and justification of absolute obedience to a prince, there seemed to be one of a singular nature: it was urged that Heaven was governed by a monarch who had none to control his power, but was absolutely obeyed: then it followed, that earthly governments were the more perfect, the nearer they imitated the government in Heaven. All which I look upon as the strongest argument against despotic power that ever was offered; since no reason can possibly be assigned, why it is best for the world that God Almighty has such a power which does not directly prove that no mortal man should ever have the like.

But, though a church-of-England man thinks every species of government equally lawful, he does not think them equally expedient, or for every country indifferently. There may be something in the climate naturally disposing men toward one sort of obedience; as is manifest all over Asia, where we never read of any commonwealth, except some small ones on the western coasts, established by the Greeks. There may be a great deal in the situation of a country and in the present genius of the people. It has been observed that the temperate climates usually run into moderate governments, and the extremes into despotic power. It is a remark of Hobbes, that the youth of England are corrupted in their principles of government by reading the authors of Greece and Rome, who writ under commonwealths. But it might have been more fairly offered for the honour of liberty, that, while the rest of the known world was overrun with the arbitrary government of single persons, arts and sciences took their rise and flourished only in those few small territories where the people were free. And though learning may continue after liberty is lost, as it did in Rome for a while upon the foundations laid under the commonwealth and the particular patronage of some emperors, yet it hardly ever began under a tyranny in any nation; because slavery is of all things the greatest clog and obstacle to speculation. And, indeed, arbitrary power is but the first natural step from anarchy or the savage life; the adjusting of power and freedom being an effect and consequence of maturer thinking: and this is nowhere so duly regulated as in a limited monarchy: because I believe it may pass for a maxim in state, that the administration cannot be placed in too few hands, nor the legislature in too many. Now, in this material point, the constitution of the English government far exceeds all others at this time on the earth; to which the present establishment of the church does so happily agree, that I think whoever is an enemy to either, must of necessity be so to both.

He thinks, as our monarchy is constituted, an hereditary right is much to be preferred before election. Because the government here, especially by some late amendments, is so regularly disposed in all its parts, that it almost executes itself. And therefore, upon the death of a prince among us, the administration goes on without any rub or interruption. For the same reasons, we have less to apprehend from the weakness or fury of our monarchs, who have such wise councils to guide the first and laws to restrain the other. And therefore this hereditary right should be kept so sacred as never to break the succession, unless where the preserving of it may endanger the constitution; which is not from any intrinsic merit, or unalienable right, in a particular family, but to avoid the consequences that usually attend the ambition of competitors, to which elective kingdoms are exposed; and which is the only obstacle to hinder them from arriving at the greatest perfection that government can possibly reach. Hence appears the absurdity of that distinction between a king *de facto* and one *de jure*, with respect to us. For every limited monarch is a king *de jure*, because he governs by the consent of the whole, which is authority sufficient to abolish all precedent right. If a king come in by conquest, he is no longer a limited monarch; if he afterward consent to limitations, he becomes immediately king *de jure* for the same reason.

The great advocates for succession, who affirm it ought not to be violated upon any regard or consideration whatsoever, do insist much upon one argument, that seems to carry little weight. They would have it that a crown is a prince's birthright, and ought at least to be as well secured to him and his posterity as the inheritance of any private man; in short, that he has the same title to his kingdom which every individual has to his property: now the consequence of this doctrine must be, that, as a man may find several ways to waste, misspend, or abuse his patrimony, without being answerable to the laws; so a king may in like manner do what he will with his own; that is, he may squander and misapply his revenues, and even alienate the crown, without being called to an account by his subjects. They allow such a prince to be guilty, indeed, of much folly and wickedness, but for these he is answerable to God, as every private man must be, that is guilty of mismanagement in his own concerns. Now, the folly of this reasoning will best appear by applying it in a parallel case. Should any man argue that a physician is supposed to understand his own art best; that the law protects and encourages his profession; and therefore, although he should manifestly prescribe poison to all his patients, whereof they should immediately die, he cannot be justly punished, but is answerable only to God: or should the same be offered in behalf of a divine, who would preach against religion and moral duties; in either of these two cases, everybody would find out the sophistry, and presently answer that, although common men are not exactly skilled in the composition or application of medicines, or in prescribing the limits of duty, yet the difference between poisons and remedies is easily known by their effects; and common reason soon distinguishes between virtue and vice: and it must be necessary to forbid both these the further practice of their professions, because their crimes are not purely personal to the physician or the divine, but destructive to the public. All which is infinitely stronger in respect to a prince, in whose good or ill conduct the happiness or misery of a whole nation is included: whereas it is of small consequence to the public, further than example, how any private person manages his property.

But granting that the right of a lineal successor to a crown were upon the same foot with the property of a subject, still it may at any time be transferred by the legislative power, as other properties frequently are. The supreme power in a state can do no wrong, because whatever that does is the action of all: and when the lawyers apply this maxim to the king, they must understand it only in that sense as he is administrator of the supreme power; otherwise it is not universally true, but may be controlled in several instances easy to produce.

And these are the topics we must proceed upon to justify our exclusion of the young pretender in France; that of his suspected birth being merely popular, and therefore not made use of, as I remember, since the revolution, in any speech, vote, or proclamation, where there was an occasion to mention him.

As to the abdication of king James, which the advocates on that side look upon to have been forcible and unjust, and consequently void in itself, I think a man may observe every article of the English church without being in much pain about it. It is not unlikely that all doors were laid open for his departure, and perhaps not without the privity of the prince of Orange, as reasonably concluding that the kingdom

might be better settled in his absence; but to affirm he had any cause to apprehend the same treatment with his father is an improbable scandal flung upon the nation by a few bigoted French scribblers, or the invidious assertion of a ruined party at home in the bitterness of their souls; not one material circumstance agreeing with those in 1648; and the greatest part of the nation having preserved the utmost horror for that ignominious murder: but whether his removal were caused by his own fears or other men's artifices, it is manifest to me that, supposing the throne to be vacant, which was the foot the nation went upon, the body of the people were thereupon left at liberty to choose what forms of government they pleased, by themselves or their representatives.

The only difficulty of any weight against the proceedings at the revolution is an obvious objection to which the writers upon that subject have not yet given a direct or sufficient answer, as if they were in pain at some consequences which they apprehend those of the contrary opinion might draw from it. I will repeat this objection as it was offered me some time ago, with all its advantages, by a very pious, learned, and worthy gentleman of the nonjuring party.

The force of his argument turned upon this; that the laws made by the supreme power cannot otherwise than by the supreme power be annulled: that this consisting in England of a king, lords, and commons, whereof each have a negative voice, no two of them can repeal or enact a law without consent of the third; much less may any one of them be entirely excluded from its part of the legislature by a vote of the other two. That all these maxims were openly violated at the revolution; where an assembly of the nobles and people, not summoned by the king's writ (which was an essential part of the constitution), and consequently no lawful meeting, did, merely upon their own authority, declare the king to have abdicated, the throne vacant, and gave the crown by a vote to a nephew, when there were three children to inherit; though by the fundamental laws of the realm the next heir is immediately to succeed. Neither does it appear how a prince's abdication can make any other sort of vacancy in the throne than would be caused by his death; since he cannot abdicate for his children (who claim their right of succession by act of parliament) otherwise than by his own consent in form to a bill from the two houses.

And this is the difficulty that seems chiefly to stick with the most reasonable of those who, from a mere scruple of conscience, refuse to join with us upon the revolution principle; but for the rest, are I believe as far from loving arbitrary government as any others can be who are born under a free constitution and are allowed to have the least share of common good sense.

In this objection there are two questions included: first, Whether, upon the foot of our constitution, as it stood in the reign of the late king James, a king of England may be deposed? The second is, Whether the people of England, convened by their own authority after the king had withdrawn himself in the manner he did, had power to alter the succession?

As for the first, it is a point I shall not presume to determine; and shall therefore only say, that to any man who holds the negative I would demand the liberty of putting the case as strongly as I please. I will suppose a prince limited by laws like ours, yet running into a thousand caprices of cruelty, like Nero or Caligula; I will suppose him to murder his mother and his wife; to commit incest, to ravish matrons, to blow up the senate, and burn his metropolis; openly to renounce God and Christ, and worship the devil: these and the like exorbitances are in the power of a single person to commit, without the advice of a ministry or assistance of an army. And if such a king as I have described cannot be deposed but by his own consent in parliament, I do not well see how he can be resisted, or what can be meant by a limited monarchy; or what signifies the people's consent in making and repealing laws, if the person who administers has no tie but conscience, and is answerable to none but God. I desire no stronger proof that an opinion must be false than to find very great absurdities annexed to it, and there cannot be greater than in the present case; for it is not a bare speculation that kings may run into such enormities as are above mentioned: the practice may be proved by examples, not only drawn from the first Cæsars or later emperors, but many modern princes of Europe; such as Peter the Cruel, Philip II. of Spain, John Basilovitz of Muscovy, and in our own nation, king John, Richard III., and Henry VIII. But there cannot be equal absurdities supposed in maintaining the contrary opinion; because it is certain that princes have it in their power to keep a majority on their side, by any tolerable administration, till provoked by continual oppressions; no man indeed can then answer where the madness of the people will stop.

As to the second part of the objection, Whether the people of England, convened by their own authority upon king James's precipitate departure, had power to alter the succession?

In answer to this, I think it is manifest, from the practice of the wisest nations, and who seem to have had the truest notions of freedom, that, when a prince was laid aside for mal-administration, the nobles and people, if they thought it necessary for the public weal, did resume the administration of the supreme power (the power itself having been always in them), and did not only alter the succession, but often the very form of government too, because they believed there was no natural right in one man to govern another, but that all was by institution, force, or consent. Thus the cities of Greece, when they drove out their tyrannical kings, either chose others from a new family or abolished the kingly government and became free states. Thus the Romans, upon the expulsion of Tarquin, found it inconvenient for them to be subject any longer to the pride, the lust, the cruelty, and arbitrary will of single persons, and therefore, by general consent, entirely altered the whole frame of their government. Nor do I find the proceedings of either, in this point, to have been condemned by any historian of the succeeding ages.

But a great deal has been already said by other writers upon this invidious and beaten subject; therefore I shall let it fall, though the point is commonly mistaken, especially by the lawyers, who, of all others, seem least to understand the nature of government in general; like under-workmen, who are expert enough at making a single wheel in a clock, but are utterly ignorant how to adjust the several parts or regulate the movements.

To return, therefore, from this digression: It is a church-of-England man's opinion that the freedom of a nation consists in an absolute unlimited legislative power, wherein the whole body of the people are fairly represented, and in an executive duly limited; because on this side likewise there may be dangerous degrees and a very ill extreme. For, when two parties in a state are pretty equal in power, pretensions, merit and virtue (for these two last are, with relation to parties and a court, quite different things), it has been the opinion of the best writers upon government that a prince ought not in any sort to be under the guidance or influence of either; because he declines by this means from his office of presiding over the whole, to be the head of a

party; which, besides the indignity, renders him answerable for all public mismanagements, and the consequences of them; and in whatever state this happens, there must either be a weakness in the prince or ministry; or else the former is too much restrained by the nobles or those who represent the people.

To conclude: a church-of-England man may, with prudence and a good conscience, approve the professed principles of one party more than the other, according as he thinks they best promote the good of church and state; but he will never be swayed by passion or interest to advance an opinion merely because it is that of the party he most approves; which one single principle he looks upon as the root of all our civil animosities. To enter into a party, as into an order of friars, with so resigned an obedience to superiors, is very unsuitable both with the civil and religious liberties we so zealously assert. Thus the understandings of a whole senate are often enslaved by three or four leaders on each side, who, instead of intending the public weal, have their hearts wholly set upon ways and means how to get or to keep employments. But to speak more at large, how has this spirit of faction mingled itself with the mass of the people, changed their nature and manners, and the very genius of the nation? broke all the laws of charity, neighbourhood, alliance, and hospitality? destroyed all ties of friendship, and divided families against themselves? and no wonder it should be so, when, in order to find out the character of a person, instead of inquiring whether he be a man of virtue, honour, piety, wit, good sense, or learning, the modern question is only, whether he be a Whig or a Tory; under which terms all good and ill qualities are included.

Now, because it is a point of difficulty to choose an exact middle between two ill extremes, it may be worth inquiring in the present case which of these a wise and good man would rather seem to avoid; taking therefore their own good and ill characters, with due abatements and allowances for partiality and passion, I should think that, in order to preserve the constitution entire in church and state, whoever has a true value for both would be sure to avoid the extremes of Whig for the sake of the former, and the extremes of Tory on account of the latter.

I have now said all that I could think convenient upon so nice a subject, and find I have the ambition common with other reasoners, to wish at least that both parties may think me in the right; which would be of some use to those who have any virtue left, but are blindly drawn into the extravagancies of either, upon false representations, to serve the ambition or malice of designing men, without any prospect of their own. But if that is not to be hoped for, my next wish should be, that both might think me in the wrong; which I would understand as an ample justification of myself, and a sure ground to believe that I have proceeded at least with impartiality, and perhaps with truth.

SOME ARGUMENTS

AGAINST ENLARGING THE POWER OF BISHOPS IN LETTING LEASES.

Mihi credite, major hæreditas venit unicuique vestrûm in iisdem bonis a jure et a legibus quam ab iis a quibus illa ipsa bona relicta sunt.—CICERO *pro A. Cæcina.*

October 21, 1723.

IN handling this subject I shall proceed wholly upon the supposition that those of our party who profess themselves members of the church established, and under the apostolical government of bishops, do desire the continuance and transmission of it to posterity, at least in as good a condition as it is at present; because as this discourse is not calculated for dissenters of any kind, so neither will it suit the talk or sentiments of those persons who, with the denomination of churchmen, are oppressors of the inferior clergy, and perpetually quarrelling at the great incomes of the bishops; which is a traditional cant delivered down from former times, and continued with great reason, although it be near 200 years since almost three parts in four of the church revenues have been taken from the clergy, beside the spoils that have been gradually made ever since of glebes and other land, by the confusion of times, the fraud of encroaching neighbours, or the power of oppressors too great to be encountered.

About the time of the Reformation many popish bishops of this kingdom, knowing they must have been soon ejected if they would not change their religion, made long leases and fee-farms of great part of their lands, reserving very inconsiderable rents, sometimes only a chiefry, by a power they assumed directly contrary to many ancient canons, yet consistent enough with the common law. This trade held on for many years after the bishops became Protestants; and some of their names are still remembered with infamy, on account of enriching their families by such sacrilegious alienations. By these means episcopal revenues were so low reduced that three or four sees were often united to make a tolerable competency. For some remedy to this evil, king James I., by a bounty that became a good Christian prince, bestowed several forfeited lands on the northern bishoprics: but in all other parts of the kingdom the church continued still in the same distress and poverty; some of the sees hardly possessing enough to maintain a country vicar. About the middle of king Charles I.'s reign the legislature here thought fit to put a stop at least to any further alienations; and so a law was enacted prohibiting all bishops and other ecclesiastical corporations from setting their lands for above the term of twenty-one years; the rent reserved to be one-half of the real value of such lands at the time they were set, without which condition the lease to be void.

Soon after the restoration of king Charles II. the parliament, taking into consideration the miserable estate of the church, certain lands, by way of augmentation, were granted to eight bishops in the act of settlement, and confirmed in the act of explanation; of which bounty, as I remember, three sees were in a great measure defeated; but by what accidents it is not here of any importance to relate.

This at present is the condition of the church in Ireland with regard to episcopal revenues; which I have thus briefly (and perhaps imperfectly) deduced for some information to those whose thoughts do not lead them to such considerations.

By virtue of the statute already mentioned, under king Charles I. limiting ecclesiastical bodies to the term of twenty-one years under the reserved rent of half real value, the bishops have had some share in the gradual rise of lands, without which they could not have been supported with any common decency that might become their station. It is above eighty years since the passing of that act: the see of Meath, one of the best in the kingdom, was then worth about 400*l.* per annum; the poorer ones in the same proportion. If this were their present condition, I cannot conceive how they would have been able to pay for their patents or buy their robes: but this will certainly be the condition of their successors, if such a bill should pass as they say is now intended, which I will suppose; and of which I believe many persons who may give a vote for it are not aware.

However, this is the act which is now attempted to be repealed, or at least eluded; some are for giving bishops leave to let fee-farms, others would allow them

to let leases for lives; and the most moderate would repeal that clause by which the bishops are bound to let their lands at half value.

The reasons for the rise of value in lands are of two kinds. Of the first kind are long peace and settlement after the devastations of war; plantations, improvements of bad soil, recovery of bogs and marshes, advancement of trade and manufactures, increase of inhabitants, encouragement of agriculture, and the like.

But there is another reason for the rise of land, more gradual, constant, and certain; which will have its effects in countries that are very far from flourishing in any of the advantages I have just mentioned: I mean the perpetual decrease in the value of gold and silver. I shall discourse upon these two different kinds with a view toward the bill now attempted.

As to the first: I cannot see how this kingdom is at any height of improvement, while four parts in five of the plantations for thirty years past have been real disimprovements; nine in ten of the quick-set hedges being ruined for want of care or skill. And as to forest trees, they being often taken out of woods and planted in single rows on the tops of ditches, it is impossible they should grow to be of use, beauty, or shelter. Neither can it be said that the soil of Ireland is improved to its full height while so much lies all winter under water, and the bogs made almost desperate by the ill cutting of the turf. There has indeed been some little improvement in the manufactures of linen and woollen, although very short of perfection; but our trade was never in so low a condition: and as to agriculture, of which all wise nations have been so tender, the desolation made in the country by engrossing graziers, and the great yearly importation of corn from England, are lamentable instances under what discouragement it lies.

But notwithstanding all these mortifications, I suppose there is no well-wisher to his country without a little hope that in time the kingdom may be on a better foot in some of the articles above mentioned. But it would be hard if ecclesiastical bodies should be the only persons excluded from any share in public advantages, which yet can never happen without a greater share of profit to their tenants: if God sends rain equally upon the just and the unjust, why should those who wait at his altars, and are instructors of the people, be cut off from partaking in the general benefits of law or of nature?

But as this way of reasoning may seem to bear a more favourable eye to the clergy than perhaps will suit with the present disposition or fashion of the age, I shall therefore dwell more largely upon the second reason for the rise of land, which is the perpetual decrease of the value of gold and silver.

This may be observed from the course of the Roman history above 2000 years before those inexhaustible silver mines of Potosi were known. The value of an obolus, and of every other coin, between the time of Romulus and that of Augustus, gradually sunk above five parts in six, as appears by several passages out of the best authors. And yet the prodigious wealth of that state did not arise from the increase of bullion in the world by the discovery of new mines, but from a much more accidental cause, which was the spreading of their conquest, and thereby importing into Rome and Italy the riches of the east and west.

When the seat of empire was removed to Constantinople, the tide of money flowed that way without ever returning, and was scattered in Asia. But when that mighty empire was overthrown by the northern people, such a stop was put to all trade and commerce that vast sums of money were buried to escape the plundering of the conquerors, and what remained was carried off by those ravagers.

It were no difficult matter to compute the value of money in England during the Saxon reigns; but the monkish and other writers since the Conquest have put the matter in a clearer light by the several accounts they have given us of the value of corn and cattle in years of dearth and plenty. Every one knows that king John's whole portion before he came to the crown was but 5000*l.*, without a foot of land.

I have likewise seen the steward's account of an ancient noble family in England, written in Latin between 300 and 400 years ago, with the several prices of wine and victuals, to confirm my observations.

I have been at the trouble of computing (as others have done) the different values of money for about 400 years past. Henry duke of Lancaster, who lived about that period, founded an hospital at Leicester for a certain number of old men, charging his lands with a groat a-week to each for their maintenance, which is to this day duly paid them. In those times a penny was equal to ten pence halfpenny and somewhat more than half a farthing in ours; which makes about eight-ninths difference.

This is plain also from the old custom upon many estates in England *to let for leases of lives* (renewable at pleasure), where the reserved rent is usually about 12*d.* in 1*l.*, which then was near the half real value: and although the fines be not fixed, yet the landlord gets altogether not above 3*s.* in 1*l.*, of the worth of his land: and the tenants are so wedded to this custom, that if the owner suffer three lives to expire, none of them will take a lease on other conditions; or, if he brings in a foreigner who will agree to pay a reasonable rent, the other tenants, by all manner of injuries, will make that foreigner so uneasy that he must be forced to quit the farm; as the late earl of Bath felt by the experience of above 10,000*l.* loss.

The gradual decrease for about two hundred years after was not considerable, and therefore I do not rely on the account given by some historians, that Harry VII. left behind him 1,800,000*l.*; for although the West Indies were discovered before his death, and although he had the best talents and instruments for exacting money ever possessed by any prince since the time of Vespasian, (whom he resembled in many particulars,) yet I conceive that in his days the whole coin of England could hardly amount to such a sum. For, in the reign of Philip and Mary, Sir Thomas Cokayne, of Derbyshire, the best housekeeper of his quality in the county, allowed his lady 50*l.* a-year for maintaining the family, 1*l.* a-year wages to each servant, and 2*l.* to the steward; as I was told by a person of quality who had seen the original account of his economy. Now this sum of 50*l.*, added to the advantages of a large domain, might be equal to about 500*l.* a-year at present, or somewhat more than four-fifths.

The great plenty of silver in England began in Queen Elizabeth's reign, when Drake and others took vast quantities of coin and bullion from the Spaniards, either upon their own American coasts or in their return to Spain. However, so much has been imported annually from that time to this, that the value of money in England and most parts of Europe is sunk above one half within the space of a hundred years, notwithstanding the great export of silver for about eighty years past to the East Indies, from whence it never returns. But gold, not being liable to the same accident, and by new discoveries growing every day more plentiful, seems in danger of becoming a drug.

This has been the progress of the value of money in former ages, and must of necessity continue so for the future, without some new invasion of Goths and Vandals, to destroy law, property, and religion, alter the very face of nature, and turn the world upside down.

I must repeat that what I am to say upon the

subject is intended only for the conviction of those among our own party who are true lovers of the church, and would be glad it should continue in a tolerable degree of prosperity to the end of the world.

The church is supposed to last for ever, both in its discipline and doctrine; which is a privilege common to every petty corporation, who must likewise observe the laws of their foundation. If a gentleman's estate, which now yields him 1000*l.* a-year, had been set for ever at the highest value, even in the flourishing days of king Charles II., would it now amount to above 400*l.* or 500*l.* at most? What if this had happened two or three hundred years ago; would the reserved rent at this day be any more than a small chiefry? Suppose the revenues of a bishop to have been under the same circumstances; could he now be able to perform works of hospitality and charity? Thus, if the revenues of a bishop be limited to 1000*l.* a-year, how will his successor be in a condition to support his station with decency, when the same denomination of money shall not answer a half, a quarter, or an eighth part of the sum? which must unavoidably be the consequence of any bill to elude the limiting act whereby the church was preserved from utter ruin.

The same reason holds good in all corporations whatsoever, who cannot follow a more pernicious practice than that of granting perpetuities, for which many of them smart to this day; although the leaders among them are often so stupid as not to perceive it, or sometimes so knavish as to find their private account in cheating the community.

Several colleges in Oxford were aware of this growing evil about a hundred years ago; and instead of limiting their rents to a certain sum of money, prevailed with their tenants to pay the price of so many barrels of corn, to be valued as the market went at two seasons (as I remember) in the year. For a barrel of corn is of a real intrinsic value, which gold and silver are not: and by this invention these colleges have preserved a tolerable subsistence for their fellows and students to this day.

The present bishops will, indeed, be no sufferers by such a bill; because, their ages considered, they cannot expect to see any great decrease in the value of money; or at worst they can make it up in the fines, which will probably be greater than usual upon the change of leases into fee-farms or lives, or without the power of obliging their tenants to a real half value. And, as I cannot well blame them for taking such advantages, (considering the nature of human kind,) when the question is only whether the money shall be put into their own or another man's pocket, so they will never be excusable before God or man if they do not to their death oppose, declare and protest against, any such bill as must in its consequences complete the ruin of the church and of their own order in this kingdom.

If the fortune of a private person be diminished by the weakness or inadvertency of his ancestors in letting leases for ever at low rents, the world lies open to his industry for purchasing more: but the church is barred by a dead hand; or, if it were otherwise, yet the custom of making bequests to it has been out of practice for almost two hundred years, and a great deal directly contrary has been its fortune.

I have been assured by a person of some consequence, to whom I am likewise obliged for the account of some other facts already related, that the late bishop of Salisbury [Dr. Burnet] (the greatest Whig of that bench in his days) confessed to him that the liberty which bishops in England have of letting leases for lives would in his opinion be one day the ruin of episcopacy there; and thought the church in this kingdom happy by the limitation act.

And have we not already found the effect of this different proceeding in both kingdoms? have not two English prelates quitted their peerage and seats in parliament, in a nation of freedom, for the sake of a more ample revenue even in this unhappy kingdom, rather than lie under the mortification of living below their dignity at home? for which, however, they cannot be justly censured. I know, indeed, some persons who offer as an argument for repealing the limiting bill, that it may in future ages prevent the practice of providing this kingdom with bishops from England, when the only temptation will be removed. And they allege that, as things have gone for some years past, gentlemen will grow discouraged from sending their sons to the university, and from suffering them to enter into holy orders, when they are likely to languish under a curacy or small vicarage to the end of their lives: but this is all a vain imagination; for the decrease in the value of money will equally affect both kingdoms; and, besides, when bishoprics here grow too small to invite over men of credit and consequence, they will be left more fully to the disposal of a chief governor, who can never fail of some worthless illiterate chaplain, fond of a title and precedence. Thus will that whole bench, in an age or two, be composed of mean, ignorant, fawning gownmen, humble suppliants and dependents upon the court for a morsel of bread, and ready to serve every turn that shall be demanded from them, in hopes of getting some *commendam* tacked to their sees; which must then be the trade, as it is now too much in England, to the great discouragement of the inferior clergy. Neither is that practice without example among us.

It is now about eighty-five years since the passing of that limiting act, and there is but one instance in the memory of man of a bishop's lease broken upon the plea of not being statutable; which, in everybody's opinion, could have been lost by no other person than he who was then tenant, and happened to be very ungracious in his county. In the present bishop of Meath's case that plea did not avail, although the lease were notoriously unstatutable; the rent reserved being, as I have been told, not a seventh part of the real value; yet the jury, upon their oaths, very gravely found it to be according to the statute; and one of them was heard to say that he would eat his shoes before he would give a verdict for the bishop. A very few more have made the same attempt with as little success. Every bishop and other ecclesiastical body reckon 40*l.* in a 100*l.* to be a reasonable half value; or if it be only a third part, it seldom or never breeds any difference between landlord or tenant. But when the rent is from five to nine or ten parts less than the worth, the bishop, if he consults the good of his see, will be apt to expostulate; and the tenant, if he be an honest man, will have some regard to the reasonableness and justice of the demand, so as to yield to a moderate advancement, rather than engage in a suit where law and equity are directly against him. By these means the bishops have been so true to their trusts as to procure some small share in the advancement of rents; although it be notorious that they do not receive the third penny (fines included) of the real value of their lands throughout the kingdom.

I was never able to imagine what inconvenience could accrue to the public by 1000*l.* or 2000*l.* a-year being in the hands of a Protestant bishop, any more than of a lay person. The former, generally speaking, lives as piously and hospitably as the other; pays his debts as honestly, and spends as much of his revenue among his tenants; besides, if they be his immediate tenants, you may distinguish them at first sight by their habits and horses; or, if you go to their houses, by their comfortable way of living. But the misfortune is, that such immediate tenants, generally speaking, have

others under them, and so a third and fourth in subordination, till it comes to the welder (as they call him) who sits at a rack-rent, and lives as miserably as an Irish farmer upon a new lease from a lay landlord. But, suppose a bishop happens to be avaricious (as being composed of the same stuff with other men), the consequence to the public is no worse than if he were a squire; for he leaves his fortune to his son or near relation, who, if he be rich enough, will never think of entering into the church.

And as there can be no disadvantage in a Protestant country that a man should hold land as a bishop any more than if he were a temporal person, so it is of great advantage to the community where a bishop lives as he ought to do. He is bound in conscience to reside in his diocese, and by a solemn promise to keep hospitality; his estate is spent in the kingdom, not remitted to England; he keeps the clergy to their duty, and is an example of virtue both to them and the people. Suppose him an ill man, yet his very character will withhold him from any great or open exorbitancies. But in fact it must be allowed that some bishops of this kingdom, within twenty years past, have done very signal and lasting acts of public charity; great instances whereof are the late [Dr. Marsh] and present [Dr. Lindsay] primate, and the lord archbishop of Dublin [Dr. King] that now is, who has left memorials of his bounty in many parts of his province. I might add the bishop of Raphoe [Dr. Forster], and several others: not forgetting the late dean of Down, Dr. Pratt, who bestowed 1000*l.* upon the university; which foundation, (that I may observe by the way,) if the bill proposed should pass, would be in the same circumstances with the bishops, nor ever able again to advance the stipends of the fellows and students, as lately they found it necessary to do; the determinate sum appointed by the statutes for commons being not half sufficient, by the fall of money, to afford necessary sustenance. But the passing of such a bill must put an end to all ecclesiastical beneficence for the time to come; and whether this will be supplied by those who are to reap the benefit better than it has been done by grandees of impropriate tithes, who received them upon the old church conditions of keeping hospitality, it will be easy to conjecture.

To allege that passing such a bill would be a good encouragement to improve bishops' lands is a great error. Is it not the general method of landlords to wait the expiration of a lease, and then cant their lands to the highest bidder? and what should hinder the same course to be taken in church leases, when the limitation is removed of paying half the real value to the bishop? In riding through the country, how few improvements do we see upon the estates of laymen, further than about their own domains? To say the truth, it is a great misfortune, as well to the public as to the bishops themselves, that their lands are generally let to lords and great squires, who, in reason, were never designed to be tenants, and therefore may naturally murmur at the payment of rent as a subserviency they were not born to. If the tenants to the church were honest farmers, they would pay their fines and rents with cheerfulness, improve their lands, and thank God they were to give but a moderate half value for what they held. I have heard a man of 1000*l.* a-year talk with great contempt of bishops' leases, as being on a worse foot than the rest of his estate; and he had certainly reason: my answer was, that such leases were originally intended only for the benefit of industrious husbandmen, who would think it a great blessing to be provided for, instead of having their farms screwed up to the height, not eating one comfortable meal in a year, nor able to find shoes for their children.

I know not any advantage that can accrue by such a bill, except the preventing of perjury in jurymen and false dealings in tenants; which is a remedy like that of giving my money to a highwayman before he attempts to take it by force; and so I shall be sure to prevent the sin of robbery.

I had wrote thus far, and thought to have made an end, when a bookseller sent me a small pamphlet entitled "The Case of the Laity, with some Queries;" full of the strongest malice against the clergy that I have anywhere met with since the reign of Toland, and others of that tribe. These kinds of advocates do infinite mischief to OUR GOOD CAUSE, by giving grounds to the unjust reproaches of TORIES and JACOBITES, who charge us with being enemies to the church. If I bear a hearty unfeigned loyalty to his majesty king George, and the house of Hanover, not shaken in the least by the hardships we lie under, which never can be imputable to so gracious a prince; if I sincerely abjure the pretender, and all popish successors; if I bear a due veneration to the glorious memory of the late king William, who preserved these kingdoms from popery and slavery with the expense of his blood and hazard of his life; and, lastly, if I am for a proper indulgence to all dissenters, I think nothing more can be reasonably demanded of me as a WHIG, and that my political catechism is full and complete. But whoever, under the shelter of that party denomination, and of many great professions of loyalty, would destroy or undermine, or injure the church established, I utterly disown him, and think he ought to choose another name of distinction for himself and his adherents. I came into the cause upon other principles, which, by the grace of God, I mean to preserve as long as I live. Shall we justify the accusations of our adversaries? *Hoc Ithacus velit.* The Tories and Jacobites will behold us with a malicious pleasure, determined upon the ruin of our friends. For is not the present set of bishops almost entirely of that number, as well as a great majority of the principal clergy? And a short time will reduce the whole by vacancies upon death.

An impartial reader, if he pleases to examine what I have already said, will easily answer the bold queries in the pamphlet I mentioned: he will be convinced that the reason still strongly exists for which that limiting law was enacted. A reasonable man will wonder where can be the insufferable grievances that an ecclesiastical landlord should expect a moderate or a third part value in rent for his lands, when his title is at least as ancient and as legal as that of a layman, who is yet but seldom guilty of giving such beneficial bargains. Has the nation been thrown into confusion, and have many poor families been ruined by rack-rents paid for the lands of the church? does the nation cry out to have a law that must in time send their bishops a-begging? but, God be thanked, the clamour of enemies to the church is not yet the cry, and I hope will never prove the voice, of the nation. The clergy, I conceive, will hardly allow that the people maintain them, any more than in the sense that all landlords whatsoever are maintained by the people. Such assertions as these, and the insinuations they carry along with them, proceed from principles which cannot be avowed by those who are for preserving the happy constitution in church and state. Whoever were the proposers of such queries, it might have provoked a bold writer to retaliate, perhaps with more justice than prudence, by showing at whose door the grievance lies, and that the bishops at least are not to answer for the poverty of tenants.

To gratify this great reformer, who enlarges the episcopal rent-roll almost one-half, let me suppose that all the church-lands in the kingdom were thrown up to the laity; would the tenants in such a case sit

easier in their rents than they do now? or would the money be equally spent in the kingdom? No; the farmer would be screwed up to the utmost penny by the agents and stewards of absentees, and the revenues employed in making a figure at London; to which city a full third part of the whole income of Ireland is annually returned, to answer that single article of maintenance for Irish landlords.

Another of his quarrels is against pluralities and non-residence. As to the former, it is a word of ill name, but not well understood. The clergy having been stripped of the greatest part of their revenues, the glebes being generally lost, the tithes in the hands of laymen, the churches demolished, and the country depopulated, in order to preserve a face of Christianity, it was necessary to unite small vicarages sufficient to make a tolerable maintenance for a minister. The profit of ten or a dozen of these unions seldom amounts to above 80*l.* or 100*l.* a-year. If there be a very few dignitaries whose preferments are perhaps more liable to this accusation, it is to be supposed they may be favourites of the time, or persons of superior merit, for whom there has ever been some indulgence in all governments.

As to non-residence, I believe there is no Christian country upon earth where the clergy have less to answer for upon that article. I am confident there are not ten clergymen in the kingdom who, properly speaking, can be termed non-residents; for surely we are not to reckon in that number those who for want of glebes are forced to retire to the nearest neighbouring village for a cabin to put their heads in: the leading man of the parish, when he makes the greatest clamour, being least disposed to accommodate the minister with an acre of ground. And, indeed, considering the difficulties the clergy lie under upon this head, it has been frequent matter of wonder to me how they are able to perform that part of their duty so well as they do.

There is a noble author, [lord Molesworth,] who has lately addressed to the house of commons an excellent discourse for the encouragement of agriculture; full of most useful hints, which I hope that honourable assembly will consider as they deserve. I am no stranger to his lordship; and excepting in what relates to the church, there are few persons with whose opinions I am better pleased to agree; and am therefore grieved when I find him charging the inconveniences in the payment of tithes upon the clergy and their proctors. His lordship is above considering a very known and vulgar truth, that the meanest farmer has all manner of advantages against the most powerful clergyman, by whom it is impossible he can be wronged, although the minister were ever so ill disposed; the whole system of teasing, perplexing, and defrauding the proctor or his master, being as well known to every ploughman as the reaping or sowing of his corn, and much more artfully practised. Besides the leading man in the parish must have his tithes at his own rate, which is hardly ever above one quarter of the value. And I have heard it computed by many skilful observers, whose interest was not concerned, that the clergy did not receive, throughout the kingdom, one-half of what the laws have made their due.

As to his lordship's discontent against the bishops' court, I shall not interpose further than in venturing my private opinion that the clergy would be very glad to recover their just dues by a more short, decisive, and compulsive method, than such a cramped, limited jurisdiction will allow.

His lordship is not the only person disposed to give the clergy the honour of being the sole encouragers of all new improvements. If hops, hemp, flax, and twenty things more, are to be planted, the clergy alone must reward the industrious farmer by abatement of the tithe. What if the owner of nine parts in ten would please to abate proportionably in his rent for every acre thus improved? Would not a man just dropped from the clouds, upon a full hearing, judge the demand to be at least as reasonable?

I believe no man will dispute his lordship's title to his estate; nor will I the *jus divinum* of tithes, which he mentions with some emotion. I suppose the affirmative would be of little advantage to the clergy, for the same reason that a maxim in law has more weight in the world than an article of faith. And yet I think there may be such a thing as sacrilege; because it is frequently mentioned by Greek and Roman authors, as well as described in Holy Writ. This I am sure of, that his lordship would at any time excuse a parliament for not concerning itself in his properties without his own consent.

The observations I have made upon his lordship's discourse have not, I confess, been altogether proper to my subject: however, since he has been pleased therein to offer some proposals to the house of commons with relation to the clergy, I hope he will excuse me for differing from him; which proceeds from his own principle, the desire of defending liberty and property, that he has so strenuously and constantly maintained.

But the other writer openly declares for a law empowering the bishops to set fee-farms; and says, "Whoever intimates that they will deny their consent to such a reasonable law, which the whole nation cries for, are enemies to them and the church." Whether this be his real opinion, or only a strain of mirth and irony, the matter is not much. However, my sentiments are so directly contrary to his, that I think whoever impartially reads and considers what I have written upon this argument has either no regard for the church established under the hierarchy of bishops, or will never consent to any law that shall repeal or elude the limiting clause relating to the real half value contained in the act of parliament *decimo Caroli* for the preservation of the inheritance, rights, and profits of lands belonging to the church and persons ecclesiastical; which was grounded upon reasons that do still and must for ever subsist.

TO HIS GRACE

WILLIAM LORD ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN, &c.

THE HUMBLE REPRESENTATION OF THE CLERGY OF THE CITY OF DUBLIN.

January, 1724.

MY LORD,—Your grace having been pleased to communicate to us a certain brief by letters-patent for the relief of one Charles M'Carthy, whose house in College-green, Dublin, was burnt by an accidental fire; and having desired us to consider of the said brief, and give our opinions thereof to your grace:

We, the clergy of the city of Dublin, in compliance with your grace's desire, and with great acknowledgments for your paternal tenderness toward us, having maturely considered the said brief by letters-patent, compared the several parts of it with what is enjoined us by the Rubric, (which is confirmed by act of parliament,) and consulted persons skilled in the laws of the church; do, in the names of ourselves and of the rest of our brethren, the clergy of the diocese of Dublin, most humbly represent to your grace:

First, That by this brief your grace is required and commanded to recommend and command all the parsons, vicars, &c., to advance so great an act of charity.

We shall not presume to determine how far your grace may be commanded by the said brief, but we

humbly conceive that the clergy of your diocese cannot, by any law now in being, be commanded by your grace to advance the said act of charity any otherwise than by reading the said brief in our several churches, as prescribed by the Rubric.

Secondly, Whereas it is said in the said brief, "That the parsons, vicars, &c., upon the first Lord's-day or opportunity after the receipt of the copy of the said brief, shall deliberately and affectionately publish and declare the tenour thereof to his majesty's subjects, and earnestly persuade, exhort, and stir them up to contribute freely and cheerfully toward the relief of the said sufferer:"

We do not comprehend what is meant by the word *opportunity*. We never do preach upon any day except the Lord's-day, or some solemn days legally appointed; neither is it possible for the strongest constitution among us to obey this command, (which includes no less than a whole sermon,) upon any other opportunity than when our people are met together in the church; and to perform this work in every house where the parishes are very populous, consisting sometimes here in town of nine hundred or one thousand houses, would take up the space of a year, although we should preach in two families every day; and almost as much time in the country, where the parishes are of large extent, the roads bad, and the people too poor to receive us and give charity at once.

But, if it be meant that these exhortations are commanded to be made in the church upon the Lord's-day, we are humbly of opinion that it is left to the discretion of the clergy to choose what subjects they think most proper to preach on, and at what times; and if they preach either false doctrines or seditious principles, they are liable to be punished.

It may possibly happen that the sufferer recommended may be a person not deserving the favour intended by the brief; in which case, no minister who knows the sufferer to be an undeserving person, can with a safe conscience deliberately and affectionately publish the brief, much less earnestly persuade, exhort, and stir up the people to contribute freely and cheerfully toward the relief of such a sufferer.[a]

Thirdly, Whereas, in the said brief, the ministers and curates are required, "on the week-days next after the Lord's-day when the brief was read, to go from house to house, with their churchwardens, to ask and receive from all persons the said charity." We cannot but observe here that the said ministers are directly made collectors of the said charity, in conjunction with the churchwardens, which, however, we presume was not intended, as being against all law and precedent; and therefore we apprehend there may be some inconsistency, which leaves us at a loss how to proceed: for in the next paragraph the ministers and curates are only required, where they conveniently can, to accompany the churchwardens, or procure some other of the chief inhabitants to do the same. And in a following paragraph the whole work seems left entirely to the churchwardens, who are required to use their utmost diligence to gather and collect the said charity, and to pay the same, in ten days after, to the parson, vicar, &c.

In answer to this, we do represent to your grace our humble opinion, that neither we nor our churchwardens can be legally commanded or required to go from house to house to receive the said charity; because your grace has informed us in your order, at your visitation, A.D. 1712, "That neither we nor our churchwardens are bound to make any collections for the poor save in the church;" which also appears plainly by the Rubric, that appoints both time and place, as your grace has observed in your said order.

We do likewise assure your grace that it is not in our power to procure some of the chief inhabitants of our parishes to accompany the churchwardens from house to house in these collections; and we have reason to believe that such a proposal made to our chief inhabitants (particularly in this city, where our chief inhabitants are often peers of the land) would be received in a manner very little to our own satisfaction or to the advantage of the said collections.

Fourthly, The brief does will, require, and command the bishops, and all other dignitaries of the church, "That they make their contributions distinctly, to be returned in the several provinces to the several archbishops of the same."

Upon which we take leave to observe that the terms of expression here are of the strongest kind, and in a point that may subject the said dignitaries (for we shall say nothing of the bishops) to great inconveniences.

The said dignitaries are here willed, required, and commanded to make their contributions distinctly: by which it should seem that they are absolutely commanded to make contributions, (for the word *distinctly* is but a circumstance,) and may be understood not very agreeable to a voluntary, cheerful contribution. And therefore, if any bishop or dignitary should refuse to make his contribution, (perhaps for very good reasons,) he may be thought to incur the crime of disobedience to his majesty, which all good subjects abhor when such a command is according to law.

Most dignities of this kingdom consist only of parochial tithes, and the dignitaries are ministers of parishes. A doubt may therefore arise whether the said dignitaries are willed, required, and commanded to make their contributions in both capacities, distinctly as dignitaries, and jointly as parsons or vicars.

Many dignities in this kingdom are the poorest kind of benefices; and it should seem hard to put poor dignitaries under the necessity either of making greater contributions than they can afford, or of exposing themselves to the censure of wanting charity by making their contributions public.

Our Saviour commands us, in works of charity, to "let not our left hand know what our right hand doth;" which cannot well consist with our being willed, required, and commanded, by any earthly power, where no law is prescribed, to publish our charity to the world if we have a mind to conceal it.

Fifthly, Whereas it is said in the said brief, "That the parson, vicar, &c., of every parish shall, in six days after the receipt of the said charity, return it to his respective chancellor, &c." This may be a great grievance, hazard, and expense to the said parson, in remote and desolate parts of the country; where often an honest messenger (if such a one can be got) must be hired to travel forty or fifty miles going and coming; which will probably cost more than the value of the contribution he carries with him. And this charge, if briefs should happen to be frequent, would be enough to undo many a poor clergyman in the kingdom.

Sixthly, We observe in the said brief that the provost and fellows of the university, judges, officers of the court, and professors of laws, common and civil, are neither willed, required, nor commanded to make their contributions, but that so good a work is only recommended to them. Whereas we conceive that all his majesty's subjects are equally obliged, with or without his majesty's commands, to promote works of charity according to their power; and that the clergy, in their ecclesiastical capacity, are only liable to such commands as the Rubric, or any other law, shall

[a] This M'Carthy's house was burnt in the month of August, 1723; and the universal opinion of mankind was, that M'Carthy himself was the person who set fire to the house.

enjoin, being born to the same privileges of freedom with the rest of his majesty's subjects.

We cannot but observe to your grace that in the English act of the fourth year of queen Anne, for the better collecting charity-money on briefs by letters-patent, &c., the ministers are obliged only to read the briefs in their churches, without any particular exhortations; neither are they commanded to go from house to house with the churchwardens, nor to send the money collected to their respective chancellors, but to pay it to the undertaker or agent of the sufferer. So that we humbly hope the clergy of this kingdom shall not, without any law in being, be put to greater hardships in this case than their brethren in England, where the legislature, intending to prevent the abuses in collecting charity-money on briefs, did not think fit to put the clergy under any of those difficulties we now complain of in the present brief by letters-patent for the relief of Charles M'Cathy aforesaid.

The collections upon the Lord's day are the principal support of our own numerous poor in our several parishes; and therefore every single brief, with the benefit of a full collection over the whole kingdom, must deprive several thousands of poor of their weekly maintenance, for the sake only of one person, who often becomes a sufferer by his own folly or negligence, and is sure to overvalue his losses double or treble; so that if this precedent be followed, as it certainly will if the present brief should succeed, we may probably have a new brief every week; and thus, for the advantage of fifty-two persons, whereof not one in ten is deserving, and for the interest of a dozen dexterous clerks and secretaries, the whole poor in the kingdom will be likely to starve.

We are credibly informed that neither the officers of the lord primate in preparing the report of his grace's opinion, nor those of the great seal in passing the patent for briefs, will remit any of their fees, both which do amount to a considerable sum: and thus the good intentions of well-disposed people are, in a great measure, disappointed, a large part of their charity being anticipated and alienated by fees and gratuities.

Lastly, We cannot but represent to your grace our great concern and grief to see the pains and labour of our churchwardens so much increased by the injunctions and commands put upon them in this brief, to the great disadvantage of the clergy and the people, as well as to their own trouble, damage, and loss of time; to which great additions have been already made by laws appointing them to collect the taxes for the watch and the poorhouse, which they bear with great unwillingness; and if they shall find themselves further laden with such briefs as this of M'Carthy, it will prove so great a discouragement that we shall never be able to provide honest and sufficient persons for that weighty office of churchwarden, so necessary to the laity as well as the clergy in all things that relate to the order and regulation of parishes.

Upon all these considerations, we humbly hope that your grace, of whose fatherly care, vigilance, and tenderness we have had so many and great instances, will represent the case to his most excellent majesty, or the chief governor in this kingdom, in such a manner that we may be neither under the necessity of declining his majesty's commands in his letters-patent, or of taking new and grievous burdens upon ourselves and our churchwardens, to which neither the Rubric nor any other law in force obliges us to submit.

ON THE BILL

FOR THE CLERGY RESIDING ON THEIR LIVINGS.

Those gentlemen who have been promoted to bishoprics in this kingdom for several years past are of two sorts: first, certain private clergymen from England, who, by the force of friends, industry, solicitation, or other means and merits to me unknown, have been raised to that character by the *mero motu* of the crown.

Of the other sort are some clergymen born in this kingdom, who have most distinguished themselves by their warmth against popery, their great indulgence to dissenters and all true loyal Protestants; by their zeal for the house of Hanover, abhorrence of the pretender, and an implicit readiness to fall into any measures that will make the government easy to those who represent his majesty's person.

Some of the former kind are such as are said to have enjoyed tolerable preferments in England; and it is therefore much to their commendation that they have condescended to leave their native country, and come over hither to be bishops, merely to promote Christianity among us; and therefore, in my opinion, both their lordships and the many defenders they bring over may justly claim the merit of missionaries sent to convert a nation from heresy and heathenism.

Before I proceed further it may be proper to relate some particulars wherein the circumstances of the English clergy differ from those of Ireland.

The districts of parishes throughout England continue much the same as they were before the Reformation; and most of the churches are of the gothic architecture, built some hundred years ago; but the tithes of great numbers of churches having been applied by the pope's pretended authority to several abbeys, and even before the Reformation bestowed by that sacrilegious tyrant Henry VIII. on his ravenous favourites, the maintenance of an incumbent in most parts of the kingdom is contemptibly small: and yet a vicar there of 40*l.* a-year can live with more comfort than one of three times the nominal value with us. For his 40*l.* are duly paid him, because there is not one farmer in a hundred who is not worth five times the rent he pays to his landlord, and fifty times the sum demanded for the tithes; which, by the small compass of his parish, he can easily collect or compound for; and if his behaviour and understanding be supportable, he will probably receive presents, now and then, from his parishioners, and perhaps from the squire; who, although he may sometimes be apt to treat his parson a little superciliously, will probably be softened by a little humble demeanour. The vicar is likewise generally sure to find upon his admittance to his living a convenient house and barn in repair, with a garden, and a field or two to graze a few cows, and one horse for himself and his wife. He has probably a market very near him, perhaps in his own village. No entertainment is expected by his visitor beyond a pot of ale and a piece of cheese. He has every Sunday the comfort of a full congregation of plain, cleanly people of both sexes, well to pass, and who speak his own language. The scene about him is fully cultivated (I mean for the general) and well inhabited. He dreads no thieves for anything but his apples, for the trade of universal stealing is not so epidemic there as with us. His wife is little better than Goody, in her birth, education, or dress; and as to himself, we must let his parentage alone. If he be the son of a farmer it is very sufficient, and his sister may very decently be chambermaid to the squire's wife. He goes about on working days in a grazier's coat, and will not scruple to assist his workmen in harvest time. He is usually wary and thrifty,

and often more able to provide for a numerous family than some of ours can do with a rectory called 300*l.* a-year. His daughters shall go to service, or be sent apprentice to the sempstress of the next town; and his sons are put to honest trades. This is the usual course of an English country vicar, from 20*l.* to 60*l.* a-year.

As to the clergy of our own kingdom, their livings are generally larger. Not originally, or by the bounty of princes, parliaments, or charitable endowments, for the same degradations (and as to glebes, a much greater) have been made here, but, by the destruction and desolation in the long wars between the invaders and the natives; during which time a great part of the bishops' lands and almost all the glebes were lost in the confusion. The first invaders had almost the whole kingdom divided among them. New invaders succeeded, and drove out their predecessors as native Irish. These were expelled by others who came after, and upon the same pretensions. Thus it went on for several hundred years, and in some degree even to our own memories. And thus it will probably go on, although not in a martial way, to the end of the world. For not only the purchasers of debentures forfeited in 1641 were all of English birth, but those after the Restoration, and many who came hither even since the Revolution, are looked upon as perfect Irish; directly contrary to the practice of all wise nations, and particularly of the Greeks and Romans, in establishing their colonies, by which name Ireland is very absurdly called.

Under these distractions the conquerors always seized what lands they could with little ceremony, whether they belonged to the church or not: thus the glebes were almost universally exposed to the first seizers, and could never be recovered, although the grants, with the particular denominations, are manifest and still in being. The whole lands of the see of Waterford were wholly taken by one family; the like is reported of other bishoprics.

King James I., who deserves more of the church of Ireland than all other princes put together, having the forfeitures of vast tracts of land in the northern parts, (I think commonly called the escheated counties,) having granted some hundred thousand acres of these lands to certain Scotch and English favourites, was prevailed on by some great prelates to grant to some sees in the north, and to many parishes there, certain parcels of land for the augmentation of poor bishoprics, did likewise endow many parishes with glebes for the incumbents, whereof a good number escaped the depredations of 1641 and 1688. These lands, when they were granted by king James, consisted mostly of woody ground, wherewith those parts of this island were then overrun. This is well known, universally allowed, and by some in part remembered; the rest being, in some places, not stubbed out to this day. And the value of the lands was consequently very inconsiderable till Scotch colonies came over in swarms upon great encouragement to make them habitable, at least for such a race of strong-bodied people, who came hither from their own bleak barren highlands, as it were into a paradise; who soon were able to get straw for their bedding, instead of a bundle of heath spread on the ground and sprinkled with water. Here by degrees they acquired some degree of politeness and civility from such neighbouring Irish as were still left after Tyrone's last rebellion, and are since grown almost entire possessors of the north. Thus, at length, the woods being rooted up, the land was brought in and tilled, and the glebes, which could not before yield two-pence an acre, are equal to the best, sometimes affording the minister a good demesne, and some land to let.

These wars and desolations in their natural consequences were likewise the cause of another effect, I mean that of uniting several parishes under one incumbent. For, as the lands were of little value by the want of inhabitants to cultivate them, and many of the churches levelled to the ground, particularly by the fanatic zeal of those rebellious saints who murdered their king, destroyed the church, and overthrew monarchy; (for all which there is a humiliation-day appointed by law, and soon approaching;) so, in order to give a tolerable maintenance to a minister, and the country being too poor, as well as devotion too low, to think of building new churches, it was found necessary to repair some one church which had least suffered, and join sometimes three or more, enough for a bare support to some clergyman who knew not where to provide himself better. This was a case of absolute necessity, to prevent heathenism, as well as popery, from overrunning the nation. The consequence of these unions was very different in different parts; for, in the north, by the Scotch settlement, their numbers daily increasing by new additions from their own country, and their prolific quality peculiar to northern people; and, lastly, by their universally feeding upon oats, (which grain, under its several preparations and denominations, is the only natural luxury of that hardy people,) the value of tithes increased so prodigiously, that at this day, I confess, several united parishes ought to be divided, taking in so great a compass that it is almost impossible for the people to travel timely to their own parish church, or their little churches to contain half their number, though the revenue would be sufficient to maintain two, or perhaps three, worthy clergymen with decency; provided the times mend, or that they were honestly dealt with, which I confess is seldom the case. I shall name only one, and it is the deanery of Derry; the revenue whereof, if the dean could get his dues, exceeding that of some bishoprics, both by the compass and fertility of the soil, the number as well as industry of the inhabitants, the conveniency of exporting their corn to Dublin and foreign parts; and, lastly, by the accidental discovery of marl in many places of the several parishes. Yet all this revenue is wholly founded upon corn, for I am told there is hardly an acre of glebe for the dean to plant and build on.

I am therefore of opinion that a real undefalcated revenue of 600*l.* a-year is a sufficient income for a country dean in this kingdom; and since the rents consist wholly of tithes, two parishes, to the amount of that value, should be united, and the dean reside as minister in that of Down, and the remaining parishes be divided among worthy clergymen to about 300*l.* a-year to each. The deanery of Derry, which is a large city, might be left worth 800*l.* a-year, and Raphoe according as it shall be thought proper. These three are the only opulent deaneries in the whole kingdom, and, as I am informed, consist all of tithes, which was an unhappy expedient in the church, occasioned by the sacrilegious robberies during the several times of confusion and war; insomuch that at this day there is hardly any remainder left of dean and chapter lands in Ireland, that delicious morsel swallowed so greedily in England under the fanatic usurpations.

As to the present scheme of a bill for obliging the clergy to residence, now or lately in the privy council, I know no more of the particulars than what has been told me by several clergymen of distinction, who say that a petition in the name of them all has been presented to the lord-lieutenant and council, that they might be heard by their council against the bill, and that the petition was rejected, with some reasons why it was rejected; for the bishops are supposed to know best what is proper for the clergy. It seems the bill consists of two parts: first, a power in the bishops, with consent of the archbishop and the patron, to take off from any parish whatever it is worth above 300*l.* a-year; and this to be done without the incumbent's

consent, which before was necessary in all divisions. The other part of the bill obliges all clergymen, from 40*l.* a-year and upwards, to reside and build a house in his parish. But those of 40*l.* are remitted till they shall receive 100*l.* out of the revenue of first-fruits granted by her late majesty.

CONSIDERATIONS UPON TWO BILLS,

SENT DOWN FROM THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE HOUSE OF LORDS TO THE HONOURABLE THE HOUSE OF COMMONS IN IRELAND RELATING TO THE CLERGY.

Dublin, Feb. 24, 1731-2.

I HAVE often, for above a month past, desired some few clergymen who are pleased to visit me, that they would procure an extract of two BILLS brought into the council by some of the bishops, and both of them since passed in the house of lords: but I could never obtain what I desired, whether by the forgetfulness or negligence of those whom I employed, or the difficulty of the thing itself. Therefore, if I should happen to mistake in any fact of consequence, I desire my remarks upon it may pass for nothing; for my information is no better than what I received in words from several divines, who seemed to agree with each other. I have not the honour to be acquainted with any one single prelate of the kingdom, and am a stranger to their characters, further than as common fame reports them, which is not to be depended on; therefore I cannot be supposed to act upon a principle of resentment. I esteem their functions (if I may be allowed to say so without offence) as truly apostolical, and absolutely necessary to the perfection of a Christian church.

There are no qualities more incident to the frailty and corruptions of human kind than an indifference or insensibility for other men's sufferings, and a sudden forgetfulness of their own former humble state when they rise in the world. These two dispositions have not, I think, anywhere so strongly exerted themselves as in the order of bishops with regard to the inferior clergy; for which I can find no reasons but such as naturally should seem to operate a quite contrary way. The maintenance of the clergy throughout the kingdom is precarious and uncertain, collected from a most miserable race of beggarly farmers; at whose mercy every minister lies to be defrauded. His office, as rector or vicar, if it be duly executed, is very laborious. As soon as he is promoted to a bishopric the scene is entirely and happily changed; his revenues are large and as surely paid as those of the king; his whole business is once a-year to receive the attendance, the submission, and the proxy-money of all his clergy, in whatever part of the diocese he shall please to think most convenient for himself. Neither is his personal presence necessary, for the business may be done by a vicar-general. The fatigue of ordination is just what the bishops please to make it; and as matters have been for some time, and may probably remain, the fewer ordinations the better. The rest of their visible office consists in the honour of attending parliaments and councils, and bestowing preferments in their own gifts; in which last employment, and in their spiritual and temporal courts, the labour falls to their vicars-general, secretaries, proctors, apparitors, seneschals, and the like. Now, I say, in so quick a change, whereby their brethren in a few days are become their subjects, it would be reasonable at least to hope that the labour, confinement, and subjection, from which they have so lately escaped, like a bird out of the snare of the fowler, might a little incline them to remember the condition of those who were but last week their equals, probably their companions or their friends, and possibly as reasonable expectants. There is a known story of colonel Tidcomb, who, while he continued a subaltern officer, was every day complaining against the pride, oppression, and hard treatment of colonels towards their officers; yet, in very minute after he had received his commission for a regiment, walking with a friend on the Mall, he confessed that the spirit of colonelship was coming fast upon him: which spirit is said to have daily increased to the hour of his death.

It is true, the clergy of this kingdom, who are promoted to bishoprics, have always some great advantages; either that of rich deaneries, opulent and multiplied rectories and dignities; strong alliances by birth or marriage, fortified by a superlative degree of zeal and loyalty: but, however, they were all at first no more than young beginners; and before their great promotion were known by their plain Christian names among their old companions, the middling rate of clergymen; nor could therefore be strangers to their condition, or with any good grace forget it so soon, as it has too often happened.

I confess I do not remember to have observed any body of men acting with so little conceit as our clergy have done in a point where their opinions appeared to be unanimous: a point wherein their whole temporal support was concerned, as well as their power of serving God and his church, in their spiritual functions. This has been imputed to their fear of disobliging, or hopes of further favours upon compliance; because it was observed that some who appeared at first with the greatest zeal thought fit suddenly to absent themselves from the usual meetings; yet we know what expert solicitors the Quakers, the Dissenters, and even the Papists, have sometimes found, to drive a point of advantage or prevent an impending evil.

I have not seen any extract from the two bills introduced by the bishops in the privy council; where the clergy, upon some failure in favour, or through the timorousness of many among their brethren, were refused to be heard by the council. It seems these bills were both returned, agreed to by the king and council in England; and the house of lords has, with great expedition, passed them both; and it is said they are immediately to be sent down to the commons for their consent.

The particulars, as they have been imperfectly reported to me, are as follow:—

By one of the bills the bishops have power to oblige the country clergy to build a mansion-house upon whatever part of their glebes their lordships shall command; and if the living be above 50*l.* a-year, the minister is bound to build, after three years, a house that shall cost one year and a half's rent of his income. For instance, if a clergyman with a wife and seven children gets a living of 55*l.* per annum, he must, after three years, build a house that shall cost 77*l.* 10*s.* and must support his family, during the time the bishop shall appoint for the building of it, with the remainder. But if the living be under 50*l.* a-year, the minister shall be allowed 100*l.* out of the first-fruits.

But there is said to be one circumstance a little extraordinary; that if there be a single spot in the glebe more barren, more marshy, more exposed to the winds, more distant from the church, or skeleton of a church, or from any conveniency of building, the rector or vicar may be obliged, by the caprice or pique of the bishop, to build, under pain of sequestration, (an office which ever falls into the most knavish hands,) upon whatever point his lordship shall command; although the farmers have not paid one quarter of his due.

I believe, under the present distresses of the kingdom, (which inevitably without a miracle must increase for ever,) there are not ten country clergymen in Ireland reputed to possess a parish of 100*l.* per annum, who

for some years past have actually received 50*l.*, and that with the utmost difficulty and vexation. I am therefore at a loss what kind of valuators the bishops will make use of; and whether the starving vicar shall be forced to build his house with the money he never received.

The other bill, which passed in two days after the former, is said to concern the division of parishes into as many parcels as the bishop shall think fit, only leaving 300*l.* a-year to the mother church, which 300*l.*, by another act passed some years ago, they can divide likewise, and crumble as low as their will and pleasure will dispose them. So that, instead of six hundred clergymen, which, I think, is the usual computation, we may have, in a small compass of years, almost as many thousands to live with decency and comfort, provide for their children, be charitable to the poor, and maintain hospitality.

But it is very reasonable to hope, and heartily to be wished by all those who have the least regard to our holy religion, as hitherto established, or to a learned, pious, diligent, conversable clergyman, or even to common humanity, that the honourable house of commons will, in their great wisdom, justice, and tenderness to innocent men, consider these bills in another light. It is said they well know this kingdom not to be so overstocked with neighbouring gentry; but a discreet learned clergyman, with a competency fit for one of his education, may be an entertaining, a useful, and sometimes a necessary companion. That, although such a clergyman may not be able constantly to find beef and wine for his own family, yet he may be allowed sometimes to afford both to a neighbour without distressing himself; and the rather, because he may expect at least as good a return. It will probably be considered that in many desolate parts there may not be always a sufficient number of persons considerable enough to be trusted with commissions of the peace, which several of the clergy now supply, much better than a little, hedge, contemptible, illiterate vicar from 20*l.* to 50*l.* a-year, the son of a weaver, pedler, tailor, or miller, can be presumed to do.

The landlords and farmers, by this scheme, can find no profit; but will certainly be losers. For instance, if the large northern livings be split into a dozen parishes or more, it will be very necessary for the little threadbare gownman, with his wife, his proctor, and every child who can crawl, to watch the fields at harvest-time, for fear of losing a single sheaf, which he could not afford under peril of a day's starving; for, according to the Scotch proverb, a hungry louse bites sore. This would of necessity breed an infinite number of wrangles and litigious suits in the spiritual courts; and put the wretched pastor at perpetual variance with his whole parish. But as they have hitherto stood, a clergyman established in a competent living is not under the necessity of being so sharp, vigilant, and exacting. On the contrary, it is well known and allowed that the clergy round the kingdom think themselves well treated if they lose only one single third of their legal demands.

The honourable house may perhaps be inclined to conceive that my lords the bishops enjoy as ample a power, both spiritual and temporal, as will fully suffice to answer every branch of their office; that they want no laws to regulate the conduct of those clergymen over whom they preside; that if non-residence be a grievance, it is the patron's fault, who makes not a better choice, or caused the plurality. That if the general impartial character of persons chosen into the church had been more regarded, and the motive of party, alliance, kindred, flatterers, ill judgment, or personal favour regarded less, there would be fewer complaints of non-residence, want of care, blamable behaviour, or any other part of misconduct; not to mention ignorance and stupidity.

I could name certain gentlemen of the gown, whose awkward, spruce, prim, sneering, and smirking countenances, the very tone of their voices, and an ungainly strut in their walk, without one single talent for any one office, having contrived to get good preferment by the mere force of flattery and cringing: for which two virtues (the only two virtues they pretend to) they were, however, utterly unqualified; and whom, if I were in power, although they were my nephews or had married my nieces, I could never, in point of good conscience or honour, have recommended to a curacy in Connaught.

The honourable house of commons may likewise perhaps consider that the gentry of this kingdom differ from all others upon earth, being less capable of employments in their own country than any others who come from abroad; and that most of them have little expectation of providing for their younger children otherwise than by the church, in which there might be some hopes of getting a tolerable maintenance. For, after the patrons should have settled their sons, their nephews, their nieces, their dependents, and their followers invited over from the other side, there would still remain an overplus of smaller church preferments, to be given to such clergy of the nation who shall have their quantum of whatever merit may be then in fashion. But by these bills they will be all as absolutely excluded as if they had passed under the denomination of Tories, unless they can be contented at the utmost with 50*l.* a-year; which, by the difficulties of collecting tithes in Ireland and the daily increasing miseries of the people, will hardly rise to half that sum.

It is observed that the divines sent over hither to govern this church have not seemed to consider the difference between both kingdoms with respect to the inferior clergy. As to themselves, indeed, they find a large revenue in lands, let at one quarter value, which consequently must be paid while there is a penny left among us; and the public distress so little affects their interests, that their fines are now higher than ever: they content themselves to suppose that whatever a parish is said to be worth comes all into the parson's pocket.

The poverty of great numbers among the clergy of England has been the continual complaint of all men who wish well to the church, and many schemes have been thought of to redress it; yet an English vicar of 40*l.* a-year lives much more comfortably than one of double the value in Ireland. His farmers, generally speaking, are able and willing to pay him his full dues: he has a decent church of ancient standing, filled every Lord's-day with a large congregation of plain people, well clad, and behaving themselves as if they believed in God and Christ. He has a house and barn in repair, a field or two to graze his cows, with a garden and orchard. No guest expects more from him than a pot of ale; he lives like an honest, plain farmer, as his wife is dressed but little better than Goody. He is sometimes graciously invited by the squire, where he sits at a humble distance: if he gets the love of his people, they often make him little useful presents; he is happy by being born to no higher expectation; for he is usually the son of some ordinary tradesman or middling farmer. His learning is much of a size with his birth and education; no more of either than what a poor hungry servitor can be expected to bring with him from his college. It would be tedious to show the reverse of all this in our distant poorer parishes through most parts of Ireland, wherein every reader may make the comparison.

Lastly, the honourable house of commons may consider whether the scheme of multiplying beggarly clergymen through the whole kingdom, who must all have

votes for choosing parliament-men, (provided they can prove their freeholds to be worth 10*s.* per annum, *ultra reprisas*,) may not, by their numbers, have great influence upon elections, being entirely under the dependence of their bishops. For, by a moderate computation, after all the divisions and subdivisions of parishes that my lords the bishops have power to make by their new laws, there will, as soon as the present set of clergy goes off, be raised an army of ecclesiastical militants, able enough for any kind of service except that of the altar.

I am indeed in some concern about a fund for building a thousand or two churches, wherein these probationers may read their wall lectures; and begin to doubt they must be contented with barns, which barns will be one great advancing step toward an accommodation with our true Protestant brethren the dissenters.

The scheme of encouraging clergymen to build houses, by dividing a living of 500*l.* a-year into ten parts, is a contrivance the meaning whereof has got on the wrong side of my comprehension; unless it may be argued that bishops build no houses because they are so rich, and therefore the inferior clergy will certainly build if you reduce them to beggary. But I knew a very rich man of quality in England who could never be persuaded to keep a servant out of livery, because such servants would be expensive, and apt in time to look like gentlemen; whereas the others were ready to submit to the basest offices, and at a cheaper pennyworth might increase his retinue.

I hear it is the opinion of many wise men that before these bills pass both houses they should be sent back to England with the following clauses inserted:

First, that whereas there may be about a dozen double bishoprics in Ireland, those bishoprics should be split, and given to different persons; and those of a single denomination be also divided into two, three, or four parts, as occasion shall require; otherwise there may be a question started whether twenty-two prelates can effectually extend their paternal care and unlimited power for the protection and correction of so great a number of spiritual subjects. But this proposal will meet with such furious objections that I shall not insist upon it; for I well remember to have read what a terrible fright the frogs were in upon a report that the sun was going to marry.

Another clause should be, that none of these twenty, thirty, forty, or fifty pounders may be suffered to marry, under the penalty of immediate deprivation, their marriages declared null, and their children bastards; for some desponding people take the kingdom to be in no condition of encouraging so numerous a breed of beggars.

A third clause will be necessary, that these humble gentry should be absolutely disqualified from giving votes in elections for parliament-men.

Others add a fourth; which is, a clause of indulgence, that these reduced divines may be permitted to follow any lawful ways of living, which will not call them too often or too far from their spiritual offices; for, unless I misapprehend, they are supposed to have episcopal ordination. For example; they may be lappers of linen, bailiffs of the manor; they may let blood or apply plasters for three miles round; they may get a dispensation to hold the clerkship and sextonship of their own parish *in commendam*. Their wives and daughters may make shirts for the neighbourhood; or, if a barrack be near, for the soldiers: in linen countries they may card and spin, and keep a few looms in the house; they may let lodgings, and sell a pot of ale without doors, but not at home, unless to sober company and at regular hours. It is by some thought a little hard that in an affair of the last consequence to the very being of the clergy in the points of liberty and property, as well as in their abilities to perform their duty, this whole reverend body, who are the established instructors of the nation in Christianity and moral virtues, and are the only persons concerned, should be the sole persons not consulted. Let any scholar show the like precedent in Christendom for twelve hundred years past. An act of parliament for settling or selling an estate in a private family is never passed until all parties give consent. But in the present case the whole body of the clergy is, as themselves apprehend, determined to utter ruin, without once expecting or asking their opinion; and this by a scheme contrived only by one part of the convocation, while the other part, which has been chosen in the usual forms, wants only the regal permission to assemble and consult about the affairs of the church, as their predecessors have always done in former ages; where it is presumed the lower house has a power of proposing canons, and a negative voice, as well as the upper. And God forbid (say these objectors) that there should be a real separate interest between the bishops and clergy, any more than there is between a man and his wife, a king and his people, or Christ and his church.

It seems there is a provision in the bill that no parish shall be cut into scraps without the consent of several persons, who can be no sufferers in the matter; but I cannot find that the clergy lay much weight on this caution; because they argue that the very persons from whom these bills took their rise will have the greatest share in the decision.

I do not by any means conceive the crying sin of the clergy in this kingdom to be that of non-residence. I am sure it is many degrees less so here than in England, unless the possession of pluralities may pass under that name; and if this be a fault, it is well known to whom it must be imputed. I believe upon a fair inquiry (and I hear an inquiry is to be made) they will appear to be most pardonably few; especially considering how many parishes have not an inch of glebe, and how difficult it is upon any reasonable terms to find a place of habitation. And therefore God knows whether my lords the bishops will be soon able to convince the clergy, or those who have any regard for that venerable body, that the chief motive in their lordships' minds by procuring these bills was to prevent the sin of non-residence; while the universal opinion of almost every clergyman in the kingdom, without distinction of party, taking in even those who are not likely to be sufferers, stands directly against them.

If some livings in the north may be justly thought too large a compass of land, which makes it inconvenient for the remotest inhabitants to attend the service of the church, which in some instances may be true, no reasonable clergyman would oppose a proper remedy by particular acts of parliament.

Thus, for instance, the deanery of Down, a country deanery I think without a cathedral, depending wholly upon a union of parishes joined together in a time when the land lay waste and thinly inhabited, since those circumstances are so prodigiously changed for the better, may properly be lessened, leaving a decent competency to the dean, and placing rectories in the remaining churches, which are served only by stipendiary curates.

The case may be probably the same in other parts: and such a proceeding, discreetly managed, would be truly for the good of the church.

For it is to be observed that the dean and chapter lands, which in England were all seized under the fanatic usurpation, are things unknown in Ireland, having been long ravished from the church by a succession of confusions, and tithes applied in their stead to support that ecclesiastical dignity.

The late archbishop of Dublin [Dr. Wm. King] had a very different way of encouraging the clergy of his diocese to residence: when a lease had run out seven years or more, he stipulated with the tenant to resign up twenty or thirty acres to the minister of the parish where it lay convenient, without lessening his former rent, and with no great abatement of the fine; and this he did in the parts near Dublin, where land is at the highest rates, leaving a small chiefry for the minister to pay, hardly a sixth part of the value. I doubt not that almost every bishop in the kingdom may do the same generous act, with less damage to their sees than his late grace of Dublin, much of whose lands were out in fee-farms, or leases for lives; and I am sorry that the good example of such a prelate has not been followed.

But a great majority of the clergy's friends cannot hitherto reconcile themselves to this project, which they call a levelling principle, that must inevitably root out the seeds of all honest emulation, the legal parent of the greatest virtue and most generous actions among men; but which, in the general opinion (for I do not pretend to offer my own), will never more have room to exert itself in the breast of any clergyman whom this kingdom shall produce.

But whether the consequences of these bills may, by the virtues and frailties of future bishops sent over hither to rule the church, terminate in good or evil, I shall not presume to determine, since God can work the former out of the latter. However, one thing I can venture to assert, that from the earliest ages of Christianity to the minute I am now writing, there never was a precedent of such a proceeding; much less was it to be feared, hoped, or apprehended, from such hands in any Christian country; and so it may pass for more than a phœnix, because it has risen without any assistance from the ashes of its sire.

The appearance of so many dissenters at the hearing of this cause, is what, I am told, has not been charged to the account of their prudence or moderation; because that action has been censured as a mark of triumph and insult before the victory is complete: since neither of these bills has yet passed the house of commons, and some are pleased to think it not impossible that they may be rejected. Neither do I hear that there is an enacting clause in either of the bills to apply any part of the divided or subdivided tithes toward increasing the stipends of the sectaries.[a] So that these gentlemen seem to be gratified like him who, after having been kicked down stairs, took comfort when he saw his friend kicked down after him.

I have heard many more objections against several particulars of both these bills; but they are of a high nature, and carry such dreadful innuendoes, that I dare not mention them; resolving to give no offence, because I well know how obnoxious I have long been (although I conceive without any fault of my own) to the zeal and principles of those who place all difference in opinion concerning public matters to the score of disaffection; whereof I am at least as innocent as the loudest of my detractors.

SOME REASONS

AGAINST THE BILL FOR SETTLING THE TITHE OF HEMP, FLAX, &c., BY A MODUS[a]

The clergy did little expect to have any cause of complaint against the present house of commons, who in the last session were pleased to throw out a bill sent them from the lords, which that reverend body apprehended would be very injurious to them if it passed into a law; and who, in the present session, defeated the arts and endeavours of schismatics to repeal the sacramental test.

For although it has been allowed on all hands, that the former of those bills might, by its necessary consequences, be very displeasing to the lay gentlemen of the kingdom, for many reasons purely secular, and that this last attempt for repealing the test did much more affect at present the temporal interest than the spiritual; yet the whole body of the lower clergy have, upon both these occasions, expressed equal gratitude to that honourable house for their justice and steadiness, as if the clergy alone were to receive the benefit.

It must needs be therefore a great addition to the clergy's grief, that such an assembly as the present house of commons should now, with an expedition more than usual, agree to a bill for encouraging the linen manufacture, with a clause whereby the church is to lose two parts in three of the legal tithe in flax and hemp.

Some reasons why the clergy think such a law will be a great hardship upon them are, I conceive, those that follow. I shall venture to enumerate them, with all deference due to that honourable assembly:—

First, the clergy suppose that they have not, by any fault or demerit, incurred the displeasure of the nation's representatives; neither can the declared loyalty of the present set, from the highest prelate to the lowest vicar, be in the least disputed; because there are hardly ten clergymen through the whole kingdom, for more than nineteen years past, who have not been either preferred entirely upon account of their declared affection to the Hanover line, or higher promoted as the due reward of the same merit.

There is not a landlord in the whole kingdom, residing some part of the year at his country-seat, who is not in his own conscience fully convinced that the tithes of his minister have gradually sunk for some years past one-third, or at least one-fourth of their former value, exclusive of all non solvencies.

The payment of tithes in this kingdom is subject to so many frauds, brangles, and other difficulties, not only from Papists and Dissenters, but even from those who profess themselves Protestants, that, by the expense, the trouble and vexation of collecting and bargaining for them, they are of all other rents the most precarious, uncertain, and ill paid.

The landlords in most parishes expect, as a compliment, that they shall pay little more than half the value of the tithes for the lands they hold in their own hands; which often consist of large domains; and it is the minister's interest to make them easy upon that article, when he considers what influence those gentlemen have upon their tenants.

The clergy cannot but think it extremely severe, that in a bill for encouraging the linen manufacture, they alone must be the sufferers, who can least afford it. If, as I am told, there be a tax of 3000*l.* a-year paid by the public for a further encouragement to the said manufacture, are not the clergy equal sharers in the charge with the rest of their fellow-subjects? What satisfactory reason can be therefore given why they alone should bear the whole additional weight, unless it will be alleged that their property is not upon an equal foot with the properties of other men? They acquire their own small pittance by at least as honest means as their neighbours, the landlords, possess their estates; and have been always supposed, except in rebellious or fanatical times, to have as good a title,

[a] For the bishops to divide livings.

[a] A bill was presented in the Irish house of commons for encouraging the growth of flax, by which it was provided that the tithe upon that production should be commuted for a certain *modus*, or composition in money. But the opposition to the bill (principally caused by this pamphlet) proved so effectual that it was dropped.

for no families now in being can show a more ancient. Indeed, if it be true that some persons (I hope they were not many) were seen to laugh when the rights of the clergy were mentioned; in this case an opinion may possibly be soon advanced that they have no rights at all. And this is likely enough to gain ground in proportion as the contempt of all religion shall increase, which is already in a very forward way.

It is said there will be also added to this bill a clause for diminishing the tithe of hops, in order to cultivate that useful plant among us; and here likewise the load is to lie entirely on the shoulders of the clergy, while the landlords reap all the benefit. It will not be easy to foresee where such proceedings are likely to stop; or whether by the same authority, in civil times, a parliament may not as justly challenge the same power in reducing all things titheable not below the tenth part of the product (which is, and ever will be, the clergy's equitable right), but from a tenth part to a sixtieth or eightieth, and from thence to nothing.

I have heard it granted by skilful persons, that the practice of taxing the clergy by parliament, without their own consent, is a new thing, not much above the date of seventy years; before which period, in times of peace, they always taxed themselves. But things are extremely altered at present: it is not now sufficient to tax them in common with their fellow-subjects, without imposing an additional tax upon them, from which, or from anything equivalent, all their fellow-subjects are exempt: and this in a country professing Christianity.

The greatest part of the clergy throughout this kingdom have been stripped of their glebes by the confusion of times, by violence, fraud, oppression, and other unlawful means; all which glebes are now in the hands of the laity. So that they now are generally forced to lie at the mercy of landlords, for a small piece of ground in their parishes, at a most exorbitant rent, and usually for a short term of years, whereon to build a house and enable them to reside. Yet, in spite of these disadvantages, I am a witness that they are generally more constant residents than their brethren in England; where the meanest vicar has a convenient dwelling, with a barn, a garden, and a field or two for his cattle; besides the certainty of his little income from honest farmers, able and willing, not only to pay him his dues, but likewise to make him presents, according to their ability, for his better support. In all which circumstances the clergy of Ireland meet with a treatment directly contrary.

It is hoped the honourable house will consider that it is impossible for the most ill-minded, avaricious, or cunning clergyman, to do the least injustice to the meanest cottager in his parish, in any bargain for tithes, or other ecclesiastical dues. He can at the utmost only demand to have his tithes fairly laid out; and does not once in an hundred times obtain his demand. But every tenant, from the poorest cottager to the most substantial farmer, can, and generally does impose upon the minister, by fraud, by theft, by lies, by perjuries, by insolence, and sometimes by force; notwithstanding the utmost vigilance and skill of himself and his proctor; insomuch, that it is allowed that the clergy in general receive little more than one-half of their legal dues; not including the charges they are at in collecting or bargaining for them.

The land-rents of Ireland are computed to about 2,000,000*l.*, whereof one-tenth amounts to 200,000*l.* The beneficed clergymen, excluding those of this city, are not reckoned to be above 500; by which computation they should each of them possess 200*l.* a-year, if those tithes were equally divided, although in well-cultivated corn countries it ought to be more; whereas they hardly receive one-half of that sum, with great defalcations, and in very bad payments. There are, indeed, a few glebes in the north pretty considerable; but if these, and all the rest, were in like manner equally divided, they would not add 5*l.* a-year to every clergyman. Therefore, whether the condition of the clergy in general among us be justly liable to envy, or able to bear a heavy burden, which neither the nobility, nor gentry, nor tradesmen, nor farmers, will touch with one of their fingers; this, I say, is submitted to the honourable house.

One terrible circumstance in this bill is that of turning the tithe of flax and hemp into what the lawyers call a *modus*, or a certain sum in lieu of a tenth part of the product. And by this practice of claiming a *modus* in many parishes by ancient custom, the clergy in both kingdoms have been almost incredible sufferers. Thus, in the present case, the tithe of a tolerable acre of flax, which by a medium is worth 12*s.*, is by the present bill reduced to 4*s.* Neither is this the worst part in a *modus;* every determinate sum must in process of time sink from a-fourth to a four-and-twentieth part, or a great deal lower, by that necessary fall attending the value of money; which is now at least nine-tenths lower all over Europe than it was 400 years ago, by a gradual decline; and even a-third part at least, within our own memories, in purchasing almost everything required for the necessities or conveniencies of life; as any gentleman can attest who has kept house for twenty years past. And this will equally affect poor countries as well as rich. For, although I look upon it as an impossibility that this kingdom should ever thrive under its present disadvantages, which, without a miracle, must still increase, yet when the whole cash of the nation shall sink to 50,000*l.*, we must, in all our traffic abroad, either of import or export, go by the general rate at which money is valued in those countries that enjoy the common privileges of human kind. For this reason no corporation (if the clergy may presume to call themselves one) should by any means grant away their properties in perpetuity, upon any consideration whatsoever, which is a rock that many corporations have split upon, to their great impoverishment, and sometimes to their utter undoing; because they are supposed to subsist for ever, and because no determination of money is of any certain perpetual intrinsic value. This is known enough in England, where estates let for ever, some hundred years ago, by several ancient noble families, do not at this present pay their posterity a twentieth part of what they are now worth at an easy rate.

A tax affecting one part of a nation which already bears its full share in all parliamentary impositions, cannot possibly be just, except it be inflicted as a punishment upon that body of men which is taxed for some great demerit or danger to the public apprehended from those upon whom it is laid; thus the Papists and Nonjurors have been doubly taxed for refusing to give proper securities to the government, which cannot be objected against the clergy. And therefore, if this bill should pass, I think it ought to be with a preface, showing wherein they have offended, and for what disaffection or other crime they are punished.

If an additional excise upon ale, or a duty upon flesh and bread, were to be enacted, neither the victualler, butcher, nor baker would bear any more of the charge than for what themselves consumed, but it would be an equal general tax through the whole kingdom: whereas, by this bill, the clergy alone are avowedly condemned to be deprived of their ancient, inherent, undisputed rights, in order to encourage a manufacture, by which all the rest of the kingdom are supposed to be gainers.

This bill is directly against *Magna Charta;* whereof the first clause is, for confirming the inviolable rights of holy church; as well as contrary to the oath taken by all our kings at their coronation, where they swear to defend and protect the church in all its rights.

A tax laid upon employments is a very different thing. The possessors of civil and military employments are no corporation; neither are they any part of our constitution; their salaries, pay, and perquisites are all changeable at the pleasure of the prince who bestows them, although the army be paid from funds raised and appropriated by the legislature. But the clergy, as they have little reason to expect, so they desire no more then their ancient legal dues, (only indeed with the removal of many grievous impediments in the collection of them,) which it is to be feared they must wait for until more favourable times. It is well known that they have already, of their own accord, shown great indulgence to their people upon this very article of flax, seldom taking above a-fourth part of their tithe for small parcels, and oftentimes nothing at all from new beginners, waiting with patience until the farmers were able, and until greater quantities of land were employed in that part of husbandry; never suspecting that their good intentions should be perverted in so singular a manner, to their detriment, by that very assembly which, during the time that convocations (which are an original part of our constitution ever since Christianity became national among us) are thought fit to be suspended, God knows for what reason or from what provocations: I say, from that very assembly who, during the intervals of convocations, should rather be supposed to be guardians of the rights and properties of the clergy, than to make the least attempt upon either.

I have not heard upon inquiry, that any of those gentlemen, who among us without doors are called the court party, discover the least zeal in this affair. If they had thoughts to interpose, it might be conceived they would show their displeasure against this bill, which must very much lessen the value of the king's patronage upon promotion to vacant sees, in the disposal of deaneries, and other considerable preferments in the church which are in the donation of the crown, whereby the viceroys will have fewer good preferments to bestow on their dependents, as well as upon the kindred of members, who may have a sufficient stock of that sort of merit, whatever it may be, which may in future times most prevail.

The dissenters, by not succeeding in their endeavours to procure a repeal of the test, have lost nothing, but continue in full enjoyment of their toleration, while the clergy, without giving the least offence, are by this bill deprived of a considerable branch of their ancient legal rights, whereby the schismatical party will have the pleasure of gratifying their revenge—*hoc Grau velnere.*

The farmer will find no relief by this *modus*, because when his present lease shall expire his landlord will infallibly raise the rent in an equal proportion, upon every part of land where flax is sown, and have so much a better security for payment at the expense of the clergy.

If we judge by things past, it little avails that this bill is to be limited to a certain time of ten, twenty, or thirty years. For no landlord will ever consent that a law shall expire by which he finds himself a gainer; and of this there are many examples, as well in England as in this kingdom.

The great end of this bill is, by proper encouragement, to extend the linen manufacture into those counties where it has hitherto been little cultivated: but this encouragement of lessening the tithe of flax and hemp is one of such a kind as, it is to be feared, will have a directly contrary effect. Because, if I am rightly informed, no set of men has, for their number and fortunes, been more industrious and successful than the clergy, in introducing that manufacture into places which were unacquainted with it; by persuading their people to sow flax and hemp, by procuring seed for them, and by having them instructed in the management thereof; and this they did, not without reasonable hopes of increasing the value of their parishes after some time, as well as of promoting the benefit of the public. But if this *modus* should take place, the clergy will be so far from gaining, that they will become losers by their extraordinary care, by having their best arable lands turned to flax and hemp which are reckoned great impoverishers of land: they cannot therefore be blamed if they should show as much zeal to prevent its being introduced or improved in their parishes as they hitherto have shown in the introducing and improving of it. This, I am told, some of them have already declared; at least so far as to resolve not to give themselves any more trouble than other men about promoting a manufacture, by the success of which they only, of all men, are to be sufferers. Perhaps the giving even a further encouragement than the law does, as it now stands, to a set of men, who might on many accounts be so useful to this purpose, would be no bad method of having the great end of the bill more effectually answered; but this is what they are far from desiring: all they petition for is no more than to continue on the same footing with the rest of their fellow-subjects.

If this *modus* of paying by the acre be to pass into a law, it were to be wished that the same law would not only appoint one or more sworn surveyors in each parish to measure the lands on which flax and hemp are sown, but also settle the price of surveying and determine whether the incumbent or farmer is to pay for each annual survey. Without something of this kind there must constantly be disputes between them, and the neighbouring justices of peace must be teased as often as those disputes happen.

I had written thus far, when a paper was sent to me with several reasons against the bill, some whereof, though they have been already touched, are put in a better light, and the rest did not occur to me. I shall deliver them in the author's own words:—

I. That tithes are the patrimony of the church; and, if not of divine original, yet at least of great antiquity.

II. That all purchases and leases of titheable lands, for many centuries past, have been made and taken, subject to the demand of tithes, and those lands sold and taken just so much the cheaper on that account.

III. That if any lands are exempted from tithes, or the legal demands of such tithes lessened by act of parliament, so much value is taken from the proprietor of the tithes, and vested in the proprietor of the lands, or his head tenants.

IV. That no innocent unoffending person can be so deprived of his property, without the greatest violation of common justice.

V. That to do this upon a prospect of encouraging the linen, or any other manufacture, is acting upon a very mistaken and unjust supposition, inasmuch as the price of the lands so occupied will be no way lessened to the farmer by such a law.

VI. That the clergy are content cheerfully to bear (as they now do) any burden in common with their fellow-subjects, either for the support of his majesty's government, or the encouragement of the trade of the nation; but think it very hard that they should be singled out to pay heavier taxes than others, at a time when, by the decrease of the value of their parishes, they are less able to bear them.

VII. That the legislature has heretofore distin-

guished the clergy by exemptions, and not by additional loads; and the present clergy of the kingdom hope they have not deserved worse of the legislature than their predecessors.

VIII. That by the original constitution of these kingdoms the clergy had the sole right of taxing themselves, and were in possession of that right as low as the Restoration; and if that right be now devolved upon the commons by the cession of the clergy, the commons can be considered, in this case, in no other light than as the guardians of the clergy.

IX. That besides those tithes always in the possession of the clergy, there are some portions of tithes lately come into their possession by purchase; that if this clause should take place, they would not be allowed the benefit of these purchases, upon an equal footing of advantage with the rest of their fellow-subjects. And that some tithes, in the hands of impropriators, are under settlements and mortgages.

X. That the gentlemen of this house should consider that loading the clergy is loading their own younger brothers and children; with this additional grievance, that it is taking from the younger and poorer, to give to the elder and richer; and,

Lastly, That if it were at any time just and proper to do this, it would, however, be too severe to do it now, when all the tithes of the kingdom are known, for some years past, to have sunk above one-third part in their value.

Any income in the hands of the clergy is at least as useful to the public as the same income in the hands of the laity.

It were more reasonable to grant the clergy in three parts of the nation an additional support than to diminish their present subsistence.

Great employments are and will be in the hands of Englishmen; nothing left for the younger sons of Irishmen, but vicarages, tide-waiters' places, &c.; therefore no reason to make them worse.

The *modus* upon the flax in England affects only lands reclaimed since the year 1690, and is at the rate of 5*s*. the English acre, which is equivalent to 8*s*. 8*d*. Irish, and that to be paid before the farmer removes it from the field. Flax is a manufacture of little consequence in England, but is the staple in Ireland; and if it increases (as it probably will) must, in many places, jostle out corn, because it is more gainful.

The clergy of the established church have no interest, like those of the church of Rome, distinct from the true interest of their country; and therefore ought to suffer under no distinct impositions or taxes of any kind.

The bill for settling the *modus* of flax in England was brought in the first year of the reign of king George I., when the clergy lay very unjustly under the imputation of some disaffection; and to encourage the bringing in of some fens in Lincolnshire, which were not to be continued under flax; but it left all lands, where flax had been sown before that time, under the same condition of tithing in which they were before the passing of that bill; whereas this bill takes away what the clergy are actually possessed of.

That the woollen manufacture is the staple of England, as the linen is that of Ireland: yet no attempt was ever made in England to reduce the tithe of wool, for the encouragement of that manufacture. This manufacture has already been remarkably favoured by the clergy, who have hitherto been generally content with less than half, some with 6*d*. a garden, and some have taken nothing.

Employments, they say, have been taxed, the reasons for which taxation will not hold with regard to property, at least till employments become inheritances. The commons always have had so tender a regard to property, that they never would suffer any law to pass whereby any particular persons might be aggrieved, without their own consent.

N. B. Some alterations have been made in the bill about the *modus*, since the above paper was written; but they are of little moment.

A LETTER

FROM A MEMBER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS IN IRELAND TO A MEMBER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS IN ENGLAND, CONCERNING THE SACRAMENTAL TEST.

In the "Miscellanies," published by Morphew, in 1711, the following advertisement, evidently dictated by Dr. Swift, is prefixed:—

"The following letter is supposed, by some judicious persons, to be of the same author, and if their conjectures be right, it will be of no disadvantage to him to have it revived, considering the time when it was writ, the persons then at the helm, and the designs in agitation, against which this paper so boldly appeared. I have been assured that the suspicion which the supposed author lay under for writing this letter absolutely ruined him with the late ministry. I have taken leave to omit about a page, which was purely personal, and of no use to the subject."

The pamphlet materially contributed to the loss of the bill for repeal of the Test Act, during the earl of Pembroke's vice-royalty.

SIR, Dublin, December 4, 1708.

I RECEIVED your letter, wherein you tell me of the strange representations made of us on your side of the water. The instance you are pleased to mention is that of the Presbyterian missionary, who, according to your phrase, has been lately persecuted at Drogheda for his religion; but it is easy to observe how mighty industrious some people have been, for three or four years past, to hand about stories of the hardships, the merits, the number, and the power of the Presbyterians in Ireland: to raise formidable ideas of the dangers of Popery there, and to transmit all for England, improved by great additions, and with special care to have them inserted with comments, in those infamous weekly papers that infest your coffee-houses. So when the clause enacting a Sacramental Test was put in execution, it was given out in England, that half the justices of peace through this kingdom had laid down their commissions; whereas, upon examination, the whole number was found to amount only to a dozen or thirteen, and those generally of the lowest rate in fortune and understanding, and some of them superannuated. So when the earl of Pembroke was in Ireland, and the parliament sitting, a formal story was very gravely carried to his excellency by some zealous members, of a priest newly arrived from abroad to the north-west parts of Ireland, who had publicly preached to his people, to fall a murdering the Protestants; which, though invented to serve an end they were then upon, and are still driving at, was presently handed over, and printed with shrewd remarks by your worthy scribblers. In like manner the account of that person, who was lately expelled our university for reflecting on the memory of king William: what a dust it raised, and how foully it was related, is fresh enough in memory.[a] Neither would people be convinced, till the university was at the pains of publishing a Latin paper to justify themselves. And to mention no more, this story of the persecution at Drogheda, how it has been spread and aggravated, what consequences have been drawn from it, and what reproaches fixed on those who have least deserved them, we are already informed. Now, if the end of all this proceeding were a secret and mystery, I should not pretend to give it an interpreta-

[a] The provost and fellows of Trinity College expelled Edward Forbes for the cause mentioned.

tion; but sufficient care has been taken to explain it, first by addresses artificially (if not illegally) procured to show the miserable state of the dissenters in Ireland, by reason of the Sacramental Test, and to desire the queen's intercession that it might be repealed. Then, it is manifest that our Speaker,[a] when he was last year in England, solicited in person several members of both houses to have it repealed by an act there; though it be a matter purely national, that cannot possibly interfere with the trade and interest of England; and though he himself appeared formerly the most zealous of all men, against the injustice of binding a nation by laws to which they do not consent. And, lastly, those weekly libellers, whenever they get a tale by the end relating to Ireland, without once troubling their thoughts about the truth, always end it with an application against the Sacramental Test, and the absolute necessity there is of repealing it in both kingdoms. I know it may be reckoned a weakness to say anything of such trifles as are below a serious man's notice; much less would I disparage the understanding of any party, to think they would choose the vilest and most ignorant among mankind to employ them for the assertors of a cause. I shall only say, that the scandalous liberty those wretches take would hardly be allowed, if it were not mingled with opinions that some men would be glad to advance. Besides, how insipid soever those papers are, they seem to be levelled to the understandings of a great number; they are grown a necessary part in coffee-house furniture, and some time or other may happen to be read by customers of all ranks, for curiosity and amusement, because they lie always in the way. One of these authors (the fellow that was pillored, I have forgot his name) [Daniel Defoe] is indeed so grave, sententious, dogmatical a rogue, that there is no enduring him; the Observator [Mr. John Tutchin] is much the brisker of the two, and I think further gone of late in lies and impudence, than his Presbyterian brother. The reason why I mention him is, to have an occasion of letting you know, that you have not dealt so gallantly with us as we did with you in a parallel case. Last year a paper was brought here from England, called "A Dialogue between the archbishop of Canterbury and Mr. Higgins," which we ordered to be burnt by the common hangman, as it well deserved, though we have no more to do with his grace of Canterbury [Dr. Thomas Tenison] than you have with the archbishop of Dublin [Dr. William King]; nor can you love and reverence your prelate more than we do ours, whom you tamely suffer to be abused openly, and by name, by that paltry rascal of an Observator; and lately upon an affair wherein he had no concern, I mean the business of the missionary of Drogheda, wherein our excellent primate was engaged, and did nothing but according to law and discretion. But because the lord archbishop of Dublin has been upon several occasions of late years misrepresented in England, I would willingly set you right in his character.[b] For his great sufferings and eminent services he was, by the late king, promoted to the see of Derry. About the same time he wrote a book to justify the Revolution, wherein was an account of king James's proceedings in Ireland; and the late archbishop Tillotson recommended it to the king, as the most serviceable treatise that could have been published at such a juncture.[c] And as his grace set out upon those principles, he has proceeded so ever since, as a loyal subject to the queen, entirely for the succession in the Protestant line, and for ever excluding the pretender; and though a firm friend to the church, yet with indulgence toward dissenters, as appears from his conduct at Derry, where he was settled for many years among the most virulent of the sect; yet, upon his removal to Dublin, they parted from him with tears in their eyes, and universal acknowledgments of his wisdom and goodness. For the rest it must be owned, he does not busy himself by entering deeply into any party, but rather spends his time in acts of hospitality and charity, in building of churches, repairing his palace, in introducing and preferring the worthiest persons he can find, without other regards: in short, in the practice of all virtues that can become a public or private life. This and more, if possible, is due to so excellent a person, who may be justly reckoned among the greatest and most learned prelates of this age, however his character may be defiled by such mean and dirty hands as those of the Observator, or such as employ him.

[a] Allan Broderick, esq., formerly solicitor-general of Ireland.

[b] This character of archbishop King is retained in the "Miscellany" of 1727, edited by Pope, but erased in the Dublin edition.

[c] Dr. King was twice imprisoned in the castle of Dublin after the landing of king James in Ireland, in 1699, and narrowly escaped assassination.

I now come to answer the other part of your letter, and shall give you my opinion freely about repealing the Sacramental Test; only, whereas you desire my thoughts as a friend, and not as I am a member of parliament, I must assure you they are exactly the same in both capacities.

I must begin by telling you we are generally surprised at your wonderful kindness to us on this occasion, it being so very industrious to teach us to see our interest in a point where we are so unable to see it ourselves. This has given us some suspicion; and though in my own particular I am hugely bent to believe that whenever you concern yourselves in our affairs it is certainly for our good, yet I have the misfortune to be something singular in this belief; and therefore I never attempt to justify it, but content myself to possess my own opinion in private, for fear of encountering men of more wit or words than I have to spare.

We at this distance, who see nothing of the spring of actions, are forced, by mere conjecture, to assign two reasons for your desiring us to repeal the Sacramental Test. One is, because you are said to imagine it will be a step toward the like good work in England; the other more immediate, that it will open a way for rewarding several persons who have well deserved upon a great occasion, but who are now unqualified through that impediment.

I do not frequently quote poets, especially English; but I remember there is in some of Mr. Cowley's love verses a strain that I thought extraordinary at fifteen, and have often since imagined it to be spoken by Ireland:—

> "Forbid it, heaven, my life should be
> Weigh'd with her least conveniency"

In short, whatever advantage you propose to yourselves by repealing the Sacramental Test, speak it out plainly; it is the best argument you can use, for we value your interest much more than our own; if your little finger be sore, and you think a poultice made of our vitals will give it any ease, speak the word and it shall be done: the interest of our whole kingdom is at any time ready to strike to that of your poorest fishing towns; it is hard you will not accept our services, unless we believe at the same time that you are only consulting our profit and giving us marks of your love. If there be a fire at some distance, and I immediately blow up my house before there be occasion, because you are a man of quality and apprehend some danger to a corner of your stable, yet why should you require me to attend next morning at your levee with my humble thanks for the favour you have done me?

If we might be allowed to judge for ourselves, we had abundance of benefit by the Sacramental Test, and foresee a number of mischiefs would be the consequence

of repealing it; and we conceive the objections made against it by the dissenters are of no manner of force They tell us of their merits in the late war in Ireland and how cheerfully they engaged for the safety of the nation; that if they had thought they had been fighting only other people's quarrels, perhaps it might have cooled their zeal, and that for the future they shall sit down quietly and let us do our work ourselves; nay, that it is necessary they should do so, since they cannot take up arms under the penalty of high treason.

Now supposing them to have done their duty, as I believe they did, (and not to trouble them about the fly on the wheel,) I thought liberty, property, and religion had been the three subjects of the quarrel; and have not all those been amply secured to them? had they not at that time a mental reservation for power and employments? and must these two articles be added henceforward in our national quarrels? It is grown a mighty conceit among some men to melt down the phrase of a church established by law into that of the religion of the magistrate; of which appellation it is easier to find the reason than the sense: if by the magistrate they mean the prince, the expression includes a falsehood; for when King James was prince, the established church was the same as it is now. If by the same word they mean the legislature, we desire no more. Be that as it will, we of this kingdom believe the church of Ireland to be the national church, and the only one established by law, and are willing by the same law to give a toleration to Dissenters; but if once we repeal our Sacramental Test and grant a toleration, or suspend the execution of the penal laws, I do not see how we can be said to have any established church remaining; or rather, why there will not be as many established churches as there are sects of dissenters. No, say they, yours will still be the national church, because your bishops and clergy are maintained by the public; but that I suppose will be of no long duration, and it would be very unjust it should, because, to speak in Tindal's phrase, it is not reasonable that revenues should be annexed to one opinion more than another when all are equally lawful; and it is the same author's maxim, that no freeborn subject ought to pay for maintaining speculations he does not believe. But why should any man, upon account of opinions he cannot help, be deprived of the opportunity of serving his queen and country? Their zeal is commendable, and when employments go a-begging for want of hands, they shall be sure to have the refusal, only upon condition they will not pretend to them upon maxims which equally include atheists, Turks, Jews, infidels, and heretics; or, which is still more dangerous, even Papists themselves: the former you allow, the other you deny; because these last own a foreign power, and therefore must be shut out. But there is no great weight in this; for their religion can suit with free states, with limited or absolute monarchies, as well as a better; and the pope's power in France is but a shadow; so that, upon this foot, there need be no great danger to the constitution by admitting Papists to employments. I will help you to enough of them who shall be ready to allow the pope as little power here as you please; and the bare opinion of his being vicar of Christ is but a speculative point, for which no man it seems ought to be deprived of the capacity of serving his country.

But, if you please, I will tell you the great objection we have against repealing this same Sacramental Test. It is that we are verily persuaded the consequence will be an entire alteration of religion among us in no great compass of years. And pray observe how we reason here in Ireland upon this matter.

We observe the Scots, in our northern parts, to be a brave, industrious people, extremely devoted to their religion, and full of an undisturbed affection towards each other. Numbers of that noble nation, invited by the fertilities of the soil, are glad to exchange their barren hills of Loquabar, by a voyage of three hours, for our fruitful vales of Down and Antrim, so productive of that grain which, at little trouble and less expense, finds diet and lodging for themselves and their cattle. These people, by their extreme parsimony, wonderful dexterity in dealing, and firm adherence to one another, soon grow into wealth from the smallest beginnings, never are rooted out where they once fix, and increase daily by new supplies: besides, when they are the superior number in any tract of ground, they are not over patient of mixture; but such, whom they cannot assimilate, soon find it their interest to remove. I have done all in my power on some land of my own to preserve two or three English fellows in their neighbourhood, but found it impossible, though one of them thought he had sufficiently made his court by turning Presbyterian. Add to all this, that they bring along with them from Scotland a most formidable notion of our church, which they look upon at least three degrees worse than Popery; and it is natural it should be since they come over full fraught with that spirit which taught them to abolish Episcopacy at home.

Then we proceed further, and observe that the gentlemen of employments here make a very considerable number in the house of commons, and have no other merit but that of doing their duty in their several stations; therefore when the Test is repealed, it will be highly reasonable they should give place to those who have much greater services to plead. The commissions of the revenue are soon disposed of, and the collectors and other officers throughout this kingdom are generally appointed by the commissioners, which gives them a mighty influence in every county. As much may be said of the great offices in the law; and when this door is open to let dissenters into the commissions of the peace, to make them high-sheriffs, mayors of corporations, and officers of the army and militia, I do not see how it can be otherwise, considering their industry and our supineness, but that they may, in a very few years, grow to a majority in the house of commons, and consequently make themselves the national religion, and have a fair pretence to demand the revenues of the church for their teachers. I know it will be objected, that if all this should happen as I describe, yet the Presbyterian religion could never be made the national by act of parliament, because our bishops are so great a number in the house of lords, and without a majority there the church could not be abolished. But I have two very good expedients for that, which I shall leave you to guess, and I dare swear our speaker here has often thought on, especially having endeavoured at one of them so lately. To convince you that this design is not so foreign from some people's thoughts, I must let you know that an honest bellwether of our house[a] (you have him now in England; I wish you could keep him there) had the impudence some years ago, in parliament time, to shake my lord bishop of Kilaloo[b] by his lawn sleeve, and tell him, in a threatening manner, "that he hoped to live to see the day when there should not be one of his order in the kingdom."

These last lines perhaps you think a digression; therefore to return: I have told you the consequences we fully reckon upon from repealing the Sacramental Test, which, although the greatest number of such as are for doing it are actually in no manner of pain about it, and many of them care not 3*d.* whether there be any church or not, yet, because they pretend to argue from conscience, as well as policy and interest, I thought it proper to understand and answer them accordingly.

[a] Supposed to be Mr. Broderick.
[b] Dr. Lindsay, afterwards lord-primate.

Now, sir, in answer to your question, whether, if any attempt should be made here for repealing the Sacramental Test, it would be likely to succeed? the number of professed dissenters in this parliament was, as I remember, something under a dozen, and I cannot call to mind above 30 others who were expected to fall in with them. This is certain, that the Presbyterian party, having with great industry mustered up their forces, did endeavour one day, upon occasion of a hint in my lord Pembroke's speech, to introduce a debate about repealing the Test clause, when there appeared at least four to one odds against them; and the ablest of those, who were reckoned the most stanch and thorough-paced Whigs upon all other occasions, fell off with an abhorrence at the first mention of this

I must desire you to take notice, that the terms of Whig and Tory do not properly express the different interests in our parliament. I remember, when I was last in England, I told the king, "that the highest Tories we had with us would make tolerable Whigs there." This was certainly right, and still in the general continues so, unless you have since admitted new characteristics which did not come within our definition. Whoever bears a true veneration for the glorious memory of king William, as our great deliverer from Popery and slavery; whoever is firmly loyal to our present queen, with an utter abhorrence and detestation of the pretender; whoever approves the succession to the crown in the house of Hanover, and is for preserving the doctrine and discipline of the church of England, with an indulgence for scrupulous consciences; such a man we think acts upon right principles, and may be justly allowed a Whig: and I believe there are not six members in our house of commons who may not fairly come under this description. So that the parties among us are made up, on one side, of moderate Whigs, and, on the other, of Presbyterians and their abettors; by which last I mean such who can equally go to a church or conventicle, or such who are indifferent to all religion in general; or, lastly, such who affect to bear a personal rancour toward the clergy: these last are a set of men not of our own growth, their principles at least have been imported of late years; yet this whole party put together will scarce, I am confident, amount to above 50 men in parliament, which can hardly be worked up into a majority of 300.

As to the house of lords, the difficulty there is conceived at least as great as in ours. So many of our temporal peers live in England, that the bishops are generally pretty near a par of the house, and we reckon they will be all to a man against repealing the Test; and yet their lordships are generally thought as good Whigs upon our principles as any in the kingdom. There are indeed a few lay lords who appear to have no great devotion for Episcopacy; and perhaps one or two more, with whom certain powerful motives might be used, for removing any difficulty whatsoever; but these are, in no sort, a number to carry any point against the conjunction of the rest, and the whole bench of bishops.

Besides, the whole body of our clergy is utterly against repealing the Test, though they are entirely devoted to her majesty, and hardly 1 in 100 who are not very good Whigs, in our acceptation of the word. And I must let you know that we of Ireland are not yet come up to other folk's refinements, for we generally love and esteem our clergy, and think they deserve it; nay, we are apt to lay some weight upon their opinion, and would not willingly disoblige them, at least unless it were upon some greater point of interest than this. And their judgment in the present affair is the more to be regarded, because they are the last persons who will be affected by it: this makes us think them impartial, and that their concern is only for religion and the interest of the kingdom. Because the act which repeals the Test will only qualify a layman for an employment, but not a Presbyterian or Anabaptist preacher for a church-living. Now I must take leave to inform you, that several members of our house, and myself among the rest, knowing some time ago what was upon the anvil, went to all the clergy we knew of any distinction, and desired their judgment in the matter; wherein we found a most wonderful agreement, there being but one divine that we could hear of in the whole kingdom who appeared of a contrary sentiment: wherein he afterward stood alone in the convocation, very little to his credit, though, as he hoped, very much to his interest.

I will now consider a little the arguments offered to show the advantages, or rather the necessity, of repealing the Test in Ireland. We are told, the popish interest is here so formidable, that all hands should be joined to keep it under: that the only names of distinction among us ought to be those of Protestant and Papist; and that this expedient is the only means to unite all Protestants upon one common bottom. All which is nothing but misrepresentation and mistake.

If we were under any real fear of the Papists in this kingdom, it would be hard to think us so stupid as not to be equally apprehensive with others, since we are likely to be the greatest and more immediate sufferers; but, on the contrary, we look upon them to be altogether as inconsiderable as the women and children. Their lands are almost entirely taken from them, and they are rendered incapable of purchasing any more, and for the little that remains, provision is made by the late act against Popery, that it will daily crumble away: to prevent which, some of the most considerable among them are already turned Protestants, and so, in all probability, will many more. Then the Popish priests are all registered, and without permission (which I hope will not be granted) they can have no successors; so that the Protestant clergy will find it perhaps no difficult matter to bring great numbers over to the church; and in the mean time the common people, without leaders, without discipline or natural courage, being little better than hewers of wood and drawers of water, are out of all capacity of doing any mischief, if they were ever so well inclined. Neither are they at all likely to join, in any considerable numbers, with an invader, having found so ill success when they were much more numerous and powerful; when they had a prince of their own religion to head them, had been trained for some years under a Popish deputy, and received such mighty aids from the French king.

As to that argument used for repealing the Test, that it will unite all Protestants against the common enemy, I wonder by what figure those gentlemen speak who are pleased to advance it. suppose, in order to increase the friendship between you and me, a law should pass, that I must have half your estate; do you think that would much advance the union between us? or suppose I share my fortune equally between my own children and a stranger, whom I take into my protection, will that be a method to unite them? It is an odd way of uniting parties, to deprive a majority of part of their ancient right, by conferring it on a faction, who had never any right at all, and therefore cannot be said to suffer any loss or injury if it be refused them. Neither is it very clear how far some people may stretch the term of common enemy. How many are there of those that call themselves Protestants who look upon our worship to be idolatrous, as well as that of the Papists, and, with great charity, put Prelacy and Popery together, as terms convertible?

And therefore there is one small doubt I would be

willingly satisfied in, before I agree to the repealing of the Test; that is, whether these same Protestants, when they have by their dexterity made themselves the national religion, and disposed the church revenues among their pastors or themselves, will be so kind to allow us dissenters, I do not say a share in employments, but a bare toleration by law? The reason of my doubt is, because I have been so very idle as to read above fifty pamphlets, written by as many Presbyterian divines, loudly disclaiming this idel toleration: some of them calling it (I know not how properly) a rag of Popery, and all agreeing it was to establish iniquity by law. Now I would be glad to know when and where their successors have renounced this doctrine, and before what witnesses. Because, methinks, I should be loath to see my poor titular bishop *in partibus*, seized on by mistake in the dark for a jesuit; or be forced myself to keep my chaplain disguised like my butler, and steal to prayers in a back room, as my grandfather used in those times, when the church of England was malignant.

But this is ripping up old quarrels long forgot; Popery is now the common enemy, against which we must all unite. I have been tired in history with the perpetual folly of those states who call in foreigners to assist them against a common enemy; but the mischief was, these allies would never be brought to allow that the common enemy was quite subdued. And they had reason; for it proved at last, that one part of the common enemy was those who called them in, and so the allies became at length the masters.

It is agreed among naturalists, that a lion is a larger, a stronger, and more dangerous enemy than a cat; yet if a man were to have his choice, either a lion at his foot, bound fast with three or four chains, his teeth drawn out, and his claws pared to the quick, or an angry cat in full liberty at his throat, he would take no long time to determine.

I have been sometimes admiring the wonderful significancy of that word persecution, and what various interpretations it has acquired even within my memory. When I was a boy I often heard the Presbyterians complain that they were not permitted to serve God in their own way: they said they did not repine at our employments, but thought that all men who live peaceably ought to have liberty of conscience, and leave to assemble. That impediment being removed at the Revolution, they soon learned to swallow the Sacramental Test, and began to take very large steps, wherein all who offered to oppose them were called men of a persecuting spirit. During the time the bill against occasional conformity was on foot, persecution was every day rung in our ears, and now at last the Sacramental Test itself has the same name. Where then is this matter likely to end, when the obtaining of one request is only used as a step to demand another? a lover is ever complaining of cruelty while anything is denied him; when the lady ceases to be cruel, she is from the next moment at his mercy: so persecution, it seems, is everything that will not leave it in men's power to persecute others.

There is one argument offered against a Sacramental Test by a sort of men who are content to be styled of the church of England, who perhaps attend its service in the morning, and go with their wives to a conventicle in the afternoon, confessing they hear very good doctrine in both. These men are much offended, that so holy an institution, as that of the Lord's Supper, should be made subservient to such mercenary purposes as the getting of an employment. Now it seems the law, concluding all men to be members of that church where they receive the sacrament; and supposing all men to live like Christians (especially those who are to have employments), did imagine they received the sacrament in course about four times a-year; and therefore only desired it might appear by certificate to the public, that such, who took an office, were members of the church established, by doing their ordinary duty. However, lest we should offend them, we have often desired they would deal candidly with us; for, if the matter stuck only there, we would propose it in parliament, that every man who takes an employment should, instead of receiving the sacrament, be obliged to swear that he is a member of the church of Ireland by law established, with Episcopacy, and so forth; and as they do now in Scotland, to be true to the kirk. But when we drive them thus far, they always retire to the main body of the argument, urge the hardship that men should be deprived the liberty of serving their queen and country on account of their conscience; and, in short, have recourse to the common style of their half brethren. Now, whether this be a sincere way of arguing, I will appeal to any other judgment but theirs.

There is another topic of clamour somewhat parallel to the foregoing: it seems by the Test clause, the military officers are obliged to receive the sacrament, as well as the civil. And it is a matter of some patience to hear the dissenters declaiming upon this occasion: they cry they are disarmed, they are used like Papists: when an enemy appears at home, or from abroad, they must sit still, and see their throats cut, or be hanged for high treason if they offer to defend themselves. Miserable condition! woful dilemma! it is happy for us all that the pretender was not apprized of this passive Presbyterian principle, else he would have infallibly landed in our northern parts, and found them all sat down in their formalities, as the Gauls did the Roman senators, ready to die with honour in their callings. Sometimes, to appease their indignation, we venture to give them hopes, that, in such a case, the government will perhaps connive, and hardly be so severe to hang them for defending it, against the letter of the law: to which they readily answer, that they will not lie at our mercy, but let us fight our battles ourselves. Sometimes we offer to get an act, by which upon all Popish insurrections at home, or Popish invasion from abroad, the government shall be empowered to grant commissions to all Protestants whatsoever, without that persecuting circumstance of obliging them to say their prayers when they receive the sacrament: but they abhor all thoughts of occasional commissions; they will not do our drudgery, and we reap the benefit: it is not worth their while to fight *pro aris et focis;* and they had rather lose their estates, liberties, religion, and lives, than the pleasure of governing.

But to bring this discourse toward a conclusion: if the dissenters will be satisfied with such a toleration by law as has been granted them in England, I believe the majority of both houses will fall readily in with it; further, it will be hard to persuade this house of commons, and perhaps much harder the next. For, to say the truth, we make a mighty difference here between suffering thistles to grow among us, and wearing them for posies. We are fully convinced in our consciences, that we shall always tolerate them; but not quite so fully that they will always tolerate us, when it comes to their turn; and we are the majority, and we are in possession.

He who argues in defence of a law in force, not antiquated or obsolete, but lately enacted, is certainly on the safer side, and may be allowed to point out the dangers he conceives to foresee in the abrogation of it.

For, if the consequences of repealing this clause should at some time or other enable the Presbyterians to work themselves up into the national church; instead of uniting Protestants, it would sow eternal divisions among them. *First*, their own sects, which

now lie dormant, would be soon at cuffs again with each other, about power and preferment; and the dissenting episcopals, perhaps discontented to such a degree as, upon some fair unhappy occasion, would be able to shake the firmest loyalty, which none can deny theirs to be.

Neither is it very difficult to conjecture, from some late proceedings, at what a rate this faction is likely to drive, wherever it gets the whip and the seat. They have already set up courts of spiritual judicature in open contempt of the laws: they send missionaries everywhere, without being invited, in order to convert the Church-of-England folks to Christianity. They are as vigilant as I know who, to attend persons on their death-beds, and for purposes much alike. And what practices such principles as these (with many other that might be invidious to mention) may spawn when they are laid out to the sun, you may determine at leisure.

Lastly, Whether we are so entirely sure of their loyalty upon the present foot of government, as you may imagine their detractors make a question, which however does, I think, by no means affect the body of dissenters; but the instance produced is, of some among their leading teachers in the north, who, having refused the abjuration oath, yet continue their preaching, and have abundance of followers. The particulars are out of my head; but the fact is notorious enough, and I believe has been published: I think it a pity it has not been remedied.

Thus, I have fairly given you, sir, my own opinion, as well as that of a great majority in both houses here, relating to this weighty affair; upon which I am confident you may securely reckon. I will leave you to make what use of it you please. I am, with great respect, sir, yours, &c.

A NARRATIVE

OF THE SEVERAL ATTEMPTS WHICH THE DISSENTERS OF IRELAND HAVE MADE, FOR A REPEAL OF THE SACRAMENTAL TEST.

HUMBLY INSCRIBED TO THE CONFORMING NOBILITY AND GENTRY OF IRELAND, 1731.*

When the oath of supremacy was repealed, which had been the church's great security since the 2nd of queen Elizabeth, against both Papists and Presbyterians who equally refused it, it let in such a current of dissenters into some of our corporations, as bore down all before them.

Although the Sacramental Test had been for a considerable time in force in England, yet that law did not reach Ireland, where the church was more oppressed by dissenters, and where her most sanguine friends were glad to compound, to preserve what legal security she had left, rather than attempt any new, or even to recover what she had lost; and in truth they had no reason to expect it, at a time when the dissenters had the interest to have a motion made and debated in parliament, that there might be a temporary repeal of all the penal laws against them; and when they were so flushed with the conquest they had made in some corporations, as to reject all overtures of a toleration; and to that end had employed Mr. Boyse to write against it with the utmost contempt, calling it "a stone instead of bread, a serpent instead of a fish."

When the church was in this situation, the clause of the Sacramental Test was happily sent over from England, tacked to the Popery bill; which alarmed the whole body of the dissenters to that degree, that their managers began to ply with the greatest artifice and industry to prevent its passing into a law. But (to the honour of that parliament be it spoken) the whole body of both lords and commons (some few excepted) passed the clause with great readiness, and defended it afterward with as great resolution.

The immediate consequence of this law was the recovery of several corporations from the dissenters, and the preservation of others, to which that enterprising people had made very bold and quick approaches.

It was hoped that this signal defeat would have discouraged the dissenters from any further attempts against the law which had so unanimously passed both houses; but the contrary soon appeared; for, upon meeting of the parliament held by the earl of Pembroke,* they quickly reassumed their wonted courage and confidence, and made no doubt but they should either procure an absolute repeal thereof, or get it so far relaxed as that they might be admitted to offices of military trust; to this they apprehended themselves encouraged by a paragraph in his excellency's speech to both houses, (which they applied to themselves,) which was, "that the queen would be glad of any expedient for strengthening the interest of her Protestant subjects of Ireland."

The advocates for the dissenters immediately took hold of this handle; and, in order to prepare the way for this expedient, insisting boldly upon their merit and loyalty, charged the church with persecution, and extolled their signal behaviour in the late Revolution to that degree, as if by their singular prowess they had saved the nation.

But all this was only to prepare the way for the grand engine, which was forming to beat down this law; and that was their expedient addresses.

The first of this kind was from a provincial synod of the northern dissenters, beginning with high encomiums upon themselves, and as high demands from the public, "for their untainted loyalty in all turns of government, which," they said, "was the natural consequence of their known principles;" expressions, which, had they been applied to them by their adversaries, must have been understood as spoken ironically, and, indeed, to have been the greatest sarcasm imaginable upon them (especially when we consider the insolent treatment given to her late majesty in the very same address): for immediately after they pass this compliment upon themselves, they tell her majesty, they deeply regret the Sacramental Test; and frankly declare that neither the gentlemen nor people of their persuasion could (they must mean *would*) serve her, whatever exigencies might arise, unless that law was repealed.

The managers for the kirk, following this precedent, endeavoured to obtain addresses to the same purpose from the corporations; and though they proved unsuccessful in most, they procured them from our most considerable conforming corporations; and that too at a critical juncture, when numbers of Scotch Presbyterians, who had deserved well in the affair of the Union, and could not be rewarded in England, (where the Test Act was in force,) stood ready to overrun our preferments as soon as the test should be repealed in Ireland.

But, after all, when it came to a decisive trial in the house of commons, the dissenters were defeated.

When the managers found the house of commons could not be brought into that scheme of an expedient, to be offered by them, their refinement upon this was, to move for an address, "That the house would accept of an expedient from her majesty; but this also was rejected: for, by this project, the managers would have led the queen into this dilemma, either to dis-

* This little tract was originally printed at Dublin in a periodical paper called "The Correspondent;" and was annexed to the second edition of the "Presbyterians' Plea of Merit."

* His vice-royalty commenced April 7, 1707.

oblige the whole body of the dissenters, by refusing to name the expedient, or else to give up the conformists to the insults and encroachments of the dissenters, by the repeal of that law which was declared by the house of lords to be the great security of the established church, and of the English interest in Ireland.

The next attempt they made against the Test was during the government of lord Wharton.[a] The dissenters seemed more resolute now than ever to have the Test repealed, especially when his excellency had declared from the throne, "that they were neither to be persecuted nor molested." For they, who had all along called the Test Act a persecution, might reasonably conclude that grievance would be removed, when they were told by the chief governor, that "they were not even to be molested." But, to their great confusion, they were soon undeceived, when they found, upon trial, that the house of commons would not bear the least motion toward it.

Their movements to repeal the Test being stopped this way, the managers were obliged to take several other ways to come at it: and at the time that some pretended to soothe, others seemed to threaten even the legislature.

There happened about that time, when the project of the expedient was on foot, an excellent occasion to express their resentments against this law, and that was, when great numbers of them refused the oath of allegiance, and to oppose the pretender, insisting upon a repeal of the Test Act as the condition of their arming in defence of their queen and country. The government was not reduced to such straits, as to submit to that condition: and the Test stood firm, in spite of both the dissenters and the pretender, until the latter was driven from our coasts; and then one would have thought the hopes of the former would have vanished with him.

But it proved quite contrary; for those sons of the earth, rebounding with fresh vigour from their falls, recovered new strength and spirit from every defeat; and the next attempt was bolder (considering the circumstance they were in) than any they had made before.

The case was this: the house of lords of Ireland had accused them to the queen of several illegal practices, which highly concerned the safety of our constitution both in church and state; the particulars of which charge were summed up in a representation from the lords to this effect:—

"That they (the dissenters) had opposed and persecuted the conformists in those parts where their power prevailed, had invaded their congregation, propagated their schism in places where it had not the least footing formerly; that they were protected from a legal prosecution by a *noli prosequi* in the case of Drogheda; that they refused to take conforming apprentices, and confined trade among themselves, exclusive of the conformists; that, in their illegal assemblies, they had prosecuted and censured their people for being married according to law; that they have thrown public and scandalous reflections upon the Episcopal order, and upon our laws, particularly the Sacramental Test, and had misapplied the royal bounty of 1200*l.* per annum in propagating their schism, and undermining the church; and had exercised an illegal jurisdiction in their presbyteries and synods," &c.

To this representation of the lords, the dissenters remonstrate in an address to the queen, or rather an appeal to their own people; in which, although it is evident they were conscious of those crimes whereof they stood accused, as appears by the evasions they make to this high charge; yet, even under these circumstances, (such was their modesty,) they pressed for a repeal of the Test Act, by the modest appellation of a grievance, and odious mark of infamy, &c.

One particular in another address I cannot omit. The house of lords, in their representation, had accused one dissenting teacher in particular (well known to Mr. Boyse); the charge was in these words: "Nor has the legislature itself escaped the censure of a bold author of theirs, who has published in print that the Sacramental Test is only an engine to advance a state faction, and to debase religion, to serve base and unworthy purposes."

To this Mr. Boyse answers, in an address to the queen, in the year 1712, subscribed only by himself and five more dissenting teachers, in the following manner:—

"As to this part of their lordships' complaint, we beg leave to lay before your majesty the words of that author, which are these: Nor can we altogether excuse those who turn the holy Eucharist into an engine to advance a state faction, and endeavour to confine the communion table of our Lord, by their arbitrary enclosures, to a party: religion is thereby debased, to serve mean and unworthy purposes. We humbly conceive that the author, in that passage, makes no mention of the legislature at all, &c.; and we cannot omit, on this occasion, to regret it, as the great unhappiness of a kingdom, that dissenters should now be disabled from concurring in the defence of it, in any future exigency and danger, and should have the same infamy put upon them with the Irish Papists. We therefore humble hope that your majesty shall consider how little real grounds there are for those complaints made by their lordships."

What a mixture of impudence and prevarication is this! That one dissenting teacher, accused to his prince of having censured the legislature, should presume, backed only by five more of the same quality and profession, to transcribe the guilty paragraph, and (to secure his meaning from all possibility of being mistaken) annex another to it; wherein they rail at that very law for which he in so audacious a manner censured the queen and parliament, and at the same time should expect to be acquitted by her majesty, because he had not mentioned the word legislature. It is true, the word legislature is not expressed in that paragraph; but let Mr. Boyse say what other power but the legislature could in this sense, "turn the holy Eucharist into an engine to advance a state faction, or confine offices of trust, or the communion table of our Lord, by their arbitrary enclosures, to a party." It is plain he can from his principles intend no others but the legislators or the Sacramental Test; though, at the same time, I freely own that this is a vile description of them; for neither have they by this law made the Sacramental Test an engine to advance, but rather to depress, a state faction; nor have they made any arbitrary enclosures of the communion table of the Lord, since as many as please may receive the sacrament with us in our churches; and those who will not may freely, as before, receive it in their separate congregations: nor, in the last place, is religion hereby debased to serve mean and unworthy purposes; nor is it any more than all lawgivers do, by enjoining an oath of allegiance, and making that a religious test; for an oath is an act of religious worship, as well as the Eucharist.

Upon the whole, is not this an instance of prodigious boldness in Jo. Boyse, backed with only five dissenting teachers, thus to recriminate upon the Irish house of lords, (as they were pleased to call them in the title of their printed address,) and almost to insist with her majesty upon the repeal of the law, which she had stamped with her royal authority but a few years before?

The next attempt of the dissenters against this law

[a] Appointed lord-lieutenant November 25, 1708.

was made during the government of the duke of Shrewsbury, by the whole compacted body of their teachers and elders, with a formidable engine, called a representation of grievances; in which, after they had reviled the Test Act with the same odious appellations, and insisted upon the same insolent arguments for the repeal thereof, which they had formerly urged to the queen, they expressed themselves to his grace in these words: "We beg leave to say, that those persons must be inexcusable, and chargeable with all the bad consequences that may follow, who, in such a kingdom as this, and at such a time as this, disable, disgrace, and divide Protestants; a thing that ought not to be done at any time, or in any place, much less then in this," &c.

Is it possible to conceive anything more provoking than this humble supplication of these remonstrators? Does not this sound like a demand of the repeal of the Test at the peril of those who dare refuse it? Is it not an application with a hat in one hand, and a sword in the other, and that too in the style of a king of Ulster to a king of Connaught—"Repeal the Test, or if you don't"—

But to proceed in this narrative: notwithstanding the defeat of the dissenters in England, in their late attempt against the Test, their brethren in Ireland are so far from being discouraged, that they seem now to conceive greater hopes of having it repealed here than ever. In order to prepare necessaries, and furnish topics for this attempt, there was a paper printed upon the opening of last session, and now republished, entitled, "The Nature and Consequences of the Sacramental Test considered, with reasons humbly offered for the repeal thereof."

It is not my intention to follow this author through all the mazes and windings of his reasoning upon this subject, which, in truth, seem such incoherent shreds, that it is impossible to tie them together; and therefore what I propose is to answer such objections to the Test, as are advanced either by this author or any other, which have any appearance of reason or plausibility.

I know it is not prudent to despise an adversary, nor fair to prepossess readers, before I show this bold and insolent writer in his proper figure and dress; and therefore, however I may take him to be a feeble advocate for the repeal of the Test in point of reasoning, yet I freely allow him to be a most resolute champion in point of courage, who has, with such intrepidity, attacked not only the first enactors of this law, but all such who shall continue it, by giving their negatives to the repeal.

Page 19, he says, "the truth is the imposition of the Test, and continuing it in such a state of the kingdom, appears (at first sight) so great an absurdity in politics as can never be accounted for."

Who are these absurd politicians? are they not the majority of both houses of parliament?

But to strengthen his reflections, page 26, he gives the whole legislature to understand, "that continuing the Test does not become the wisdom and justice of the legislature, under the pretence of its being for the advantage of the state, when it is really prejudicial to it:" and further tells us, "it infringes on the indisputable right of the dissenters."

Page 57, he says, "The gentlemen of the house of commons, who framed the bill to prevent the further growth of Popery, instead of approving the Test clause which was inserted, publicly declared their dislike to it, and their resolution to take the first opportunity of repealing it, though at that time they unwillingly passed it, rather then lose a bill they were so fond of. This resolution has not been as yet fulfilled, for what reasons our worthy patriots themselves know best."

I should be glad this author would inform us who and how many of those members joined in this resolution to repeal the Test; or where that resolution is to be found, which he mentions twice in that same paragraph; surely not in the books of the house of commons!

If not, suppose some few gentlemen of the house of commons (and to be sure very few they were) who publicly declared their dislike to it, or entered into any resolution; this, I think, he should have explained and not insinuated so gross a reflection on a majority of the house of commons, who first passed this law, and have ever since opposed all attempts to repeal it; these are the gentlemen whom, in sarcasm and irony, he is pleased to call the worthy, that is, the unworthy patriots themselves.

But to mention no more, he concludes his notable piece with these remarkable words, page 62, 63:—

"Thus it appears with regard to the Protestant succession, which has now happily taken place, how reasonable it is to repeal the Sacramental Test; and that granting that favour to the Dissenters [which by the by cannot be granted but by parliament] can be disagreeable to none who have a just sense of the many blessings we enjoy by the Protestant succession in his majesty's royal family."

I conceive it will be readily allowed, that in all applications from any body of men, or particular subjects to the legislature, the highest encomiums are to be looked upon as purely complimental; but that the least insinuation of disrespect ought to be considered in the strictest sense the expressions can bear. Now, if we apply this observation to what this bold adventurer has said with respect to the legislators of the Sacramental Test, does he not directly and plainly charge them with injustice, imprudence, gross absurdity, and Jacobitism? Let the most prejudiced reader that is not predetermined against conviction, say, whether this libeller of the parliament has not drawn up a high charge against the makers and continuers of this law.

Notwithstanding my resentment, which to be sure he does not value, I would be sorry he should bring upon himself the resentment of those he has been so free with. Is not this author justly to be reputed a defamer till he produces instances wherein the conforming nobility and gentry of Ireland have shown their disaffection to the succession of the illustrious house of Hanover?

Did they ever refuse the oath of abjuration, or support any conforming nonjuring teachers in their congregations? Did ever any conforming gentlemen or common people refuse to be arrayed when the militia was raised upon the invasion of the pretender? Did any of them ever show the least reluctance, or make any exception against their officers, whether they were dissenters or churchmen?

It may be said that, from these insinuations, I would have it understood that the dissenters encouraged some of their teachers who refused the oath of abjuration; and that, even in the article of danger, when the pretender made an attempt in Scotland, our northern Presbyterians showed great reluctance in taking arms upon the array of the militia.

I freely own it is my intention, and I must affirm both facts to be true; however they have the assurance to deny it.

What can be more notorious than the protection, countenance, and support which was continued to Riddall, M'Bride, and M'Crackan, who absolutely refused the oath of abjuration, and yet were continued to teach in their congregations after they returned from Scotland, when a prosecution was directed, and a council in criminal causes was sent down to the county of Antrim to prosecute them? With respect to

the parliament; Did ever any house of commons show greater alacrity in raising money, and equipping ships in defence of the king than the last house did upon the expected invasion of the pretender? And did ever any parliament give money with greater unanimity for the support of the crown than the present has done, whatever the wants of their private families might be? And must a very great majority of those persons be branded with the infamous aspersion of disaffection to the illustrious house of Hanover, should they refuse to give their voices for the repeal of the Test?

I am fully persuaded that this author and his fellow-labourers do not believe one word of this heavy charge, but their present circumstances are such that they must run all hazards.

A great number of the noncomforming gentlemen daily leave them. Many men, whose fathers were elders, or rigid nonconformists, are now constant communicants and justices of peace in their several counties; insomuch that it is highly probable, should the Test continue twenty years longer, that there would not be a gentleman left to solicit a repeal.

I shall hereafter take occasion to show how inconsiderable they are, for their numbers and fortunes, who can be served or obliged by this repeal, which number is daily lessening. The dissenting teachers are sufficiently aware, that the general conformity of the gentlemen will be followed by the conformity of numbers of the people; and should it not be so, that they will be but poorly supported by them; that by the continuance of the Test their craft will be in danger to be set at nought, and in all probability will end in a general conformity of the Presbyterians to the established church. So that theyhave the strongest reasons in the world to press for a repeal of the Test; but those reasons must have equal force for the continuance of it, with all that wish the peace of the church and state and would not have us torn in pieces with endless and causeless divisions.

There is one short passage more I had like to have omitted, which our author leaves as a sting in the tail of his libel; his words are these, p. 59.—"The truth is, no one party of a religious denomination, in Britain or Ireland, were so united as they, (the dissenters,) indeed no one but they, in an inviolable attachment to the Protestant succession." To detect the folly of this assertion, I subjoin the following letter from a person of known integrity, and as inviolably attached to the Protestant succession as any dissenter in the kingdom, I mean Mr. Warreng, of Warrengstown, then a member of parliament, and commissioner of array in the county of Down upon the expected invasion of the pretender. This letter was writ in a short time after the array of the militia; for the truth of which I refer to Mr. Warreng himself:—

"Sir, that I may fulfil your desire, by giving you an account how the dissenters in my neighbourhood behaved themselves when we were threatened with an invasion of the pretender, be pleased to know that upon an alarm given of his being landed near Derry, none were more zealous in setting watch and keeping guard than they, to prevent such disorders as might happen at that time by ill-designing persons passing through and disturbing the peace of the country.

"But when the government thought fit to have the kingdom arrayed, and sent commissioners into these parts, some time after, it appeared that the dissenters had by that time been otherwise instructed; for several who were so forward before, behaved themselves after in a very different manner, some refusing, and others with reluctancy appearing upon the array, to be enlisted and serve in the militia.

"This behaviour surprised me so much, that I took occasion to discourse several of them, over whom I thought I had as much influence as any other person, and sound them upon the common argument of having their hands tied by a late act of parliament, &c. Whereupon I took some pains to show the act to them, and wherein they were mistaken. I further pressed their concurrence with us in procuring the common peace and security of our country; and though they seemed convinced by what I said, yet I was given to understand their behaviour was according to the sentiments of some persons whom they thought themselves obliged to observe, or to be directed by," &c.

THE PRESBYTERIANS' PLEA OF MERIT,

IN ORDER TO TAKE OFF THE TEST, IMPARTIALLY EXAMINED, 1731.

We have been told, in the common newspapers, that all attempts are to be made this session by the Presbyterians and their abettors, for taking off the Test; as a kind of preparatory step to make it go down smoother in England. For if once their light would so shine, the Papists, delighted with the blaze, would all come in and dance about it. This I take to be a prudent method: like that of a discreet physician, who first gives a new medicine to a dog before he prescribes it to a human Creature.

The Presbyterians have, ever since the Revolution, directed their learned casuists to employ their pens on this subject, by showing their merits and pretensions upon which they claim this justice, as founded upon the services they did toward the restoration of king Charles II., and at the Revolution under the prince of Orange. Which pleas I take to be the most singular in their kind that ever were offered in the face of the sun, against the most glaring lights of truth, and against a continuation of public facts known to all Europe for twenty years together. I shall, therefore, impartially examine the merits and conduct of the Presbyterians upon those two great events; and the pretensions to favour which they challenge upon them.

Soon after the reformation in the church in England, under Edward VI., upon queen Mary's succeeding to the crown, (who restored Popery,) many Protestants fled out of England to escape the persecution raised against the church, as her brother had left it established. Some of these exiles went to Geneva; which city had received the doctrine of Calvin, and rejected the government of bishops, with many other refinements. These English exiles readily embraced the Geneva system; and having added further improvements of their own, upon queen Mary's death returned to England, where they preached up their own opinions, inveighing bitterly against episcopacy, and all rites and ceremonies, however innocent and ancient in the church; building upon this foundation, to run as far as possible from Popery, even in the most minute and indifferent circumstances. This faction, under the name of Puritan, became very turbulent during the whole reign of queen Elizabeth, and were always discouraged by that wise queen, as well as by her two successors. However, their numbers, as well as their insolence and perverseness, so far increased that, soon after the death of king James I., many instances of their petulancy and scurrility are to be seen in their pamphlets, written for some years after, (which was a trade they began in the days of queen Elizabeth,) particularly with great rancour against the bishops, the habits, and the ceremonies: such were those scurrilous libels under the title of Martin Marprelate, and several others. And although the earl of Clarendon tells us, until the year 1640 (as I remember) the kingdom was in a state of perfect peace and

happiness, without the least appearance of thought or design toward making any alterations in religion or government, yet I have found, by often rummaging for old books in Little Britain and Duck Lane, a great number of pamphlets, printed from the year 1630 to 1640, full of as bold and impious railing expressions against the lawful power of the crown and the order of bishops, as ever were uttered during the Rebellion, or the whole subsequent tyranny of that fanatic anarchy. However, I find it manifest that puritanism did not erect itself into a new separate species of religion, till some time after the rebellion began; for, in the latter times of king James I., and the former part of his son, there were several Puritan bishops and many Puritan private clergymen; while people went, as their inclinations led them, to hear preachers of each party in the parish churches; for the Puritan clergy had received episcopal orders as well as the rest. But soon after the rebellion broke out, the term Puritan gradually dropped, and that of Presbyterian succeeded; which sect was, in two or three years, established in all its forms by what they called an ordinance of the lords and commons, without consulting the king, who was then at war against his rebels. And from this period the church continued under persecution, until monarchy was restored in the year 1660.

In a year or two after we began to hear of a new party risen, and growing in the parliament as well as the army, under the name of Independent: it spread indeed somewhat more in the latter, but not equal with the Presbyterians either in weight or number, until the very time the king was murdered.

When the king, who was then a prisoner in the Isle of Wight, had made his last concessions for a peace to the commissioners of the parliament who attended him there, upon their return to London, they reported his majesty's answer to the house; whereupon a number of moderate members who, as Ludlow says, had secured their own terms with that prince, managed with so much art as to obtain a majority, in a thin house, for passing a vote that the king's concessions were a ground for future settlement. But the great officers of the army, joining with the discontented members, came to a resolution of excluding all those who had consented to that vote, which they executed in a military way. Ireton told Fairfax the general, a rigid Presbyterian, of this resolution; who thereupon issued his orders for drawing out the army the next morning, and placing guards in Westminster-hall, the court of requests, and the lobby; who, in obedience to the general, in conjunction with those members who opposed the vote, would let no member enter the house except those of their own party. Upon which, the question for bringing the king to justice was immediately put, and carried without opposition that I can find. Then an order was made for his trial; the time and place appointed; the judges named, of whom Fairfax himself was one; although, by the advice or threats of his wife, he declined sitting among them. However, by fresh orders under his own hand, which I have seen in print, he appointed guards to attend the judges at the trial, and to keep the city in quiet; as he did likewise to prevent any opposition from the people upon the day of execution.

From what I have already adduced, it appears manifest that the differences between those two sects, Presbyterian and Independent, did not then amount to half so much as what there is between a Whig and Tory at present among us. The design of utterly extirpating monarchy and episcopacy was equally the same in both; evidently the consequence of the very same principles upon which the Presbyterians alone began, continued, and would have ended in the same events, if toward the conclusion they had not been bearded by that new party with whom they could not agree about dividing the spoil. However, they held a good share of civil and military employments during the whole time of the usurpation; and their names, actions, and preferments are frequent in the accounts of those times. For I make no doubt that all the prudent Presbyterians complied in proper seasons, falling in with the stream, and thereby got that share in employments which many of them held to the Restoration; and perhaps too many of them after. In the same manner we find our wisest Tories in both kingdoms upon the change of hands and measures at the queen's death, have endeavoured for several years, by due compliances, to recover the time they had lost by a temporary obstinacy; wherein they have well succeeded, according to their degrees of merit; of whose names I could here make honourable mention, if I did not fear it might offend their modesty. As to what is alleged, that some of the Presbyterians declared openly against the king's murder, I allow it to be true. But from what motives? No other can possibly be assigned than perfect spite, rage, and envy, to find themselves wormed out of all power by a new infant spawn of Independents, sprung from their own bowels. It is true the differences in religious tenets between them are very few and trifling; the chief quarrel, as far as I remember, relating to congregational and national assemblies. But whatever interest or power thinks fit to interfere, it little imports what principles the opposite parties think fit to charge upon each other; for we see at this day that the Tories are more hated by the whole set of zealous Whigs than the very Papists themselves; and in effect as much unqualified for the smallest office: although both these parties assert themselves to be of the same religion in all its branches of doctrine and discipline; and profess the same loyalty to the same Protestant king and his heirs.

If the reader would know what became of this Independent party, upon whom all the mischief is charged by their Presbyterian brethren, he may please to observe that, during the whole usurpation, they contended by degrees with their parent sect, and as I have already said, shared in employments, and gradually, after the Restoration, mingled with the mass of Presbyterians, lying ever since undistinguished in the herd of dissenters.

The Presbyterian merit is of as little weight, when they allege themselves instrumental toward the king's restoration. The kingdom grew tired with those ridiculous models of government: first, by a house of lords and commons without a king; then without bishops; afterward by a rump[a] and lords temporal; then by a rump alone; next by a single person for life, in conjunction with a council; by agitators; by major-generals; by a new kind of representatives from the three kingdoms; by the keepers of the liberties of England; with other schemes that have slipped out of my memory. Cromwell was dead; his son Richard, a weak, ignorant wretch, who gave up his monarchy much in the same manner with the two usurping kings of Brentford [in the Rehearsal]; the people harassed with taxes and other oppressions. The king's party, then called the Cavaliers, began to recover their spirits. The few nobility scattered through the kingdom, who lived in a most retired manner, observing the confusion of things, could no longer endure to be ridden by bakers, cobblers, brewers, and the like, at the head of armies, and plundering everywhere like French dragoons. The rump assembly grew despicable to those who had raised them; the city of London, exhausted by almost twenty years contributing to their own ruin, declared against them. The rump, after

[a] This name was given to that part of the house of commons which remained after the moderate men had been expelled.

many deaths and resurrections, was in the most contemptuous manner kicked out, and burned in effigy: the excluded members were let in; a free parliament called, in as legal a manner as the times would allow; and the king restored.

The second claim of Presbyterian merit is founded upon their services against the dangerous designs of king James II., while that prince was using all his endeavours to introduce Popery, which he openly professed upon his coming to the crown: to this they add their eminent services at the Revolution under the prince of Orange.

Now the quantum of Presbyterian merit during the four years' reign of that weak, bigoted, and ill-advised prince, as well as at the time of the Revolution, will easily be computed by a recourse to a great number of histories, pamphlets, and public papers printed in those times, and some afterward; beside the verbal testimonies of many persons yet alive, who are old enough to have known and observed the dissenters' conduct in that critical period.

It is agreed that upon king Charles II.'s death, soon after his successor had publicly owned himself a Roman Catholic, he began with his first caresses to the church party; from whom, having received very cold discouraging answers, he applied to the Presbyterian leaders and teachers; being advised by his priests and Popish courtiers, that the safest method toward introducing his own religion would be, by taking off the Sacramental Test, and giving a full liberty of conscience to all religions, I suppose, that professed Christianity. It seems that the Presbyterians, in the latter years of king Charles II., upon account of certain plots, (allowed by bishop Burnet to be genuine,) had been for a short time forbidden to hold their conventicles: whereupon these charitable Christians, out of perfect resentment against the church, received the gracious offers of king James, with the strongest professions of loyalty and highest acknowledgments for his favour. I have seen several of their addresses, full of thanks and praises, with bitter insinuations of what they had suffered; putting themselves and the Papists upon the same foot, as fellow-sufferers for conscience; and with the style of our brethren the Roman Catholics. About this time began the project of closeting, which has since been practised many times with more art and success, where the principal gentlemen of the kingdom were privately catechised by his majesty, to know whether, if a new parliament were called, they would agree to pass an act for repealing the Sacramental Test, and establishing a general liberty of conscience. But he received so little encouragement that, despairing of success, he had recourse to his dispensing power, which the judges had determined to be part of his prerogative. By colour of this determination, he preferred several Presbyterians and many Papists to civil and military employments. While the king was thus busied, it is well known that Monsieur Fagel, the Dutch envoy in London, delivered the opinion of the prince and princess of Orange concerning the repeal of the Test; whereof the king had sent an account to their highnesses, to know how far they approved of it. The substance of their answer, as reported by Fagel, was this—"That their highnesses thought very well of a liberty of conscience; but by no means of giving employments to any other persons than those who were of the national church." This opinion was confirmed by several reasons: I cannot be more particular, not having the paper by me, although it has been printed in many accounts of those times. And thus much every moderate churchman would perhaps submit to: but to trust any part of the civil power in the hands of those whose interest, inclination, conscience, and former practices have been wholly turned to introduce a different system of religion and government, has very few examples in any Christian state; nor any at all in Holland, the great patroness of universal toleration.

Upon the first intelligence king James received of an intended invasion by the prince of Orange, among great numbers of Papists, to increase his troops, he gave commissions to several Presbyterians; some of whom had been officers under the rump; and particularly he placed one Richards, a noted Presbyterian, at the head of a regiment, who had been governor of Wexford in Cromwell's time, and is often mentioned by Ludlow in his Memoirs. This regiment was raised in England against the prince of Orange; the colonel made his son a captain, whom I knew, and who was as zealous a Presbyterian as his father. However, at the time of the prince's landing, the father, easily foreseeing how things would go, went over, like many others, to the prince, who continued him in his regiment; but coming over a year or two after, to assist in raising the siege of Derry, he behaved himself so like either a coward or a traitor, that his regiment was taken from him.

I will now consider the conduct of the church party, during the whole reign of that unfortunate king. They were so unanimous against promising to pass an act for repealing the Test, and establishing a general liberty o conscience, that the king durst not trust a parliament; but, encouraged by the professions of loyalty given him by his Presbyterian friends, went on with his dispensing power.

The church clergy, at that time, are allowed to have written the best collection of tracts against Popery that ever appeared in England; which are to this day in the highest esteem. But, upon the strictest inquiry, I could never hear of above one or two papers published by the Presbyterians at that time upon the same subject. Seven great prelates (he of Canterbury among the rest) were sent to the Tower for presenting a petition, wherein they desired to be excused in not obeying an illegal command from the king. The bishop of London, Dr. Compton, was summoned to answer before the commissioners for ecclesiastical affairs for not suspending Dr. Sharp (afterward archbishop of York) by the king's command. If the Presbyterians expressed the same zeal upon any occasion, the instances of it are not, as I can find, left upon record, or transmitted by tradition. The proceedings against Magdalen College in Oxford, for refusing to comply with the king's mandate for admitting a professed Papist upon their foundation, are a standing proof of the courage and firmness in religion shown by that learned society to the ruin of their fortunes. The Presbyterians know very well that I could produce many more instances of the same kind. But these are enough in so short a paper as I intend at present.

It is indeed very true, that after king William was settled on the English throne, the Presbyterians began to appear, and offer their credentials, and demand favour: and the new king, having been originally bred a Calvinist, was desirous enough to make them easy (if that would do it) by a legal toleration; although in his heart he never bore much affection to that sect; nor designed to favour them further than as it stood with the present scheme of politics, as I have long since been assured by the greatest men of Whig principles at that time in England.

It is likewise true, nor will it be denied, that when the king was possessed of the English crown, and the remainder of the quarrel was left to be decided in this kingdom; the Presbyterians wisely chose to join with the Protestant army, rather than with that of king James their old friend, whose affairs were then in a manner desperate. They were wise enough to know, that this kingdom, divided against itself, could never prevail against the united power of England. They

fought *pro aris et focis;* for their estates and religion which latter will never suffer so much by the church of England as by that of Rome, where they are counted heretics as well as we; and consequently they have no other game to play. But what merit they can build upon having joined with a Protestant army, under a king they acknowledged, to defend their own liberties and properties against a popish enemy, under an abdicated king, is, I confess, to me absolutely inconceivable; and I believe will equally be so for ever to any reasonable man.

When these sectaries were several years ago making the same attempt for abolishing the Test, many groundless reports were industriously and seasonably spread, of an invasion threatened by the pretender on the north of Ireland. At which time, the Presbyterians, in their pamphlets, argued in a menacing manner, that if the pretender should invade those parts of the kingdom, where the numbers and estates of dissenters chiefly lay, they would sit still and let us fight our own battles, since they were to reap no advantage, whichever side should be victors. If this were the course they intended to take in such a case, I desire to know how they could contrive safely to stand neuters, otherwise than by a compact with the pretender and his army, to support their neutrality, and protect them against the forces of the crown? This is a necessary supposition; because they must otherwise have inevitably been a prey to both. However, by this frank declaration, they sufficiently showed their good will, and confirmed the common charge laid at their door, that a Scottish or northern Presbyterian hates our episcopal established church more than popery itself. And the reason for this hatred is natural enough; because it is the church alone that stands in the way between them and power, which popery does not.

Upon this occasion I am in some doubt whether the political spreaders of those chimerical invasions made a judicious choice in fixing the northern parts of Ireland for that romantic enterprise. Nor can I well understand the wisdom of the Presbyterians, in countenancing and confirming those reports; because it seems to cast a most infamous reflection upon the loyalty and religious principles of their whole body: for, if there had been any truth in the matter, the consequence must have been allowed, that the pretender counted upon more assistance from his father's friends the Presbyterians, by choosing to land in those very parts where their number, wealth, and power most prevailed, rather than among those of his own religion. And therefore, in charity to this sect, I rather incline to believe that those reports of an invasion were formed and spread by the race of small politicians, in order to do a seasonable job.

As to popery in general, which for a thousand years past has been introducing and multiplying corruptions both in doctrine and discipline, I look upon it to be the most absurd system of Christianity professed by any nation. But I cannot apprehend this kingdom to be in much danger from it. The estates of Papists are very few, crumbling into small parcels, and daily diminishing; their common people are sunk in poverty, ignorance, and cowardice, and of as little consequence as women and children. Their nobility and gentry are at least one-half ruined, banished, or converted: they all soundly feel the smart of what they suffered in the last Irish war; some of them are already retired into foreign countries; others, as I am told, intend to follow them; and the rest, I believe, to a man, who still possess any lands, are absolutely determined never to hazard them again for the sake of establishing their superstition. If it had been thought fit, as some observe, to abate of the law's rigour against popery in this kingdom, I am confident it was done for very wise reasons, considering the situation of . . . . . at different times, and the interest of the Protestant religion in general. And as I do not find the least fault in this proceeding, so I do not conceive why a sunk, discarded party, who neither expect nor desire anything more than a quiet life, should, under the names of highflyers, Jacobites, and many other vile appellations, be charged so often in print and at common tables with endeavouring to introduce popery and the pretender; while the Papists abhor them above all other men, on account of severities against their priests in her late majesty's reign, when the now disbanded reprobate party was in power. This I was convinced of some years ago by a long journey into the southern parts; where I had the curiosity to send for many priests of the parishes I passed through, and to my great satisfaction found them everywhere abounding in professions of loyalty to the late king George; for which they gave me the reasons above mentioned; at the same time complaining bitterly of the hardships they suffered under the queen's last ministry.

I return from this digression to the modest demands of the Presbyterians for a repeal of the Sacramental Test, as a reward for their merits at the Restoration and the Revolution; which merits I have fairly represented, as well as my memory would allow me. If I have committed any mistakes, they must be of little moment. The facts and principal circumstances are what I have obtained and digested from reading the histories of those times written by each party; and many thousands have done the same as well as I, who I am sure have in their minds drawn the same conclusions.

This is the faction, and these the men, who are now resuming their applications, and giving in their bills of merit to both kingdoms, upon two points, which of all others they have the least pretensions to offer. I have collected the facts, with all possible impartiality, from the current histories of those times; and have shown, although very briefly, the gradual proceedings of those sectaries, under the denomination of Puritans, Presbyterians, and Independents, for about the space of a hundred and eighty years, from the beginning of queen Elizabeth to this present time. But, notwithstanding all that can be said, these very schismatics (for such they are in temporals as well as spirituals) are now again expecting, soliciting, and demanding, (not without insinuating threats, according to their custom,) that the parliament should fix them upon an equal foot with the church established. I would fain know to what branch of the legislature they can have the forehead to apply. Not to my lords the bishops, who must have often read how the predecessors of this very faction, acting upon the same principles, drove the whole bench out of the house, who were then, and hitherto continue, one of the three estates; not to the temporal peers, the second of the three estates, who must have heard, that, immediately after those rebellious fanatics had murdered their king, they voted a house of lords to be useless and dangerous, and would let them sit no longer otherwise than when elected as commoners; not to the house of commons, who must have heard that, in those fanatic times, the Presbyterian and Independent commanders in the army by military power expelled all the moderate men out of the house, and left a Rump to govern the nation; lastly, not to the crown, which those very saints, destined to rule the earth, trampled under their feet, and then in cold blood murdered the blessed wearer.

But the session now approaching, and a clan of dissenting teachers being come up to town from their northern head-quarters, accompanied by many of their elders and agents, and supported by a general contribution to solicit their establishment, with a capacity of holding all military as well as civil employments, I

think it high time that this paper should see the light. However, I cannot conclude without freely confessing, that if the Presbyterians should obtain their ends, I could not be sorry to find them mistaken in the point which they have most at heart by the repeal of the Test, I mean the benefit of employments. For after all, what assurance can a Scottish northern dissenter born on Irish ground have, that he shall be treated with as much favour as a true Scot born beyond the Tweed?

I am ready enough to believe that all I have said will avail but little. I have the common excuse of other men, when I think myself bound by all religious and civil ties to discharge my conscience, and to warn my countrymen upon this important occasion. It is true the advocates for this scheme promise a new world after this blessed work shall be completed; that all animosity and faction must immediately drop; that the only distinction in this kingdom will then be of Papist and Protestant: for, as to Whig and Tory, high church and low church, Jacobite and Hanoverian, court and country party, English and Irish interest, dissenters and conformists, new light and old light, Anabaptist and Independent, Quaker and Muggletonian, they will all meet and jumble together into a perfect harmony, at the [illegible]d [illegible] the bench [illegible]d in the [illegible]venues; and, upon the whole, in all civil and military trusts, not excepting the great councils of the nation. For it is wisely argued thus: that a kingdom being no more than a larger knot of friends met together, it is against the rules of good manners to shut any person out of the company, except the Papists, who profess themselves of another club.

I am at a loss to know what arts the Presbyterian sect intends to use, in convincing the world of their loyalty to kingly government, which, (long before the prevalence, or even the birth, of their independent rivals,) as soon as the king's forces were overcome, declared their principles to be against monarchy, as well as episcopacy and the house of lords, even until the king was restored: at which event, although they were forced to submit to the present power, yet I have not heard that they ever, to this day, renounce any one principle by which their predecessors then acted; yet this they have been challenged to do, or at least to show that others have done it for them, by a certain doctor, who, as I am told, has much employed his pen in the like disputes. I own they will be ready enough to insinuate themselves into any government; but if they mean to be honest and upright, they will and must endeavour, by all means which they shall think lawful to introduce and establish their own scheme of religion, as nearest approaching to the word of God, by casting out all superstitious ceremonies, ecclesiastical titles, habits, distinctions, and superiorities, as rags of popery, in order to a thorough reformation; and as in charity bound to promote the salvation of their countrymen, wishing, with St. Paul, that the whole kingdom were as they are. But what assurance will they please to give that, when their sect shall become the national established worship, they will treat us dissenters as we have treated them? Was this their course of proceeding during the dominion of the saints? Were not all the remainders of the episcopal church in those days, especially the clergy, under a persecution for above a dozen years equal to that of the primitive Christians under heathen emperors? That this proceeding was suitable to their principles is known enough; for many of their preachers then writ books against allowing any liberty of conscience in a religion different from their own; producing many arguments to prove that opinion, and among the rest one frequently insisted on, that allowing such a liberty would be to establish iniquity by a law. Many of these writings are yet to be seen, and I hear have been quoted by the doctor above mentioned.

As to their great objection of prostituting that holy institution, the blessed Sacrament, by way of a test before admittance into any employment; I ask, whether they would not be content to receive it after their own manner for the office of a judge, for that of a commissioner in the revenue, for a regiment of horse, or to be a lord justice? I believe they would scruple it as little as a long grace before and after dinner, which they can say without bending a knee; for, as I have been told, their manner of taking bread and wine in their conventicles is performed with little more solemnity than at their common meals. And, therefore, since they look upon our practice in receiving the elements to be idolatrous, they neither can nor ought in conscience to allow us that liberty, otherwise than by connivance and a bare toleration, like what is permitted to the Papists. But, lest we should offend them, I am ready to change this test for another; although I am afraid that sanctified reason is by no means the point where the difficulty pinches, and is only offered by pretended churchmen; as if they could be content with our believing that the impiety and profanation of making the Sacrament a test were the only objection. I therefore propose that, before the present law be repealed, another may be enacted: that no man shall receive any employment before he swears himself to be a true member of the church of Ireland in doctrine and discipline, &c., and that he will never frequent or communicate with any other form of worship. It shall likewise be further enacted that, whoever offends, &c., shall be fined 500*l.*, imprisoned for a year and a day, and rendered incapable of all public trust for ever. Otherwise I do insist that those pious, indulgent, external professors of our national religion shall either give up that fallacious, hypocritical reason for taking off the Test, or freely confess that they desire to have a gate wide open for every sect, without any test at all, except that of swearing loyalty to the king; which, however, considering their principles with regard to monarchy yet unrenounced, might, if they would please to look deep enough into their own hearts, prove a more bitter test than any other that the law has yet invented.

For, from the first time that these sectaries appeared in the world, it has been always found, by their whole proceedings, that they professed an utter hatred to kingly government. I can recollect at present three civil establishments where Calvinists, and some other reformers who rejected episcopacy, possess the supreme power; and these are all republics: I mean Holland, Geneva, and the reformed Swiss cantons. I do not say this in diminution or disgrace to commonwealths, wherein I confess I have much altered many opinions under which I was educated, having been led by some observation, long experience, and a thorough detestation for the corruptions of mankind: insomuch that I am now justly liable to the censure of Hobbes, who complains that the youth of England imbibe ill opinions from reading the histories of ancient Greece and Rome, those renowned scenes of liberty and every virtue.

But as to monarchs, who must be supposed well to study and understand their own interest, they will best consider whether those people who, in all their actions, preachings, and writings, have openly declared themselves against regal power, are to be safely placed in an equal degree of favour and trust with those who have been always found the truest and only friends to the English establishment. From which consideration I could have added one more article to my new test if I had thought it worth my time.

I have been assured, by some persons who were present, that several of these dissenting teachers, upon their first arrival hither to solicit the repeal of the Test, were pleased to express their gratitude by publicly drinking the healths of certain eminent patrons, whom

they pretend to have found among us. If this be true, and that the Test must be delivered up by the very superiors appointed to defend it, the affair is already, in effect, at an end. What secret reasons those patrons may have given for such a return of brotherly love I shall not inquire; "For, O my soul, come not thou into their secret; unto their assembly, mine honour, be not thou united: for in their anger they slew a man, and in their self-will they digged down a wall. Cursed be their anger, for it was fierce, and their wrath, for it was cruel. I will divide them in Jacob, and scatter them in Israel."

THE ADVANTAGES

PROPOSED BY REPEALING THE SACRAMENTAL TEST,

IMPARTIALLY CONSIDERED. 1732.

Whoever writes impartially upon this subject must do it not only as a mere secular man, but as one who is altogether indifferent to any particular system of Christianity. And I think, in whatever country that religion predominates, there is one certain form of worship and ceremony which is looked upon as the established, and, consequently, only the priests of that particular form are maintained at the public charge; and all civil employments bestowed among those who comply (at least outwardly) with the same establishment.

This method is strictly observed, even by our neighbours the Dutch, who are confessed to allow the fullest liberty of conscience of any Christian state, and yet are never known to admit any persons into civil offices, who do not conform to the legal worship. As to their military men, they are indeed not so scrupulous; being, by the nature of their government, under a necessity of hiring foreign troops of whatever religious denomination, upon every great emergency, and maintaining no small number in time of peace.

This caution, therefore, of making one established faith seems to be universal, and founded upon the strongest reasons; the mistaken or affected zeal of obstinacy and enthusiasm having produced such a number of horrible destructive events throughout all Christendom. For, whoever begins to think the national worship is wrong in any important article of practice or belief, will, if he be serious, naturally have a zeal to make as many proselytes as he can: and a nation may possibly have a hundred different sects with their leaders, every one of which has an equal right to plead, that they must "obey God rather than man;" must "cry aloud and spare not;" must "lift up their voice like a trumpet."

This was the very case of England during the fanatic times. And against all this there seems to be no defence, but that of supporting one established form of doctrine and discipline, leaving the rest to a bare liberty of conscience, but without any maintenance or encouragement from the public.

Wherever this national religion grows so corrupt, or is thought to do so by a very great majority of landed people joined to the governing party, whether prince or senate, or both, it ought to be changed, provided the work may be done without blood or confusion. Yet, whenever such a change shall be made, some other establishments must succeed, although for the worse; allowing all deviations, that would break the union, to be only tolerated. In this sense, those who affirm that every law, which is contrary to the law of God, is void in itself, seem to be mistaken; for many laws in popish kingdoms and states, many more among the Turks, and perhaps not a few in other countries, are directly against the divine laws; and yet, God knows, are very far from being void in the executive part.

Thus, for instance, if the three estates of parliament in England (whereof the lords spiritual, who represent the church, are one) should agree and obtain the royal assent to abolish episcopacy, together with the liturgy, and the whole frame of the English church, as burdensome, dangerous, and contrary to Holy Scripture; and that Presbytery, Anabaptism, Quakerism, Independency, Muggletonianism, Brownism, Familism, or any other subdivided sect among us, should be established in its place, without question, all peaceable subjects ought passively to submit, and the predominant sect must become the religion established; the public maintaining no other teachers, nor admitting any persons of a different religious profession into civil offices, at least if their intention be to preserve the nation in peace.

Supposing then that the present system of religion were abolished; and Presbytery, which I find stands the fairest, with its synods and classes, and all its forms and ceremonies, essential or circumstantial, were erected into the national worship; their teachers, and no others, could have any legal claim to be supported at the public charge, whether by stipends or tithes; and only the rest of the same faith to be capable of civil employments.

If there be any true reasoning in what I have laid down, it should seem that the project now in agitation for repealing the Test Act, and yet leaving the name of an establishment to the present national church, is altogether inconsistent, and may admit of consequences which those who are the most indifferent to any religion at all are possibly not aware of.

I presume whenever the Test shall be repealed, which obliges all men who enter into office under the crown to receive the sacrament according to the rites of the church of Ireland, the way to employments will immediately be left open to all dissenters (except Papists) whose consciences can suffer them to take the common oaths in such cases prescribed; after which they are qualified to fill any lay station in this kingdom, from that of chief governor to an exciseman.

Thus, of the three judges on each bench, the first may be a Presbyterian, the second a Free-will Baptist, and the third a Churchman, the lord chancellor may be an Independent; the revenues may be managed by seven commissioners of as many different sects; and the like of all other employments; not to mention the strong probability that the lawfulness of taking oaths may be revealed to the Quakers, who then will stand upon as good a foot for preferment as any other loyal subjects. It is obvious to imagine that, under such a motley administration of affairs, what a clashing there will be of interest and inclinations; what pullings and haulings backward and forward; what a zeal and bias in each religionist to advance his own tribe and depress the others. For I suppose nothing will be readier granted than that, how indifferent soever most men are in faith and morals, yet, whether out of artifice, natural complexion, or love of contradiction, none are more obstinate in maintaining their own opinions and worrying all who differ from them than those who publicly show the least sense either of religion or common honesty.

As to the latter, bishop Burnet tells us that the Presbyterians, in the fanatic times, professed themselves to be above morality; which, as we find in some of their writings, was numbered among the beggarly elements: and accordingly at this day no scruples of conscience with regard to conformity are, in any trade or calling, inconsistent with the greatest fraud, oppressions, perjury, or any other vice.

This brings to my memory a passage in Montaigne, of a common prostitute, who, in the storming of a

town, when a soldier came up to her chamber and offered violence to her chastity, rather chose to venture her neck by leaping out of the window than suffer a rape; yet still continued her trade of lewdness while she had any customers left.

I confess that, in my private judgment, an unlimited permission of all sects whatsoever (except Papists) to enjoy employments would be less pernicious to the public than a fair struggle between two contenders because, in the former case, such a jumble of principles might possibly have the effect of contrary poisons mingled together, which a strong constitution might perhaps be able for some time to survive.

But, however, I shall take the other and more probable supposition, that this battle for employments is to be fought only between the Presbyterians and those of the church yet established. I shall not enter into the merits of either side by examining which of the two is the better spiritual economy, or which is most suited to our civil constitution: but the question turns upon this point, when the Presbyterians shall have got their share of employments, (which must be one full half, or else they cannot look upon themselves as fairly dealt with,) I ask whether they ought not, by their own principles and by the strictest rules of conscience, to use the utmost of their skill, power, and influence, in order to reduce the whole kingdom to an uniformity in religion, both as to doctrine and discipline, most agreeable to the word of God. Wherein if they can succeed without blood, (as under the present disposition of things it is very possible they may,) it is to be hoped they will at last be satisfied: only I would warn them of a few difficulties. The first is, of compromising among themselves that important controversy about the old light and the new, which otherwise may, after this establishment, split them as wide as Papist and Protestant, Whig and Tory, or churchman and dissenter; and consequently the work will be to begin again; for in religious quarrels, it is of little moment how few or small the differences are, especially when the dispute is only about power. Thus the zealous Presbyterians of the north are more alienated from the established clergy than from the Romish priests; taxing the former with idolatrous worship as disguised Papists, ceremony-mongers, and many other terms of art; and this for a very powerful reason; because the clergy stand in their way, which the popish priests do not. Thus, I am assured that the quarrel between old and new light men is managed with more rage and rancour than any other dispute of the highest importance; and this, because it serves to lessen or increase their several congregations, from whom they receive their contributions.

Another difficulty which may embarrass the Presbyterians after their establishment will be, how to adjust their claim of the kirk's independency on the civil power, with the constitution of this monarchy? a point so delicate that it has often filled the heads of great patriots with dangerous notions of the church-clergy without the least ground of suspicion.

As to the Presbyterians allowing liberty of conscience to those episcopal principles when their own kirk shall be predominant, the writers are so universally agreed in the negative, as well as their practice during Oliver's reign, that I believe no reasonable churchman (who must then be dissenter) will expect it.

I shall here take notice, that in the division of employments among the Presbyterians, after this approaching repeal of the Test Act, supposing them in proper time to have an equal share, the odds will be three or four to one on their side in any further scheme they may have toward making their religion national. For I reckon all those gentlemen sent over from England whatever religion they profess, or have been educated in, to be of that party; since it is no mark of prudence for any persons to oppose the current of a nation where they are in some sort only sojourners; unless they have it in direction.

If there be any maxim in politics not to be controlled, it must be the following: that those whose private interest is united with the interest of their country, supposing them to be of equal understanding with the rest of their neighbours, will heartily wish that the nation should thrive. Out of these are indubitably excepted all persons who are sent from another kingdom to be employed in places of profit or power; because they cannot possibly bear any affection to the place where they sojourn, even for life, their sole business being to advance themselves by following the advice of their principals. I except likewise those persons who are taken into office, although natives of the land; because they are greater gainers, while they keep their offices, than they could possibly be by mending the miserable condition of their country.

I except, thirdly, all hopers, who, by balancing accounts with themselves, turn the scale on the same side; because the strong expectation of a good certain salary will outweigh the loss by bad rents, received out of the lands in moneyless times.

If my lords the bishops, who I hear are now employed in a scheme for regulating the conduct and maintenance of the inferior clergy, shall, in their wisdom, and piety, and love of the church, consent to this repeal of the Test, I have not the least doubt that the whole reverend body will cheerfully submit to their spiritual fathers, of whose paternal tenderness for their welfare they have found so many amazing instances.

I am not, therefore, under the least concern about the clergy on this account. They will (for some time) be no great sufferers by this repeal; because I cannot recollect among all our sects any one that gives latitude enough to take the oaths required at an institution to a church-living: and until that bar shall be removed, the present episcopal clergy are safe for two years. Although it may be thought somewhat unequal that, in the northern parts, where there may be three dissenters to one churchman, the whole revenue shall be engrossed by him, who has so small a part of the cure.

It is true, indeed, that this disadvantage, which the dissenters at present lie under, of a disability to receive church preferments, will be easily remedied by the repeal of the Test. For the dissenting teachers are under no incapacity of accepting civil and military employments; wherein they agree perfectly with the popish clergy, among whom great cardinals and prelates have been commanders of armies, chief ministers, knights of many orders, ambassadors, secretaries of state, and in most high offices under the crown; although they assert the indelible character, which no secretaries among us did ever assume. But that many, both Presbyterians and Independents, commanders as well as private soldiers, were professed teachers in the time of their dominion, is allowed by all. Cromwell himself was a preacher; and has left us one of his sermons in print, exactly in the same style and manner with those of our modern Presbyterian teachers; so was colonel Howard, sir George Downing, and several others, whose names are on record. I can therefore see no reason why a painful Presbyterian teacher, as soon as the Test shall be repealed, may not be privileged to hold, along with the spiritual office and stipend, a commission in the army or the civil list *in commendam*: for as I take it, the church of England is the only body of Christians which in effect disqualifies those who are employed to preach its doctrine from sharing in the civil power further than as senators; yet this was a privilege begun in times of

popery, many hundred years before the Reformation and woven with the very institution of our limited monarchy.

There is indeed another method whereby the stipends of dissenting teachers may be raised and the farmer much relieved; if it should be thought proper to reward a people so deserving and so loyal by their principles. Every bishop, upon the vacancy of a church-living, can sequester the profits for the use of the next incumbent. Upon a lapse of half a year the donation falls to the archbishop, and after a full year to the crown during pleasure; therefore it would be no hardship for any clergyman alive, if (in those parts of Ireland where the number of sectaries much exceeds that of the conformists) the profits, when sequestered, might be applied to the support of the dissenting teacher, who has so many souls to take care of; whereby the poor tenants would be much relieved in those hard times, and in a better condition to pay their rents.

But there is another difficulty in this matter, against which a remedy does not so readily occur. For supposing the Test Act repealed, and the dissenters, in consequence, fully qualified for all secular employments, the question may still be put, whether those of Ireland will be often the persons on whom they shall be bestowed; because it is imagined there may be another seminary [Scotland] in view, more numerous and more needy, as well as more meriting, and more easily contented with such low offices; which some nearer neighbours hardly think it worth stirring from their chimney sides to obtain. And I am told, it is the common practice of those who are skilled in the management of bees, that when they see a foreign swarm at some distance approaching with an intention to plunder their hives, these artists have a trick to divert them into some neighbouring apiary, there to make what havoc they please. This I should not have hinted, if I had not known it already to have gotten ground in many suspecting heads; for it is the peculiar talent of this nation to see dangers afar off; to all which I can only say, that our native Presbyterians must, by pains and industry, raise such a fund of merit as will answer to a birth six degrees more to the north. If they cannot arrive at this perfection, as several of the established church have compassed by indefatigable pains, I do not well see how their affairs will much mend by repealing the Test: for to be qualified by law to accept an employment, and yet to be disqualified in fact, as it will much increase the mortification, so it will withdraw the pity of many among their well-wishers, and utterly deprive them of that merit they have so long made, of being a loyal, true, Protestant people, persecuted only for religion.

If this happen to be their case, they must wait maturity of time, until they can, by prudent gentle steps, make their faith become the religion established in the nation; after which, I do not in the least doubt that they will take most effectual methods to secure their power against those who must then be dissenters in their turn: whereof, if we may form a future opinion from present times, and the dispositions of dissenters, who love to make a thorough reformation, the number and qualities will be very inconsiderable.

Thus I have with the utmost sincerity, after long thinking, given my judgment upon this arduous affair; but with the utmost deference and submission to public wisdom and power.

QUERIES RELATING TO THE SACRAMENTAL TEST, 1732.

Whether hatred and violence between parties in a state be not more inflamed by different views of interest than by the greater or lesser differences between them, either in religion or government?

Whether it be any part of the question at this time, which of the two religions is worse, popery or fanaticism; or not rather which of the two (having both the same good-will) is in the hopefulest condition to ruin the church?

Whether the sectaries, whenever they come to prevail, will not ruin the church as infallibly and effectually as the Papists?

Whether the prevailing sectaries could allow liberty of conscience to dissenters, without belying all their former practice, and almost all their former writings?

Whether many hundred thousand Scotch Presbyterians are not fully as virulent against the episcopal church as they are against the Papists; or as they would have us think the Papists are against them?

Whether the Dutch, who are most distinguished for allowing liberty of conscience, do ever admit any persons, who profess a different scheme of worship from their own, into civil employments, although they may be forced by the nature of their government to receive mercenary troops of all religions?

Whether the dissenters ever pretended, until of late years, to desire more than a bare toleration?

Whether, if it be true, what a sorry pamphleteer asserts, who lately writ for repealing the Test, that the dissenters in this kingdom are equally numerous with the churchmen, it would not be a necessary point of prudence, by all proper and lawful means, to prevent their further increase?

The great argument given, by those whom they call low-churchmen, to justify the large tolerations allowed to dissenters, has been, that by such indulgences the rancour of those sectaries would gradually wear off, many of them would come over to us, and their parties in a little time crumble to nothing.

Query, Whether, if what the above pamphleteer asserts, that the sectaries are equal in number with conformists, be true, it does not clearly follow that those repeated tolerations have operated directly contrary to what those low-church politicians pretended to foresee and expect?

Whether any clergyman, however dignified or distinguished, if he think his own profession most agreeable to Holy Scripture and the primitive church, can really wish in his heart, that all sectaries should be upon an equal foot with the churchmen, in the point of civil power and employments?

Whether episcopacy, which is held by the church to be a divine and apostolical institution, be not a fundamental point of religion, particularly in that essential one of conferring holy orders?

Whether, by necessary consequences, the several expedients among the sectaries to constitute their teachers are not absolutely null and void?

Whether the sectaries will ever agree to accept ordination only from bishops?

Whether the bishops and clergy will be content to give up episcopacy, as a point indifferent, without which the church can well subsist?

Whether that great tenderness toward sectaries, which now so much prevails, be chiefly owing to the fears of popery, or to that spirit of atheism, deism, scepticism, and universal immorality, which all good men so much lament?

Granting popery to have many more errors in religion than any one branch of the sectaries, let us examine the actions of both, as they have each affected the peace of these kingdoms, with allowance for the short time which the sectaries had to act in, who are in a manner but of yesterday. The Papists in the time of King James II. used all endeavours to establish their superstition, wherein they failed by the united power

of English Church Protestants, with the prince of Orange's assistance. But it cannot be asserted that these bigoted Papists had the least design to oppose or murder their king, much less to abolish kingly government; nor was it their interest or inclination to attempt either.

On the other side, the puritans, who had almost from the beginning of queen Elizabeth's reign been a perpetual thorn in the church's side, joining with the Scotch enthusiasts in the time of king Charles I., were the principal cause of the Irish rebellion and massacre, by distressing that prince, and making it impossible for him to send over timely succours. And after that prince had satisfied his parliament in every single point to be complained of, the same sectaries, by poisoning the minds and affections of the people, with the most false and wicked representations of their king, were able, in the compass of a few years, to embroil the three nations in a bloody rebellion, at the expense of many thousand lives; to turn the kingly power into anarchy; to murder their prince in the face of the world; and (in their own style) to destroy the church, root and branch.

The account therefore stands thus:—The Papists aimed at one pernicious act, which was to destroy the Protestant religion; wherein, by God's mercy and the assistance of our glorious king William, they absolutely failed. The sectaries attempted the three most infernal actions that could possibly enter into the hearts of men forsaken by God; which were, the murder of a most pious king, the destruction of the monarchy, and the extirpation of the church; and succeeded in them all.

Upon which I put the following queries: Whether any of those sectaries have ever yet, in a solemn public manner, renounced any one of those principles upon which their predecessors then acted?

Whether, considering the cruel persecutions of the episcopal church during the course of that horrid rebellion, and the consequences of it until the happy Restoration, it is not manifest, that the persecuting spirit lies so equally divided between the Papists and the sectaries, that a feather would turn the balance on either side.

And therefore, lastly, Whether any person of common understanding, who professes himself a member of the church established, although perhaps with little inward regard to any religion, (which is too often the case,) if he loves the peace and welfare of his country, can, after cool thinking, rejoice to see a power placed again in the hands of so restless, so ambitious, and so merciless a faction, to act over all the same parts a second time?

Whether the candour of that expression, so frequent of late in sermons and pamphlets, of the strength and number of the Papists in Ireland, can be justified? for as to their number, however great, it is always magnified in proportion to the zeal or politics of the speaker or writer; but it is a gross imposition upon common reason to terrify us with their strength. For popery, under the circumstances it lies in this kingdom, although it be offensive and inconvenient enough from the consequences it has to increase the rapine, sloth, and ignorance, as well as poverty of the natives, is not properly dangerous in that sense, as some would have us take it; because it is universally hated by every party of a different religious profession. It is the contempt of the wise; the best topic for clamours of designing men, but the real terror only of fools. The landed popish interest in England far exceeds that among us, even in proportion to the wealth and extent of each kingdom. The little that remains here is daily dropping into Protestant hands, by purchase or descent; and that affected complaint of counterfeit converts, will fall with the cause of it in half a generation, unless it be raised or kept alive as a continual fund of merit and eloquence. The Papists are wholly disarmed: they have neither courage, leaders, money, nor inclinations to rebel: they want every advantage which they formerly possessed to follow their trade; and wherein, even with those advantages, they always miscarried: they appear very easy and satisfied under that connivance, which they enjoyed during the whole last reign; nor even scrupled to reproach another party, under which they pretend to have suffered so much severity.

Upon these considerations, I must confess to have suspended much of my pity toward the great dreaders of popery, many of whom appear to be hale, strong, active young men, who, as I am told, eat, drink, and sleep heartily; and are very cheerful (as they have exceeding good reason) upon all other subjects. However, I cannot too much commend the generous concern which our neighbours, and others who come from the same neighbourhood, are so kind to express for us upon this account, although the former be farther removed from the danger of popery by twenty leagues of salt water; but this I fear, is a digression.

When an artificial report was raised here many years ago, of an intended invasion by the pretender, (which blew over after it had done its office,) the dissenters argued in their talk and in their pamphlets after this manner, applying themselves to those of the church:—"Gentlemen, if the pretender had landed, as the law now stands, we durst not assist you; and therefore, unless you take off the Test, whenever you shall happen to be invaded in earnest, if we are desired to take up arms in your defence, our answer shall be, Pray, gentlemen, fight your own battles, we will lie by quietly; conquer your enemies by yourselves, if you can; we will not do your drudgery." This way of reasoning I have heard from several of their chiefs and abettors, in a hundred conversations; and have read it in twenty pamphlets: and I am confident it will be offered again, if the project should fail to take off the Test.

Upon which piece of oratory and reasoning I form the following query: Whether in case of an invasion from the pretender, (which is not quite so probable as from the grand signior,) the dissenters can, with prudence and safety, offer the same plea, except they shall have made a previous stipulation with the invaders? And whether the full freedom of their religion and trade, their lives, properties, wives and children, are not, and have not always been reckoned, sufficient motives for repelling invasion, especially in our sectaries, who call themselves the truest Protestants, by virtue of their pretended or real fierceness against popery?

Whether omitting or neglecting to celebrate the day of the martyrdom of the blessed king Charles I., enjoined by act of parliament, can be justly reckoned a particular and distinguishing mark of good affection to the present government?

Whether, in those churches where the said day is observed, it will fully answer the intent of the said act, if the preacher shall commend, excuse, palliate, or extenuate the murder of that royal martyr, and place the guilt of that horrid rebellion, with all its consequences, the following usurpations, the entire destruction of the church, the cruel and continual persecutions of those who could be discovered to profess its doctrines with the ensuing Babel of fanaticism, to the account of that blessed king; who, by granting the Petition of Right, and passing every bill that could be asked for the security of the subject, had, by the confession of those wicked men before the war began, left them nothing more to demand?

Whether such a preacher as I have named, (whereof there have been more than one, not many years past,

even in the presence of viceroys,) who takes that course as a means for promotion, may not be thought to step a little out of the common road, in a monarchy where the descendants of that most blessed martyr have reigned to this day?

I ground the reason of making these queries on the title of the act; to which I refer the reader.

SOME FEW THOUGHTS

CONCERNING THE REPEAL OF THE TEST.

THOSE of either side who have written upon this subject of the Test, in making or answering objections, seem to fail, by not pressing sufficiently the chief point upon which the controversy turns. The arguments used by those who write for the church are very good in their kind; but will have little force under the present corruptions of mankind, because the authors treat this subject tanquam in republicâ Platonis, et non in fæce Romuli.

It must be confessed that, considering how few employments of any consequence fall to the share of those English who are born in this kingdom, and those few very dearly purchased at the expense of conscience, liberty, and all regard for the public good, they are not worth contending for; and if nothing but profit were in the case, it would hardly cost me one sigh, when I should see those few scraps thrown among every species of fanatics, to scuffle for among themselves.

And this will infallibly be the case after repealing the Test. For every subdivision of sect will, with equal justice, pretend to have a share; and, as it is usual with sharers, will never think they have enough while any pretender is left unprovided. I shall not except the Quakers; because, when the passage is once let open for sects to partake in public emoluments, it is very probable the lawfulness of taking oaths, and wearing carnal weapons,[a] may be revealed to the brotherhood; which thought, I confess, was first put into my head by one of the shrewdest Quakers in this kingdom.[b]

OBSERVATIONS

ON HEYLIN'S HISTORY OF THE PRESBYTERIANS. WRITTEN BY THE DEAN IN THE BEGINNING OF THE BOOK.

THIS book, by some errors and neglects in the style, seems not to have received the author's last correction. It is written with some vehemence, very pardonable in one who had been an observer and a sufferer, in England, under that diabolical fanatic sect, which then destroyed church and state. But by comparing, in my memory, what I have read in other histories, he neither aggravates nor falsifies any facts. His partiality appears chiefly in setting the actions of Calvinists in the strongest light, without equally dwelling on those of the other side; which, however, to say the truth, was not his proper business. And yet he might have spent some more words on the inhuman massacre of Paris, and other parts of France, which no provocation (and yet the king had the greatest possible) could excuse, or much extenuate. The author, according to the current opinion of the age he lived in, had too high notions of regal power; led by the common mistake of the term supreme magistrate, and not rightly distinguishing between the legislature and the administration; into which mistake the clergy fell or continued, in the reign of Charles II., as I have shown and explained in a treatise, &c.

March 6, 1727-8. JONATHAN SWIFT.

REASONS

HUMBLY OFFERED TO THE PARLIAMENT OF IRELAND FOR REPEALING THE SACRAMENTAL TEST IN FAVOUR OF THE CATHOLICS,

OTHERWISE CALLED ROMAN CATHOLICS, AND, BY THEIR ILL-WILLERS, PAPISTS. DRAWN PARTLY FROM ARGUMENTS AS THEY ARE CATHOLICS, AND PARTLY FROM ARGUMENTS COMMON TO THEM WITH THEIR BRETHREN THE DISSENTERS. 1733.

IT is well known that the first conquerors of this kingdom were English Catholics, subjects to English Catholic kings, from whom, by their valour and success, they obtained large portions of land, given them as a reward for their many victories over the Irish; to which merit our brethren the dissenters, of any denomination whatsoever, have not the least pretension.

It is confessed that the posterity of those first victorious Catholics were often forced to rise in their own defence against new colonies from England, who treated them like mere native Irish, with innumerable oppressions, depriving them of their lands, and driving them by force of arms into the most desolate parts of the kingdom; till, in the next generation, the children of these tyrants were used in the same manner by new English adventurers; which practice continued for many centuries. But it is agreed on all hands that no insurrections were ever made, except after great oppressions by fresh invaders: whereas all the rebellions of Puritans, Presbyterians, Independents, and other sectaries, constantly began before any provocations were given, except that they were not suffered to change the government in church and state, and seize both into their own hands; which, however, at last they did, with the murder of their king, and of many thousands of his best subjects.

The Catholics were always defenders of monarchy, as constituted in these kingdoms; whereas our brethren, the dissenters, were always republicans, both in principle and practice.

It is well known that all the Catholics of these kingdoms, both priests and laity, are true Whigs, in the best and most proper sense of the word: bearing as well in their hearts as in their outward profession an entire royalty to the royal house of Hanover, in the person and posterity of George II.; against the Pretender and all his adherents; to which they think themselves bound in gratitude, as well as conscience, by the lenity wherewith they have been treated since the death of queen Anne, so different from what they suffered in the four last years of that princess, during the administration of that wicked minister the earl of Oxford.

The Catholics of this kingdom humbly hope that they have at least as fair a title as any of their brother dissenters to the appellation of Protestants. They have always protested against the selling, dethroning, or murdering their kings; against the usurpations and avarice of the court of Rome; against Deism, Atheism, Socinianism, Quakerism, Muggletonianism, Fanaticism, Brownism, as well as against all Jews, Turks, Infidels, and heretics. Whereas the title of Protestants, assumed by the whole herd of dissenters (except our-

[a] The Quakers were more likely to admit this relaxation of their tenets.

[b] The Quaker hinted at by Dr. Swift was Mr. George Rooke, a linendraper. In a letter to Mr. Pope, Aug. 30, 1716, Dr. Swift says, "There is a young ingenious Quaker in this town who writes verses to his mistress, not very correct, but in a strain purely what a poetical Quaker should do, commending her look and habit, &c. It gave me a hint, that a set of Quaker pastorals might succeed, if our friend Gay would fancy it. This hint was acted upon by Gay, who wrote the "Espousal, a sober Eclogue, between two of the people called Quakers," in which their peculiarity is well delineated.

selves) depends entirely upon their protesting against, archbishops, bishops, deans, and chapters, with their revenues, and the whole hierarchy; which are the very expressions used in the solemn league and covenant[a] where the word popery is only mentioned *ad invidiam*; because the Catholics agree with the episcopal church in those fundamentals.

Although the Catholics cannot deny that in the great rebellion against king Charles I. more soldiers of their religion were in the parliament army then in his majesty's troops; and that many jesuits and friars went about in the disguise of Presbyterian and Independent ministers to preach up rebellion, as the best historians of those times inform us; yet the bulk of Catholics in both kingdoms preserved their loyalty entire.

The Catholics have some reason to think it a little hard when their enemies will not please to distinguish between the rebellious riot committed by that brutal ruffian sir Phelim O'Neal, with his tumultuous crew of rabble, and the forces raised afterward by the Catholic lords and gentlemen of the English pale, in defence of the king, after the English rebellion began. It is well known that his majesty's affairs were in great distraction some time before, by an invasion of the covenanting Scottish kirk rebels, and by the base terms the king was forced to accept, that they might be kept in quiet, at a juncture when he was every hour threatened at home by that fanatic party, which soon after set all in a flame. And if the Catholic army in Ireland fought for their king against the forces sent over by the parliament, then in actual rebellion against him, what person of loyal principles can be so partial as to deny that they did their duty by joining with the marquis of Ormond and other commanders, who bore their commissions from the king? For which great numbers of them lost their lives and forfeited their estates; a great part of the latter being now possessed by many descendants, from those very men who had drawn their swords in the service of that rebellious parliament which cut off his head and destroyed monarchy. And what is more amazing, although the same persons, when the Irish were entirely subdued, continued in power under the Rump, were chief confidants and faithful subjects to Cromwell, yet, being wise enough to foresee a restoration, they seized the forts and castles here out of the hands of their brethren in rebellion for the service of the king; just saving the tide, and putting in a stock of merit sufficient not only to preserve the land which the Catholics lost by their loyalty, but likewise to preserve their civil and military employments, or be higher advanced.

Those insurrections wherewith the Catholics are charged, from the beginning of the seventeenth century to the great English rebellion, were occasioned by many oppressions they lay under. They had no intention to introduce a new religion, but to enjoy the liberty of preserving the old; the very same which their ancestors professed from the time that Christianity was first introduced into this island, which was by Catholics; but whether mingled with corruptions, as some pretend, does not belong to the question. They had no design to change the government; they never attempted to fight against, to imprison, to betray, to sell, to bring to a trial, or to murder their king. The schismatics acted by a spirit directly contrary; they united in a solemn league and covenant to alter the whole system of spiritual government, established in all Christian nations, and of apostolic institution; concluding the tragedy with the murder of the king in cold blood, and upon mature deliberation; at the same time changing the monarchy into a commonwealth.

The Catholics of Ireland, in the Great Rebellion, lost their estates for fighting in defence of their king. The schismatics, who cut off the father's head, forced the son to fly for his life, and overturned the whole ancient frame of government, religious and civil; obtained grants of those very estates which the Catholics lost in defence of the ancient constitution, many of which estates are at this day possessed by the posterity of those schismatics: and thus they gained by their rebellion what the Catholics lost by their loyalty.

We allow the Catholics to be brethren of the dissenters; some people indeed (which we cannot allow) would have them to be our children, because we both dissent from the church established, and both agree in abolishing this persecuting Sacramental Test: by which negative discouragement, we are both rendered incapable of civil and military employments. However, we cannot but wonder at the bold familiarity of these schismatics, in calling the members of the national church their brethren and fellow Protestants. It is true that all these sects (except the Catholics) are brethren to each other in faction, ignorance, iniquity, perverseness, pride, and (if we except the Quakers) in rebellion. But how the churchmen can be styled their fellow Protestants we cannot comprehend; because, when the whole Babel of sectaries joined against the church, the king, and the nobility, for twenty years, in a match at football, where the proverb expressly tells us that all are fellows; while the three kingdoms were tossed to and fro, the churches, and cities, and royal palaces, shattered to pieces by their balls, their buffets, and their kicks; the victors would allow no more fellows at football; but murdered, sequestered, plundered, deprived, banished to the plantations, or enslaved all their opposers, who had lost the game.

It is said the world is governed by opinion; and politicians assure us that all power is founded thereupon. Wherefore, as all human creatures are fond to distraction of their own opinions, and so much the more as those opinions are absurd, ridiculous, or of little moment, it must follow, that they are equally fond of power. But no opinions are maintained with so much obstinacy as those in religion, especially by such zealots, who never bore the least regard to religion, conscience, honour, justice, truth, mercy, or common morality, further than in outward appearance, under the mask of hypocrisy, to promote their diabolical designs. And therefore bishop Burnet, one of their oracles, tells us honestly, that the saints of those fanatic times pronounced themselves above morality, which they reckoned among beggarly elements; but the meaning of these two last words, thus applied, we confess to be above our understanding.

Among those kingdoms and states which first embraced the reformation, England appears to have received it in the most regular way: where it was introduced in a peaceable manner, by the supreme power of a king [Henry VIII.] and the three estates in parliament; to which, as the highest legislative authority, all subjects are bound passively to submit. Neither was there much blood shed on so great a change of religion. But a considerable number of lords, and other persons of quality, through the kingdom, still continued in their old faith, and were, notwithstanding their difference in religion, employed in offices civil as well as military, more or less, in every reign, until the Test Act in the time of king Charles II. However, from the time of the Reformation, the number of Catholics gradually and considerably lessened. So that in the reign of king Charles I., England became in a great degree a Protestant kingdom, without taking the sectaries into the number; the legality whereof,

[a] A solemn league and covenant entered into between the Scotch and English in the rebellion against king Charles I., 1643; of which it was a principal object, "to endeavour the extirpation of prelacy, that is, church government by archbishops, bishops, deans, archdeacons, and all other episcopal officers depending on that hierarchy."

with respect to human laws, the Catholics never disputed; but the Puritans, and other schismatics, without the least pretence to any such authority, by an open rebellion, destroyed that legal Reformation, as we observed before, murdered their king, and changed the monarchy into a republic. It is therefore not to be wondered at if the Catholics, in such a Babel of religions, chose to adhere to their own faith left them by their ancestors, rather than seek for a better among a rabble of hypocritical, rebellious, deluding knaves, or deluded enthusiasts.

We repeat once more, that if a national religion be changed by the supreme legislative power, we cannot dispute the human legality of such a change. But we humbly conceive, that if any considerable party of men, which differs from an establishment either old or new, can deserve liberty of conscience, it ought to consist of those who, for want of conviction, or of right understanding the merits of each cause, conceive themselves bound in conscience to adhere to the religion of their ancestors; because they are, of all others, least likely to be authors of innovations, either in church or state.

On the other side; if the reformation of religion be founded upon rebellion against the king, without whose consent, by the nature of our constitution, no law can pass; if this reformation be introduced by only one of the three estates, I mean the commons, and not by one half even of those commons, and this by the assistance of a rebellious army; again, if this reformation were carried on by the exclusion of nobles both lay and spiritual, (who constitute the other part of the three estates), by the murder of their king, and by abolishing the whole system of government, the Catholics cannot see why the successors of those schismatics, who are universally accused by all parties, except themselves and a few infamous abettors, for still retaining the same principles in religion and government under which their predecessors acted, should pretend to a better share of civil or military trust, profit, and power than the Catholics; who, during all that period of twenty years, were continually persecuted with the utmost severity, merely on account of their loyalty and constant adherence to kingly power

We now come to those arguments for repealing the Sacramental Test which equally affect the Catholics and their brethren the dissenters.

First, we agree with our fellow dissenters, that persecution merely for conscience' sake is against the genius of the gospel. And so likewise is any law for depriving men of their natural and civil rights, which they claim as men. We are also ready enough to allow, that the smallest negative discouragements for uniformity's sake, are so many persecutions; because it cannot be denied, that the scratch of a pin is in some degree a real wound, as much as a stab through the heart In like manner, an incapacity by law for any man to be made a judge, a colonel, or justice of the peace, merely on a point of conscience, is a negative discouragement, and consequently a real persecution: for in this case, the author of the pamphlet quoted in the margin[a] puts a very pertinent and powerful question: "If God be the sole lord of the conscience, why should the rights of conscience be subject to human jurisdiction?" Now to apply this to the Catholics; the belief of transubstantiation is a matter purely of religion and conscience, which does not affect the political interest of society as such; therefore, why should the rights of conscience, whereof God is the sole lord, be subject to human jurisdiction? And why should God be deprived of this right over a Catholic's conscience any more than over that of any other dissenter?

And whereas another author among our brethren the dissenters has very justly complained, that by this persecuting Test Act great numbers of true Protestants have been forced to leave the kingdom, and fly to the plantations, rather than stay here, branded with an incapacity for civil and military employments; we do affirm, that the Catholics can bring many more instances of the same kind; some thousands of their religion have been forced by the Sacramental Test to retire into other countries rather than live here under the incapacity of wearing swords, sitting in Parliament, and getting that share of power and profit which belongs to them as fellow Christians, whereof they are deprived merely upon account of conscience, which would not allow them to take the sacrament after the manner prescribed in the liturgy. Hence it clearly follows, in the words of the same author, "That if we Catholics are incapable of employment, we are punished for our dissent, that is, for our conscience, which wholly turns upon political considerations."

The Catholics are willing to acknowledge the king's supremacy, whenever their brethren the dissenters shall please to show them an example.

Further, the Catholics, whenever their religion shall come to be the national established faith, are willing to undergo the same test offered by the author already quoted. His words are these: "To end this debate, by putting it upon a foot which I hope will appear to every impartial person a fair and equitable one, we Catholics propose, with submission to the proper judges, that effectual security be taken against persecution, by obliging all who are admitted into places of power and trust, whatever their religious profession be, in the most solemn manner to disclaim persecuting principles." It is hoped the public will take notice of these words, "Whatever their religious profession be;" which plainly include the Catholics; and for which we return thanks to our dissenting brethren.

And whereas it is objected by those of the established church, that if the schismatics and fanatics were once put into a capacity of possessing civil and military employments, they would never be at ease till they had raised their own way of worship into the national religion through all his majesty's dominions, equal with the true orthodox Scottish kirk; which, when they had once brought to pass, they would no more allow liberty of conscience to episcopal dissenters, than they did in the time of the great English rebellion, and in the succeeding fanatic anarchy, till the king was restored. There is another very learned schismatical pamphleteer,[a] who in answer to a malignant libel called "The Presbyterian Plea of Merit," &c., clearly wipes off this aspersion, by assuring all episcopal Protestants of the present church, upon his own word, and to his knowledge, that our brethren the dissenters will never offer at such an attempt In like manner, the Catholics, when legally required, will openly declare, upon their words and honours, that as soon as their negative discouragements and their persecution shall be removed, by repealing the Sacramental Test, they will leave it entirely to the merit of the cause, whether the kingdom shall think fit to make their faith the established religion or not.

And again, whereas our Presbyterian brethren, in many of their pamphlets, take much offence that the great rebellion in England, the murder of the king, with the entire change of religion and government, are perpetually objected against them, both in and out of season, by our common enemy, the present conformists; we do declare, in the defence of our said brethren, that the reproach aforesaid is an old, wornout, threadbare cant, which they always disdained to answer: and I very well remember, that having once told a certain conformist how much I wondered to hear him and his

[a] "Reasons for the repealing of the Sacramental Test."

[a] "Vindication of the Protestant Dissenters."

tribe dwelling perpetually on so beaten a subject, he was pleased to divert the discourse with a foolish story, which I cannot forbear telling to his disgrace. He said, there was a clergyman in Yorkshire, who, for fifteen years together, preached every Sunday against drunkenness: whereat the parishioners being much offended, complained to the archbishop; who, having sent for the clergyman, and severely reprimanded him, the minister had no better an answer than by confessing the fact; adding, that all the parish were drunkards; that he desired to reclaim them from one vice before he would begin upon another; and since they still continued to be as great drunkards as before, he resolved to go on, except his grace would please to forbid him.

We are very sensible how heavy an accusation lies upon the Catholics of Ireland; that some years before king Charles II. was restored, when theirs and the king's forces were entirely reduced, and the kingdom declared by the Rump to be settled; after all his majesty's generals were forced to fly to France, or other countries, the heads of the said Catholics, who remained here in an enslaved condition, joined to send an invitation to the duke of Lorain; engaging, upon his appearing here with his forces, to deliver up the whole island to his power, and declare him their sovereign; which, after the Restoration, was proved against them by dean Boyle, since primate, who produced the very original instrument at the board. The Catholics freely acknowledge the fact to be true; and at the same time appeal to all the world, whether a wiser, a better, a more honourable, or a more justifiable project could have been thought of. They were then reduced to slavery and beggary by the English rebels, many thousands of them murdered, the rest deprived of their estates, and driven to live on a small pittance in the wilds of Connaught; at a time when either the Rump or Cromwell absolutely governed the three kingdoms. And the question will turn upon this, whether the Catholics, deprived of all their possessions, governed with a rod of iron, and in utter despair of ever seeing the monarchy restored, for the preservation of which they had suffered so much, were to be blamed for calling in a foreign prince of their own religion, who had a considerable army to support them, rather than submit to so infamous a usurper as Cromwell, or such a bloody and ignominious conventicle as the Rump. And I have often heard not only our friends the dissenters, but even our common enemies, the conformists, who are conversant in the history of those times, freely confess that, considering the miserable situation the Irish were then in, they could not have thought of a braver or more virtuous attempt; by which they might have been instruments of restoring the lawful monarch, at least to the recovery of England and Scotland, from those betrayers, and sellers, and murderers of his royal father.

To conclude: whereas the last quoted author complains very heavily and frequently of a brand that lies upon them; it is a great mistake: for the first original brand has been long taken off; only we confess the scar will probably remain, and be visible for ever to those who know the principles by which they acted, and until those principles shall be openly renounced: else it must continue to all generations, like the mark set upon Cain, which some authors say descended to all his posterity; or like the Roman nose and Austrian lip, or like the long bag of flesh hanging down from the gills of the people in Piedmont. But as for any brands fixed on schismatics for several years past, they have been all made with cold iron; like thieves who, by the benefit of the clergy, are condemned to be only burned in the hand; but escaped the pain and the mark by being in fee with the jailor. Which advantage the schismatical teachers will never want, who, as we are assured, and of which there is a very fresh instance, have the souls and bodies and purses of the people a hundred times more at their mercy than the Catholic priests could ever pretend to.

Therefore upon the whole, the Catholics do humbly petition (without the least insinuation of threatening) that, upon this favourable juncture, their incapacity for civil and military employments may be wholly taken off, for the very same reasons (besides others more cogent) that are now offered by their brethren the dissenters.

And your petitioners, as in duty bound, shall ever pray, &c.[a]

Dublin, November, 1733.

PREDICTIONS FOR THE YEAR 1708.

WHEREIN THE MONTH, AND THE DAY OF THE MONTH, ARE SET DOWN, THE PERSONS NAMED, AND THE GREAT ACTIONS AND EVENTS OF NEXT YEAR PARTICULARLY RELATED, AS THEY WILL COME TO PASS. WRITTEN TO PREVENT THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND FROM BEING FURTHER IMPOSED ON BY THE VULGAR ALMANACK-MAKERS.

BY ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, ESQ.

Swift, when he had written these humorous predictions, being at a loss what name to prefix to them, observed a sign over a blacksmith's house, and the name of Bickerstaff written under it. It struck his fancy, and he chose to call himself Isaac Bickerstaff. This amusing tract was seriously burnt by the inquisition in Portugal, as the author was assured by sir Paul Methuen, then ambassador at that court.

I have considered the gross abuse of astrology in this kingdom, and upon debating the matter with myself, I could not possibly lay the fault upon the art, but upon those gross impostors who set up to be the artists. I know several learned men have contended that the whole is a cheat; that it is absurd and ridiculous to imagine the stars can have any influence at all upon human actions, thoughts, or inclinations; and whoever has not bent his studies that way may be excused for thinking so, when he sees in how wretched a manner that noble art is treated by a few mean, illiterate traders between us and the stars; who import a yearly stock of nonsense, lies, folly, and impertinence, which they offer to the world as genuine from the planets, though they descend from no greater a height than their own brains.

I intend, in a short time, to publish a large and rational defence of this art, and therefore shall say no more in its justification at present, than that it has been in all ages defended by many learned men, and among the rest by Socrates himself; whom I look upon as undoubtedly the wisest of uninspired mortals: to which if we add, that those who have condemned this art, though otherwise learned, have been such as either did not apply their studies this way, or at least did not succeed in their applications, their testimony will not be of much weight to its disadvantage, since they are liable to the common objection, of condemning what they did not understand.

Nor am I at all offended, or do I think it an injury to the art, when I see the common dealers in it, the students in astrology, the philomaths, and the rest of that tribe, treated by wise men with the utmost scorn and contempt; but I rather wonder, when I observe gentlemen in the country, rich enough to serve the nation in parliament, poring in Partridge's Almanack to find out the events of the year, at home and abroad; not daring to propose a hunting match till Gadbury[b] or he have fixed the weather.

I will allow either of the two I have mentioned, or

[a] In this controversy the author was victorious.

[b] John Gadbury, bred a tailor at Oxford, long published an almanack which vied in reputation with that of Partridge.

any other of the fraternity, to be not only astrologers but conjurers too, if I do not produce a hundred instances, in all their almanacks, to convince any reasonable man that they do not so much as understand common grammar and syntax; that they are not able to spell any word out of the usual road, nor, even in their prefaces, to write common sense, or intelligible English. Then, for their observations and predictions, they are such as will equally suit any age or country in the world, "This month a certain great person will be threatened with death or sickness." This the newspapers will tell them; for there we find at the end of the year, that no month passes without the death of some person of note; and it would be hard if it should be otherwise, when there are at least two thousand persons of note in this kingdom, many of them old, and the almanack-maker has the liberty of choosing the sickliest season of the year, where he may fix his prediction. Again, "This month an eminent clergyman will be preferred;' of which there may be many hundreds, half of them with one foot in the grave. Then, "Such a planet in such a house shows great machinations, plots, and conspiracies that may in time be brought to light:" after which, if we hear of any discovery, the astrologer gets the honour; if not, his predictions still stand good. And at last, "God preserve king William from all his open and secret enemies. Amen." When, if the king should happen to have died, the astrologer plainly foretold it; otherwise it passes but for the pious ejaculation of a loyal subject: though it unluckily happened in some of their almanacks that poor king William was prayed for many months after he was dead, because it fell out, that he died about the beginning of the year.

To mention no more of their impertinent predictions, what have we to do with their advertisements about "pills and drinks for the venereal disease?" or their mutual quarrels in verse and prose of Whig and Tory, wherewith the stars have little to do.

Having long observed and lamented these, and a hundred other abuses of this art too tedious to repeat, I resolved to proceed in a new way, which I doubt not will be to the general satisfaction of the kingdom: I can this year produce but a specimen of what I design for the future; having employed most part of my time in adjusting and correcting the calculations I made for some years past, because I would offer nothing to the world of which I am not as fully satisfied as that I am now alive. For these two last years I have not failed in above one or two particulars, and those of no very great moment. I exactly foretold the miscarriage at Toulon,[a] with all its particulars; and the loss of admiral Shovel,[b] though I was mistaken as to the day, placing that article about thirty-six hours sooner than it happened; but upon reviewing my schemes, I quickly found the cause of that error. I likewise foretold the battle of Almanza [April 25, 1707] to the very day and hour, with the loss on both sides, and the consequences thereof. All which I showed to some friends many months before they happened; that is, I gave them papers sealed up, to open at such a time, after which they were at liberty to read them; and there they found my predictions true in every article, except one or two very minute.

As for the few following predictions I now offer the world, I forebore to publish them till I had perused the several almanacks for the year we are now entered upon. I found them all in the usual strain, and I beg the reader will compare their manner with mine: and here I make bold to tell the world that I lay the whole credit of my art upon the truth of these predictions; and I will be content that Partridge, and the rest of his clan, may hoot me for a cheat and impostor if I fail in any single particular of moment. I believe any man who reads this paper will look upon me to be at least a person of as much honesty and understanding as a common maker of almanacks. I do not lurk in the dark; I am not wholly unknown in the world; I have set my name at length to be a mark of infamy to mankind if they shall find I deceive them.

In one thing I must desire to be forgiven, that I talk more sparingly of home affairs; as it would be imprudence to discover secrets of state, so it might be dangerous to my person; but in smaller matters, and such as are not of public consequence, I shall be very free; and the truth of my conjectures will as much appear from these as the other. As for the most signal events abroad in France, Flanders, Italy, and Spain, I shall make no scruple to predict them in plain terms: some of them are of importance, and I hope I shall seldom mistake the day they will happen; therefore I think good to inform the reader, that I shall all along make use of the old style observed in England, which I desire he will compare with that of the newspapers, at the time they relate the actions I mention.

I must add one word more; I know it has been the opinion of several learned persons, who think well enough of the true art of astrology, that the stars do only incline, and not force, the actions or wills of men; and therefore, however I may proceed by right rules, yet I cannot in prudence so confidently assure the events will follow exactly as I predict them.

I hope I have maturely considered this objection, which in some cases is of no little weight. For example; a man may, by the influence of an over-ruling planet, be disposed or inclined to lust, rage, or avarice, and yet by the force of reason overcome that evil influence; and this was the case of Socrates; but the great events of the world usually depending upon numbers of men, it cannot be expected they should all unite to cross their inclinations, for pursuing a general design, wherein they unanimously agree. Besides, the influence of the stars reaches to many actions and events which are not any way in the power of reason; as sickness, death, and what we commonly call accidents, with many more needless to repeat.

But now it is time to proceed to my predictions, which I have begun to calculate from the time that the sun enters into Aries. And this I take to be properly the beginning of the natural year. I pursue them to the time that he enters Libra, or somewhat more, which is the busy period of the year. The remainder I have not yet adjusted, upon account of several impediments needless here to mention: besides, I must remind the reader again, that this is but a specimen of what I design in succeeding years to treat more at large, if I may have liberty and encouragement.

My first prediction is but a trifle, yet I will mention it, to show how ignorant those sottish pretenders to astrology are in their own concerns: it relates to Partridge the almanack-maker. I have consulted the star of his nativity by my own rules, and find he will infallibly die upon the 29th of March next, about eleven at night, of a raging fever: therefore I advise him to consider of it, and settle his affairs in time.

The month of April will be observable for the death of many great persons. On the 4th will die the cardinal de Noailles, archbishop of Paris; on the 11th, the young prince of Asturias, son to the duke of Anjou; on the 14th, a great peer of this realm will die at his country-house; on the 19th, an old layman of great fame for learning; and on the 23rd, an eminent goldsmith in Lombard Street. I could mention others, both at home and abroad, if I did not consider such

[a] An attempt was made to besiege Toulon in 1707, but it miscarried.

[b] Sir Cloudesly Shovel's fleet was wrecked Oct. 22, 1707.

events of very little use or instruction to the reader, or to the world.

As to public affairs: on the 7th of this month there will be an insurrection in Dauphiné, occasioned by the oppressions of the people, which will not be quieted in some months.

On the 15th will be a violent storm on the south-east coast of France, which will destroy many of their ships, and some in the very harbour.

The 19th will be famous for the revolt of a whole province or kingdom, excepting one city, by which the affairs of a certain prince in the alliance will take a better face.

May, against common conjectures, will be no very busy month in Europe, but very signal for the death of the Dauphin, which will happen on the 7th, after a short fit of sickness, and grievous torments with the strangury. He dies less lamented by the court than the kingdom.

On the 9th, a mareschal of France will break his leg by a fall from his horse. I have not been able to discover whether he will then die or not.

On the 11th will begin a most important siege, which the eyes of all Europe will be upon: I cannot be more particular; for, in relating affairs that so nearly concern the confederates, and consequently this kingdom, I am forced to confine myself, for several reasons very obvious to the reader.

On the 15th, news will arrive of a very surprising event, than which, nothing can be more unexpected.

On the 19th, three noble ladies of this kingdom will, against all expectation, prove with child, to the great joy of their husbands.

On the 23rd, a famous buffoon of the playhouse will die a ridiculous death, suitable to his vocation.

June. This month will be distinguished at home by the utter dispersing of those ridiculous deluded enthusiasts commonly called the prophets;[a] occasioned chiefly by seeing the time come when many of their prophecies should be fulfilled, and then finding themselves deceived by contrary events. It is indeed to be admired, how any deceiver can be so weak to foretell things near at hand, when a very few months must, of necessity, discover the imposture to all the world; in this point less prudent than common almanack-makers, who are so wise to wander in generals, and talk dubiously, and leave to the reader the business of interpreting.

On the 1st of this month a French general will be killed by a random shot of a cannon-ball.

On the 6th, a fire will break out in the suburbs of Paris, which will destroy above a thousand houses; and seems to be the foreboding of what will happen, to the surprise of all Europe, about the end of the following month.

On the 10th, a great battle will be fought, which will begin at four of the clock in the afternoon, and last till nine at night, with great obstinacy, but no very decisive event. I shall not name the place, for the reasons aforesaid; but the commanders on each left wing will be killed. I see bonfires and hear the noise of guns for a victory.

On the 14th there will be a false report of the French king's death.

On the 20th, cardinal Portocarrero will die of a dysentery, with great suspicion of poison: but the report of his intention to revolt to king Charles will prove false.

July. The 6th of this month a certain general will, by a glorious action, recover the reputation he lost by former misfortunes.

a The Protestants in Dauphiné, called Casimars, being driven mad by persecution, became of course enthusiasts, and mingled miracles and prophecies with their religious fervour.

On the 12th, a great commander will die a prisoner in the hands of his enemies.

On the 14th, a shameful discovery will be made of a French jesuit giving poison to a great foreign general; and when he is put to the torture, he will make wonderful discoveries.

In short, this will prove a month of great action, if I might have liberty to relate the particulars.

At home, the death of an old famous senator will happen on the 15th, at his country-house, worn out with age and diseases.

But that which will make this month memorable to all posterity, is the death of the French king, Louis XIV., after a week's sickness, at Marli, which will happen on the 29th, about six o'clock in the evening. It seems to be an effect of the gout in the stomach, followed by a flux. And, in three days after, Monsieur Chamillard will follow his master, dying suddenly of an apoplexy.

In this month likewise an ambassador will die in London; but I cannot assign the day.

August. The affairs of France will seem to suffer no change for a while under the duke of Burgundy's administration; but the genius that animated the whole machine being gone, will be the cause of mighty turns and revolutions in the following year. The new king makes yet little change either in the army or the ministry; but the libels against his grandfather, that fly about his very court, give him uneasiness.

I see an express in mighty haste, with joy and wonder in his looks, arriving by break of day on the 26th of this month, having travelled in three days a prodigious journey by land and sea. In the evening I hear bells and guns, and see the blazing of a thousand bonfires.

A young admiral of noble birth does likewise this month gain immortal honour by a great achievement.

The affairs of Poland are this month entirely settled: Augustus resigns his pretensions, which he had again taken up for some time; Stanislaus is peaceably possessed of the throne; and the king of Sweden declares for the emperor.

I cannot omit one particular accident here at home; that near the end of this month much mischief will be done at Bartholomew Fair, by the fall of a booth.

September. This month begins with a very surprising fit of frosty weather, which will last near twelve days.

The pope having long languished last month, the swellings in his legs breaking, and the flesh mortifying, will die on the 11th instant: and in three weeks' time, after a mighty contest, be succeeded by a cardinal of the imperial faction, but a native of Tuscany, who is now about sixty-one years old.

The French army now acts wholly on the defensive, strongly fortified in their trenches: and the young French king sends overtures for a treaty of peace by the duke of Mantua, which, because it is a matter of state that concerns us here at home, I shall speak no further of.

I shall add but one prediction more, and that in mystical terms, which shall be included in a verse out of Virgil—

> Alter erit jam Tethys, et altera, quæ vehat, Argo,
> Delectos heroas.

Upon the 25th day of this month, the fulfilling of this prediction will be manifest to everybody

This is the farthest I have proceeded in my calculations for the present year. I do not pretend that these are all the great events which will happen in this period, but that those I have set down will infallibly come to pass. It will perhaps still be objected, why I

have not spoke more particularly of affairs at home, or of the success of our armies abroad, which I might, and could very largely have done; but those in power have wisely discouraged men from meddling in public concerns, and I was resolved by no means to give the least offence. This I will venture to say, that it will be a glorious campaign for the allies, wherein the English forces, both by sea and land, will have their full share of honour: that her majesty queen Anne will continue in health and prosperity: and that no ill accident will arrive to any in the chief ministry.

As to the particular events I have mentioned, the reader may judge, by the fulfilling of them, whether I am on the level with common astrologers; who, with an old paltry cant, and a few pot-hooks for planets to amuse the vulgar, have, in my opinion, too long been suffered to abuse the world: but an honest physician ought not to be despised because there are such things as mountebanks. I hope I have some share of reputation, which I would not willingly forfeit for a frolic or humour: and I believe no gentleman who reads this paper will look upon it to be of the same cast or mould with the common scribbles that are every day hawked about. My fortune has placed me above the little regard of writing for a few pence, which I neither value nor want: therefore let not wise men too hastily condemn this essay, intended for a good design, to cultivate and improve an ancient art, long in disgrace by having fallen into mean unskilful hands. A little time will determine whether I have deceived others or myself: and I think it no very unreasonable request, that men would please to suspend their judgments till then. I was once of the opinion with those who despise all predictions from the stars, till, in the year 1686, a man of quality showed me, written in his *album*, that the most learned astronomer, captain Halley, assured him he would never believe anything of the stars' influence, if there were not a great revolution in England in the year 1688. Since that time I began to have other thoughts, and after eighteen years' diligent study and application, I think I have no reason to repent of my pains. I shall detain the reader no longer than to let him know, that the account I design to give of next year's events, shall take in the principal affairs that happen in Europe; and if I be denied the liberty of offering it to my own country, I shall appeal to the learned world, by publishing it in Latin, and giving order to have it printed in Holland.

AN ANSWER TO BICKERSTAFF.

SOME REFLECTIONS UPON MR. BICKERSTAFF'S PREDICTIONS FOR THE YEAR MDCCVIII.

BY A PERSON OF QUALITY.

I HAVE not observed, for some years past, any insignificant paper to have made more noise, or be more greedily bought, than that of these predictions. They are the wonder of the common people, an amusement for the better sort, and a jest only to the wise; yet among these last, I have heard some very much in doubt whether the author meant to deceive others or is deceived himself. Whoever he was, he seems to have with great art adjusted his paper both to please the rabble and to entertain persons of condition. The writer is, without question, a gentleman of wit and learning, although the piece seems hastily written in a sudden frolic, with the scornful thought of the pleasure he will have in putting this great town into a wonderment about nothing: nor do I doubt but he and his friends in the secret laugh often and plentifully in a corner, to reflect how many hundred thousand fools they have already made. And he has them fast for some time: for so they are likely to continue until his prophecies begin to fail in the events. Nay, it is a great question whether the miscarriage of the two or three first will so entirely undeceive people as to hinder them from expecting the accomplishment of the rest. I doubt not but some thousands of these papers are carefully preserved by as many persons, to confront with the events, and try whether the astrologer exactly keeps the day and hour. And these I take to be Mr. Bickerstaff's choicest cullies, for whose sake chiefly he writ his amusement. Meanwhile he has seven weeks good, during which time the world is to be kept in suspense: for it is so long before the almanack-maker is to die, which is the first prediction; and, if that fellow happens to be a splenetic visionary fop, or has any faith in his own art, the prophecy may punctually come to pass by very natural means. As a gentleman of my acquaintance, who was ill used by a mercer in town, wrote him a letter in an unknown hand, to give him notice that care had been taken to convey a slow poison into his drink, which would infallibly kill him in a month; after which, the man began in earnest to languish and decay, by the mere strength of imagination, and would certainly have died, if care had not been taken to undeceive him, before the jest went too far. The like effect upon Partridge would wonderfully rise Mr. Bickerstaff's reputation for a fortnight longer, until we could hear from France whether the cardinal de Noailles were dead or alive upon the 4th of April, which is the second of his predictions.

For a piece so carelessly written, the observations upon astrology are reasonable and pertinent, the remarks just; and as the paper is partly designed, in my opinion, for a satire upon the credulity of the vulgar, and that idle itch of peeping into futurities; so it is no more than what we all of us deserve. And, since we must be teased with perpetual hawkers of strange and wonderful things, I am glad to see a man of sense find leisure and humour to take up the trade, for his own and our diversion. To speak in the town phrase, it is a bite; he has fully had his jest, and may be satisfied.

I very much approve the serious air he gives himself in his introduction and conclusion, which has gone far to give some people, of no mean rank, an opinion that the author believes himself. He tells us, "He places the whole credit of his art on the truth of these predictions, and will be content to be hooted by Partridge and the rest for a cheat, if he fails in any one particular," with several other strains of the same kind, wherein I perfectly believe him; and that he is very indifferent whether Isaac Bickerstaff be a mark of infamy or not. But it seems, although he has joined an odd surname to no very common Christian one, that in this large town there is a man found to own both the names, although, I believe, not the paper.

I believe it is no small mortification to this gentleman astrologer, as well as his bookseller, to find their piece, which they sent out in a tolerable print and paper, immediately seized on by three or four interloping printers of Grub-street, the title stuffed with an abstract of the whole matter, together with the standard epithets of *strange* and *wonderful*, the price brought down a full half, which was but a penny in its prime, and bawled about by hawkers of the inferior class, with the concluding cadence of "A halfpenny a piece!" But *sic cecidit Phaeton;* and, to comfort him a little, this production of mine will have the same fate; to-morrow will my ears be grated by the little boys and wenches in straw hats; and I must a hundred times undergo the mortification to have my own work offered me to sale at an under value. Then, which is a great deal worse, my acquaintance in the coffeehouse will ask me whether I have seen the "Answer to

'Squire Bickerstaff's Predictions," and whether I knew the puppy that writ it; and how to keep a man's countenance in such a juncture is no easy point of conduct. When, in this case, you see a man shy either in praising or condemning, ready to turn off the discourse to another subject, standing as little in the light as he can to hide his blushing, pretending to sneeze, or take snuff, or go off as if sudden business called him; then ply him close, observe his look narrowly, see whether his speech be constrained or affected, then charge him suddenly, or whisper and smile, and you will soon discover, whether he be guilty. Although this seem not the purpose I am discoursing on, yet I think it to be so; for I am much deceived if I do not know the true author of "Bickerstaff's Predictions," and did not meet with him some days ago in a coffeehouse at Covent Garden.

As to the matter of the predictions themselves, I shall not enter upon the examination of them; but think it very incumbent upon the learned Mr. Partridge to take them into his consideration, and lay as many errors in astrology as possible to Mr. Bickerstaff's account. He may justly, I think, challenge the 'squire to publish the calculation he has made of Partridge's nativity, by the credit of which he so determinately pronounces the time and the manner of his death; and Mr. Bickerstaff can do no less, in honour, than give Mr. Partridge the same advantage of calculating his, by sending him an account of the time and place of his birth, with other particulars necessary for such a work. By which, no doubt, the learned world will be engaged in the dispute, and take part on each side according as they are inclined.

I should likewise advise Mr. Partridge to inquire, why Mr. Bickerstaff does not so much as offer at one prediction to be fulfilled until two months after the time of publishing his paper. This looks a little suspicious, as if he were desirous to keep the world in play as long as he decently could; else it were hard he could not afford us one prediction between this and the 29th of March; which is not so fair dealings as we have even from Mr. Partridge and his brethren, who give us their predictions (such as they are indeed) for every month in the year.

There is one passage in Mr. Bickerstaff's paper that seems to be as high a strain of assurance as I have anywhere met with: it is that prediction for the month of June which relates to the French prophets here in town; where he tells us, "They will utterly disperse, by seeing the time come, wherein their prophecies should be fulfilled, and then finding themselves deceived by contrary events." Upon which he adds, with great reason, "his wonder how any deceiver can be so weak to foretell things near at hand, when a very few months must discover the imposture to all the world." This is spoken with a great deal of affected unconcernedness, as if he would have us think himself to be not under the least apprehension, that the same in two months will be his own case. With respect to the gentleman, I do not remember to have heard of so refined and pleasant a piece of impudence; which I hope the author will not resent as an uncivil word, because I am sure I enter into his taste, and take it as he meant it. However, he half deserves a reprimand for writing with so much scorn and contempt for the understandings of the majority.

For the month of July, he tells us "of a general who, by a glorious action, will recover the reputation he lost by former misfortunes." This is commonly understood to be lord Galway: who, if he be already dead, as some newspapers have it, Mr. Bickerstaff has made a trip. But this I do not much insist on; for it is hard if another general cannot be found under the same circumstances to whom this prediction may be as well applied.

The French king's death is very punctually related; but it was unfortunate to make him die at Marli, where he never goes at that season of the year, as I observed myself during three years I passed in that kingdom: and discoursing some months ago with Monsieur Tallard about the French court, I find that king never goes to Marli for any time, but about the season of hunting there, which is not till August. So that there was an unlucky slip of Mr. Bickerstaff for want of foreign education.

He concludes with resuming his promise of publishing entire predictions for next year; of which the other astrologers need not be in very much pain. I suppose we shall have them much about the same time with "The General History of Ears." I believe we have done with him for ever in this kind; and though I am no astrologer, may venture to prophecy that Isaac Bickerstaff, esq., is now dead, and died just at the time his "Predictions" were ready for the press: that he dropped out of the clouds about nine days ago, and, in about four hours after, mounted up thither again like a vapour; and will, one day or other, perhaps, descend a second time when he has some new, agreeable, or amusing whimsy to pass upon the town; wherein it is very probable he will succeed as often as he is disposed to try the experiment; that is, as long as he can preserve a thorough contempt for his own time and other people's understandings, and is resolved not to laugh cheaper than at the expense of a million of people.

THE ACCOMPLISHMENT OF THE FIRST OF MR. BICKERSTAFF'S PREDICTIONS,

BEING

AN ACCOUNT OF THE DEATH OF MR PARTRIDGE, THE ALMANACK MAKER, UPON THE 29TH INSTANT, IN A LETTER TO A PERSON OF HONOUR.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1708.

My Lord, in obedience to your Lordship's commands, as well as to satisfy my own curiosity, I have some days past inquired constantly after Partridge the almanack-maker, of whom it was foretold in "Mr. Bickerstaff's Predictions," published about a month ago, that he should die the 29th instant, about eleven at night, of a raging fever. I had some sort of knowledge of him when I was employed in the revenue, because he used every year to present me with his almanack, as he did other gentlemen, upon the score of some little gratuity we gave him. I saw him accidentally once or twice about ten days before he died, and observed he began very much to droop and languish, though I hear his friends did not seem to apprehend him in any danger. About two or three days ago he grew ill, was confined first to his chamber, and in a few hours after to his bed, where Dr. Case[a] and Mrs. Kirleus were sent for to visit and to prescribe to him. Upon this intelligence I sent thrice every day one servant or other to inquire after his health; and yesterday, about four in the afternoon, word was brought me, "that he was past hopes:" upon which I prevailed with myself to go and see him, partly out of commiseration, and, I confess, partly out of curiosity. He knew me very well, seemed surprised at my condescension, and made me compliments upon it, as well as he could in the condition he was. The people about him said, "he had been for some time delirious;" but when I saw him he had his understanding as well as ever I knew,

[a] John Case was many years a noted practitioner in physic and astrology. He was looked upon as the successor of Lilly and of Saffold.

and spoke strong and hearty, without any seeming uneasiness or constraint. After I had told him "how sorry I was to see him in those melancholy circumstances," and said some other civilities suitable to the occasion, I desired him "to tell me freely and ingenuously whether the predictions Mr. Bickerstaff had published relating to his death had not too much affected and worked on his imagination." He confessed, "he had often had it in his head, but never with much apprehension till about a fortnight before; since which time it had the perpetual possession of his mind and thoughts, and he did verily believe was the true natural cause of his present distemper: for," said he, "I am thoroughly persuaded, and I think I have very good reasons, that Mr. Bickerstaff spoke altogether by guess, and knew no more what will happen this year than I did myself."

I told him "his discourse surprised me; and I would be glad he were in a state of health to be able to tell me what reason he had to be convinced of Mr. Bickerstaff's ignorance." He replied, "I am a poor ignorant fellow, bred to a mean trade, yet I have sense enough to know that all pretences of foretelling by astrology are deceits, for this manifest reason; because the wise and the learned, who can only judge whether there be any truth in this science, do all unanimously agree to laugh at and despise it; and none but the poor ignorant vulgar give it any credit, and that only upon the word of such silly wretches as I and my fellows who can hardly write or read." I then asked him, "why he had not calculated his own nativity, to see whether it agreed with Bickerstaff's prediction?" At which he shook his head, and said, "Oh! sir, this is no time for jesting, but for repenting those fooleries, as I do now from the very bottom of my heart."—"By what I can gather from you," said I, "the observations and predictions you printed with your almanacks were mere impositions on the people." He replied, "If it were otherwise, I should have the less to answer for. We have a common form for all those things: as to foretelling the weather, we never meddle with that, but leave it to the printer, who takes it out of any old almanack as he thinks fit; the rest was my own invention, to make my almanack sell, having a wife to maintain and no other way to get my bread; for mending old shoes is a poor livelihood; and," added he, sighing, "I wish I may not have done more mischief by my physic than my astrology; though I had some good receipts from my grandmother, and my own compositions were such as I thought could at least do no hurt."

I had some other discourse with him, which I now cannot call to mind; and I fear have already tired your lordship. I shall only add one circumstance, that on his death-bed he declared himself a nonconformist, and had a fanatic preacher to be his spiritual guide. After half an hour's conversation I took my leave, being almost stifled with the closeness of the room. I imagined he could not hold out long, and therefore withdrew to a little coffeehouse hard by, leaving a servant at the house with orders to come immediately and tell me, as near as he could, the minute when Partridge should expire, which was not above two hours after; when, looking upon my watch, I found it to be about five minutes after seven; by which it is clear that Mr. Bickerstaff was mistaken almost four hours in his calculation. In the other circumstances he was exact enough. But whether he has been the cause of this poor man's death, as well as the predictor, may be very reasonably disputed. However, it must be confessed the matter is odd enough, whether we should endeavour to account for it by chance or the effect of imagination: for my own part, though I believe no man has less faith in these matters, yet I shall wait with some impatience, and not without some expectation, the fulfilling of Mr. Bickerstaff's second prediction, that the cardinal de Noailles is to die upon the 4th of April; and if that should be verified as exactly as this of poor Partridge, I must own I should be wholly surprised and at a loss, and should infallibly expect the accomplishment of all the rest.

'SQUIRE BICKERSTAFF DETECTED;

OR, THE

ASTROLOGICAL IMPOSTOR CONVICTED.

BY JOHN PARTRIDGE,

STUDENT IN PHYSIC AND ASTROLOGY.

It is hard, my dear countrymen of these united nations, it is very hard that a Briton born, a Protestant astrologer, a man of revolution principles, an assertor of the liberty and property of the people, should cry out in vain for justice against a Frenchman, a papist, and an illiterate pretender to science, that would blast my reputation, most inhumanly bury me alive, and defraud my native country of those services which, in my double capacity, I daily offer the public.

What great provocations I have received let the impartial reader judge, and how unwillingly, even in my own defence, I now enter the lists against falsehood, ignorance, and envy; but I am exasperated, at length, to drag out this Cacus from the den of obscurity where he lurks, detect him by the light of those stars he has so impudently traduced, and show there is not a monster in the skies so pernicious and malevolent to mankind as an ignorant pretender to physic and astrology. I shall not directly fall on the many gross errors, nor expose the notorious absurdities of this prostitute libeller, till I have let the learned world fairly into the controversy depending, and then leave the unprejudiced to judge of the merits and justice of my cause.

It was toward the conclusion of the year 1707, when an impudent pamphlet crept into the world, entitled, "Predictions, &c., by Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq." Among the many arrogant assertions laid down by that lying spirit of divination, he was pleased to pitch on the cardinal de Noailles and myself, among many other eminent and illustrious persons, that were to die within the compass of the ensuing year; and peremptorily fixes the month, day, and hour, of our deaths: this, I think, is sporting with great men, and public spirits, to the scandal of religion, and reproach of power: and if sovereign princes and astrologers must make diversion for the vulgar—why then farewell, say I, to all governments, ecclesiastical and civil. But, I thank my better stars, I am alive to confront this false and audacious predictor, and to make him rue the hour he ever affronted a man of science and resentment. The cardinal may take what measures he pleases with him; as his excellency is a foreigner, and a Papist, he has no reason to rely on me for his justification; I shall only assure the world he is alive: but as he was bred to letters and is master of a pen, let him use it in his own defence. In the mean time I shall present the public with a faithful narrative of the ungenerous treatment and hard usage I have received from the virulent papers and malicious practices of this pretended astrologer.

A TRUE AND IMPARTIAL ACCOUNT OF THE PROCEEDINGS OF ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, ESQ., AGAINST ME.

The 28th of March, *anno Dom.* 1708, being the night this sham prophet had so impudently fixed for my last, which made little impression on myself; but I cannot answer for my whole family; for my wife,

with concern more than usual, prevailed on me to take somewhat to sweat for a cold; and between the hours of eight and nine, to go to bed: the maid, as she was warming my bed, with a curiosity natural to young wenches, runs to the window, and asks of one passing the street, who the bell tolled for? Dr. Partridge, says he, the famous almanack-maker, who died suddenly this evening: the poor girl, provoked, told him he lied like a rascal; the other very sedately replied, the sexton had so informed him, and, if false, he was to blame for imposing upon a stranger. She asked a second, and a third, as they passed, and every one was in the same tone. Now, I do not say these are accomplices to a certain astrological 'squire, and that one Bickerstaff might be sauntering thereabout, because I will assert nothing here but what I dare attest for plain matter of fact. My wife at this fell into a violent disorder, and I must own I was a little discomposed at the oddness of the accident. In the mean time one knocks at my door; Betty runs down, and opening, finds a sober, grave person, who modestly inquires if this was Dr. Partridge's? She, taking him for some cautious city patient, that came at that time for privacy, shows him into the dining-room. As soon as I could compose myself, I went to him, and was surprised to find my gentleman mounted on a table with a two-foot rule in his hand, measuring my walls, and taking the dimensions of the room. Pray, sir, says I, not to interrupt you, have you any business with me? —Only, sir, replies he, order the girl to bring me a better light, for this is but a very dim one.—Sir, says I, my name is Partridge.—Oh! the doctor's brother, belike, cries he; the staircase, I believe, and these two apartments hung in close mourning, will be sufficient, and only a strip of bays round the other rooms. The doctor must needs die rich, he had great dealings in his way for many years; if he had no family coat, you had as good use the escutcheons of the company, they are as showish, and will look as magnificent as if he was descended from the blood royal.—With that I assumed a greater air of authority, and demanded who employed him, or how he came there?—Why, I was sent, sir, by the company of undertakers, says he, and they were employed by the honest gentleman who is executor to the good doctor departed; and our rascally porter, I believe, is fallen fast asleep with the black cloth and sconces, or he had been here, and we might have been tacking up by this time.—Sir, says I, pray be advised by a friend, and make the best of your speed out of my doors, for I hear my wife's voice, (which by the by is pretty distinguishable,) and in that corner of the room stands a good cudgel, which somebody has felt before now; if that light in her hands, and she know the business you come about, without consulting the stars, I can assure you it will be employed very much to the detriment of your person.—Sir, cries he, bowing with great civility, I perceive extreme grief for the loss of the doctor disorders you a little at present, but early in the morning I will wait on you with all the necessary materials.—Now, I mention no Bickerstaff; nor do I say that a certain star-gazing 'squire has been playing my executor before his time; but I leave the world to judge, and he that puts things and things fairly together, will not be much wide of the mark.

Well, once more I got my doors closed, and prepared for bed, in hopes of a little repose after so many ruffling adventures; just as I was putting out my light in order to do it, another bounces as hard as he can knock; I open the window, and ask who is there, and what he wants? I am Ned the sexton, replies he, and come to know whether the doctor left any orders for a funeral sermon, and where he is to be laid, and whether his grave is to be plain or bricked?—Why, sirrah, says I, you know me well enough; you know I am not dead, and how dare you affront me after this manner? —Alack-a-day, sir, replies the fellow, why it is in print, and the whole town knows you are dead: why there is Mr. White the joiner is but fitting screws to your coffin, he will be here with it in an instant; he was afraid you would have wanted it before this time. Sirrah, sirrah, says I, you shall know to-morrow, to your cost, that I am alive, and alive like to be!—Why, it is strange, sir, says he, you should make such a secret of your death to us that are your neighbours; it looks as if you had a design to defraud the church of its dues; and, let me tell you, for one that has lived so long by the heavens, that is unhandsomely done.—Hist, hist, says another rogue that stood by him; away, doctor, into your flannel gear as fast as you can, for here is a whole pack of dismals coming to you with their black equipage, and how indecent will it look for you to stand frightening folks at your window when you should have been in your coffin these three hours?—In short, what with undertakers, embalmers, joiners, sextons, and your damned elegy hawkers upon a late practitioner in physic and astrology, I got not one wink of sleep that night, nor scarce a moment's rest ever since. Now, I doubt not but this villanous 'squire has the impudence to assert that these are entirely strangers to him; he, good man, knows nothing of the matter, and honest Isaac Bickerstaff, I warrant you, is more a man of honour than to be an accomplice with a pack of rascals that walk the streets on nights, and disturb good people in their beds; but he is out if he thinks the whole world is blind; for there is one John Partridge can smell a knave as far as Grub-street, although he lies in the most exalted garret, and writes himself 'squire:—but I will keep my temper, and proceed in the narration.

I could not stir out of doors for the space of three months after this, but presently one comes up to me in the street, Mr. Partridge, that coffin you was last buried in I have not yet been paid for: Doctor, cries another dog, how do you think people can live by making of graves for nothing? next time you die, you may even toll out the bell yourself for Ned. A third rogue tips me by the elbow, and wonders how I have the conscience to sneak abroad without paying my funeral expenses.—Lord, says one, I durst have swore that was honest Dr. Partridge, my old friend; but, poor man, he is gone.—I beg your pardon, says another, you look so like my old acquaintance, that I used to consult on some private occasions: but, alack, he is gone the way of all flesh.—Look, look, look, cries a third, after a competent space of staring at me, would not one think our neighbour the almanack-maker was crept out of his grave to take the other peep at the stars in this world, and show how much he is improved in fortune-telling by having taken a journey to the other?

Nay, the very reader of our parish, a good, sober, discreet person, has sent two or three times for me to come and be buried decently, or send him sufficient reasons to the contrary; or, if I have been interred in any other parish, to produce my certificate, as the act[a] requires. My poor wife is run almost distracted with being called widow Partridge, when she knows it is false; and once a term she is cited into the court to take out letters of administration. But the greatest grievance is, a paltry quack, that takes up my calling just under my nose, and in his printed directions, with N.B.—says, he lives in the house of the late ingenious Mr. John Partridge, an eminent practitioner in leather, physic, and astrology.

But to show how far the wicked spirit of envy, malice, and resentment can hurry some men, my nameless

[a] The statute of 30 Car. II. for burying in woollen, requires that oath shall be made of the compliance with this act, and a certificate thereof lodged with the minister of the parish, within eight days after interment.

old persecutor had provided me a monument at the stone-cutter's, and would have erected it in the parish church; and this piece of notorious and expensive villany had actually succeeded if I had not used my utmost interest with the vestry, where it was carried at last but by two voices, that I am alive. That stratagem failing, out comes a long sable elegy, bedecked with hour-glasses, mattocks, skulls, spades, and skeletons, with an epitaph as confidently written to abuse me and my profession as if I had been under ground these twenty years.

And after such barbarous treatment as this, can the world blame me, when I ask, what is become of the freedom of an Englishman? and where is the liberty and property that my old glorious friend came over to assert? we have drove popery out of the nation, and sent slavery to foreign climes. The arts only remain in bondage, when a man of science and character shall be openly insulted, in the midst of the many useful services he is daily paying the public. Was it ever heard, even in Turkey or Algiers, that a state astrologer was bantered out of his life by an ignorant impostor, or bawled out of the world by a pack of villanous deep-mouthed hawkers? though I print almanacks, and publish advertisements; though I produce certificates under the minister's and church-wardens' hands that I am alive, and attest the same on oath at quarter-sessions, out comes a full and true relation of the death and interment of John Partridge; truth is bore down, attestations neglected, the testimony of sober persons despised, and a man is looked upon by his neighbours as if he had been seven years dead, and is buried alive in the midst of his friends and acquaintance.

Now, can any man of common sense think it consistent with the honour of my profession, and not much beneath the dignity of a philosopher, to stand bawling before his own door—Alive! alive! ho! the famous Dr. Partridge! no counterfeit, but all alive!——as if I had the twelve celestial monsters of the zodiac to show within, or was forced for a livelihood to turn retailer to May and Bartholomew fairs? Therefore, if her majesty would but graciously be pleased to think a hardship of this nature worthy her royal consideration, and the next parliament, in their great wisdom, cast but an eye toward the deplorable case of their old philomath, that annually bestows his good wishes on them, I am sure there is one Isaac Bickerstaff, esq. would soon be trussed up for his bloody predictions, and putting good subjects in terror of their lives: and that henceforward to murder a man by way of prophecy, and bury him in a printed letter, either to a lord or commoner, shall as legally entitle him to the present possession of Tyburn as if he robbed on the highway or cut your throat in bed.

I shall demonstrate to the judicious that France and Rome are at the bottom of this horrid conspiracy against me; and that culprit aforesaid is a popish emissary, has paid his visits to St. Germain's, and is now in the measures of Louis XIV. That, in attempting my reputation, there is a general massacre of learning designed in these realms: and through my sides there is a wound given to all the Protestant almanack-makers in the universe. VIVAT REGINA.

A VINDICATION
OF ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, Esq.

AGAINST WHAT IS OBJECTED TO HIM BY MR. PARTRIDGE, IN HIS ALMANACK FOR THE YEAR 1709.

BY THE SAID ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, Esq.

MR. PARTRIDGE has been lately pleased to treat me after a very rough manner, in that which is called his almanack for the present year: such usage is very indecent from one gentleman to another, and does not at all contribute to the discovery of truth, which ought to be the great end in all disputes of the learned. To call a man a fool and villain, an impudent fellow, only for differing from him in a point merely speculative, is, in my humble opinion, a very improper style for a person of his education. I appeal to the learned world, whether, in my last year's predictions, I gave him the least provocation for such unworthy treatment. Philosophers have differed in all ages; but the discreetest among them have always differed as became philosophers. Scurrility and passion, in a controversy among scholars, is just so much of nothing to the purpose, and at best a tacit confession of a weak cause: my concern is not so much for my own reputation as that of the republic of letters, which Mr. Partridge has endeavoured to wound through my sides. If men of public spirit must be superciliously treated for their ingenious attempts, how will true useful knowledge be ever advanced? I wish Mr. Partridge knew the thoughts which foreign universities have conceived of his ungenerous proceedings with me; but I am too tender of his reputation to publish them to the world. That spirit of envy and pride, which blasts so many rising geniuses in our nation, is yet unknown among professors abroad: the necessity of justifying myself will excuse my vanity, when I tell the reader that I have near a hundred honorary letters from several parts of Europe (some as far as Muscovy) in praise of my performance; besides several others, which, as I have been credibly informed, were opened in the post office, and never sent me. It is true, the inquisition in Portugal was pleased to burn my predictions, [this is fact,] and condemn the author and the readers of them; but I hope at the same time it will be considered, in how deplorable a state learning lies at present in that kingdom; and, with the profoundest veneration for crowned heads, I will presume to add, that it a little concerned his majesty of Portugal to interpose his authority in behalf of a scholar and a gentleman, the subject of a nation with which he is now in so strict an alliance. But the other kingdoms and states of Europe have treated me with more candour and generosity. If I had leave to print the Latin letters transmitted to me from foreign parts, they would fill a volume, and be a full defence against all that Mr. Partridge or his accomplices of the Portugal inquisition will be ever able to object, who, by the way, are the only enemies my predictions have ever met with at home or abroad. But I hope I know better what is due to the honour of a learned correspondence in so tender a point. Yet some of those illustrious persons will perhaps excuse me for transcribing a passage or two in my vindication.[a] The most learned Monsieur Leibnitz thus addresses to me his third letter:—"*Illustrissimo Bickerstaffio astrologiæ instauratori*," &c. Monsieur Le Clerc, quoting my predictions in a treatise he published last year, is pleased to say, "*Ita nuperrime Bickerstaffius, magnum illud Angliæ sidus.*" Another great professor, writing of me, has these words: "*Bickerstaffius, nobilis Anglus, astrologorum hujusce sæculi facile princeps.*" Signior Magliabecchi, the great duke's famous library-keeper, spends almost his whole letter in compliments and praises. It is true, the renowned professor of astronomy at Utrecht seems to differ from me in one article; but it is after the modest manner that becomes a philosopher; as, "*pace tanti viri dixerim:*" and, page 55, he seems to lay the error upon the printer (as indeed it ought), and says, "*vel forsan error typographi cum alioquin Bickerstaffius vir doctissimus,*" &c.

If Mr. Partridge had followed these examples in the controversy between us, he might have spared me the

[a] The quotations here inserted are in imitation of Dr. Bentley in some part of the famous controversy between him and Mr. Boyle.

trouble of justifying myself in so public a manner. I believe no man is readier to own his errors than I, or more thankful to those who will please to inform him of them. But, it seems, this gentleman, instead of encouraging the progress of his own art, is pleased to look upon all attempts of that kind as an invasion of his province. He has been indeed so wise as to make no objection against the truth of my predictions, except in one single point relating to himself: and to demonstrate how much men are blinded by their own partiality, I do solemnly assure the reader, that he is the only person from whom I ever heard that objection offered, which consideration alone, I think, will take off all its weight.

With my utmost endeavours I have not been able to trace above two objections ever made against the truth of my last year's prophecies: the first was, of a Frenchman, who was pleased to publish to the world "that the cardinal de Noailles was still alive, notwithstanding the pretended prophecy of Monsieur Biquerstaffe:" but how far a Frenchman, a Papist, and an enemy, is to be believed in his own cause, against an English Protestant, who is true to the government, I shall leave to the candid and impartial reader.

The other objection is the unhappy occasion of this discourse, and relates to an article in my predictions, which foretold the death of Mr. Partridge to happen on March 29, 1708. This he is pleased to contradict absolutely in the almanack he has published for the present year, and in that ungentlemanly manner (pardon the expression) as I have above related. In that work he very roundly asserts, that he "is not only now alive, but was likewise alive upon that very 29th of March, when I had foretold he should die." This is the subject of the present controversy between us; which I design to handle with all brevity, perspicuity, and calmness. In this dispute I am sensible the eyes, not only of England, but of all Europe, will be upon us; and the learned in every country will, I doubt not, take part on that side where they find most appearance of reason and truth.

Without entering into criticisms of chronology about the hour of his death, I shall only prove that Mr. Partridge is not alive. And my first argument is this. about a thousand gentlemen having bought his almanacks for this year, merely to find what he said against me, at every line they read they would lift up their eyes and cry out, betwixt rage and laughter, "they were sure no man alive ever writ such damned stuff as this." Neither did I ever hear that opinion disputed; so that Mr. Partridge lies under a dilemma, either of disowning his almanack, or allowing himself to be no man alive. Secondly, death is defined by all philosophers a separation of the soul and body. Now it is certain that the poor woman, who has best reason to know, has gone about for some time to every alley in the neighbourhood, and sworn to the gossips that her husband had neither life nor soul in him. Therefore, if an uninformed carcase walks still about, and is pleased to call itself Partridge, Mr. Bickerstaff does not think himself anyway answerable for that. Neither had the said carcase any right to beat the poor boy, who happened to pass by it in the street, crying, "A full and true account of Dr. Partridge's death!" &c

Thirdly, Mr. Partridge pretends to tell fortunes and recover stolen goods, which all the parish says he must do by conversing with the devil and other evil spirits, and no wise man will ever allow he could converse personally with either till after he was dead.

Fourthly, I will plainly prove him to be dead, out of his own almanack for this year, and from the very passage which he produces to make us think him alive. He there says, "he is not only now alive, but was also alive upon that very 29th of March which I foretold he should die on:" by this he declares his opinion that a man may be alive now who was not alive a twelvemonth ago. And, indeed, there lies the sophistry of his argument. He dares not assert he was alive ever since that 29th of March, but that he "is now alive, and was so on that day:" I grant the latter; for he did not die till night, as appears by the printed account of his death, in a letter to a lord; and whether he be since revived I leave the world to judge. This indeed is perfect cavilling, and I am ashamed to dwell any longer upon it.

Fifthly, I will appeal to Mr. Partridge himself whether it be probable I could have been so indiscreet to begin my predictions with the only falsehood that ever was pretended to be in them; and this in an affair at home, where I had so many opportunities to be exact; and must have given such advantages against me to a person of Mr. Partridge's wit and learning, who, if he could possibly have raised one single objection more against the truth of my prophecies, would hardly have spared me.

And here I must take occasion to reprove the above-mentioned writer of the relation of Mr. Partridge's death, in a letter to a lord, who was pleased to tax me with a mistake of four whole hours in my calculation of that event. I must confess, this censure, pronounced with an air of certainty, in a matter that so nearly concerned me, and by a grave, judicious author, moved me not a little. But though I was at that time out of town, yet several of my friends, whose curiosity had led them to be exactly informed, (for as to my own part, having no doubt at all in the matter, I never once thought of it,) assured me I computed to something under half an hour, which (I speak my private opinion) is an error of no very great magnitude that men should raise a clamour about it. I shall only say, it would not be amiss if that author would henceforth be more tender of other men's reputation as well as his own. It is well there were no more mistakes of that kind; if there had, I presume he would have told me of them with as little ceremony.

There is one objection against Mr. Partridge's death which I have sometimes met with, though indeed very slightly offered, that he still continues to write almanacks. But this is no more than what is common to all of that profession. Gadbury, Poor Robin, Dove, Wing, and several others do yearly publish their almanacks, though several of them have been dead since before the Revolution. Now, the natural reason of this I take to be, that, whereas it is the privilege of authors to live after their death, almanack-makers are alone excluded; because their dissertations, treating only upon the minutes as they pass, become useless as those go off. In consideration of which, Time, whose registers they are, gives them a lease in reversion, to continue their works after death.

I should not have given the public or myself the trouble of this vindication if my name had not been made use of by several persons to whom I never lent it; one of which, a few days ago, was pleased to father on me a new set of predictions. But I think these are things too serious to be trifled with. It grieved me to the heart, when I saw my labours, which had cost me so much thought and watching, bawled about by the common hawkers of Grub-street, which I only intended for the weighty consideration of the gravest persons. This prejudiced the world so much at first, that several of my friends had the assurance to ask me whether I were in jest? to which I only answered coldly, "that the event would show." But it is the talent of our age and nation to turn things of the greatest importance into ridicule. When the end of the year had verified

all my predictions, out comes Mr. Partridge's almanack, disputing the point of his death; so that I am employed, like the general who was forced to kill his enemies twice over whom a necromancer had raised to life. If Mr. Partridge have practised the same experiment upon himself, and be again alive, long may he continue so; that does not the least contradict my veracity; but I think I have clearly proved, by invincible demonstration, that he died, at farthest, within half an hour of the time I foretold, and not four hours sooner, as the above-mentioned author, in his letter to a lord, has maliciously suggested, with a design to blast my credit, by charging me with so gross a mistake.

A FAMOUS PREDICTION.

OF MERLIN, THE BRITISH WIZARD.

WRITTEN ABOVE A THOUSAND YEARS AGO, AND RELATING TO THE YEAR 1709, WITH EXPLANATORY NOTES, BY T. N. PHILOMATH.

Last year was published a paper of Predictions, pretended to be written by one Isaac Bickerstaff, esq., but the true design of it was to ridicule the art of astrology, and expose its professors as ignorant or impostors. Against this imputation Dr. Partridge has learnedly vindicated himself in his almanack for that year.

For a further vindication of this famous art, I have thought fit to present the world with the following prophecy. The original is said to be of the famous Merlin, who lived about a thousand years ago; and the following translation is two hundred years old, for it seems to be written near the end of Henry VII's. reign. I found it in an old edition of Merlin's prophecies, imprinted at London by Johan Haukyns, in the year 1530, page 39. I set it down word for word in the old orthography, and shall take leave to subjoin a few explanatory notes:—

Seven and Ten addyd to nine,
Of Fraunce her Woe this is the Sygne,
Tamys Rivere twys y-frozen,
Walke sans wetyng Shoes ne Hozen.
Then comyth foorthe, Ich understonde,
From Towne of Stoffe to fattyn Londe,
An herdie Chyftan, Woe the Morne
To Fraunce, that ever he was born.
Then shall the Fyshe beweyle his Bosse;
Nor shall grin Berrys make up the Losse.
Yonge Symnele shall again miscarrye:
And Norways Pryd again shall marry.
And from the Tree where Blossums feele,
Ripe Fruit shall come, and all is wele,
Reaums shall daunce Honde in Honde,
And it shall be merrye in old Inglonde,
Then old Inglonde shall be no more,
And no man shall be sorie therefore.
Geryon shall have three Hedes agayne,
Till Hapsburge makyth them but twayne

EXPLANATORY NOTES.

Seven and Ten, &c. This line describes the year when these events shall happen. Seven and ten make seventeen, which I explain seventeen hundred, and this number added to nine, makes the year we are now in; for it must be understood of the natural year, which begins the first of January

Tamys Rivere twys, &c. The River Thames frozen twice in one year, so as men to walk on it, is a very signal accident, which perhaps hath not fallen out for several hundred years before, and is the reason why some astrologers have thought that this prophecy could never be fulfilled, because they imagined such a thing would never happen in our climate.

From Towne of Stoffe, &c. This is a plain designation of the duke of Marlborough; one kind of stuff used to fatten and is called marle, and everybody knows that borough is a name for a town; and this way of expression is after the usual dark manner of old astrological predictions.

Then shall the Fyshe, &c. By the fish is understood the Dauphin of France, as their kings' eldest sons are called; it is here said he shall lament the loss of the duke of Burgundy, called the Bosse, which is an old English word for hump-shoulder, or crook-back, as that duke is known to be; and the prophecy seems to mean that he should be overcome or slain. By the green berrys, in the next line, is meant the young duke of Berry, the Dauphin's third son, who shall not have valour or fortune enough to supply the loss of his eldest brother.

Yonge Symnele, &c. By Symnele, is meant the pretended prince of Wales, who, if he offers to attempt anything against England, shall miscarry, as he did before. Lambert Symnele is the name of a young man, noted in our histories for personating the son (as I remember) of Edward IV.

And Norways Pryd, &c. I cannot guess who is meant by Norway's pride [queen Anne]; perhaps the reader may, as well as the sense of the two following lines.

Reaums shall, &c. Reaums, or, as the word is now, realms, is the old name for kingdoms: and this is a very plain prediction of our happy union, with the felicities that shall attend it. It is added that Old England shall be no more, and yet no man shall be sorry for it. And indeed, properly speaking, England is now no more, for the whole island is one kingdom, under the name of Britain.

Geryon shall, &c. This prediction, though somewhat obscure, is wonderfully adapt. Geryon is said to have been a king of Spain, whom Hercules slew. It was a fiction of the poets, that he had three heads, which the author says he shall have again: that is, Spain shall have three kings, which is now wonderfully verified; for, beside the king of Portugal, which properly is part of Spain, there are now two rivals for Spain, Charles and Philip; but Charles being descended from the count of Hapsburg, founder of the Austrian family, shall soon make those heads but two, by overturning Philip, and driving him out of Spain.

Some of these predictions are already fulfilled, and it is highly probable the rest may be in due time; and I think I have not forced the words, by my explication, into any other sense than what they will naturally bear. If this be granted, I am sure it must be also allowed, that the author (whoever he were) was a person of extraordinary sagacity; and that astrology, brought to such perfection as this, is by no means an art to be despised, whatever Mr. Bickerstaff, or other merry gentlemen, are pleased to think. As to the tradition of these lines having been writ in the original by Merlin, I confess I lay not much weight upon it; but it is enough to justify their authority, that the book whence I have transcribed them, was printed 170 years ago, as appears by the title-page. For the satisfaction of any gentleman, who may be either doubtful of the truth, or curious to be informed, I shall give order to have the very book sent to the printer of this paper, with directions to let anybody see it that pleases, because I believe it is pretty scarce.

MISCELLANEOUS PAPERS.

No. 32.

THURSDAY, JUNE 23, 1709.

"It happened very luckily," observes Steele, "that a little before I had resolved upon this design, a gentleman had written "Predictions" and two or three other pieces in my name, which rendered it famous through all parts of Europe, and, by an inimitable spirit and humour, raised it to as high a pitch of reputation as it could possibly arrive at.

"By this good fortune the name of Isaac Bickerstaff gained an audience of all who had any taste of wit; and the addition of the ordinary occurrences of common journals of news brought in a multitude of other readers. I could not, I confess, long keep up the opinion of the town, that these lucubrations were written by the same hand with the first works which were published under my name; but before I lost the participation of that author's fame, I had already found the advantage of his authority, to which I owe the sudden acceptance which my labours met with in the world."

"TO ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, Esq.[a]

"SIR, June 18, 1709.

"I KNOW not whether you ought to pity or laugh at me; for I am fallen desperately in love with a professed Platonne, the most unaccountable creature of her sex. To hear her talk seraphics, and run over Norris,[b] and More,[c] and Milton,[d] and the whole set of intellectual triflers, torments me heartily; for, to a lover who understands metaphors, all this pretty prattle of ideas gives very fine views of pleasure, which only the dear declaimer prevents, by understanding them literally: why should she wish to be a cherubim, when it is flesh and blood that makes her adorable? If I speak to her, that is a high breach of the idea of intuition. If I offer at her hand or lip, she shrinks from the touch like a sensitive plant, and would contract herself into mere spirit. She calls her chariot, vehicle; her furbelowed scarf, pinions; her blue manteau and petticoat is her azure dress; and her footman goes by the name of Oberon. It is my misfortune to be six feet and a half high, two full spans between the shoulders, thirteen inches diameter in the calves; and, before I was in love, I had a noble stomach, and usually went to bed sober with two bottles. I am not quite six-and-twenty, and my nose is marked truly aquiline. For these reasons, I am in a very particular manner her aversion. What shall I do? Impudence itself cannot reclaim her. If I write miserably, she reckons me among the children of perdition, and discards me her region: if I assume the gross and substantial, she plays the real ghost with me, and vanishes in a moment. I had hopes in the hypocrisy of her sex; but perseverance makes it as bad as fixed aversion. I desire your opinion, whether I may not lawfully play the inquisition upon her, make use of a little force, and put her to the rack and the torture, only to convince her she has really fine limbs, without spoiling or distorting them. I expect your directions, before I proceed to dwindle and fall away with despair; which at present I do not think advisable, because, if she should recant, she may then hate me, perhaps, in the other extreme, for my temity. I am (with impatience) your most humble servant, "CHARLES STURDY."

[a] This paper is written in ridicule of some affected ladies, who pretended to embrace the doctrines of Platonic love.

[b] John Norris, author of "The Theory and Regulation of Love."

[c] Dr. Henry More, an eminent divine and Platonic philosopher.

[d] Milton, the fellow collegian of Dr. H. More, makes up the trio of intellectual triflers here mentioned.

My patient has put his case with very much warmth, and represented it in so lively a manner that I see both his torment and tormentor with great perspicuity. This order of Platonic ladies are to be dealt with in a manner peculiar from all the rest of the sex. Flattery is the general way, and the way in this case; but it is not to be done grossly. Every man that has wit, and humour, and raillery, can make a good flatterer for women in general; but a Platonne is not to be touched with panegyric: she will tell you, it is a sensuality in the soul to be delighted that way. You are not therefore to commend, but silently consent to all she does and says. You are to consider, in her the scorn of you is not humour, but opinion.

There were, some years since, a set of these ladies who were of quality, and gave out that virginity was to be their state of life during this mortal condition, and therefore resolved to join their fortunes and erect a nunnery. The place of residence was pitched upon; and a pretty situation, full of natural falls and risings of waters, with shady coverts and flowery arbours, was approved by seven of the founders. There were as many of our sex who took the liberty to visit their mansions of intended severity; among others, a famous rake[a] of that time, who had the grave way to an excellence. He came in first; but, upon seeing a servant coming towards him, with a design to tell him this was no place for him or his companions, up goes my grave impudence to the maid; "Young woman," said he, "if any of the ladies are in the way on this side of the house, pray carry us on the other side towards the gardens: we are, you must know, gentlemen that are travelling England; after which we shall go into foreign parts, where some of us have already been." Here he bows in the most humble manner, and kissed the girl, who knew not how to behave to such a sort of carriage. He goes on: "Now you must know we have an ambition to have it to say, that we have a Protestant nunnery in England: but, pray, Mrs. Betty——."—"Sir" she replied, "my name is Susan, at your service." — "Then, I heartily beg your pardon——." — "No offence in the least," said she, "for I have a cousin-german whose name is Betty."— "Indeed," said he, "I protest to you that was more than I knew; I spoke at random: but since it happens that I was near in the right, give me leave to present this gentleman to the favour of a civil salute." His friend advances, and so on, until they had all saluted her. By this means the poor girl was in the middle of the crowd of these fellows, at a loss what to do, without courage to pass through them; and the Platonics, at several peepholes, pale, trembling, and fretting. Rake perceived they were observed, and therefore took care to keep Sukey in chat with questions concerning their way of life; when appeared at last Madonella,[b] a lady who had writ a fine book concerning the recluse life, and was the projectrix of the foundation. She approaches into the hall; and Rake, knowing the dignity of his own mien and aspect, goes

[a] Supposed at the time to have been Mr. Repington, a man of fashion in Warwickshire.

[b] The person here represented was Mrs. Mary Astell, a lady of superior understanding, of considerable learning, and singular piety. She was the daughter of a merchant in Newcastle-upon-Tyne, where she was born about 1668, and lived about twenty years. The remainder of her inoffensive, irreproachable, and exemplary life she spent at London and Chelsea, where she died in 1731.

deputy from his company. She begins, "Sir, I am obliged to follow the servant, who was sent out to know what affair could make strangers press upon a solitude which we, who are to inhabit this place, have devoted to heaven and our own thoughts?"—"Madam," replies Rake, with an air of great distance mixed with a certain indifference, by which he could dissemble dissimulation, "your great intention has made more noise in the world than you design it should; and we travellers, who have seen many foreign institutions of this kind have a curiosity to see, in its first rudiments, the seat of primitive piety; for such it must be called by future ages, to the eternal honour of the founders: I have read Madonella's excellent and seraphic discourse on this subject." The lady immediately answered, "If what I have said could have contributed to raise any thoughts in you that may make for the advancement of intellectual and divine conversation, I should think myself extremely happy." He immediately fell back with the profoundest veneration; then advancing, "Are you then that admired lady? If I may approach lips which have uttered things so sacred—" He salutes her. His friends followed his example. The devoted within stood in amazement where this would end, to see Madonella receive their address and their company. But Rake goes on.—"We would not transgress rules; but if we may take the liberty to see the place you have thought fit to choose for ever, we would go into such parts of the gardens as is consistent with the severities you have imposed on yourselves."

To be short, Madonella permitted Rake to lead her into the assembly of nuns, followed by his friends, and each took his fair-one by the hand, after due explanation, to walk round the gardens. The conversation turned upon the lilies, the flowers, the arbours, and the growing vegetables; and Rake had the solemn impudence, when the whole company stood round him, to say, that "he sincerely wished men might rise out of the earth like plants; and that our minds were not of necessity to be sullied with carnivorous appetites for the generation, as well as support of our species." This was spoken with so easy and fixed an assurance, that Madonella answered, "Sir, under the notion of a pious thought, you deceive yourself in wishing an institution foreign to that of Providence. These desires were implanted in us for reverend purposes, in preserving the race of men, and giving opportunities for making our chastity more heroic." The conference was continued in this celestial strain, and carried on so well by the managers on both sides, that it created a second and a third interview; and, without entering into further particulars, there was hardly one of them but was a mother or father that day twelvemonth.[a]

Any unnatural part is long taking up, and as long laying aside; therefore Mr. Sturdy may assure himself Platonica will fly for ever from a forward behaviour; but if he approaches her according to this model, she will fall in with the necessities of mortal life, and condescend to look with pity upon an unhappy man, imprisoned in so much body, and urged by such violent desires.

No. 35.

THURSDAY, JUNE 30, 1709.

"TO ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, Esq."

"SIR,—Not long since you were pleased to give us a chimerical account of the famous family of the *Staffs*, from whence I suppose you would insinuate, that it is the most ancient and numerous house in all Europe.

[a] This is mere fiction, and unpardonable, as it seems to imply an oblique censure on Mrs. Astell, of a nature totally repugnant to her eminently virtuous and respectable character.

But I positively deny that it is either, and wonder much at your audacious proceedings in this manner, since it is well known that our most illustrious, most renowned, and most celebrated Roman family of *Ix*, has enjoyed the precedency to all others from the reign of good old Saturn. I could say much to the defamation and disgrace of your family; as that your relations *Distaff* and *Broomstaff* were both inconsiderable, mean persons, one spinning, the other sweeping the streets, for their daily bread. But I forbear to vent my spleen on objects so much beneath my indignation. I shall only give the world a catalogue of my ancestors, and leave them to determine which hath hitherto had, and which for the future ought to have, the preference.

"First then comes the most famous and popular lady *Meretrix*, parent of the fertile family of *Bellatrix*, *Lotrix*, *Netrix*, *Nutrix*, *Obstetrix*, *Famulatrix*, *Coctrix*, *Ornatrix*, *Sarcinatrix*, *Fextrix*, *Balneatrix*, *Portatrix*, *Saltatrix*, *Divinatrix*, *Conjectrix*, *Comtrix*, *Debitrix*, *Creditrix*, *Donatrix*, *Ambulatrix*, *Mercatrix*, *Adsectrix*, *Assectatrix*, *Palpatrix*, *Præceptrix*, *Pistrix*. I am yours, ELIZ. POTATRIX."

No. 59.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 25, 1709.

Will's Coffee-house, August 24.

THE author of the ensuing letter, by his name and the quotations he makes from the ancients, seems a sort of spy from the old world, whom we moderns ought to be careful of offending; therefore I must be free, and own it a fair hit where he takes me, rather than disoblige him.

"Sir, having a peculiar humour of desiring to be somewhat the better or wiser for what I read, I am always uneasy when, in any profound writer, for I read no others, I happen to meet with what I cannot understand. When this falls out, it is a great grievance to me that I am not able to consult the author himself about his meaning, for commentators are a sect that has little share in my esteem: your elaborate writings have, among many others, this advantage, that their author is still alive, and ready, as his extensive charity makes us expect, to explain whatever may be found in them too sublime for vulgar understandings. This, sir, makes me presume to ask you, how the Hampstead hero's character could be perfectly new when the last letters came away and yet sir John Suckling so well acquainted with it sixty years ago? I hope, sir, you will not take this amiss: I can assure you, I have a profound respect for you, which makes me write this, with the same disposition with which Longinus bids us read Homer and Plato. When in reading, says he, any of those celebrated authors, we meet with a passage to which we cannot well reconcile our reasons, we ought firmly to believe, that were those great wits present to answer for themselves, we should to our wonder be convinced that we only are guilty of the mistakes we before attributed to them. If you think fit to remove the scruple that now torments me, it will be an encouragement to me to settle a frequent correspondence with you; several things falling in my way which would not perhaps be altogether foreign to your purpose, and whereon your thoughts would be very acceptable to your most humble servant, OBADIAH GREENHAT."

I own this is clean, and Mr. Greenhat has convinced me that I have writ nonsense, yet am I not at all offended at him.

Scimus, et hanc veniam petimusque damusque vicissim.[a]
Hor. Ars Poet. ver. 11.

This is the true art of raillery, when a man turns another into ridicule, and shows at the same time he is

[a] "I own th' indulgence— —Such I give and take."
[a] FRANCIS.

in good humour, and not urged on by malice against the person he rallies. Obadiah Greenhat has hit this very well: for to make an apology to Isaac Bickerstaff, an unknown student and horary historian, as well as astrologer, and with a grave face to say, he speaks of him by the same rules with which he would treat Homer or Plato, is to place him in company where he cannot expect to make a figure; and makes him flatter himself that it is only being named with them that renders him most ridiculous.

I have not known, and I am now past my grand climacteric, being sixty-four years of age, according to my way of life; or rather, if you will allow punning in an old gentleman, according to my way of *pastime*; I say, as old as I am, I have not been acquainted with many of the Greenhats. There is indeed one Zedekiah Greenhat, who is lucky also in this way. He has a very agreeable manner; for when he has a mind thoroughly to correct a man, he never takes from him anything, but he allows him something for it; or else he blames him for things wherein he is not defective, as well as for matters wherein he is. This makes a weak man believe he is in jest in the whole. The other day he told Beau Brim, who is thought impotent, that his mistress had declared she would not have him, because he was a sloven, and had committed a rape. The beau bit at the banter, and said very gravely, "he thought to be clean was as much as was necessary; and that as to the rape, he wondered by what witchcraft that should come to her ears; but it had indeed cost him 100*l.* to hush the affair."

The Greenhats are a family with small voices and short arms, therefore they have power with none but their friends: they never call after those who run away from them, or pretend to take hold of you if you resist. But it has been remarkable, that all who have shunned their company or not listened to them have fallen into the hands of such as have knocked out their brains or broken their bones. I have looked over our pedigree upon the receipt of this epistle, and find the Greenhats are akin to the Staffs. They descend from Maudlin, the left-handed wife of Nehemiah Bickerstaff, in the reign of Harry II. And it is remarkable that they are all left-handed, and have always been very expert at single rapier. A man must be much used to their play to know how to defend himself, for their posture is so different from that of the right-handed, that you run upon their swords if you push forward; and they are in with you if you offer to fall back without keeping your guard.

No. 63.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 10, 1709.

"TO ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, Esq.

"SIR,—It must be allowed that Esquire Bickerstaff is of all others the most ingenuous. There are few, very few, that will own themselves in a mistake, though all the world see them to be in downright nonsense. You will be pleased, sir, to pardon this expression, for the same reason for which you once desired us to excuse you when you seemed anything dull. Most writers, like the generality of Paul Lorraine's[a] saints, seem to place a peculiar vanity in dying hard. But you, sir, to show a good example to your brethren, have not only confessed, but of your own accord mended the indictment. Nay, you have been so good-natured as to discover beauties in it, which, I will assure you, he that drew it never dreamed of. And to make your civility the more accomplished, you have honoured him with the title of your kinsman, which, though derived by the left hand, he is not a little proud of. My brother, for such Obadiah is, being at present very busy about nothing, has ordered me to return you his sincere thanks for all these favours; and as a small token of his gratitude, to communicate to you the following piece of intelligence, which, he thinks, belongs more properly to you than to any others of our modern historians.

"*Madonella*, who, as it was thought, had long since taken her flight towards the ethereal mansions, still walks, it seems, in the regions of mortality; where she has found, by deep reflections on the revolution mentioned in yours of June the 23rd, that where early instructions have been wanting to imprint true ideas of things on the tender souls of those of her sex, they are never after able to arrive at such a pitch of perfection as to be above the laws of matter and motion; laws which are considerably enforced by the principles usually imbibed in nurseries and boarding-schools. To remedy this evil, she has laid the scheme of a college for young damsels: where (instead of scissars, needles, and samplers) pens, compasses, quadrants, books, manuscripts, Greek, Latin, and Hebrew are to take up their whole time. Only on holidays the students will, for moderate exercise, be allowed to divert themselves with the use of some of the lightest and most volable weapons; and proper care will be taken to give them at least a superficial tincture of the ancient and modern Amazonian tactics. Of these military performances the direction is undertaken by Epicene,[a] the writer of "Memoirs from the Mediterranean," who, by the help of some artificial poisons conveyed by smells, has within these few weeks brought many persons of both sexes to an untimely fate; and, what is more surprising, has, contrary to her profession, with the same odours, revived others who had long since been drowned in the whirlpools of Lethe. Another of the professors is said to be a certain lady, who is now publishing two of the choicest Saxon novels,[b] which are said to have been in as great repute with the ladies of queen Emma's court as the "Memoirs from the New Atalantis" are with those of ours. I shall make it my business to inquire into the progress of this learned institution, and give you the first notice of their 'Philosophical Transactions, and Searches after Nature.' Yours, &c. TOBIAH GREENHAT."

No. 66.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 10, 1709.

Will's Coffeehouse, Sept. 9.

THE subject of the discourse this evening was eloquence and graceful action. Lysander, who is something particular in his way of thinking and speaking, told us, "a man could not be eloquent without action; for the deportment of the body, the turn of the eye, and an apt sound to every word that is uttered, must all conspire to make an accomplished speaker. Action in one that speaks in public is the same thing as a good mien in ordinary life. Thus, as a certain insensibility in the countenance recommends a sentence of humour and jest, so it must be a very lively consciousness that gives grace to great sentiments. The jest is to be a thing unexpected; therefore your undesigning manner is a beauty in expressions of mirth; but when you are to talk on a set subject, the more you are moved yourself, the more you will move others.

"There is," said he, "a remarkable example of that kind. Æschines, a famous orator of antiquity, had pleaded at Athens in a great cause against Demosthenes;

[a] Paul Lorraine, the ordinary of Newgate.

[a] Mrs. Manley, author of the "Memoirs of the New Atalantis."

[b] Mrs Elizabeth Elstob, distinguished for her learning, especially in the Anglo-Saxon language and antiquities. See an account of her in "Ballard's Memoirs of Learned Ladies," and in the "Anecdotes of Mrs. Bowyer"

but having lost it, retired to Rhodes. Eloquence was then the quality most admired among men, and the magistrates of that place, having heard he had a copy of the speech of Demosthenes, desired him to repeat both their pleadings. After his own he recited also the oration of his antagonist. The people expressed their admiration of both, but more of that of Demosthenes. 'If you are,' said he, 'thus touched with hearing only what that great orator said, how would you have been affected had you seen him speak? for he who hears Demosthenes only, loses much the better part of the oration.' Certain it is that they who speak gracefully are very lamely represented in having their speeches read or repeated by unskilful people; for there is something native to each man, so inherent to his thoughts and sentiments, which it is hardly possible for another to give a true idea of. You may observe in common talk, when a sentence of any man's is repeated, an acquaintance of his shall immediately observe, 'That is so like him, methinks I see how he looked when he said it.'

"But of all the people on the earth, there are none who puzzle me so much as the clergy of Great Britain who are, I believe, the most learned body of men now in the world: and yet this art of speaking, with the proper ornaments of voice and gesture, is wholly neglected among them; I will engage, were a deaf man to behold the greater part of them preach, he would rather think they were reading the contents only of some discourse they intended to make, than actually in the body of an oration, even when they were upon matters of such a nature as one would believe it were impossible to think of without emotion.

"I own there are exceptions to this general observation, and that the dean we heard the other day together is an orator.[a] He has so much regard to his congregation, that he commits to his memory what he is to say to them; and has so soft and graceful a behaviour, that it must attract your attention. His person, it is to be confessed, is no small recommendation; but he is to be highly commended for not losing that advantage; and adding to the propriety of speech, which might pass the criticism of Longinus, an action which would have been approved by Demosthenes. He has a peculiar force in his way, and has charmed many of his audience, who could not be intelligent hearers of his discourse were there not explanation as well as grace in his action. This art of his is useful with the most exact and honest skill: he never attempts your passions until he has convinced your reason. All the objections which he can form are laid open and dispersed before he uses the least vehemence in his sermon; but when he thinks he has your head, he very soon wins your heart; and never pretends to show the beauty of holiness until he has convinced you of the truth of it.

"Would every one of our clergymen be thus careful to recommend truth and virtue in their proper figures, and show so much concern for them as to give them all the additional force they were able, it is not possible that nonsense should have so many hearers as you find it has in dissenting congregations, for no reason in the world but because it is spoken extempore; for ordinary minds are wholly governed by their eyes and ears; and there is no way to come at their hearts but by power over their imaginations.

"There is my friend and merry companion Daniel;[b] he knows a great deal better than he speaks, and can form a proper discourse as well as any orthodox neighbour. But he knows very well that to bawl out, 'My beloved!' and the words 'grace! regeneration! sanctification! a new light! the day! the day! ay, my beloved, the day! or rather the night! the night is coming!' and 'judgment will come when we least think of it!' and so forth. He knows, to be vehement is the only way to come at his audience. Daniel, when he sees my friend Greenhat come in, can give a good hint, and cry out, 'This is only for the saints! the regenerated!' By this force of action, though mixed with all the incoherence and ribaldry imaginable, Daniel can laugh at his diocesan, and grow fat by voluntary subscription, while the parson of the parish goes to law for half his dues. Daniel will tell you, it is not the shepherd, but the sheep with the bell, which the flock follows.

"Another thing, very wonderful this learned body should omit, is learning to read; which is a most necessary part of eloquence in one who is to serve at the altar; for there is no man but must be sensible that the lazy tone and inarticulate sound of our common readers depreciates the most proper form of words that were ever extant in any nation or language, to speak their own wants, or his power from whom we ask relief.

"There cannot be a greater instance of the power of action than in little parson Dapper,[a] who is the common relief to all the lazy pulpits in town. This smart youth has a very good memory, a quick eye, and a clean handkerchief. Thus equipped, he opens his text, shuts his book fairly, shows he has no notes in his Bible, opens both palms, and shows all is fair there too. Thus, with a decisive air, my young man goes on without hesitation; and though from the beginning to the end of his pretty discourse, he has not used one proper gesture, yet, at the conclusion, the churchwarden pulls his gloves from off his hands; 'Pray, who is this extraordinary young man?' Thus the force of action is such, that it is more prevalent, even when improper, than all the reason and argument in the world without it." This gentleman concluded his discourse by saying, "I do not doubt but if our preachers would learn to speak, and our readers to read, within six months' time we should not have a dissenter within a mile of a church in Great Britain."

No. 67.

TUESDAY SEPT. 13, 1709.

From my own Apartments, Sept. 12.

My province is much larger than at first sight men would imagine, and I shall lose no part of my jurisdiction, which extends not only to futurity, but also is retrospect to things past; and the behaviour of persons, who have long ago acted their parts, is as much liable to my examination as that of my own contemporaries.

In order to put the whole race of mankind in their proper distinctions, according to the opinion their cohabitants conceived of them, I have, with very much care and depth of meditation, thought fit to erect a chamber of Fame; and established certain rules which are to be observed in admitting members into this illustrious society.

In this chamber of Fame there are to be three tables, but of different lengths; the first is to contain exactly twelve persons; the second, twenty; and the third, a hundred. This is reckoned to be the full number of those who have any competent share of fame. At the first of these tables are to be placed, in their order, the twelve most famous persons in the world; not with regard to the things they are famous for, but according to the degree of their fame, whether in valour, wit, or learning. Thus, if a scholar be more famous than a soldier, he is to sit above him. Neither must any preference be given to virtue, if the person be not equally famous.

When the first table is filled, the next in renown

[a] Steele says that this amiable character of the dean was drawn for Dr. Atterbury, and mentions it as an argument of his impartiality in his Preface to the Tatler, Vol. iv.

[b] The celebrated Daniel Burgess, whose meeting-house near Lincoln's Inn was destroyed by the high-church mob upon occasion of Sacheverell's trial.

[a] Supposed to be Dr. Joseph Trapp.

must be seated at the second, and so on in like manner to the number of twenty; as also in the same order at the third, which is to hold a hundred. At these tables no regard is to be had to seniority; for if Julius Cæsar shall be judged more famous than Romulus and Scipio, he must have the precedence. No person, who has not been dead a hundred years must be offered to a place at any of these tables; and because this is altogether a lay society, and that sacred persons move upon greater motives than that of fame, no persons celebrated in holy writ, or any ecclesiastical man whatsoever, are to be introduced here.

At the lower end of the room is to be a side-table for persons of great fame, but dubious existence; such as Hercules, Theseus, Æneas, Achilles, Hector, and others. But because it is apprehended that there may be great contention about precedence, the proposer humbly desires the opinion of the learned toward his assistance in placing every person according to his rank, that none may have just occasion of offence. The merits of the cause shall be judged by plurality of voices.

For the more impartial execution of this important affair, it is desired that no man will offer his favourite hero, scholar, or poet; and that the learned will be pleased to send to Mr. Bickerstaff, at Mr. Morphew's, near Stationers' Hall, their several lists for the first table only, and in the order they would have them placed; after which, the proposer will compare the several lists, and make another for the public, wherein every name shall be ranked according to the voices it has had. Under this chamber is to be a dark vault, for the same number of persons of evil fame.

It is humbly submitted to consideration, whether the project would not be better if the persons of true fame meet in a middle room, those of dubious existence in an upper room, and those of evil fame in a lower dark room.

It is to be noted, that no historians are to be admitted at any of these tables; because they are appointed to conduct the several persons to their seats, and are to be made use of as ushers to the assemblies.

I call upon the learned world to send me their assistance toward this design, it being a matter of too great moment for any one person to determine. But I do assure them their lists shall be examined with great fidelity, and those that are exposed to the public made with all the caution imaginable.

No. 68.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 15, 1709.

The progress of our endeavours will, of necessity, be very much interrupted, except the learned world will please to send their lists to the Chamber of Fame with all expedition. There is nothing can so much contribute to create a noble emulation in our youth as the honourable mention of such whose actions have outlived the injuries of time, and recommended themselves so far to the world that it is become learning to know the least circumstance of their affairs. It is a great incentive to see that some men have raised themselves so highly above their fellow-creatures that the lives of ordinary men are spent in inquiries after the particular actions of the most illustrious. True it is, that without this impulse to fame and reputation, our industry would stagnate, and that lively desire of pleasing each other die away. This opinion was so established in the heathen world, that their sense of living appeared insipid, except their being was enlivened with a consciousness that they were esteemed by the rest of the world.

Upon examining the proportion of men's fame for my table of twelve, I thought it no ill way (since I had laid it down for a rule, that they were to be ranked simply as they were famous, without regard to their virtue) to ask my sister Jenny's advice; and particularly mentioned to her the name of Aristotle. She immediately told me he was a very great scholar, and that she had read him at the boarding-school. She certainly means a trifle, sold by the hawkers, called "Aristotle's Problems." But this raised a great scruple in me, whether a fame increased by imposition of others is to be added to his account, or that these excrescences, which grow out of his real reputation, and give encouragement to others to pass things under the cover of his name, should be considered in giving him his seat in the chamber? This punctilio is referred to the learned. In the mean time, so ill-natured are mankind, that I believe I have names already sent me sufficient to fill up my lists for the dark room, and every one is apt enough to send in their accounts of ill deservers. This malevolence does not proceed from a real dislike of virtue, but a diabolical prejudice against it, which makes men willing to destroy what they care not to imitate. Thus you see the greatest characters among your acquaintance, and those you live with, are traduced by all below them in virtue, who never mention them but with an exception. However, I believe, I shall not give the world much trouble about filling my tables for those of evil fame, for I have some thoughts of clapping up the sharpers there as fast as I can lay hold of them.

At present I am employed in looking over the several notices which I have received of their manner of dexterity, and the way at dice of making all *rugg*, as the cant is. The whole art of securing a die has lately been sent me, by a person who was of the fraternity, but is disabled by the loss of a finger; by which means he cannot practise that trick as he used to do. But I am very much at a loss how to call some of the fair sex, who are accomplices with the knights of industry; for my metaphorical dogs are easily enough understood; but the feminine gender of dogs has so harsh a sound, that we know not how to name it. But I am credibly informed, that there are female dogs as voracious as the males, and make advances to young fellows, without any other design but coming to a familiarity with their purses. I have also long lists of persons of condition, who are certainly of the same regimen with these banditti, and instrumental to their cheats upon undiscerning men of their own rank. These add their good reputation to carry on the impostures of others, whose very names would else be defence enough against falling into their hands. But, for the honour of our nation, these shall be unmentioned; provided we hear no more of such practices, and that they shall not from henceforward suffer the society of such as they know to be the common enemies of order, discipline, and virtue. If it appear that they go on in encouraging them, they must be proceeded against according to the severest rules of history, where all is to be laid before the world with impartiality, and without respect to persons,

"So let the stricken deer go weep."

No. 70.

TUESDAY, SEPT. 20, 1709.

"TO ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, Esq.

"Sir,—I read with great pleasure, in the Tatler of Saturday last, the conversation upon eloquence; permit me to hint to you one thing the great Roman orator observes upon this subject: ***Caput enim arbitrabatur oratoris***, (he quotes Menedemus, an Athenian,) ***ut ipsis apud quos ageret talis qualem ipse optaret videretur; id fieri vitæ dignitate.*** (Tull. de Oratore.) It is the first rule in oratory, that a man must appear such as

he would persuade others to be; and that can be accomplished only by the force of his life. I believe it might be of great service to let our public orators know that an unnatural gravity, or an unbecoming levity in their behaviour out of the pulpit will take very much from the force of their eloquence in it. Excuse another scrap of Latin; it is from one of the fathers; I think it will appear a just observation to all, and it may have authority with some: *Qui autem docent tantum, nec faciunt, ipsi præceptis suis detrahunt pondus; quis enim obtemperet, cum ipsi præceptores doceant non obtemperare?* Those who teach, but do not act agreeably to the instructions they give to others, take away all weight from their doctrine; for who will obey the precepts they inculcate, if they themselves teach us by their practice to disobey them?

"I am, sir, your most humble servant,

JONATHAN ROSEHAT.

"P.S.—You were complaining in that paper that the clergy of Great Britain had not yet learned to speak: a very great defect indeed: and therefore I shall think myself a well-deserver of the church, in recommending all the dumb clergy to the famous speaking doctor at Kensington. This ingenious gentleman, out of compassion to those of a bad utterance, has placed his whole study in the new-modelling the organs of voice; which art he has so far advanced as to be able even to make a good orator of a pair of bellows. He lately exhibited a specimen of his skill in this way, of which I was informed by the worthy gentlemen then present, who were at once delighted and amazed to hear an instrument of so simple an organization use an exact articulation of words, a just cadency in its sentences, and a wonderful pathos in its pronunciation: not that he designs to expatiate in this practice; because he cannot, as he says, apprehend what use it may be of to mankind, whose benefit he aims at in a more particular manner: and for the same reason, he will never more instruct the feathered kind, the parrot having been his last scholar in that way. He has a wonderful faculty in making and mending echoes; and this he will perform at any time for the use of the solitary in the country; being a man born for universal good, and for that reason recommended to your patronage by,

"Sir, yours," &c.

No. 71.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 22, 1709.

"ESQUIRE BICKERSTAFF,—Finding your advice and censure to have a good effect, I desire your admonition to our vicar and schoolmaster, who, in his preaching to his auditors, stretches his jaws so wide, that, instead of instructing youth, it rather frightens them: likewise in reading prayers, he has such a careless loll, that people are justly offended at his irreverent posture: besides the extraordinary charge they are put to in sending their children to dance, to bring them off of those ill gestures. Another evil faculty he has, in making the bowling-green his daily residence, instead of his church, where his curate reads prayers every day. If the weather is fair, his time is spent in visiting; if cold or wet, in bed, or at least at home, though within a hundred yards of the church. These, out of many such irregular practices, I write for his reclamation: but two or three things more before I conclude; to wit, that generally when his curate preaches in the afternoon, he sleeps sotting in the desk on a hassock. With all this, he is so extremely proud, that he will go but once to the sick, except they return his visit."

No 74.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 29, 1709.

Grecian Coffeehouse, Sept. 29

THIS evening I thought fit to notify to the literati of this house, and by that means to all the world, that on Saturday, the 15th of October next ensuing, I design to fix my first table of fame; and desire that such as are acquainted with the characters of the twelve most famous men that have ever appeared in the world, would send in their lists, or name any one man for that table, assigning also his place at it, before that time, upon pain of having such his man of fame postponed, or placed too high, for ever. I shall not, upon any application whatever, alter the place which upon that day I shall give to any of these worthies. But whereas there are many who take upon them to admire this hero, or that author, upon second hand, I expect each subscriber should underwrite his reason for the place he allots his candidate.

The thing is of the last consequence; for we are about settling the greatest point that ever has been debated in any age; and I shall take precautions accordingly. Let every man who votes consider that he is now going to give away that for which the soldier gave up his rest, his pleasure, and his life; the scholar resigned his whole series of thought, his midnight repose, and his morning slumbers. In a word, he is, as I may say, to be judge of that after-life which noble spirits prefer to their very real beings. I hope I shall be forgiven, therefore, if I make some objections against their jury, as they shall occur to me. The whole of the number by whom they are to be tried are to be scholars. I am persuaded, also, that Aristotle will be put up by all of that class of men. However, in behalf of others, such as wear the livery of Aristotle, the two famous universities are called upon on this occasion: but I except the men of Queen's, Exeter, and Jesus Colleges, in Oxford, who are not to be electors,[a] because he shall not be crowned from an implicit faith in his writings, but receive his honour from such judges as shall allow him to be censured. Upon this election, as I was just now going to say, I banish all who think and speak after others, to concern themselves in it. For which reason, all illiterate distant admirers are forbidden to corrupt the voices by sending, according to the new mode, any poor students coals and candles[b] for their votes in behalf of such worthies as they pretend to esteem. All news-writers are also excluded, because they consider fame as it is a report which gives foundation to the filling up their rhapsodies, and not as it is the emanation or consequence of good and evil actions. These are excepted against as justly as butchers in case of life and death: their familiarity with the greatest names takes off the delicacy of their regard, as dealing in blood makes the lanii less tender of spilling it.

No. 81.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1709.

Hic manus ob patriam pugnando vulnera passi,——
Quique pii vates, et Phœbo digna locuti,
Inventas aut qui vitam excoluêre per artes,
Quique sui memores alios fecêre merendo.

VIRG. Æn. vi. 660.

Here patriots live, who, for their country's good,
In fighting fields were prodigal of blood,—
Here poets, worthy their inspiring god,
And of unblemished life make their abode,
And searching wits, of more mechanic parts,
Who graced their age with new-invented arts:
Those who to worth their bounty did extend;
And those who knew that bounty to commend.—DRYDEN.

From my own Apartments, Oct. 14.

THERE are two kinds of immortality; that which the soul really enjoys after this life, and that imaginary

a The members of these three colleges were obliged, by their statutes, to keep to Aristotle for their texts.

b This mode of bribery had been practised, in the election of Sir B. Green, as alderman of the ward of Queenhithe.

existence, by which men live in their fame and reputation. The best and greatest actions have proceeded from the prospect of the one or the other of these; but my design is to treat only of those who have chiefly proposed to themselves the latter, as the principal reward of their labours. It was for this reason that I excluded from my tables of fame, all the great founders and votaries of religion; and it is for this reason, also, that I am more than ordinarily anxious to do justice to the persons of whom I am now going to speak; for, since fame was the only end of all their enterprises and studies, a man cannot be too scrupulous in allotting them their due proportion of it. It was this consideration which made me call the whole body of the learned to my assistance; to many of whom I must own my obligations for the catalogues of illustrious persons, which they have sent me in upon this occasion. I yesterday employed the whole afternoon in comparing them with each other; which made so strong an impression upon my imagination, that they broke my sleep for the first part of the following night, and at length threw me into a very agreeable vision, which I shall beg leave to describe in all its particulars:—

I dreamed that I was conveyed into a wide and boundless plain, that was covered with prodigious multitudes of people, which no man could number. In the midst of it there stood a mountain with its head above the clouds. The sides were extremely steep, and of such a particular structure that no creature which was not made in a human figure could possibly ascend it. On a sudden, there was heard from the top of it a sound like that of a trumpet; but so exceedingly sweet and harmonious, that it filled the hearts of those who heard it with raptures, and gave such high and delightful sensations, as seemed to animate and raise human nature above itself. This made me very much amazed to find so very few in that innumerable multitude who had ears fine enough to hear or relish this music with pleasure; but my wonder abated, when, upon looking round me, I saw most of them attentive to three sirens, clothed like goddesses, and distinguished by the names of Sloth, Ignorance, and Pleasure. They were seated on three rocks, amid a beautiful variety of groves, meadows, and rivulets that lay on the borders of the mountain. While the base and grovelling multitude of different nations, ranks, and ages, were listening to these delusive deities, those of a more erect aspect, and exalted spirit, separated themselves from the rest, and marched in great bodies toward the mountain, from whence they heard the sound, which still grew sweeter, the more they listened to it.

On a sudden methought this select band sprang forward, with a resolution to climb the ascent, and follow the call of that heavenly music. Every one took something with him, that he thought might be of assistance to him in his march. Several had their swords drawn, some carried rolls of paper in their hands, some had compasses, others quadrants, others telescopes, and others pencils; some had laurels on their heads, and others buskins on their legs: in short, there was scarce any instrument of a mechanic art or liberal science which was not made use of on this occasion. My good demon, who stood at my right hand during the course of this whole vision, observing in me a burning desire to join that glorious company, told me, "He highly approved that generous ardour with which I seemed transported; but, at the same time, advised me to cover my face with a mask all the while I was to labour on the ascent." I took his counsel, without inquiring into his reasons. The whole body now broke into different parties, and began to climb the precipice by ten thousand different paths. Several got into little alleys, which did not reach far up the hill before they ended and led no farther; and I observed that most of the artisans, which considerably diminished our number, fell into these paths.

We left another considerable body of adventurers behind us, who thought they had discovered by-ways up the hill, which proved so very intricate and perplexed, that, after having advanced in them a little, they were quite lost among the several turns and windings; and though they were as active as any in their motions, they made but little progress in the ascent. These, as my guide informed me, were "men of subtle tempers, and puzzled politics, who would supply the place of real wisdom with cunning and artifice." Among those who were far advanced in their way, there were some that, by one false step, fell backward, and lost more ground in a moment than they had gained for many hours, or could be ever able to recover. We were now advanced very high, and observed that all the different paths which ran about the sides of the mountain began to meet in two great roads; which insensibly gathered the whole multitude of travellers into two great bodies. At a little distance from the entrance of each road, there stood a hideous phantom, that opposed our farther passage. One of these apparitions had his right hand filled with darts, which he brandished in the face of all who came up that way: crowds ran back at the appearance of it, and cried out Death! The spectre that guarded the other road was Envy: she was not armed with weapons of destruction, like the former; but by dreadful hissings, noises of reproach, and a horrid distracted laughter, she appeared more frightful than Death itself; insomuch, that abundance of our company were discouraged from passing any farther, and some appeared ashamed of having come so far. As for myself, I must confess my heart shrunk within me at the sight of these ghastly appearances: but on a sudden, the voice of the trumpet came more full upon us, so that we felt a new resolution reviving in us; and in proportion as this resolution grew, the terrors before us seemed to vanish. Most of the company, who had swords in their hands, marched on with great spirit, and an air of defiance, up the road that was commanded by Death; while others, who had thought and contemplation in their looks, went forward, in a more composed manner, up the road possessed by Envy. The way above these apparitions grew smooth and uniform, and was so delightful, that the travellers went on with pleasure, and in a little time arrived at the top of the mountain. They here began to breathe a delicious kind of ether, and saw all the fields about them covered with a kind of purple light, that made them reflect with satisfaction on their past toils; and diffused a secret joy through the whole assembly, which showed itself in every look and feature. In the midst of these happy fields there stood a palace of a very glorious structure: it had four great folding doors, that faced the four several quarters of the world. On the top of it was enthroned the goddess of the mountain, who smiled upon her votaries, and sounded the silver trumpet which had called them up, and cheered them in their passage to her palace. They had now formed themselves into several divisions; a band of historians taking their stations at each door, according to the persons whom they were to introduce.

On a sudden the trumpet, which had hitherto sounded only a march, or point of war, now swelled all its notes into triumph and exultation: the whole fabric shook, and the doors flew open. The first that stepped forward was a beautiful and blooming hero, and, as I heard by the murmurs round me, Alexander the Great. He was conducted by a crowd of historians. The person who immediately walked before him was remarkable for an embroidered garment, who, not being well acquainted with the place, was conducting him to an apartment appointed for the reception of fabulous heroes. The name of this false guide was Quintus Curtius. But Arrian

and Plutarch, who knew better the avenues of this palace, conducted him into the great hall, and placed him at the upper end of the first table. My good demon that I might see the whole ceremony, conveyed me to a corner of this room, where I might perceive all that passed, without being seen myself. The next who entered was a charming virgin, leading in a venerable old man that was blind. Under her left arm she bore a harp, and on her head a garland. Alexander, who was very well acquainted with Homer, stood up at his entrance, and placed him on his right hand. The virgin, who it seems was one of the nine sisters that attended on the goddess of Fame, smiled with an ineffable grace at their meeting, and retired.

Julius Cæsar was now coming forward; and though most of the historians offered their service to introduce him, he left them at the door, and would have no conductor but himself.

The next who advanced was a man of a homely but cheerful aspect, and attended by persons of greater figure than any that appeared on this occasion. Plato was on his right hand, and Xenophon on his left. He bowed to Homer, and sat down by him. It was expected that Plato would himself have taken a place next to his master Socrates; but on a sudden there was heard a great clamour of disputants at the door, who appeared with Aristotle at the head of them. That philosopher, with some rudeness, but great strength of reason, convinced the whole table that a title to the fifth place was his due, and took it accordingly.

He had scarce sat down, when the same beautiful virgin that had introduced Homer brought in another, who hung back at the entrance, and would have excused himself, had not his modesty been overcome by the invitation of all who sat at the table. His guide and behaviour made me easily conclude it was Virgil. Cicero next appeared, and took his place. He had inquired at the door for one Lucceius to introduce him; but not finding him there, he contented himself with the attendance of many other writers, who all, except Sallust, appeared highly pleased with the office.

We waited some time in expectation of the next worthy, who came in with a great retinue of historians, whose names I could not learn, most of them being natives of Carthage. The person thus conducted, who was Hannibal, seemed much disturbed, and could not forbear complaining to the board of the affronts he had met with among the Roman historians, "who attempted," says he, "to carry me into the subterraneous apartment; and perhaps would have done it, had it not been for the impartiality of this gentleman," pointing to Polybius, "who was the only person, except my own countrymen, that was willing to conduct me hither."

The Carthaginian took his seat, and Pompey entered with great dignity in his own person, and preceded by several historians. Lucan the poet was at the head of them, who, observing Homer and Virgil at the table, was going to sit down himself, had not the latter whispered him, that whatever pretence he might otherwise have had, he forfeited his claim to it, by coming in as one of the historians. Lucan was so exasperated with the repulse, that he muttered something to himself; and was heard to say, that since he could not have a seat among them himself, he would bring in one who alone had more merit than their whole assembly; upon which he went to the door, and brought in Cato of Utica. That great man approached the company with such an air that showed he contemned the honour which he laid a claim to. Observing the seat opposite to Cæsar was vacant, he took possession of it, and spoke two or three smart sentences upon the nature of precedency, which, according to him, "consisted not in place, but in intrinsic merit;" to which he added, "that the most virtuous man, wherever he was seated, was always at the upper end of the table." Socrates, who had a great spirit of raillery with his wisdom, could not forbear smiling at a virtue which took so little pains to make itself agreeable. Cicero took the occasion to make a long discourse in praise of Cato, which he uttered with much vehemence. Cæsar answered him with a great deal of seeming temper; but, as I stood at a great distance from them, I was not able to hear one word of what they said. But I could not forbear taking notice, that in all the discourse which passed at the table, a word or nod from Homer decided the controversy.

After a short pause Augustus appeared, looking round him, with a serene and affable countenance, upon all the writers of his age, who strove among themselves which of them should show him the greatest marks of gratitude and respect. Virgil rose from the table to meet him; and though he was an acceptable guest to all, he appeared more such to the learned than the military worthies. The next man astonished the whole table with his appearance: he was slow, solemn, and silent in his behaviour, and wore a raiment curiously wrought with hieroglyphics. As he came into the middle of the room, he threw up the skirt of it, and discovered a golden thigh. Socrates, at the sight of it, declared "against keeping company with any who were not made of flesh and blood:" and therefore desired Diogenes the Laertian "to lead him to the apartment allotted for fabulous heroes and worthies of dubious existence." At his going out, he told them, "that they did not know whom they dismissed: that he was now Pythagoras, the first of philosophers, and that formerly he had been a very brave man at the siege of Troy." "That may be very true," said Socrates; "but you forget that you have likewise been a very great harlot in your time." This exclusion made way for Archimedes, who came forward with a scheme of mathematical figures in his hand; among which I observed a cone and a cylinder.

Seeing this table full, I desired my guide, for variety, to lead me to the fabulous apartment, the roof of which was painted with gorgons, chimeras, and centaurs, with many other emblematical figures, which I wanted both time and skill to unriddle. The first table was almost full: at the upper end sat Hercules, leaning an arm upon his club; on his right hand were Achilles and Ulysses, and between them Æneas; on his left were Hector, Theseus, and Jason: the lower end had Orpheus, Æsop, Phalaris, and Musæus. The ushers seemed at a loss for a twelfth man, when, methought, to my great joy and surprise, I heard some at the lower end of the table mention Isaac Bickerstaff; but those of the upper end received it with disdain; and said, "If they must have a British worthy, they would have Robin Hood."

While I was transported with the honour that was done me, and burning with envy against my competitor, I was awakened by the noise of the cannon which were then fired for the taking of Mons. I should have been very much troubled at being thrown out of so pleasing a vision on any other occasion; but thought it an agreeable change, to have my thoughts diverted from the greatest among the dead and fabulous heroes, the most famous among the real and the living.

No. 230.

TUESDAY, SEPT. 28, 1710.

From my own Apartments, September 27.

The following letter has laid before me many great and manifest evils in the world of letters, which I had overlooked; but it opens to me a very busy scene, and it will require no small care and application to amend errors which are become so universal. The affectation

of politeness is exposed in this epistle with a great deal of wit and discernment; so that whatever discourses I may fall into hereafter, upon the subject the writer treats of, I shall at present lay the matter before the world without the least alteration from the words of my correspondent.[a]

"TO ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, Esq.

"SIR, THERE are some abuses among us of great consequence, the reformation of which is properly your province; although as far as I have been conversant in your papers, you have not yet considered them. These are the deplorable ignorance that for some years hath reigned among our English writers, the great depravity of our taste, and the continual corruption of our style. I say nothing here of those who handle particular sciences, divinity, law, physic, and the like; I mean the traders in history, and politics, and the *belles lettres*; together with those by whom books are not translated, but (as the common expressions are) done out of French, Latin, or other languages, and made English. I cannot but observe to you, that, until of late years, a Grub-street book was always bound in sheepskin, with suitable print and paper, the price never above a shilling, and taken off wholly by common tradesmen or country pedlers; but now they appear in all sizes and shapes, and in all places: they are handed about from lapfulls in every coffeehouse to persons of quality; are shown in Westminster-hall and the Court of Requests; you may see them gilt, and in royal paper, of five or six hundred pages, and rated accordingly. I would engage to furnish you with a catalogue of English books, published within the compass of seven years past, which at the first hand would cost you 100*l*., wherein you shall not be able to find ten lines together of common grammar, or common sense.

"These two evils, ignorance and want of taste, have produced a third, I mean the continual corruption of our English tongue, which, without some timely remedy, will suffer more by the false refinements of twenty years past, than it has been improved in the foregoing hundred. And this is what I design chiefly to enlarge upon, leaving the former evils to your animadversion.

But, instead of giving you a list of the late refinements crept into our language, I here send you a copy of a letter I received some time ago from a most accomplished person in this way of writing, upon which I shall make some remarks. It is in these terms:—

"'SIR, I COU'DN'T *get the things you sent for all* about town.—*I* tho't *to* ha' *come down myself, and then* I'd ha' bro't um; *but* ha'n't don't, *and I believe I* can't do't, *that's* pozz.—Tom [Mr. Thomas Harley] *begins to* g'imself *airs, because* he's *going with the* plenipos.—'*Tis said the French king will* bamboozl us agen, *which* causes many specelations. *The* Jacks, *and others of that* kidney, *are very* uppish *and* alert upon't, *as you may see by their* phizz's.—Will Hazard *has got the* hipps, *having lost* to the tune of 500*l*., tho' *he understands play very well*, nobody better. *He has* promis't *me upon* rep *to leave off play; but you know 'tis a weakness* he's *too apt to* give into, tho' *he has as much wit as any man*, nobody more: *he has lain* incog *ever since.—The* mobb's *very quiet with us now.—I believe you* tho't *I* banter'd *you in my last like a* country put.—I shan't *leave town this month*, &c.'

"This letter is, in every point, an admirable pattern of the present polite way of writing; nor is it of less authority for being an epistle; you may gather every flower of it, with a thousand more of equal sweetness, from the books, pamphlets, and single papers, offered us every day in the coffeehouses. And these are the beauties introduced to supply the want of wit, sense, humour, and learning, which formerly were looked upon as qualifications for a writer. If a man of wit, who died forty years ago, were to rise from the grave on purpose, how would he be able to read this letter? and, after he had gone through that difficulty, how would he be able to understand it? The first thing that strikes your eye, is the breaks at the end of almost every sentence; of which I know not the use, only that it is a refinement, and very frequently practised. Then you will observe the abbreviations and elisions, by which consonants of most obdurate sounds are joined together, without one softening vowel to intervene; and all this only to make one syllable of two, directly contrary to the example of the Greeks and Romans, altogether of the Gothic strain, and of a natural tendency towards relapsing into barbarity, which delights in monosyllables, and uniting of mute consonants, as it is observable in all the northern languages. And this is still more visible in the next refinement, which consists in pronouncing the first syllable in a word that has many, and dismissing the rest; such as *phizz, hipps, mobb, pozz, rep*, and many more; when we are already overloaded with monosyllables, which are the disgrace of our language. Thus we cram one syllable and cut off the rest, as the owl fattened her mice after she had bit off their legs, to prevent them from running away; and if ours be the same reason for maiming words, it will certainly answer the end; for I am sure no other nation will desire to borrow them. Some words are hitherto but fairly split, and therefore only in their way to perfection, as incog and plenipo; but in a short time, it is to be hoped, they will be further docked to inc and plen. This reflection has made me of late years very impatient for a peace, which I believe would save the lives of many brave words as well as men. The war has introduced abundance of polysyllables, which will never be able to live many more campaigns. *Speculations, operations, preliminaries, ambassadors, palisadoes, communications, circumvallations, battalions*, as numerous as they are, if they attack us too frequently in our coffeehouses, we shall certainly put them to flight, and cut off the rear.

"The third refinement observable in the letter I send you, consists in the choice of certain words invented by some pretty fellows, such as *banter, bamboozle, country put*, and *kidney*, as it is there applied; some of which are now struggling for the vogue, and others are in possession of it. I have done my utmost for some years past to stop the progress of *mobb* and *banter*, but have been plainly borne down by numbers, and betrayed by those who promised to assist me.

"In the last place you are to take notice of certain choice phrases scattered through the letter; some of them tolerable enough, till they were worn to rags by servile imitators. You might easily find them, although they were not in a different print, and therefore I need not disturb them.

"These are the false refinements in our style, which you ought to correct: first, by arguments and fair means; but if those fail, I think your are to make use of your authority as censor, and, by an annual *index expurgatorius*, expunge all words and phrases that are offensive to good sense, and condemn those barbarous mutilations of vowels and syllables. In this last point the usual pretence is, that they spell as they speak. a noble standard for language! to depend upon the caprice of every coxcomb, who, because words are the clothing of our thoughts, cuts them out, and shapes them as he pleases, and changes them oftener than his dress. I believe all reasonable people would be content that such refiners were more sparing of their words and liberal in their syllables. On this head I should

[a] "I have sent a long letter to Bickerstaff. Let the bishop of Clogher smoke it if he can."—*Journal to Stella*, Sept 23, 1710.

be glad you would bestow some advice upon several young readers in our churches, who, coming up from the university full fraught with admiration of our town politeness, will needs correct the style of our prayer-books. In reading the absolution, they are very careful to say "*Pardons and absolves*," and in the prayer for the royal family it must be *endue'um, enrich'um, prosper'um*, and *bring'um;* then, in their sermons, they use all the modern terms of art, *sham, banter, mobb, bubble, bully, cutting, shuffling*, and *palming*, all which, and many more of the like stamp, as I have heard them often in the pulpit from some young sophisters, so I have read them in some of those sermons that have made a great noise of late. The design, it seems, is to avoid the dreadful imputatton of pedantry; to show us that they know the town, understand men and manners and have not been poring upon old unfashionable books in the university.

"I should be glad to see you the instrument of introducing into our style that simplicity which is the best and truest ornament of most things in human life, which the politer ages always aimed at in their building and dress, (*simplex munditiis*,) as well as their productions of wit. It is manifest that all new affected modes of speech, whether borrowed from the court, the town, or the theatre, are the first perishing parts in any language; and, as I could prove by many hundred instances, have been so in ours. The writings of Hooker, who was a country clergyman, and of Parsons the jesuit, both in the reign of queen Elizabeth, are in a style that, with very few allowances, would not offend any present reader; much more clear and intelligible than those of sir Henry Wotton, sir Robert Naunton, Osborn, Daniel the historian, and several others who writ later; but being men of the court, and affecting the phrases then in fashion, they are often either not to be understood, or appear perfectly ridiculous.

"What remedies are to be applied to these evils I have not room to consider, having, I fear, already taken up most of your paper; besides, I think it is our office only to represent abuses, and yours to redress them.

"I am, with great respect, sir, yours, &c."

No. 258.

SATURDAY, DEC. 2, 1710.

Nov. 22, 1710.

SIR,—Dining yesterday with Mr. *South-British* and Mr. *William North-Briton*, two gentlemen who, before you ordered it otherwise, were known by the names of Mr. *English* and Mr. *William Scott:* among other things, the maid of the house, who in her time I believe may have been a *North-British* warming-pan, brought us up a dish of *North-British* collops. We liked our entertainment very well; only we observed the table-cloth, being not so fine as we could have wished, was *North-British* cloth. But the worst of it was, we were disturbed all dinner-time by the noise of the children, who were playing in the paved court at *North-British* hoppers; so we paid our *North-Briton* sooner than we designed, and took coach to *North-Britain* yard, about which place most of us live. We had indeed gone a-foot; only we were under some apprehensions lest a *North-British* mist should wet a *South-British* man to the skin.—We think this matter properly expressed according to the accuracy of the new style, settled by you in one of your late papers. You will please to give your opinion upon it to,

Sir, your most humble servants,

J. S., M.P., N.R.

No. 1.*

Quis ergo sum saltem, si non sum Sosia? Te interrogo.
PLAUT. AMPHYTRUO.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 13, 1710-11.

IT is impossible perhaps for the best and wisest among us to keep so constant a guard upon our temper but that we may at one time or other lie open to the strokes of fortune, and such incidents as we cannot foresee. With sentiments of this kind I came home to my lodgings last night, much fatigued with a long and sudden journey from the country, and full of the ungrateful occasion of it. It was natural for me to have immediate recourse to my pen and ink; but before I would offer to make use of them, I resolved deliberately to tell over a hundred, and when I came to the end of that sum, I found it more advisable to defer drawing up my intended remonstrance till I had slept soundly on my resentments. Without any other preface than this, I shall give the world a fair account of the treatment I have lately met with, and leave them to judge whether the uneasiness I have suffered be inconsistent with the character I have generally pretended to. About three weeks since I received an invitation from a kinsman in Staffordshire to spend my Christmas in those parts. Upon taking leave of Mr. Morphew, I put as many papers into his hands as would serve till my return, and charged him at parting to be very punctual with the town. In what manner he and Mr. Lillie have been tampered with since I cannot say; they have given me my revenge, if I desired any, by allowing their names to an idle paper, that in all human probability cannot live a fortnight to an end.

Myself and the family I was with were in the midst of gaiety and a plentiful entertainment when I received a letter from my sister Jenny, who, after mentioning some little affairs I had intrusted to her, goes on thus: —"The enclosed, I believe, will give you some surprise, as it has already astonished everybody here: who Mr. Steele is that subscribes it I do not know, any more than I can comprehend what could induce him to it. Morphew and Lillie, I am told, are both in the secret. I shall not presume to instruct you, but hope you will use some means to disappoint the ill nature of those who are taking pains to deprive the world of one of its most reasonable entertainments. I am, &c."

I am to thank my sister for her compliment; but be that as it will, I shall not easily be discouraged from my former undertaking. In pursuance of it, I was obliged upon this notice to take places in the coach for myself and my maid with the utmost expedition, lest I should in a short time be rallied out of my existence, as some people will needs fancy Mr. Partridge has been, and the real Isaac Bickerstaff have passed for a creature of Mr. Steele's imagination. This illusion might have hoped for some tolerable success if I had not more than once produced my person in a crowded theatre; and such a person as Mr. Steele, if I am not misinformed in the gentleman, would hardly think it an advantage to own, though I should throw him in all the little honour I have gained by my Lucubrations. I may be allowed, perhaps, to understand pleasantry as well as other men, and can (in the usual phrase) take a jest without being angry; but I appeal to the world whether the gentleman has not carried it too far, and whether he ought not to make a public recantation, if the credulity of some unthinking people should force me to insist upon it. The following letter is just come to hand, and I think it not improper to be inserted in this paper:—

* This and the four following Tatlers are not in the volumes published by sir Richard Steele, but are taken from the one published by Mr. Harrison.

"TO ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, Esq.

"Sir, I am extremely glad to hear you are come to town; for in your absence we were all mightily surprised with an unaccountable paper, signed Richard Steele, who is esteemed by those that know him to be a man of wit and honour; and therefore we took it either to be a counterfeit, or perfect Christmas frolic of that ingenious gentleman. But then your paper ceasing immediately after, we were at a loss what to think: if you were weary of the work you had so long carried on, and had given this Mr. Steele orders to signify so to the public, he should have said it in plain terms; but as that paper is worded, one would be apt to judge that he had a mind to persuade the town that there was some analogy between Isaac Bickerstaff and him. Possibly there may be a secret in this which I cannot enter into; but I flatter myself that you never had any thoughts of giving over your labours for the benefit of mankind, when you cannot but know how many subjects are yet unexhausted, and how many others, as being less obvious, are wholly untouched. I dare promise, not only for myself, but many other abler friends, that we shall still continue to furnish you with hints on all proper occasions, which is all your genius requires. I think, by the way, you cannot in honour have any more to do with Morphew and Lillie, who have gone beyond the ordinary pitch of assurance, and transgressed the very letter of the proverb, by endeaing to cheat you of your Christian and surname too. Wishing you, sir, long to live for our instruction and diversion, and to the defeating of all impostors, I remain, your most obedient humble servant, and affectionate kinsman, HUMPHRY WAGSTAFF."[a]

No. 2.

Alios vid reverentia, vultusque ad continendum populum miro formatus: alios etiam, quibus ipse interesse non potuit, vis scribendi tamen, &c., magni non nis autoritas pervicere.—TULL. EPIST.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 16, 1710-11.

I REMEMBER Menage tells a story of Monsieur Racan, who had appointed a day and hour to meet a certain lady of great wit whom he had never seen, in order to make an acquaintance between them. "Two of Racan's friends, who had heard of the appointment, resolved to play him a trick. The first went to the lady two hours before the time, said his name was Racan, and talked with her an hour; they were both mightily pleased, began a great friendship, and parted with much satisfaction. A few minutes after comes the second, and sends up the same name; the lady wonders at the meaning, and tells him Mr. Racan had just left her. The gentleman says it was some rascally impostor, and that he had been frequently used in that manner. The lady is convinced, and they laugh at the oddness of the adventure. She now calls to mind several passages which confirm her that the former was a cheat. He appoints a second meeting, and takes his leave. He was no sooner gone but the true Racan comes to the door, and desires, under that name, to see the lady. She was out of all patience, sends for him up, rates him for an impostor, and, after a thousand injuries, flings a slipper at his head. It was impossible to pacify or disabuse her; he was forced to retire; and it was not without some time, and the intervention of friends, that they could come to an éclaircissement." This, as I take it, is exactly the case with Mr. Steele, the pretended TATLER from Morphew and myself, only (I presume) the world will be sooner undeceived than the lady in Menage. The very day my last paper came out, my printer brought me another of the same date, called the Tatler, by Isaac Bickerstaff, esq., and which was still more pleasant, with an advertisement at the end calling me the Female TATLER: it is not enough to rob me of my name, but now they must impose a sex on me, when my years have long since determined me to be of none at all. There is only one thing wanting in the operation, that they would renew my age, and then I will heartily forgive them all the rest. In the mean time, whatever uneasiness I have suffered from the little malice of these men, and my retirement in the country, the pleasures I have received from the same occasion will fairly balance the account. On the one hand I have been highly delighted to see my name and character assumed by the scribblers of the age, in order to recommend themselves to it; and on the other, to observe the good taste of the town in distinguishing and exploding them through every disguise, and sacrificing their trifles to the supposed manes of Isaac Bickerstaff, esq. But the greatest merit of my journey into Staffordshire is, that it has opened to me a new fund of unimproved follies and errors that have hitherto lain out of my view, and by their situation escaped my censure: for as I have lived generally in town, the images I had of the country were such only as my senses received very early, and my memory has since preserved with all the advantages they first appeared in.

Hence it was that I thought our parish church the noblest structure in England, and the esquire's place house, as we called it, a most magnificent palace. I had the same opinion of the alms-house in the churchyard, and of a bridge over the brook that parts our parish from the next. It was the common vogue of our school, that the master was the best scholar in Europe, and the usher the second. Not happening to correct these notions by comparing them with what I saw when I came into the world, upon returning back, I began to resume my former imaginations, and expected all things should appear in the same view as I left them when I was a boy; but, to my utter disappointment, I found them wonderfully shrunk, and lessened almost out of my knowledge. I looked with contempt on the tribes painted on the church walls, which I once so much admired, and on the carved chimney-piece in the esquire's hall. I found my old master to be a poor ignorant pedant; and, in short, the whole scene to be extremely changed for the worse. This I could not help mentioning, because though it be of no consequence in itself, yet it is certain that most prejudices are contracted and retained by this narrow way of thinking, which, in matters of the greatest moment, are hardly shook off; and which we only think true, because we were made to believe so before we were capable to distinguish between truth and falsehood. But there was one prepossession, which I confess to have parted with, much to my regret: I mean the opinion of that native honesty and simplicity of manners which I had always imagined to be inherent in country people. I soon observed it was with them and us, as they say of animals; that every species at land has one to resemble it at sea; for it was easy to discover the seeds and principles of every vice and folly that one meets with in the more known world, though shooting up in different forms. I took a fancy, out of the several inhabitants round, to furnish the camp, the bar, and the Exchange, and some certain chocolate and coffeehouses, with exact parallels to what, in many instances, they already produce. There was a drunken quarrelsome smith, whom I have a hundred times fancied at the head of a troop of dragoons. A weaver, within two doors of my kinsman, was perpetually

[a] "To-day little Harrison's new Tatler came out; there is not much in it, but I hope he will mend. You must understand that upon Steele's leaving off, there were two or three scrub Tatlers came out, and one of them holds on still, and to-day is advertised against Harrison's; and so there must be disputes which are genuine, like the straps for razors."—*Journal to Stella*, Jan. 13, 1710-11.

setting neighbours together by the ears. I lamented t. see how his talents were misplaced, and imagined wha a figure he might make in Westminster-hall. Good man Crop, of Compton farm, wants nothing but plum and a gold chain to qualify him for the government of the city. My kinsman's stable-boy was a gibing companion, that would always have his jes He would often put cow-itch in the maid's bed, pul stools from under folks, and lay a coal upon thei shoes when they were asleep. He was at last turnec off for some notable piece of roguery; and, wher came away, was loitering among the alehouses. Bless me, thought I, what a prodigious wit would this have been with us! I could have matched all the sharper between St. James's and Covent Garden with a notabl fellow in the same neighbourhood (since hanged fo picking pockets at fairs), could he have had the ad vantages of their education. So nearly are the corrup tions of the country allied to those of the town, witl no further difference than what is made by anothe turn of thought and method of living!

No. 5.

—Laceratque, trahitque
Molle pecus. VIRG.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 27, 1710-11.

AMONG other services I have met with from some critics, the cruelest for an old man is, that they will not let me be at quiet in my bed, but pursue me to my very dreams. I must not dream but when they please, nor upon long-continued subjects, however visionary in their own natures, because there is a manifest moral quite through them, which to produce as a dream is improbable and unnatural. The pain I might have had from this objection is prevented by considering they have missed another, against which I should have been at a loss to defend myself. They might have asked me whether the dreams I publish can properly be called lucubrations, which is the name I have given to all my papers, whether in volumes or half sheets: so manifest a contradiction *in terminis*, that I wonder no sophister ever thought of it. But the other is a cavil. I remember, when I was a boy at school, I have often dreamed out the whole passages of a day; that I rode a journey, baited, supped, went to bed, and rose next morning: and I have known young ladies who could dream a whole texture of adventures in one night large enough to make a novel. In youth the imagination is strong, not mixed with cares, nor tinged with those passions that most disturb and confound it; such as avarice, ambition, and many others. Now, as old men are said to grow children again, so, in this article of dreaming, I am returned to my childhood. My imagination is at full ease, without care, avarice, or ambition, to clog it; by which, among many others, I have this advantage, of doubling the small remainder of my time, and living four-and-twenty hours in the day. However, the dream I am now going to relate is as wild as can well be imagined, and adapted to please these refiners upon sleep, without any moral that I can discover:—

"It happened that my maid left on the table in my bedchamber one of her story books (as she calls them), which I took up, and found full of strange impertinence, fitted to her taste and condition; of poor servants who came to be ladies, and serving men, of low degree, who married king's daughters. Among other things, I met this sage observation, 'That a lion would never hurt a true virgin.' With this medley of nonsense in my fancy I went to bed, and dreamed that a friend waked me in the morning, and proposed, for pastime, to spend a few hours in seeing the parish lions, which he had not done since he came to town; and because they showed but once a-week, he would not miss the opportunity. I said I would humour him: although, to speak the truth, I was not fond of those cruel spectacles; and, if it were not so ancient a custom, founded (as I had heard) upon the wisest maxims, I should be apt to censure the inhumanity of those who introduced it."

All this will be a riddle to the waking reader, until I discover the scene my imagination had formed upon this maxim, "That a lion would never hurt a true virgin." "I dreamed, that by a law of immemorial time, a he lion was kept in every parish at the common charge, and in a place provided, adjoining to the churchyard; that before any one of the fair sex was married, if she affirmed herself to be a virgin, she must on her wedding-day, and in her wedding-clothes, perform the ceremony of going alone into the den, and stay an hour with the lion, let loose, and kept fasting four-and-twenty hours on purpose. At a proper height above the den were convenient galleries for the relations and friends of the young couple, and open to all spectators. No maiden was forced to offer herself to the lion; but, if she refused, it was a disgrace to marry her, and every one might have liberty of calling her a whore. And methought it was as usual a diversion to see the parish lions as with us to go to a play or an opera. And it was reckoned convenient to be near the church, either for marrying the virgin, if she escaped the trial, or for burying her bones, when the lion had devoured the rest, as he constantly did."

To go on therefore with the dream: "We called first (as I remember) to see St. Dunstan's lion: but we were told they did not show to-day. From thence we went to that of Covent Garden, which, to my great surprise, we found as lean as a skeleton, when I expected quite the contrary; but the keeper said it was no wonder at all, because the poor beast had not got an ounce of woman's flesh since he came into the parish. This amazed me more than the other, and I was forming to myself a mighty veneration for the ladies in that quarter of the town, when the keeper went on, and said he wondered that the parish would be at the charge of maintaining a lion for nothing. Friend (said I), do you call it nothing to justify the virtue of so many ladies; or has your lion lost his distinguishing faculty? Can there be anything more for the honour of your parish, than that all the ladies married in your church were pure virgins?—That is true (said he), and the doctor knows it to his sorrow; for there has not been a couple married in our church since his worship came among us. The virgins hereabouts are too wise to venture the claws of the lion; and, because nobody will marry them, have all entered into a vow of virginity; so that in proportion we have much the largest nunnery in the whole town. This manner of ladies entering into a vow of virginity, because they were not virgins, I easily conceived; and my dream told me, that the whole kingdom was full of nunneries, plentifully stocked from the same reason.

"We went to see another lion, where we found much company met in the gallery. The keeper told us we should see sport enough, as he called it; and in a little time we saw a young beautiful lady put into the den, who walked up toward the lion with all imaginable security in her countenance, and looked smiling upon her lover and friends in the gallery; which I thought nothing extraordinary, because it was never known that any lion had been mistaken. But, however, we were all disappointed, for the lion lifted up his right paw, which was the fatal sign, and advancing forward, seized her by the arm, and began to tear it. The poor lady gave a terrible shriek, and cried out, 'The lion is just, I am no virgin! Oh! Sappho! Sappho!' She could say no more, for the lion gave her the *coup de*

grace by a squeeze in the throat, and she expired at his feet. The keeper dragged away her body, to feed the animal after the company should be gone: for the parish lion never used to eat in public. After a little pause, another lady came on toward the lion in the same manner as the former. We observed the beast smell her with diligence. He scratched both her hands with lifting them to his nose, and laying one of his claws on her bosom drew blood; however, he let her go, and at the same time turned from her with a sort of contempt, at which she was not a little mortified, and retired with some confusion to her friends in the gallery. Methought the whole company immediately understood the meaning of this; that the easiness of the lady had suffered her to admit certain impudent and dangerous familiarities, bordering too much upon what is criminal; neither was it sure whether the lover then present had not some sharers with him in those freedoms, of which a lady can never be too sparing.

"This happened to be an extraordinary day; for a third lady came into the den laughing loud, playing with her fan, tossing her head, and smiling round on the young fellows in the gallery. However, the lion leaped on her with great fury, and we gave her for gone; but on a sudden he let go his hold, and turned from her as if he was nauseated; then gave her a lash with his tail; after which she returned to the gallery; not the least out of countenance: and this, it seems, was the usual treatment of coquettes.

"I thought we had seen enough; but my friend would needs have us go and visit one or two lions in the city. We called at two or three dens where they happened not to show; but we generally found half a score young girls, between eight and eleven years old, playing with each lion, sitting on his back, and putting their hands into his mouth; some of them would now and then get a scratch, but we always discovered, upon examining, that they had been hoidening with the young apprentices. One of them was calling to a pretty girl, about twelve years old, who stood by us in the gallery, to come down to the lion, and, upon her refusal, said, 'Ah! miss Betty, we could never get you to come near the lion since you played at hoop and hide with my brother in the garret.'

"We followed a couple, with the wedding-folks, going to the church of St. Mary-Axe. The lady, though well stricken in years, extremely crooked and deformed, was dressed out beyond the gaiety of fifteen; having jumbled together, as I imagined, all the tawdry remains of aunts, godmothers, and grandmothers, for some generations past. One of the neighbours whispered me, that she was an old maid, and had the clearest reputation of any in the parish. There is nothing strange in that, thought I; but was much surprised when I observed afterward, that she went toward the lion with distrust and concern. The beast was lying down; but, upon sight of her, snuffed up his nose two or three times, and then, giving the sign of death, proceeded instantly to execution. In the midst of her agonies, she was heard to name the words Italy and artifices with the utmost horror, and several repeated execrations, and at last concluded, 'Fool that I was, to put so much confidence in the toughness of my skin!'

"The keeper immediately set all in order again for another customer, which happened to be a famous prude, whom her parents, after long threatenings and much persuasion, had, with the extremest difficulty, prevailed on to accept a young handsome goldsmith, who might have pretended to five times her fortune. The fathers and mothers in the neighbourhood used to quote her for an example to their daughters; her elbows were riveted to her sides, and her whole person so ordered, as to inform everybody that she was afraid they should touch her. She only dreaded to approach the lion, because it was a he one, and abhorred to think a male animal should presume to breathe on her. The sight of a man at twenty yards' distance made her draw back her head. She always sat upon the further corner of the chair, although there were six chairs between her and her lover, and with the door wide open, and her little sister in the room. She was never saluted but at the tip of the ear; and her father had much ado to make her dine without her gloves, when there was a man at table. She entered the den with some fear, which we took to proceed from the height of her modesty, offended at the sight of so many men in the gallery. The lion, beholding her at a distance, immediately gave the deadly sign, at which the poor creature (methinks I see her still!) miscarried in a fright before us all. The lion seemed to be as much surprised as we, and gave her time to make her confession; 'That she was five months gone by the foreman of her father's shop; and that this was her third big belly:' and when her friends asked, why she would venture the trial? she said, her nurse told her, that a lion would never hurt a woman with child." Upon this I immediately awaked, and could not help wishing that the deputy censors of my late institution were endued with the same instinct as these parish lions.

No. 20.

Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes
Emollit mores. OVID.

TUESDAY, MARCH 6, 1710-11.

From my own Apartment in Channel-row, March 5.

THOSE inferior duties of life, which the French call *les petites morales*, or the smaller morals, are, with us, distinguished by the name of good manners, or breeding. This I look upon, in the general notion of it, to be a sort of artificial good sense, adapted to the meanest capacities, and introduced to make mankind easy in their commerce with each other. Low and little understandings, without some rules of this kind, would be perpetually wandering into a thousand indecencies and irregularities in behaviour; and in their ordinary conversation, fall into the same boisterous familiarities that one observes among them when a debauch has quite taken away the use of their reason. In other instances it is odd to consider, that, for want of common discretion, the very end of good breeding is wholly perverted; and civility, intended to make us easy, is employed in laying chains and fetters upon us, in debarring us of our wishes, and in crossing our most reasonable desires and inclinations. This abuse reigns chiefly in the country, as I found, to my vexation, when I was last there, in a visit I made to a neighbour about two miles from my cousin. As soon as I entered the parlour, they put me into the great chair that stood close by a huge fire, and kept me there by force, until I was almost stifled. Then a boy came in a great hurry to pull off my boots, which I in vain opposed, urging that I must return soon after dinner. In the mean time, the good lady whispered her eldest daughter, and slipped a key into her hand; the girl returned instantly with a beer glass half full of *aqua mirabilis* and syrup of gillyflowers. I took as much as I had a mind for, but madam avowed that I should drink it off; for she was sure it would do me good after coming out of the cold air; and I was forced to obey, which absolutely took away my stomach. When dinner came in, I had a mind to sit at a distance from the fire; but they told me it was as much as my life was worth, and set me with my back against it. Although my appetite was quite gone, I was resolved to force down as much as I could, and desired the leg of a pullet. "Indeed Mr. Bickerstaff (says the lady), you must eat a wing

to oblige me;" and so put a couple upon my plate. I was persecuted at this rate during the whole meal; as often as I called for small-beer, the master tipped the wink, and the servant brought me a brimmer of October. Some time after dinner, I ordered my cousin's man, who came with me, to get ready the horses; but it was resolved I should not stir that night; and when I seemed pretty much bent upon going, they ordered the stable door to be locked, and the children hid my cloak and boots. The next question was, What would I have for supper? I said, I never eat anything at night: but was at last, in my own defence, obliged to name the first thing that came into my head. After three hours spent chiefly in apologies for my entertainment, insinuating to me, "That this was the worst time of the year for provisions; that they were at a great distance from any market; that they were afraid I should be starved; and that they knew they kept me to my loss;" the lady went, and left me to her husband; for they took special care I should never be alone. As soon as her back was turned, the little misses ran backward and forward every moment, and constantly as they came in, or went out, made a curtsey directly at me, which, in good manners, I was forced to return with a bow, and "Your humble servant, pretty miss." Exactly at eight the mother came up, and discover[illegible]dness of her face, that supper was not far off. It was twice as large as the dinner, and my persecution doubled in proportion. I desired, at my usual hour, to go to my repose, and was conducted to my chamber by the gentleman, his lady, and the whole train of children. They importuned me to drink something before I went to bed; and, upon my refusing, left at last a bottle of stingo, as they called it, for fear I should wake, and be thirsty in the night. I was forced in the morning to rise and dress myself in the dark, because they would not suffer my kinsman's servant to disturb me at the hour I desired to be called. I was now resolved to break through all measures to get away; and, after sitting down to a monstrous breakfast of cold beef, mutton, neat's tongues, venison-pasty, and stale beer, took leave of the family. But the gentleman would needs see me part of the way, and carry me a short cut through his own ground, which he told me would save half a mile's riding. This last piece of civility had like to have cost me dear, being once or twice in danger of my neck, by leaping over his ditches, and at last forced to alight in the dirt, when my horse, having slipped his bridle, ran away, and took us up more than an hour to recover him again.

It is evident that none of the absurdities I met with in this visit proceeded from an ill intention, but from a wrong judgment of complaisance, and a misapplication in the rules of it. I cannot so easily excuse the more refined critics upon behaviour, who, having professed no other study, are yet infinitely defective in the most material parts of it. Ned Fashion has been bred all his life about court, and understands to a tittle all the punctilios of a drawing-room. He visits most of the fine women near St. James's, and, upon every occasion, says the civilest and softest things to them of any breathing. To M. Le Sack[a] he owes an easy slide in his bow, and a graceful manner of coming into a room: but, in some other cases, he is very far from being a well-bred person. He laughs at men of far superior understanding to his own, for not being as well dressed as himself; despises all his acquaintance who are not of quality, and in public places has, on that account, often avoided taking notice of some among the best speakers of the house of commons. He rails strenuously at both universities before the members of either; and is never heard to swear an oath, and break in upon religion and morality, except in the company of divines. On the other hand, a man of right sense has all the essentials of good breeding, although he may be wanting in the forms of it. Horatio has spent most of his time at Oxford: he has a great deal of learning, an agreeable wit, and as much modesty as may serve to adorn, without concealing, his other good qualities. In that retired way of living, he seems to have formed a notion of human nature, as he has found it described in the writings of the greatest men, not as he is likely to meet with it in the common course of life. Hence it is that he gives no offence, but converses with great deference, candour, and humanity. His bow, I must confess, is somewhat awkward; but then he has an extensive, universal, and unaffected knowledge, which may, perhaps, a little excuse him. He would make no extraordinary figure at a ball; but I can assure the ladies, in his behalf, and for their own consolation, that he has writ better verses on the sex than any man now living, and is preparing such a poem for the press as will transmit their praises and his own to many generations.

[a] A famous dancing-master.

O Lycida, vivi pervenimus, advena nostri
(Quod nunquam veriti sumus) ut possessor agelli
Diceret, Hæc mea sunt, veteres migrate coloni.—Virg.

No. 24.[a]

THURSDAY, MARCH 15, 1710-11.

From my own Apartment in Channel-row, March 14.

The dignity and distinction of men of wit is seldom enough considered, either by themselves or others; their own behaviour, and the usage they meet with being generally very much of a piece. I have at this time in my hands an alphabetical list of the *beaux esprits* about this town, four or five of whom have made the proper use of their genius, by gaining the esteem of the best and greatest men, and by turning it to their own advantage in some establishment of their fortunes, however unequal to their merit; others, satisfying themselves with the honour of having access to great tables, and of being subject to the call of every man of quality, who, upon occasion, wants one to say witty things for the diversion of the company. This treatment never moves my indignation so much as when it is practised by a person who, though he owes his own rise purely to the reputation of his parts, yet appears to be as much ashamed of it as a rich city knight to be denominated from the trade he was first apprenticed to; and affects the air of a man born to his titles, and consequently above the character of a wit or a scholar. If those who possess great endowments of the mind would set a just value upon themselves, they would think no man's acquaintance whatsoever a condescension, nor accept it from the greatest upon unworthy or ignominious terms. I know a certain lord that has often invited a set of people, and proposed for their diversion a buffoon player, and an eminent poet, to be of the party; and which was yet worse, thought them both sufficiently recompensed by the dinner and the honour of his company. This kind of insolence is risen to such a height, that I myself was the other day sent to by a man with a title, whom I had never seen, desiring the favour that I should dine with him, and half a dozen of his select friends. I found afterward, the footman had told my maid below stairs, that my lord, having a mind to be merry, had resolved, right or wrong, to send for honest Isaac. I was sufficiently provoked with the message; however I gave the fellow no other answer than that "I believed he had mistaken the person: for I did not

[a] "Little Harrison came to me, and begged me to dictate a paper to him, which I was forced in charity to do."—*Journal to Stella*, March 14, 1710-11.

remember that his lord had ever been introduced to me." I have reason to apprehend that this abuse has been owing rather to a meanness of spirit in men of parts than to the natural pride or ignorance of their patrons. Young students, coming up to town from the places of their education, are dazzled with the grandeur they everywhere meet; and, making too much haste to distinguish their parts, instead of waiting to be desired and caressed, are ready to pay their court at any rate to a great man, whose name they have seen in a public paper, or the frontispiece of a dedication. It has not always been thus; wit in polite ages has ever begot either esteem or fear: the hopes of being celebrated, or the dread of being stigmatized, procured a universal respect and awe for the persons of such as were allowed to have the power of distributing fame or infamy where they pleased. Aretine had all the princes of Europe his tributaries;[a] and when any of them had committed a folly that laid them open to his censure, they were forced by some present extraordinary to compound for his silence; of which there is a famous instance on record. When Charles V. had miscarried in his African expedition, which was looked upon as the weakest undertaking of that great emperor, he sent Aretine a gold chain, who made some difficulty of accepting it, saying, "It was too small a present, in all reason, for so great a folly." For my own part, in this point I differ from him; and never could be prevailed upon, by any valuable consideration, to conceal a fault or a folly, since I first took the censorship upon me.

No. 28.[b]

> Morte carent animæ; semperque, priore relicta
> Sede, novis domibus vivunt habitantque receptæ.
> Ipse ego (nam memini) Trojani tempore belli
> Panthoides Euphorbus eram——Ovid. Met.

SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 1710-11.

From my own Apartment, March 22.

My other correspondents will excuse me if I give the precedency to a lady, whose letter, among many more, is just come to hand.

"Dear Isaac,—I burn with impatience to know what and who you are. The curiosity of my whole sex is fallen upon me, and has kept me waking these three nights. I have dreamed often of you within this fortnight, and every time you appeared in a different form. As you value my repose, tell me in which of them I am to be Sylvia, your admirer."

It is natural for a man who receives a favour of this kind from an unknown fair, to frame immediately some idea of her person, which being suited to the opinion we have of our own merit, is commonly as beautiful and perfect as the most lavish imagination can furnish out. Strongly possessed with these notions, I have read over Sylvia's billet; and notwithstanding the reserve I have had upon this matter, am resolved to go a much greater length than I yet ever did, in making myself known to the world, and in particular to my charming correspondent. In order to it I must premise, that the person produced as mine in the playhouse last winter did in nowise appertain to me. It was such a one, however, as agreed well with the impression my writings had made, and served the purpose I intended it for; which was to continue the awe and reverence due to the character I was vested with, and at the same time to let my enemies see how much I was the delight and favourite of this town. This innocent imposture, which I have all along taken care to carry on, as it then was of some use, has since been of regular service to me, and, by being mentioned in one of my papers, effectually recovered my egoity out of the hands of some gentlemen who endeavoured to wrest it from me. This is saying, in short, what I am not: what I am, and have been for many years, is next to be explained. Here it will not be improper to remind Sylvia, that there was formerly such a philosopher as Pythagoras, who, among other doctrines, taught the transmigration of souls; which if she sincerely believes, she will not be much startled at the following relation.

I will not trouble her nor my other readers with the particulars of all the lives I have successively passed through since my first entrance into mortal being, which is now many centuries ago. It is enough that I have in every one of them opposed myself with the utmost resolution to the follies and vices of the several ages I have been acquainted with; that I have often rallied the world into good manners, and kept the greatest princes in awe of my satire. There is one circumstance which I shall not omit, though it may seem to reflect on my character; I mean that infinite love of change which has ever appeared in the disposal of my existence. Since the days of the Emperor Trajan, I have not been confined to the same person for twenty years together; but have passed from one abode to another much quicker than the Pythagorean system generally allows. By this means I have seldom had a body to myself, but have lodged up and down wherever I found a genius suitable to my own. In this manner I continued some time with the top wit of France; at another with that of Italy, who had a statue erected to his memory in Rome. Toward the end of the seventeenth century I set out for England; but the gentleman I came over in dying as soon as he got on shore, I was obliged to look out again for a new habitation. It was not long before I met with one to my mind; for, having mixed myself invisibly with the literati of this kingdom, I found it was unanimously agreed among them, That nobody was endued with greater talents than Hiereus [Swift], or consequently would be better pleased with my company. I slipped down his throat one night as he was fast asleep; and the next morning, as soon as he awaked, he fell to writing a treatise that was received with great applause, though he had the modesty not to set his name to that nor to any other of our productions. Some time after, he published a paper of predictions, which were translated into several languages, and alarmed some of the greatest princes in Europe. To these he prefixed the name of Isaac Bickerstaff, esq., which I have been extremely fond of ever since, and have taken care that most of the writings I have been concerned in should be distinguished by it; though I must observe, that there have been many counterfeits imposed upon the public by this means. This extraordinary man being called out of the kingdom by affairs of his own, I resolved, however, to continue somewhat longer in a country where my works had been so well received, and accordingly bestowed myself with Hilario, [Mr Steele.] His natural wit, his lively turn of humour, and great penetration into human nature, easily determined me to this choice, the effects of which were soon after produced in this paper, called the Tatler. I know not how it happened, but in less than two years' time Hilario grew weary of my company, and gave me warning to be gone. In the height of my resentment, I cast my eyes on a young fellow, [Mr. Harrison,] of no extraordinary qualifications, whom for that very reason I had the more pride in taking under my direction, and enabling him by some means or other to carry on the work I was before engaged in. Lest he should grow too vain upon this encouragement, I to this day keep

[a] There is a letter of his extant, in which he makes his boast that he had laid the Sophi of Persia under contribution

[b] This paper would seem to be the production of Harrison, with some hints from Swift. There is no doubt that he also furnished hints for many others, both to Steele and Harrison.

him under due mortification. I seldom reside with him when any of his friends are at leisure to receive me, by whose hands, however, he is duly supplied. As I have passed through many scenes of life, and a long series of years, I choose to be considered in the character of an old fellow, and take care that those under my influence should speak consonantly to it. This account I presume, will give no small consolation to Sylvia, who may rest assured that Isaac Bickerstaff is to be seen in more forms than she dreamt of; out of which variety she may choose what is most agreeable to her fancy. On Tuesdays, he is sometimes a black, proper young gentleman, with a mole on his left cheek, [Swift]. On Thursdays, a decent well-looking man, of a middle stature, long flaxen hair, and a florid complexion, [Mr. Henley]. On Saturdays, he is somewhat of the shortest, and may be known from others of that size by talking in a low voice, and passing through the street without much precipitation, [Harrison].

THE SPECTATOR,

No. 50.

FRIDAY, APRIL 27, 1711.

Nunquam aliud natura, aliud sapientia dixit.
Juv. Sat. xiv. 321.

Good sense and nature always speak the same.

When the four Indian kings were in this country about a twelvemonth ago, I often mixed with the rabble, and followed them a whole day together, being wonderfully struck with the sight of everything that is new or uncommon. I have, since their departure, employed a friend to make many inquiries of their landlord the upholsterer, relating to their manners and conversation, as also concerning the remarks which they made in this country; for, next to forming a right notion of such strangers, I should be desirous of learning what ideas they have conceived of us.

The upholsterer, finding my friend very inquisitive about these his lodgers, brought him some time since a little bundle of papers, which he assured him were written by king Sa Ga Yean Qua Rash Tow, and, as he supposes, left behind him by some mistake. These papers are now translated, and contain abundance of very odd observations, which I find this little fraternity of kings made during their stay in the isle of Great Britain. I shall present my reader with a short specimen of them in this paper, and may perhaps communicate more to him hereafter. In the article of London are the following words, which, without doubt, are meant of the church of St. Paul:—

"On the most rising part of the town there stands a huge house, big enough to contain the whole nation of which I am king. Our good brother E Tow O Koam, king of the Rivers, is of opinion it was made by the hands of that great God to whom it is consecrated. The kings of Granajah and of the Six Nations believe that it was created with the earth, and produced on the same day with the sun and moon. But for my own part, by the best information that I could get of this matter, I am apt to think that this prodigious pile was fashioned into the shape it now bears by several tools and instruments, of which they have a wonderful variety in this country. It was probably at first a huge misshapen rock that grew upon the top of the hill, which the natives of the country (after having cut it into a kind of regular figure), bored and hollowed with incredible pains and industry, till they had wrought it into all those beautiful vaults and caverns into which it is divided at this day. As soon as this rock was thus curiously scooped to their liking, a prodigious number of hands must have been employed in chipping the outside of it, which is now as smooth as the surface of a pebble; and is in several places hewn out into pillars, that stand like the trunks of so many trees bound about the top with garlands of leaves. It is probable that when this great work was begun, which must have been many hundred years ago, there was some religion among this people; for they give it the name of a temple, and have a tradition that it was designed for men to pay their devotion in. And indeed there are several reasons which make us think that the natives of this country had formerly among them some sort of worship; for they set apart every seventh day as sacred; but, upon my going into one of these holy houses on that day, I could not observe any circumstances of devotion in their behaviour. There was indeed a man in black, who was mounted above the rest, and seemed to utter something with a great deal of vehemence; but as for those underneath him, instead of paying their worship to the deity of the place, they were most of them bowing and curtseying to one another, and a considerable number of them fast asleep.

"The queen of the country appointed two men to attend us, that had enough of our language to make themselves understood in some few particulars. But we soon perceived these two were great enemies to one another, and did not always agree in the same story. We could make shift to gather out of one of them, that this island was very much infested with a monstrous kind of animals, in the shape of men, called Whigs; and he often told us that he hoped we should meet with none of them in our way, for that, if we did, they would be apt to knock us down for being kings.

"Our other interpreter used to talk very much of a kind of animal called a Tory, that was as great a monster as the Whig, and would treat us ill for being foreigners. These two creatures, it seems, are born with a secret antipathy to one another, and engage when they meet as naturally as the elephant and the rhinoceros. But as we saw none of either of these species, we are apt to think that our guides deceived us with misrepresentations and fictions, and amused us with an account of such monsters as are not really in their country. These particulars we made a shift to pick out from the discourse of our interpreters; which we put together as well as we could, being able to understand but here and there a word of what they said, and afterwards making up the meaning of it among ourselves. The men of the country are very cunning and ingenious in handicraft works, but withal so very idle, that we often saw young lusty raw-boned fellows carried up and down the streets in little covered rooms by a couple of porters, who are hired for that service. Their dress is likewise very barbarous; for they almost strangle themselves about the neck, and bind their bodies with many ligatures, that we are apt to think are the occasion of several distempers among them, which our country is entirely free from. Instead of those beautiful feathers with which we adorn our heads, they often buy up a monstrous bush of hair, which covers their heads, and falls down in a large fleece below the middle of their backs; with which they walk up and down the streets, and are as proud of it as if it was of their own growth.

"We were invited to one of their public diversions, where we hoped to have seen the great men of their country running down a stag, or pitching a bar, that we might have discovered who were the persons of the greatest abilities among them; but, instead of that, they conveyed us into a huge room lighted up with abundance of candles, where this lazy people sat still above three hours, to see several feats of ingenuity performed by others, who it seems were paid for it.

"As for the women of the country, not being able to talk with them, we could only make our remarks

upon them at a distance. They let the hair of their heads grow to a great length; but as the men make a great show with heads of hair that are none of their own, the women, who they say have very fine heads of hair, tie it up in a knot and cover it from being seen. The women look like angels; and would be more beautiful than the sun were it not for little black spots that are apt to break out in their faces, and sometimes rise in very odd figures. I have observed that those little blemishes wear off very soon; but when they disappear in one part of the face they are very apt to break out in another, insomuch that I have seen a spot upon the forehead in the afternoon, which was upon the chin in the morning."

The author then proceeds to show the absurdity of breeches and petticoats; with many other curious observations, which I shall reserve for another occasion. I cannot however conclude this paper without taking notice that, amidst these wild remarks, there now and then appears something very reasonable. I cannot likewise forbear observing, that we are all guilty, in some measure, of the same narrow way of thinking which we meet with in this abstract of the Indian journal, when we fancy the customs, dresses, and manners of other countries are ridiculous and extravagant, if they do not resemble those of our own.

In the Spectator, No. 575, August 2, 1714, the following article was proposed by Dr. Swift:—

"The following question is started by one of the schoolmen: Supposing the body of the earth were a great ball or mass of the finest sand, and that a single grain or particle of this sand should be annihilated every thousand years. Supposing then that you had it in your choice to be happy all the while this prodigious mass of sand was consuming by this slow method, until there was not a grain of it left, on condition you were to be miserable for ever after; or supposing that you might be happy for ever after, on condition you would be miserable until the whole mass of sand were thus annihilated at the rate of one sand in a thousand years; which of these two cases would you make your choice?"

THE GUARDIAN,

No. 96.

AN ESSAY ON NATIONAL REWARDS;

BEING A PROPOSAL FOR BESTOWING THEM ON A PLAN MORE DURABLE AND RESPECTABLE.

Cuncti adsint, meritæque expectent præmia palmæ.—Virg.

There is no maxim in politics more indisputable than that a nation should have many honours to reserve for those who do national services. This raises emulation, cherishes public merit, and inspires every one with an ambition which promotes the good of his country. The less expensive these honours are to the public, the more still do they turn to its advantage.

The Romans abounded with these little honorary rewards, that, without conferring wealth and riches, gave only place and distinction to the person who received them. An oaken garland, to be worn on festivals and public ceremonies, was the glorious recompense of one who had covered a citizen in battle. A soldier would not only venture his life for a mural crown, but think the most hazardous enterprise sufficiently repaid by so noble a donation.

But among all honorary rewards which are neither dangerous nor detrimental to the donor, I remember none so remarkable as the titles which are bestowed by the emperor of China. "These are never given to any subject," says Monsieur Le Comte, "till the subject is dead. If he has pleased his emperor to the last, he is called in all public memorials by the title which the emperor confers on him after his death, and his children take their ranks accordingly." This keeps the ambitious subject in a perpetual dependence, making him always vigilant and active, and in everything conformable to the will of his sovereign.

There are no honorary rewards among us which are more esteemed by the persons who receive them, and are cheaper to the prince, than the giving of medals. But there is something in the modern manner of celebrating a great action in medals, which makes such a reward much less valuable than it was among the Romans. There is generally but one coin stamped upon the occasion, which is made a present to the person who is celebrated on it. By this means the whole fame is in his own custody. The applause that is bestowed upon him is too much limited and confined. He is in possession of an honour which the world perhaps knows nothing of. He may be a great man in his own family; his wife and children may see the monument of an exploit which the public in a little time is a stranger to. The Romans took a quite different method in this particular. Their medals were their current money. When an action deserved to be recorded on a coin, it was stamped perhaps upon 100,000 pieces of money, like our shillings or halfpence, which were issued out of the mint, and became current. This method published every noble action to advantage, and in a short space of time spread through the whole Roman empire. The Romans were so careful to preserve the memory of great events upon their coins, that when any particular piece of money grew very scarce, it was often re-coined by a succeeding emperor many years after the death of the emperor to whose honour it was first struck.

A friend of mine drew up a project of this kind during the late ministry, which would then have been put in execution, had it not been too busy a time for thoughts of that nature. As this project has been very much talked of by the gentleman above mentioned to men of the greatest genius as well as quality, I am informed there is now a design on foot for executing the proposal which was then made, and that we shall have several farthings and halfpence charged on the reverse with many of the glorious particulars of her majesty's reign. This is one of those arts of peace which may very well deserve to be cultivated, and which may be of great use to posterity.

As I have in my possession the copy of the paper above mentioned which was delivered to the late lord treasurer [earl of Godolphin], I shall here give the public a sight of it; for I do not question but that the curious part of my readers will be very well pleased to see so much matter, and so many useful hints upon this subject, laid together in so clear and concise a manner:—

"The English have not been so careful as other polite nations to preserve the memory of their great actions and events on medals. Their subjects are few, their mottoes and devices mean, and the coins themselves not numerous enough to spread among the people, or descend to posterity.

"The French have outdone us in these particulars, and, by the establishment of a society for the invention of proper inscriptions and designs, have the whole history of their present king in a regular series of medals.

"They have failed, as well as the English, in coining so small a number of each kind, and those of such costly metals, that each species may be lost in a few ages, and is at present nowhere to be met with but in the cabinets of the curious.

"The ancient Romans took the only effectual method to disperse and preserve their medals, by making them their current money.

"Everthing glorious or useful, as well in peace as war, gave occasion to a different coin. Not only an expedition, victory, or triumph, but the exercise of a solemn devotion, the remission of a duty or tax, a new temple, sea port, or highway, were transmitted to posterity after this manner.

"The greatest variety of devices are on their copper money, which have most of the designs that are to be met with on the gold and silver, and several peculiar to that metal only. By this means they were dispersed into the remotest corners of the empire, came into the possession of the poor as well as the rich, and were in no danger of perishing in the hands of those that might have melted down coins of a more valuable metal.

"Add to all this, that the designs were invented by men of genius, and executed by a decree of the senate.

"It is therefore proposed:—

"1. That the English farthings and halfpence be recoined upon the union of the two nations.

"2. That they bear devices and inscriptions alluding to all the most remarkable parts of her majesty's reign.

"3. That there be a society established for the finding out of proper subjects, inscriptions, and devices.

"That no subject, inscription, or device, be stamped without the [illegible] of this society; nor, if it be thought proper, without the authority of the privy-council.

"By this means medals, that are at present only a dead treasure, or mere curiosities, will be of use in the ordinary commerce of life, and at the same time perpetuate the glories of her majesty's reign, reward the labours of her greatest subjects, keep alive in the people a gratitude for public services, and excite the emulation of posterity. To these generous purposes nothing can so much contribute as medals of this kind, which are of undoubted authority, of necessary use and observation, not perishable by time, nor confined to any certain place; properties not to be found in books, statues, pictures, buildings, or any other monuments of illustrious actions."

THE INTELLIGENCER,

No. 1.

This periodical paper was published at Dublin, by Sheridan, with the occasional assistance of his illustrious friend, and was extended to twenty numbers.

It may be said, without offence to other cities of much greater consequence to the world, that our town of Dublin does not want its due proportion of folly and vice, both native and imported; and as to those imported, we have the advantage to receive them last, and consequently, after our happy manner, to improve and refine upon them.

But because there are many effects of folly and vice among us, whereof some are general, others confined to smaller numbers, and others again perhaps to a few individuals, there is a society lately established, who, at great expense, have erected an office of intelligence, from which they are to receive weekly information of all important events and singularities which this famous metropolis can furnish. Strict injunctions are given to have the truest information, in order to which certain qualified persons are employed to attend upon duty in their several posts; some at the playhouse, others in churches; some at balls, assemblies, coffee-houses, and meetings for quadrille; some at the several courts of justice, both spiritual and temporal; some at the college, some upon my lord mayor and aldermen in their public affairs; lastly, some to converse with favourite chambermaids, and to frequent those alehouses and brandyshops where the footmen of great families meet in a morning; only the barracks and parliament-house are excepted; because we have yet found no *enfans perdus* bold enough to venture their persons at either. Out of these and some other storehouses, we hope to gather materials enough to inform, or divert, or correct, or vex the town.

But as facts, passages, and adventures of all kinds are likely to have the greatest share in our paper, whereof we cannot always answer for the truth; due care shall be taken to have them applied to feigned names, whereby all just offence will be removed; for if none be guilty, none will have cause to blush or be angry; if otherwise, then the guilty person is safe for the future upon his present amendment, and safe for the present from all but his own conscience.

There is another resolution taken among us, which I fear will give a greater and more general discontent, and is of so singular a nature that I have hardly confidence enough to mention it, although it be absolutely necessary by way of apology for so bold and unpopular an attempt. But so it is, that we have taken a desperate counsel, to produce into the world every distinguished action either of justice, prudence, generosity, charity, friendship, or public spirit, which comes well attested to us. And although we shall neither here be so daring as to assign names, yet we shall hardly forbear to give some hints that perhaps, to the great displeasure of such deserving persons, may endanger a discovery. For we think that even virtue itself should submit to such a mortification, as by its visibility and example will render it more useful to the world. But, however, the readers of these papers need not be in pain of being overcharged with so dull and ungrateful a subject. And yet who knows but such an occasion may be offered to us once in a year or two, after we have settled a correspondence round the kingdom.

But, after all our boast of materials sent us by our several emissaries, we may probably soon fall short, if the town will not be pleased to lend us further assistance toward entertaining itself. The world best knows its own faults and virtues, and whatever is sent shall be faithfully returned back, only a little embellished according to the custom of authors. We do therefore demand and expect continual advertisements in great numbers to be sent to the printer of this paper, who has employed a judicious secretary to collect such as may be most useful for the public.

And although we do not intend to expose our own persons by mentioning names, yet we are so far from requiring the same caution in our correspondents, that, on the contrary, we expressly charge and command them, in all the facts they send us, to set down the names, titles, and places of abode, at length; together with a very particular description of the persons, dresses, dispositions, of the several lords, ladies, 'squires, madams, lawyers, gamesters, toupees, sots, wits, rakes, and informers, whom they shall have occasion to mention; otherwise it will not be possible for us to adjust our style to the different qualities and capacities of the persons concerned, and treat them with the respect or familiarity that may be due to their stations and characters, which we are determined to observe with the utmost strictness, that none may have cause to complain.

No. 3

——— Ipse per omnes
Ibit personas, et turbam reddet in unam.

The players having now almost done with the comedy called the Beggars' Opera for the season; it may be no unpleasant speculation, to reflect a little upon this dramatic piece, so singular in the subject and manner, so much an original, and which has frequently given so very agreeable an entertainment.

Although an evil taste be very apt to prevail, both here and in London; yet there is a point which, whoever can rightly touch, will never fail of pleasing a very great majority; so great that the dislikers out of dulness or affectation will be silent, and forced to fall in with the herd: the point I mean is, what we call humour; which in its perfection, is allowed to be much preferable to wit, if it be not rather the most useful and agreeable species of it.

I agree with sir William Temple, that the word is peculiar to our English tongue; but I differ from him in the opinion, that the thing itself is peculiar to the English nation, because the contrary may be found in many Spanish, Italian, and French productions; and particularly, whoever has a taste for true humour, will find a hundred instances of it in those volumes printed in France under the name of Le Theatre Italien; to say nothing of Rabelais, Cervantes, and many others.

Now I take the comedy, or farce, (or whatever name the critics will allow it,) called the Beggars' Opera, to excel in this article of humour; and upon that merit to have met with such prodigious success, both here and in England.

As to poetry, eloquence, and music, which are said to have most power over the minds of men; it is certain that very few have a taste or judgment of the excellences of the two former; and if a man succeed in either, it is upon the authority of those few judges, that lend their taste to the bulk of readers, who have none of their own. I am told there are as few good judges in music; and that among those who crowd the operas, nine in ten got hither merely out of curiosity, fashion, or affectation.

But a taste for humour is in some manner fixed to the very nature of man, and generally obvious to the vulgar; except upon subjects too refined and superior to their understanding.

And, as this taste of humour is purely natural, so is humour itself; neither is it a talent confined to men of wit or learning; for we observe it sometimes among common servants, and the meanest of the people, while the very owners are often ignorant of the gift they possess.

I know very well, that this happy talent is contemptibly treated by critics, under the name of low humour, or low comedy; but I know likewise that the Spaniards and Italians, who are allowed to have the most wit of any nations in Europe, do most excel in it, and do most esteem it.

By what disposition of the mind, what influence of the stars, or what situation of the climate, this endowment is bestowed upon mankind, may be a question fit for philosophers to discuss. It is certainly the best ingredient toward that kind of satire which is most useful, and gives the least offence; which, instead of lashing, laughs men out of their follies and vices; and is the character that gives Horace the preference to Juvenal.

And, although some things are too serious, solemn, or sacred, to be turned into ridicule, yet the abuses of them are certainly not; since it is allowed that corruptions in religion, politics, and law, may be proper topics for this kind of satire.

There are two ends that men propose in writing satire; one of them less noble than the other, as regarding nothing further than the private satisfaction and pleasure of the writer; but without any view toward personal malice: the other is a public spirit, prompting men of genius and virtue to mend the world as far as they are able. And as both these ends are innocent, so the latter is highly commendable. With regard to the former, I demand, whether I have not as good a title to laugh as men have to be ridiculous; and to expose vice, as another has to be vicious. If I ridicule the follies and corruptions of a court, a ministry, or a senate, are they not amply paid by pensions, titles, and power, while I expect and desire no other reward than that of laughing with a few friends in a corner? yet, if those who take offence think me in the wrong, I am ready to change the scene with them whenever they please.

But, if my design be to make mankind better, then I think it is my duty; at least I am sure it is the interest of those very courts and ministers, whose follies or vices I ridicule, to reward me for my good intention; for if it be reckoned a high point of wisdom to get the laughers on our side, it is much more easy, as well as wise, to get those on our side who can make millions laugh when they please.

My reason for mentioning courts and ministers, (whom I never think on but with the most profound veneration,) is, because an opinion obtains, that in the Beggars' Opera there appears to be some reflection upon courtiers and statesmen, whereof I am by no means a judge.[a]

It is true, indeed, that Mr. Gay, the author of this piece, has been somewhat singular in the course of his fortunes; for it has happened, that after fourteen years attending the court, with a large stock of real merit, a modest and agreeable conversation, a hundred promises, and five hundred friends, he has failed of preferment; and upon a very weighty reason. He lay under the suspicion of having written a libel[illegible], against a great minister [sir Robert Walpole]. It is true that great minister was demonstratively convinced, and publicly owned his conviction, that Mr. Gay was not the author; but having lain under the suspicion, it seemed very just that he should suffer the punishment; because in this most reformed age, the virtues of a prime-minister are no more to be suspected than the chastity of Cæsar's wife.

It must be allowed, that the Beggars' Opera is not the first of Mr. Gay's works, wherein he has been faulty with regard to courtiers and statesmen. For, to omit his other pieces, even in his fables, published within two years past, and dedicated to the duke of Cumberland, for which he was promised a reward, he has been thought somewhat too bold upon the courtiers. And although it be highly probable he meant only the courtiers of former times, yet he acted unwarily, by not considering that the malignity of some people might misinterpret what he said to the disadvantage of present persons and affairs.

But I have now done with Mr. Gay as a politician: and shall consider him henceforward only as author of the Beggars' Opera, wherein he has, by a turn of humour entirely new, placed vices of all kinds in the strongest and most odious light; and thereby done eminent service both to religion and morality. This appears from the unparalleled success he has met with. All ranks, parties, and denominations of men, either crowding to see his opera, or reading it with delight in their closets; even ministers of state, whom he is thought to have most offended, (next to those whom the actors represent,) appearing frequently at the theatre, from a consciousness of their own innocence, and to convince the world how unjust a parallel, malice, envy, and disaffection to the government have made.

I am assured that several worthy clergymen in this city went privately to see the Beggars' Opera represented: and that the fleering coxcombs in the pit amused themselves with making discoveries, and spreading the names of those gentlemen round the audience.

I shall not pretend to vindicate a clergyman who would appear openly in his habit at the theatre, with such a vicious crew as might probably stand round him, at such comedies and profane tragedies as are often represented. Besides, I know very well that persons of

[a] It is well known that the scene between Peachum and Lockit was written in ridicule of certain disputes among the ministers of the day.

their function are bound to avoid the appearance of evil, or of giving cause of offence. But when the lords chancellors, who are keepers of the king's conscience; when the judges of the land, whose title is reverend; when ladies, who are bound by the rules of their sex to the strictest decency, appear in the theatre without censure; I cannot understand why a young clergyman, who comes concealed, out of curiosity to see an innocent and moral play, should be so highly condemned; nor do I much approve the rigour of a great prelate, who said, "he hoped none of his clergy were there." I am glad to hear there are no weightier objections against that reverend body, planted in this city, and I wish there never may. But I should be very sorry that any of them should be so weak, as to imitate a court chaplain[a] in England, who preached against the Beggars' Opera, which will probably do more good than a thousand sermons of so stupid, so injudicious, and so prostitute a divine.

In this happy performance of Mr. Gay's, all the characters are just, and none of them carried beyond nature, or hardly beyond practice. It discovers the whole system of that commonwealth, or that *imperium in imperio* of iniquity established among us, by which neither our lives nor our properties are secure, either in the highways or in public assemblies, or even in our own houses. It shows the miserable lives, and the constant fate, of those abandoned wretches: for how little they sell their lives and souls; betrayed by their whores, their comrades, and the receivers and purchasers of those thefts and robberies. This comedy contains likewise a satire, which, without inquiring whether it affects the present age, may possibly be useful in times to come; I mean, where the author takes the occasion of comparing the common robbers of the public, and their several stratagems of betraying, undermining, and hanging each other, to the several arts of the politicians in times of corruption.

This comedy likewise exposes, with great justice, that unnatural taste for Italian music among us, which is wholly unsuitable to our northern climate, and the genius of the people, whereby we are overrun with Italian effeminacy, and Italian nonsense. An old gentleman said to me, that many years ago, when the practice of an unnatural vice grew frequent in London, and many were prosecuted for it, he was sure it would be the forerunner of Italian operas and singers; and then we should want nothing but stabbing, or poisoning, to make us perfect Italians.

Upon the whole, I deliver my judgment, that nothing but servile attachment to a party, affectation of singularity, lamentable dulness, mistaken zeal, or studied hypocrisy, can have the least reasonable objection against this excellent moral performance of the celebrated Mr. Gay.

No. XIX.

Sic vos non vobis vellera fertis, oves.

Not for yourselves, ye sheep, your fleeces grow.

Having, on the 12th of October last, received a letter signed Andrew Dealer and Patrick Pennyless, I believe the following Paper, just come to my hands, will be a sufficient answer to it.

County of Down, Dec. 2, 1728.

SIR—I am a country gentleman, and a member of parliament, with an estate of about 1400*l.* a-year; which, as a northern landlord, I receive from above two hundred tenants: and my lands having been let near twenty years ago, the rents, until very lately, were esteemed to be not above half value; yet, by the intolerable scarcity of silver, I lie under the greatest difficulties in receiving them, as well as paying my labourers, or buying anything necessary for my family, from tradesmen who are not able to be long out of their money. But the sufferings of me, and those of my rank, are trifles in comparison of what the meaner sort undergo; such as the buyers and sellers at fairs and markets; the shopkeepers in every town, and farmers in general; all those who travel with fish, poultry, pedlery-ware, and other conveniences to sell: but more especially handicraftsmen, who work for us by the day; and common labourers, whom I have already mentioned. Both these kinds of people I am forced to employ, until their wages amount to a double pistole, or a moidore, (for we hardly have any gold of lower value left us,) to divide it among themselves as they can: and this is generally done at an alehouse, or brandy shop; where, besides the cost of getting drunk, (which is usually the case,) they must pay tenpence, or a shilling, for changing their piece into silver, to some huckstering fellow, who follows that trade. But, what is infinitely worse, those poor men, for want of due payment, are forced to take up their oatmeal, and other necessaries of life, at almost double value; and consequently are not able to discharge half their score, especially under the scarceness of corn for two years past, and the melancholy disappointment of the present crop.

The causes of this, and a thousand other evils, are clear and manifest to you and all thinking men, although hidden from the vulgar: these indeed complain of hard times, the dearth of corn, the want of money, the badness of seasons; that their goods bear no price, and the poor cannot find work; but their weak reasonings never carry them to the hatred and contempt borne us by our neighbours and brethren, without the least grounds of provocation; who rejoice at our sufferings, although sometimes to their own disadvantage. They consider not the dead weight upon every beneficial branch of our trade; that half our revenues are annually sent to England; with many other grievances peculiar to this unhappy kingdom, which keeps us from enjoying the common benefits of mankind; as you and some other lovers of their country have so often observed, with such good inclinations, and so little effect.

It is true indeed, that under our circumstances in general, this complaint for the want of silver may appear as ridiculous, as for a man to be impatient about a cut finger, when he is struck with the plague: and yet a poor fellow going to the gallows, may be allowed to feel the smart of wasps while he is upon Tyburn road. This misfortune is so urging and vexatious in every kind of small traffic, and so hourly pressing upon all persons in the country whatsoever, that a hundred inconveniences, of perhaps greater moment in themselves, have been tamely submitted to, with far less disquietude and murmur. And the case seems yet the harder, if it be true, what many skilful men assert, that nothing is more easy than a remedy; and, that the want of silver, in proportion to the little gold remaining among us, is altogether as unnecessary, as it is inconvenient. A person of distinction assured me very lately, that in discoursing with the lord-lieutenant [Lord Carteret] before his last return to England, his excellency said, "He had pressed the matter often, in proper time and place, and to proper persons: and could not see any difficulty of the least moment, that could prevent us from being made easy upon this article."

Whoever carries to England twenty-seven English shillings, and brings back one moidore of full weight, is a gainer of ninepence Irish: in a guinea, the advantage is threepence; and twopence in a pistole. The bankers who are generally masters of all our gold and silver, with this advantage, have sent over as much of the latter as came into their hands. The value of one thousand moidores in silver would thus amount in clear profit to 37*l.* 10*s.* The shopkeepers, and other traders who go to London to buy goods, followed the same practice; by

[a] Dr. Thomas Herring, afterwards primate, then preacher at Lincoln's Inn.

which we have been driven to this insupportable distress.

To a common thinker, it would seem, that nothing would be more easy than for the government to redress this evil at any time they shall please. When the value of guineas was lowered in England from 21*s.* and 6*d.* to only 21*s.*, the consequences to this kingdom were obvious, and manifest to us all: and a sober man may be allowed at least to wonder, although he dare not complain, why a new regulation of coin among us was not then made; much more, why it has never been since. It would surely require no very profound skill in algebra to reduce the difference of ninepence in 30*s.* or threepence in a guinea, to less than a farthing; and so small a fraction could be no temptation either to bankers, to hazard their silver at sea, or tradesmen to load themselves with it in their journeys to England. In my humble opinion, it would be no unseasonable condescension, if the government would graciously please to signify to the poor loyal Protestant subjects of Ireland, either that this miserable want of silver is not possibly to be remedied in any degree by the nicest skill in arithmetic: or else that it does not stand with the good pleasure of England to suffer any silver at all among us. In the former case, it would be madness to expect impossibilities; and, in the other, we must submit: for lives and fortunes, are always at the mercy of the conqueror.

The question has been often put in printed papers, by the drapier and others, or perhaps by the same writer under different styles, why this kingdom should not be permitted to have a mint of its own, for the coinage of gold, silver, and copper; which is a power exercised by many bishops, and every petty prince, in Germany? But this question has never been answered; nor the least application, that I have heard of, made to the crown from hence for the grant of a public mint; although it stands upon record, that several cities and corporations here, had the liberty of coining silver: I can see no reasons, why we alone, of all nations, are thus restrained, but such as I dare not mention; only thus far I may venture, that Ireland is the first imperial kingdom since Nimrod, which ever wanted power to coin their own money.

I know very well, that in England it is lawful for any subject to petition either the prince or the parliament, provided it be done in a dutiful and regular manner: but what is lawful for a subject of Ireland, I profess I cannot determine: nor will undertake that the printer shall not be prosecuted in a court of justice for publishing my wishes, that a poor shopkeeper might be able to change a guinea or a moidore when a customer comes for a crown's worth of goods. I have known less crimes punished with the utmost severity, under the title of disaffection. And I cannot but approve the wisdom of the ancients, who, after Astrea had fled from the earth, at least took care to provide three upright judges for hell. Men's ears among us are indeed grown so nice, that whoever happens to think out of fashion, in what relates to the welfare of this kingdom, dare not so much as complain of the toothach, lest our weak and busy dabblers in politics should be ready to swear against him for disaffection.

There was a method practised by sir Ambrose Crawley, the great dealer in iron works, which I wonder the gentlemen of our country, under this great exigence, have not thought fit to imitate. In the several towns and villages where he dealt, and many miles round, he gave notes instead of money, (from twopence to twenty shillings,) which passed current in all shops and markets, as well as in houses where meat or drink was sold. I see no reason, why the like practice may not be introduced among us with some degree of success; or, at least, may not serve as a poor expedient in this our blessed age of paper; which, as it discharges all our greatest payments, may be equally useful in the smaller, and may just keep us alive, until an English act of Parliament shall forbid it.

I have been told, that among some of our poorest American colonies upon the continent, the people enjoy the liberty of cutting the little money among them into halves and quarters, for the conveniences of small traffic. How happy should we be in comparison of our present condition, if the like privilege were granted to us of employing the sheers for want of a mint, upon our foreign gold, by clipping it into half-crowns, and shillings, and even lower denominations; for beggars must be content to live upon scraps; and it would be our felicity, that these scraps could never be exported to other countries while anything better was left.

If neither of these projects will avail, I see nothing left us but to truck and barter our goods, like the wild Indians, with each other, or with our too powerful neighbours; only with this disadvantage on our side, that the Indians enjoy the product of their own land; whereas the better half of ours is sent away, without so much as a recompense in bugles or glass in return.

It must needs be a very comfortable circumstance in the present juncture, that some thousand families are gone, are going, or preparing to go from hence, and settle themselves in America: the poorer sort for want of work; the farmers, whose beneficial bargains are now become a rack-rent too hard to be borne, and those who have any ready money, or can purchase any by the sale of their goods or leases, because they find their fortunes hourly decaying, that their goods will bear no price, and that few or none have any money to buy the very necessaries of life, are hastening to follow their departed neighbours. It is true, corn among us carries a very high price; but it is for the same reason that rats and cats, and dead horses, have been often bought for gold in a town besieged.

There is a person of quality in my neighbourhood, who, twenty years ago, when he was just come to age, being unexperienced, and of a generous temper, let his lands, even as times went then, at a low rate to able tenants; and, consequently, by the rise of lands since that time, looked upon his estate to be set at half-value: but numbers of these tenants, or their descendants, are now offering to sell their leases by auction even those which were for lives, some of them renewable for ever, and some fee-farms, which the landlord himself has bought in at half the price they would have yielded seven years ago. And some leases let at the same time for lives, have been given up to him without any consideration at all.

This is the most favourable face of all things at present among us; I say among us of the north, who were esteemed the only thriving people of the kingdom. And how far, and how soon, this misery and desolation may spread, it is easy to foresee.

The vast sums of money daily carried off by our numerous adventurers to America, have deprived us of our gold in these parts, almost as much as of our silver. And the good wives who come to our houses offer us their pieces of linen, upon which their whole dependence lies, for so little profit, that it can neither half pay their rents, nor half support their families.

It is remarkable, that this enthusiasm spread among our northern people, of sheltering themselves in the continent of America, has no other foundation than their present insupportable condition at home. I have made all possible inquiries to learn what encouragement our people have met with, by any intelligence from those plantations, sufficient to make them undertake so tedious and hazardous a voyage in all seasons of the year, and so ill accommodated in their ships

that many of them have died miserably in their passage, but could never get one satisfactory answer. Somebody, they knew not who, had written letters to his friend or cousin from thence inviting him by all means to come over; that it was a fine fruitful country, and to be held for ever at a penny an acre. But the truth of the fact is this: the English established in those colonies are in great want of men to inhabit that tract of ground which lies between them and the wild Indians, who are not reduced under their dominion. We read of some barbarous people, whom the Romans placed in their army for no other service than to blunt their enemies' swords, and afterward to fill up trenches with their dead bodies. And thus our people who transport themselves, are settled into those interjacent tracts, as a screen against the insults of the savages; and many have as much land as they can clear from the woods, at a very reasonable rate, if they can afford to pay about a hundred years' purchase by their labour. Now, beside the fox's reason,[a] which inclines all those who have already ventured thither to represent everything in a false light, as well for justifying their own conduct as for getting companions in their misery, the governing people in those plantations have also wisely provided that no letters shall be suffered to pass from thence hither, without being first viewed by the council; by which our people here are wholly deceived in the opinions they have of the happy condition of their friends gone before them. This was accidentally discovered some months ago by an honest man, who having transported himself and family thither, and finding all things directly contrary to his hope, had the luck to convey a private note by a faithful hand to his relation here, entreating him not to think of such a voyage, and to discourage all his friends from attempting it. Yet this although it be a truth well known, has produced very little effect: which is no manner of wonder; for as it is natural to a man in a fever to turn often, although without any hope of ease; or when he is pursued, to leap down a precipice, to avoid an enemy just at his back; so men in the extremest degree of misery and want will naturally fly to the first appearance of relief, let it be ever so vain or visionary.

You may observe that I have very superficially touched the subject I began with, and with the utmost caution; for I know how criminal the least complaint has been thought, however seasonable or just or honestly intended, which has forced me to offer up my daily prayers, that it may never, at least in my time, be interpreted by innuendoes as a false, scandalous, seditious, and disaffected action, for a man to roar under an acute fit of the gout; which, beside the loss and the danger, would be very inconvenient to one of my age, so severely afflicted with that distemper.

I wish you good success, but I can promise you little, in an ungrateful office you have taken up without the least view either to reputation or profit. Perhaps your comfort is, that none but villains and betrayers of their country can be your enemies. Upon which I have little to say, having not the honour to be acquainted with many of that sort; and therefore, as you may easily believe, am compelled to lead a very retired life.

I am, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

A. North.

[a] Who, having lost his tail, would have persuaded the rest to cut off theirs.

DEDICATION[a]

TO THE TWO FIRST VOLUMES OF SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE'S LETTERS.

Published in 1700, soon after Sir William's decease.

To his most sacred majesty, William III., king of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, &c. These letters of sir William Temple having been left to my care, they are most humbly presented to your majesty, by

Your majesty's most dutiful and obedient subject,

Jonathan Swift.

PREFACE TO SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE'S WORKS.

The collection of the following letters is owing to the diligence of Mr. Thomas Downton, who was one of the secretaries during the whole time wherein they bear date; and it has succeeded very fortunately for the public, that there is contained in them an account of all the chief transactions and negotiations which passed in Christendom during the seven years wherein they are dated; as the war from Holland which began in 1665; the treaty between his majesty and the bishop of Munster, with the issue of it; the French invasion of Flanders in the year 1667; the peace concluded between Spain and Portugal by the king's mediation; the treaty at Breda; the triple alliance; the peace at Aix-la-Chapelle, in the first part; and in the second part the negotiations in Holland in consequence of those alliances, with the steps and degrees by which they came to decay; the journey and death of madam; the seizure of Lorrain and his excellency's recalling; with the first unkindness between England and Holland, upon the yacht's transporting his lady and family; and the beginning of the second Dutch war in 1672. With these are intermixed several letters, familiar and pleasant.

I found the book among sir William Temple's papers, with many others, wherewith I had the opportunity of being long conversant, having passed several years in his family.

I pretend no other part than the care that Mr. Downton's book should be correctly transcribed, and the letter placed in the order they were writ. I have also made some literal amendments, especially in the Latin, French, and Spanish; these I took care should be translated and printed in another column, for the use of such readers as may be unacquainted with the originals. Whatever fault there may be in the translation, I doubt I must answer for the greater part, and must leave the rest to those friends who were pleased to assist me. I speak only of the French and Latin; for the few Spanish translations I believe need no apology.

It is generally believed that this author has advanced our English tongue to as great a perfection as it can well bear; and yet how great a master he was of it, as I think, never appeared so much as it will in the following letters, wherein the style appears so very different, according to the difference of the persons to whom they were addressed; either men of business or idle, of pleasure or serious, of great or of less parts or abilities, in their several stations; so that one may discover the characters of most of those persons he writes to, from the style of his letters.

At the end of each volume, is added a collection, copied by the same hand, of several letters to this ambassador, from the chief persons employed, either at home or abroad, in these transactions, and during six years' course of his negociations; among which are

[a] "Neither this dedication, nor tenderness for the man whom once he had loaded with confidence and fondness, revived in king William the remembrance of his promise. Swift awhile attended the court, but soon found his solicitations hopeless."—Johnson.

many from the pensionary John de Witt, and all the writings of this kind that I know of, which remain of that minister, so renowned in his time.

It has been justly complained of as a defect among us, that the English tongue has produced no letters of any value; to supply which it has been the vein of late years, to translate several out of other languages, though I think with little success; yet among many advantages, which might recommend this sort of writing, it is certain that nothing is so capable of giving a true account of stories, as letters are; which describe actions while they are breathing, whereas all other relations are of actions past and dead; so as it has been observed, that the epistles of Cicero to Atticus give a better account of those times, than is to be found in any other writer.

In the following letters the reader will everywhere discover the force and spirit of this author; but that which will most value them to the public, both at home and abroad, is, first, that the matters contained in them were the ground and foundation, whereon all the wars and invasions, as well as all the negotiations and treaties [illegible] Christendom, have since been raised. And next, that they are written by a person who had so great a share in all those transactions and negotiations.

By residing in his family I know the author has had frequent instances from several great persons, both at home and abroad, to publish some memoirs of those affairs and transactions, which are the subject of the following papers; and particularly of the treaties of the triple alliance, and those of Aix-la-Chapelle; but his usual answer was, that whatever memoirs he had written of those times and negotiations were burnt; however, that perhaps after his death some papers might come out, wherein there would be some account of them. By which, as he often told me, he meant these letters.

I had begun to fit them for the press during the author's life, but never could prevail for leave to publish them; though he was pleased to be at the pains of reviewing, and to give me his directions for digesting them in order. It has since pleased God to take this great and good person to himself; and he having done me the honour to leave and recommend to me the care of his writings, I thought I could not at present do a greater service to my country, or to the author's memory, than by making these papers public.

By way of introduction, I need only take notice, that after the peace of the Pyrenees, and his majesty's happy restoration in 1660, there was a general peace in Christendom, (except only the remainder of a war between Spain and Portugal,) until the year 1665; when that between England and Holland began, which produced a treaty between his majesty and the bishop of Munster. And this commences the following letters.

PREFACE TO THE THIRD PART OF SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE'S MISCELLANEA, 1701.

The two following essays, "Of Popular Discontents," and "Of Health and Long Life," were written many years before the author's death. They were revised and corrected by himself; and were designed to have been part of a third miscellanea, to which some others were to have been added, if the latter part of his life had been attended with any sufficient degree of health.

For the third paper, relating to the controversy about "Ancient and Modern Learning," I cannot well inform the reader upon what occasion it was writ, having been at that time in another kingdom; but it appears never to have been finished by the author.

The two next papers contain the heads of two essays intended to have been written upon the "Different Conditions of Life and Fortune," and upon "Conversation." I have directed they should be printed among the rest, because I believe there are few who will not be content to see even the first draught of anything from the author's hand.

At the end I have added a few translations from Virgil, Horace, and Tibullus, or rather imitations, done by the author above thirty years ago; whereof the first was printed among other eclogues of Virgil, in the year 1679, but without any mention of the author. They were indeed not intended to have been made public, till I was informed of several copies that were got abroad, and those very imperfect and corrupt. Therefore the reader finds them here, only to prevent him from finding them in other places very faulty, and perhaps accompanied with many spurious additions.

Jonathan Swift.

PREFACE TO THE THIRD VOLUME OF SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE'S LETTERS, 1703.

The following papers are the last of this, or indeed of any kind, about which the author ever gave me his particular commands. They were corrected by himself, and fairly transcribed in his lifetime. I have in all things followed his directions as strictly [illegible] could; but accidents unforeseen having since intervened, I have thought convenient to lessen the bulk of this volume. To which end, I have omitted several letters addressed to persons with whom this author corresponded without any particular confidence, further than upon account of their posts: because great numbers of such letters, procured out of the office, or by other means, (how justifiable I shall not examine,) have been already printed: but, running wholly upon long dry subjects of business, have met no other reception than merely what the reputation of the author would give them. If I could have foreseen an end of this trade, I should, upon some considerations, have longer forborne sending these into the world. But I daily hear, that new discoveries of *original* letters are hasting to the press: to stop the current of which, I am forced to an earlier publication than I designed. And therefore I take this occasion to inform the reader, that these letters, ending with the author's revocation from his employments abroad, (which in less than two years was followed by his retirement from all public business,) are the last he ever intended for the press; having been selected by himself from great numbers yet lying among his papers.

If I could have been prevailed with by the rhetoric of booksellers, or any other little regards, I might easily, instead of retrenching, have made very considerable additions: and by that means have perhaps taken the surest course to prevent the interloping of others. But, if the press must needs be loaded, I would rather it should not be by my means. And therefore I may hope to be allowed one word in the style of a publisher, (an office liable to much censure without the least pretensions to merit or to praise,) that if I have not been much deceived in others and myself, the reader will hardly find one letter in this collection unworthy of the author, or which does not contain something either of entertainment or of use.

PREFACE TO THE THIRD PART OF SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE'S MEMOIRS;[a]

FROM THE PEACE CONCLUDED, 1679 TO THE TIME OF THE AUTHOR'S RETIREMENT FROM PUBLIC BUSINESS.

[FIRST PUBLISHED IN 1709.]

Et ille quidem plenus annis obiit, plenus honoribus, illis etiam quos recusavit.—Plin. Epist. ii. 1.

It was perfectly in compliance to some persons for

[a] It appears that though sir William Temple had left no

whose opinion I have great deference, that I so long withheld the publication of the following papers. They seemed to think that the freedom of some passages in these memoirs might give offence to several who were still alive; and whose part in those affairs which are here related, could not be transmitted to posterity with any advantage to their reputation. But whether this objection be in itself of much weight, may perhaps be disputed; at least it should have little with me, who am under no restraint in that particular; since I am not of an age to remember those transactions, nor had any acquaintance with those persons whose counsels or proceedings are condemned, and who are all of them now dead.

But, as this author is very free in exposing the weakness and corruptions of ill ministers, so he is as ready to commend the abilities and virtue of others, as may be observed from several passages of these memoirs; particularly of the late earl of Sunderland, with whom the author continued in the most intimate friendship to his death; and who was father of that most learned and excellent lord, now secretary of state: as likewise, of the present earl of Rochester; and the earl of Godolphin, now lord treasurer, represented by this impartial author as a person at that time deservedly entrusted with so great a part in the prime ministry; an office he now executes again with such universal applause, so much to the queen's honour and his own, and to the advantage of his country, as well as of the whole confederacy.

There are two objections I have sometimes heard to have been offered against those memoirs that were printed in the author's lifetime, and which these now published may perhaps be equally liable to. First, as to the matter; that the author speaks too much of himself: next, as to the style; that he affects the use of French words, as well as some turns of expression peculiar to that language.

I believe, those who make the former criticism do not well consider the nature of memoirs: it is to the French (if I mistake not) we chiefly owe that manner of writing; and sir William Temple is not only the first, but I think the only Englishman (at least of any consequence), who ever attempted it. The best French memoirs are writ by such persons as were the principal actors in those transactions they pretend to relate, whether of wars or negotiations. Those of sir William Temple are of the same nature; and therefore, in my judgment, the publisher[a] (who sent them into the world without the author's privity) gave them a wrong title when he called them "Memoirs of what passed in Christendom," &c., whereas it should rather have been "Memoirs of the Treaty at Nimeguen," which was plainly the sense of the author, who in the epistle tells his son, that "in compliance with his desire, he will leave him some memoirs of what passed in his public employments abroad;" and in the book itself, when he deduces an account of the state of war in Christendom, he says, it is only to prepare the reader for a relation of that famous treaty; where he and sir Lionel Jenkins were the only mediators that continued any considerable time; and as the author was first in commission, so in point of abilities or credit, either abroad or at home, there was no sort of comparison between the two persons. Those memoirs, therefore, are properly a relation of a general treaty of peace, wherein the author had the principal as well as the most honourable part in quality of mediator; so that the frequent mention of himself seems not only excusable but necessary. The same may be offered in defence of the following papers; because, during the greatest part of the period they treat of, the author was in chief confidence with the king his master. To which may be added, that, in the few preliminary lines at the head of the first page, the author professes he writ those papers "for the satisfaction of his friends hereafter, upon the grounds of his retirement, and his resolution never to meddle again with public affairs." As to the objection against the style of the former Memoirs, that it abounds in French words and turns of expression; it is to be considered that at the treaty of Nimeguen, all business, either by writing or discourse, passed in the French tongue; and the author having lived so many years abroad, in that and foreign embassies, where all business, as well as conversation, ran in that language, it was hardly possible for him to write upon public affairs without some tincture of it in his style though in his other writings there be little or nothing of it to be observed; and as he has often assured me, it was a thing he never affected; so, upon the objections made to his former Memoirs, he blotted out some French words in these, and placed English in their stead, though perhaps not so significant.

There is one thing proper to inform the reader, why these Memoirs are called the Third Part, there having never been published but one part before, where, in the beginning, the author mentions a former part, and in the conclusion promises a third. The subject of the first part was chiefly the triple alliance, during the negotiation of which my lord Arlington was secretary of state and chief minister. Sir William Temple often assured me he had burnt those Memoirs; and for that reason was content his letters during his embassies at the Hague and Aix-la-Chapelle, should be printed after his death, in some manner to supply that loss.

What it was that moved sir William Temple to burn those first Memoirs, may perhaps be conjectured from some passages in the second part, formerly printed. In one place, the author has these words: "My lord Arlington, who made so great a figure in the former part of these Memoirs, was now grown out of all credit," &c. In other parts he tells us, "That lord was of the ministry which broke the triple league; advised the Dutch war and French alliance; and, in short, was the bottom of all those ruinous measures which the court of England was then taking;" so that, as I have been told from a good hand, and as it seems very probable, he could not think that lord a person fit to be celebrated for his part in forwarding that famous league while he was secretary of state, who had made such counterpaces to destroy it. At the end I have subjoined an Appendix, containing, besides one or two other particulars, a Speech of sir William Temple's in the house of commons; and an Answer of the King's to an Address of that House, relating to the Bill of Exclusion; both which are mentioned in these Memoirs.

I have only farther to inform the reader, that, although these papers were corrected by the author, yet he had once intended to insert some additions in several places, as appeared by certain hints or memorandums in the margin; but whether they were omitted out of forgetfulness, neglect, or want of health, I cannot determine; one passage relating to sir William Jones he was pleased to tell me, and I have added it in the Appendix.[a] The rest I know nothing of; but the thread of the story is entire without them.

special commands with Swift respecting the third part of his memoirs, he nevertheless intended them for publication. Owing to some political allusions, sir William's friends wished to suppress them, and Swift, by their publication, incurred their extreme displeasure, in particular of sir William's sister, lady Gifford.

[a] They were first published in 1689, by R. Chiswell.

[a] Sir William Jones was reputed one of the best speakers in the house, and was very zealous in his endeavours for promoting the bill of exclusion (in 1679.)

A MEDITATION UPON A BROOMSTICK.

ACCORDING TO THE STYLE AND MANNER OF THE HONOURABLE ROBERT BOYLE'S MEDITATIONS.

"In the yearly visits which Swift made to London, during his stay there he passed much of his time at Lord Berkeley's, officiating as chaplain to the family, and attending her ladyship in her private devotions; after which the doctor, by her desire, used to read to her some moral or religious discourse. The Countess had at this time taken a great liking to Mr. Boyle's Meditations, and was determined to go through them in that manner; but as Swift had by no means the same relish for that kind of writing which her ladyship had, he soon grew weary of the task; and a whim coming into his head, resolved to get rid of it in a way which might occasion some sport in the family; for which they had as high a relish as himself. The next time he was employed in reading one of these Meditations, he took an opportunity of conveying away the book, and dexterously inserted a leaf, on which he had written his own Meditation on a Broomstick; after which he took care to have the book restored to its proper place, and in his next attendance on my lady, when he was desired to proceed to the next Meditation, Swift opened upon the place where the leaf had been inserted, and with great composure read the title, 'A Meditation on a Broomstick.' Lady Berkeley, a little surprised at the oddity of the title, stopped him, repeating the words, 'A Meditation on a Broomstick! What a strange subject! But there is no knowing what useful lessons of instruction this wonderful man may draw from things apparently the most trivial. Pray let us hear what he says upon it.' Swift then, with an inflexible gravity of countenance, proceeded to read the Meditation, in the same solemn tone which he had used in delivering the former. Lady Berkeley, not at all suspecting a trick, in the fulness of her prepossession, was every now and then, during the reading of it, expressing her admiration of this extraordinary man, who could draw such fine moral reflections from so contemptible a subject, with which, though Swift must have been inwardly not a little tickled, yet he preserved a most perfect composure of features, so that she had not the least room to suspect any deceit. Soon after, some company coming in, Swift pretended business, and withdrew, foreseeing what was to follow. Lady Berkeley, full of the subject, soon entered upon the praises of those heavenly Meditations of Mr. Boyle. 'But,' said she, the doctor has been just reading one to me, which has surprised me more than all the rest.' One of the company asked which of the Meditations she meant? She answered directly, in the simplicity of her heart, 'I mean, that excellent Meditation upon the Broomstick.' The company looked at each other with some surprise, and could scarce refrain from laughing. But they all agreed that they had never heard of such a Meditation before. 'Upon my word,' said my lady, 'there it is, look into that book, and convince yourselves.' One of them opened the book, and found it there indeed, but in Swift's handwriting; upon which a general burst of laughter ensued; and my lady, when the first surprise was over, enjoyed the joke as much as any of them; saying, 'What a vile trick has that rogue played me! But it is his way, he never baulks his humour in anything.' The affair ended in a great deal of harmless mirth, and Swift, you may be sure, was not asked to proceed any further into the Meditations."

This single stick, which you now behold ingloriously lying in that neglected corner, I once knew in a flourishing state in a forest: it was full of sap, full of leaves, and full of boughs: but now, in vain does the busy art of man pretend to vie with nature, by tying that withered bundle of twigs to its sapless trunk: it is now, at best, but the reverse of what it was, a tree turned upside down, the branches on the earth, and the root in the air; it is now handled by every dirty wench, condemned to do her drudgery, and, by a capricious kind of fate, destined to make other things clean, and be nasty itself: at length, worn to the stumps in the service of the maids, it is either thrown out of doors, or condemned to the last use, of kindling a fire. When I beheld this I sighed, and said within myself, **Surely man is a Broomstick!** Nature sent him into the world strong and lusty, in a thriving condition, wearing his own hair on his head, the proper branches of this reasoning vegetable, until the axe of intemperance has lopped off his green boughs, and left him a withered trunk: he then flies to art, and puts on a periwig, valuing himself upon an unnatural bundle of hairs (all covered with powder), that never grew on his head; but now, should this our broomstick pretend to enter the scene, proud of those birchen spoils it never bore, and all covered with dust, though the sweepings of the finest lady's chamber, we should be apt to ridicule and despise its vanity. Partial judges that we are of our own excellences and other men's defaults!

But a broomstick, perhaps, you will say, is an emblem of a tree standing on its head; and pray what is man, but a topsyturvy creature, his animal faculties perpetually mounted on his rational, his head where his heels should be, grovelling on the earth! and yet, with all his faults, he sets up to be a universal reformer and corrector of abuses, a remover of grievances, rakes into every slut's corner of nature, bringing hidden corruption to the light, and raises a mighty dust where there was none before; sharing deeply all the while in the very same pollutions he pretends to sweep away; his last days are spent in slavery to women, and generally the least deserving; till, worn out to the stumps, like his brother besom, he is either kicked out of doors, or made use of to kindle flames for others to warm themselves by.

A TRITICAL ESSAY

UPON THE FACULTIES OF THE MIND.

TO ————————.

Sir,—Being so great a lover of antiquities, it was reasonable to suppose, you would be very much obliged with anything that was new. I have been of late offended with many writers of essays and moral discourses, for running into stale topics and threadbare quotations, and not handling their subject fully and closely; all which errors I have carefully avoided in the following essay, which I have proposed as a pattern for young writers to imitate. The thoughts and observations being entirely new, the quotations untouched by others, the subject of mighty importance, and treated with much order and perspicuity, it has cost me a great deal of time; and I desire you will accept and consider it as the utmost effort of my genius.

A TRITICAL ESSAY, &c.

Philosophers say, that man is a microcosm, or little world, resembling in miniature every part of the great; and, in my opinion, the body natural may be compared to the body politic; and if this be so, how can the Epicurean's opinion be true, that the universe was formed by a fortuitous concourse of atoms: which I will no more believe, than that the accidental jumbling of the letters of the alphabet, could fall by chance into a most ingenious and learned treatise of philosophy. *Risum teneatis amici?* This false opinion must needs create many more: it is like an error in the first concoction, which cannot be corrected in the second; the foundation is weak, and whatever superstructure you raise upon it, must, of necessity, fall to the ground. Thus men are led from one error to another, until, with Ixion, they embrace a cloud instead of Juno; or, like the dog in the fable, lose the substance in gaping at the shadow. For such opinions cannot cohere; but, like the iron and clay in the toes of Nebuchadnezzar's image, must separate and break in pieces. I have read in a certain author, that Alexander wept because he had no more worlds to conquer: which he needed not have done, if the fortuitous concourse of atoms could create one: but this is an opinion fitter for that many-headed beast, the vulgar, to entertain than for so wise a man as Epicurus; the corrupt part of his sect only borrowed his name, as the monkey did the cat's claw to draw the chestnut out of the fire.

However, the first step to the cure is to know the disease; and though truth may be difficult to find,

because, as the philosopher observes, she lives in the bottom of a well, yet we need not, like blind men, grope in open daylight. I hope I may be allowed, among so many far more learned men, to offer my mite, since a stander-by may sometimes, perhaps, see more of the game than he that plays it. But I do not think a philosopher obliged to account for every phenomenon in nature, or drown himself with Aristotle, for not being able to solve the ebbing and flowing of the tide in that fatal sentence he passed upon himself, *Quia te non capio, tu capies me.* Wherein he was at once the judge and the criminal, the accuser and executioner. Socrates, on the other hand, who said he knew nothing, was pronounced by the oracle to be the wisest man in the world.

But to return from this digression: I think it as clear as any demonstration of Euclid, that nature does nothing in vain; if we were able to dive into her secret recesses, we should find that the smallest blade of grass, or most contemptible weed, has its particular use: but she is chiefly admirable in her minutest compositions; the least and most contemptible insect most discovers the art of nature, if I may so call it, though nature, which delights in variety, will always triumph over art: and as the poet observes,

'Naturam expellas furcâ licet, usque recurret.'

But the various opinions of philosophers have scattered through the world as many plagues of the mind as Pandora's box did those of the body; only with this difference, that they have not left hope at the bottom. And if truth be not fled with Astrea, she is certainly as hidden as the source of Nile, and can be found only in Utopia. Not that I would reflect on those wise sages, which would be a sort of ingratitude; and he that calls a man ungrateful, sums up all the evil that a man can be guilty of,

Ingratum si dixeris, omnia dicis.

But, what I blame the philosophers for (though some may think it a paradox) is chiefly their pride; nothing less than an *ipse dixit*, and you must pin your faith on their sleeve. And though Diogenes lived in a tub, there might be for aught I know as much pride under his rags as in the fine-spun garments of the divine Plato. It is reported of this Diogenes, that when Alexander came to see him, and promised to give him whatever he would ask, the cynic only answered, "Take not from me what thou canst not give me, but stand from between me and the light;" which was almost as extravagant as the philosopher that flung his money into the sea, with this remarkable saying———

How different was this man from the usurer, who, being told his son would spend all he had got, replied, "He cannot take more pleasure in spending than I did in getting it." These men could see the faults of each other, but not their own; those they flung into the bag behind; *non videmus id manticæ quod in tergo est.* I may perhaps be censured for my free opinions by those carping Momuses whom authors worship, as the Indians do the devil, for fear. They will endeavour to give my reputation as many wounds as the man in the almanack; but I value it not; and perhaps, like flies, they may buzz so often about the candle, till they burn their wings. They must pardon me if I venture to give them this advice, not to rail at what they cannot understand; it does but discover that self-tormenting passion of envy, than which the greatest tyrant never invented a more cruel torment:

Invidiâ Siculi non invenere Tyranni
Tormentum majus.—

I must be so bold to tell my critics and witlings, that they can no more judge of this than a man that is born blind can have any true idea of colours. I have always observed that your empty vessels sound loudest: I value their lashes as little as the sea did those of Xerxes, when he whipped it. The utmost favour a man can expect from them is, that which Polyphemus promised Ulysses, that he would devour him the last: they think to subdue a writer, as Cæsar did his enemy, with a *Veni, vidi, vici.* I confess I value the opinion of the judicious few, a Rymer, a Dennis, or a W——k; but for the rest, to give my judgment at once, I think the long dispute among the philosophers about a *vacuum* may be determined in the affirmative, that it is to be found in a critic's head. They are at best but the drones of the learned world, who devour the honey and will not work themselves: and a writer need no more regard them than the moon does the barking of a little senseless cur. For, in spite of their terrible roaring, you may, with half an eye, discover the ass under the lion's skin.

But to return to our discourse: Demosthenes being asked what was the first part of an orator, replied action: what was the second, action: what was the third, action: and so on, *ad infinitum.* This may be true in oratory; but contemplation in other things exceeds action. And, therefore, a wise man is never less alone than when he is alone: *Nunquam minus solus, quam cum solus.*

And Archimedes, the famous mathematician, was so intent upon his problems that he never minded the soldiers who came to kill him. Therefore, not to detract from the just praise which belongs to orators, they ought to consider that nature, which gave us two eyes to see and two ears to hear, has given us but one tongue to speak; wherein, however, some do so abound, that the virtuosi who have been so long in search for the perpetual motion, may infallibly find it there.

Some men admire republics, because orators flourish there most, and are the greatest enemies of tyranny; but my opinion is, that one tyrant is better than a hundred. Besides, these orators inflame the people, whose anger is really but a short fit of madness.

Ira furor brevis est.

After which, laws are like cobwebs, which may catch small flies, but let wasps and hornets break through. But in oratory the greatest art is to hide art. *Artis est celare artem.*

But this must be the work of time, we must lay hold on all opportunities, and let slip no occasion; else we shall be forced to weave Penelope's web, unravel in the night what we spun in the day. And therefore I have observed, that Time is painted with a lock before, and bald behind, signifying thereby, that we must take time (as we say) by the forelock, for when it is once past, there is no recalling it.

The mind of man is at first (if you will pardon the expression) like a *tabula rasa*, or like wax, which, while it is soft, is capable of any impression, till time has hardened it. And at length Death, that grim tyrant, stops us in the midst of our career. The greatest conquerors have at last been conquered by death, which spares none, from the sceptre to the spade: *Mors omnibus communis.*

All rivers go to the sea, but none return from it. Xerxes wept when he beheld his army, to consider that in less than a hundred years they would be all dead. Anacreon was choked with a grape-stone; and violent joy kills as well as violent grief. There is nothing in this world constant, but inconstancy; yet Plato thought, that if Virtue would appear to the world in her own native dress, all men would be enamoured with her. But now, since interest governs the world, and men neglect the golden mean, Jupiter himself, if he came to the earth, would be despised, unless it were, as he

did to Danae, in a golden shower: for men now-a-days worship the rising sun, and not the setting:

Donec eris felix multos numerabis amicos.

Thus have I, in obedience to your commands, ventured to expose myself to censure in this critical age. Whether I have done right to my subject must be left to the judgment of my learned reader: however, I cannot but hope that my attempting of it may be encouragement for some able pen to perform it with more success.

A PROPOSAL

FOR CORRECTING, IMPROVING, AND ASCERTAINING THE ENGLISH TONGUE, IN A LETTER TO THE MOST HONOURABLE ROBERT EARL OF OXFORD AND MORTIMER, LORD HIGH TREASURER OF GREAT BRITAIN.

FIRST PRINTED IN MAY, 1712.

"I have been six hours to day morning writing nineteen pages of a letter to lord treasurer, about forming a society, or academy, to correct and fix the English language. It will not be above five or six more. I will send it him to morrow; and will print it, if he desires me."—*Journal to Stella*, Feb. 21, 1711-12.

"I finished the rest of my letter to lord treasurer to-day and sent it to him."—*Ibid.* Feb 22.

"Lord treasurer has lent the long letter I writ him to Prior; and I can't get Prior to return it. I want to have it printed; and to make up this academy for the improvement of our language."—*Ibid.* March 11.

"My letter to the lord treasurer about the English tongue is now printing; and I suffer my name to be put at the end of it, which I never did before in my life."—*Ibid.* May 10, 1712.

"Have you seen my letter to the lord-treasurer? There are two answers come out to it already, though it is no politics, but a harmless proposal about the improvement of the English tongue. I believe, if I writ an essay upon a straw some fool would answer it."—*Ibid.* May 31.

"You never told me how my letter to lord-treasurer passes in Ireland."—*Ibid.* July 1.

"What care I, whether my letter to lord treasurer be commended there or not? Why does not somebody among you answer it, as three or four have done here?"—*Ibid.* July 17.

London, Feb 22, 1711-12.

My Lord,—What I had the honour of mentioning to your lordship some time ago in conversation, was not a new thought, just then started by accident or occasion, but the result of long reflection; and I have been confirmed in my sentiments, by the opinion of some very judicious persons with whom I consulted. They all agreed, that nothing would be of greater use towards the improvement of knowledge and politeness than some effectual method for correcting, enlarging, and ascertaining our language; and they think it a work very possible to be compassed under the protection of a prince, the countenance and encouragement of a ministry, and the care of proper persons chosen for such an undertaken.[a] I was glad to find your lordship's answer in so different a style from what has been commonly made use of on the like occasions for some years past, That all such thoughts must be deferred to a time of peace: a topic which some have carried so far, that they would not have us by any means think of preserving our civil or religious constitution, because we are engaged in a war abroad. It will be among the distinguishing marks of your ministry, my lord, that you have a genius above all such regards, and that no reasonable proposal for the honour, the advantage, or the ornament of your country, however foreign to your more immediate office, was ever neglected by you. I confess the merit of this candour and condescension is very much lessened, because your lordship hardly leaves us room to offer our good wishes; removing all our difficulties, and supplying our wants faster than the most visionary projector can adjust his schemes. And, therefore, my lord, the design of this paper is not so much to offer you ways and means, as to complain of a grievance, the redressing of which is to be your own work, as much as that of paying the nation's debts, or opening a trade into the South-sea; and though not of such immediate benefit as either of these, or any other of your glorious actions, yet perhaps, in future ages, not less to your honour.

My lord, I do here, in the name of all the learned and polite persons of the nation, complain to your lordship, as first minister, that our language is extremely imperfect; that its daily improvements are by no means in proportion to its daily corruptions; that the pretenders to polish and refine it have chiefly multiplied abuses and absurdities; and that in many instances it offends against every part of grammar. But lest your lordship should think my censure too severe, I shall take leave to be more particular.

I believe your lordship will agree with me in the reason, why our language is less refined than those of Italy, Spain, or France. 'Tis plain that the Latin tongue, in its purity, was never in this island, towards the conquest of which few or no attempts were made till the time of Claudius; neither was that language ever so vulgar in Britain as it is known to have been in Gaul and Spain. Further, we find that the Roman legions here were at length all recalled to help their country against the Goths, and other barbarous invaders. Meantime the Britons, left to shift for themselves, and daily harassed by cruel inroads from the Picts, were forced to call in the Saxons for their defence: who, consequently, reduced the greatest part of the island to their own power, drove the Britons into the most remote and mountainous parts, and the rest of the country, in customs, religion, and language, became wholly Saxon. This I take to be the reason why there are more Latin words[a] remaining in the British tongue, than in the old Saxon, which, excepting some few variations in the orthography, is the same in most original words with our present English, as well as with German and other Northern dialects.

Edward the Confessor having lived long in France, appears to be the first who introduced any mixture of the French tongue with the Saxon; the court affecting what the prince was fond of, and others taking it up for a fashion, as it is now with us. William the Conqueror proceeded much further; bringing over with him vast numbers of that nation, scattering them in every monastery, giving them great quantities of land, directing all pleadings to be in that language, and endeavouring to make it universal in the kingdom. This at least is the opinion generally received; but your lordship has fully convinced me, that the French tongue made yet a greater progress here under Harry II., who had large territories on that continent both from his father and his wife, made frequent journeys and expeditions thither, and was always attended with a number of his countrymen, retainers at his court. For some centuries after there was a constant intercourse between France and England, by the dominions we possessed there, and the conquests we made; so that our language, between two and three hundred years ago, seems to have had a greater mixture with French than at present, many words having been afterward rejected, and some since the time of Spenser, although we have still retained not a few, which have been long anti-

[a] "Dr. Swift proposed a plan of this nature (the forming a society to fix a standard to the English language) to his friend, as he thought him, the lord-treasurer Oxford, but without success."—Chesterfield.

[a] "As for our *English* tongue; the great alterations it has undergone in the two last centuries are principally owing to that vast stock of *Latin* words which we have transplanted into our own soil."—Bentley.

quated in France. I could produce several instances of both kinds, if it were of any use or entertainment.

To examine into the several circumstances by which the language of a country may be altered would force me to enter into a wide field. I shall only observe, that the Latin, the French, and the English, seem to have undergone the same fortune. The first, from the days of Romulus to those of Julius Cæsar, suffered perpetual changes; and by what we meet in those authors who occasionally speak on that subject, as well as from certain fragments of old laws, it is manifest that the Latin 300 years before Tully, was as unintelligible in his time as the English and French of the same period are now; and these two have changed as much since William the Conqueror (which is but little less than 700 years) as the Latin appears to have done in the like term. Whether our language or the French will decline as fast as the Roman did, is a question that would perhaps admit more debate than it is worth. There were many reasons for the corruptions of the last; as, the change of their government to a tyranny, which ruined the study of eloquence, there being no further use or encouragement for popular orators; their giving not only the freedom of the city, but capacity for employments, to several towns in Gaul, Spain, and Germany, and other distant parts, as far as Asia; which brought a great number of foreign pretenders into Rome; the slavish disposition of the senate and people, by which the wit and eloquence of the age were wholly turned into panegyric, the most barren of all subjects; the great corruption of manners, and introduction of foreign luxury, with foreign terms to express it, with several others that might be assigned; not to mention those invasions from the Goths and Vandals, which are too obvious to insist on.

The Roman language arrived at great perfection before it began to decay, and the French for these last fifty years, has been polishing as much as it will bear, and appears to be declining by the natural inconsistency of that people, and the affectation of some late authors to introduce and multiply cant words, which is the most ruinous corruption in any language. La Bruyere, a late celebrated writer among them, makes use of many new terms, which are not to be found in any of the common dictionaries before his time. But the English tongue is not arrived to such a degree of perfection as to make us apprehend any thoughts of its decay; and if it were once refined to a certain standard, perhaps there might be ways found out to fix it for ever, or at least till we are invaded and made a conquest by some other state; and even then our best writings might probably be preserved with care, and grow into esteem, and the authors have a chance for immortality.

But without such great revolutions as these (to which we are, I think, less subject than kingdoms upon the continent) I see no absolute necessity why any language should be perpetually changing; for we find many examples to the contrary. From Homer to Plutarch are above a thousand years; so long at least the purity of the Greek tongue may be allowed to last, and we know not how far before. The Grecians spread their colonies round all the coast of Asia Minor, even to the northern parts lying towards the Euxine, in every island of the Ægean sea, and several others in the Mediterranean; where the language was preserved entire for many ages, after they themselves became colonies to Rome, and till they were overrun by the barbarous nations upon the fall of that empire. The Chinese have books in their language above two thousand years old, neither have the frequent conquests of the Tartars been able to alter it. The German, Spanish, and Italian have admitted few or no changes for some ages past. The other languages of Europe I know nothing of; neither is there any occasion to consider them.

Having taken this compass, I return to those considerations upon our own language, which I would humbly offer your lordship. The period wherein the English tongue received most improvement I take to commence with the beginning of queen Elizabeth's reign, and to conclude with the great rebellion in forty-two. It is true, there was a very ill taste both of style and wit, which prevailed under king James I.; but that seems to have been corrected in the first years of his successor, who, among many other qualifications of an excellent prince, was a great patron of learning. From the civil war to this present time, I am apt to doubt whether the corruptions in our language have not at least equalled the refinements of it; and these corruptions very few of the best authors in our age have wholly escaped. During the usurpation, such an infusion of enthusiastic jargon prevailed in every writing as was not shaken off in many years after. To this succeeded that licentiousness which entered with the Restoration, and from infecting our religion and morals, fell to corrupt our language; which last was not likely to be much improved by those, who at that time made up the court of king Charles II.; either such who had followed him in his banishment, or who had been altogether conversant in the dialect of those fanatic times; or young men, who had been educated in the same country: so that the court, which used to be the standard of propriety and correctness of speech, was then, and, I think, has ever since continued, the worst school in England for that accomplishment; and so will remain till better care be taken in the education of our young nobility, that they may set out into the world with some foundation of literature, in order to qualify them for patterns of politeness. The consequence of this defect upon our language may appear from the plays and other compositions written for entertainment within fifty years past; filled with a succession of affected phrases, and new conceited words, either borrowed from the current style of the court, or from those who, under the character of men of wit and pleasure, pretended to give the law. Many of these refinements have already been long antiquated, and are now hardly intelligible; which is no wonder, when they were the product only of ignorance and caprice.

I have never known this great town without one or more dunces of figure, who had credit enough to give rise to some new word, and propagate it in most conversations, though it had neither humour nor significancy. If it struck the present taste, it was soon transferred into the plays and current scribbles of the week, and became an addition to our language; while the men of wit and learning, instead of early obviating such corruptions, were too often seduced to imitate and comply with them.

There is another set of men who have contributed very much to the spoiling of the English tongue; I mean the poets from the time of the Restoration. These gentlemen, although they could not be insensible how much our language was already overstocked with monosyllables, yet, to save time and pains, introduced that barbarous custom of abbreviating words to fit them to the measure of their verses; and this they have frequently done so very injudiciously, as to form such harsh unharmonious sounds that none but a northern ear could endure. They have joined the most obdurate consonants with one intervening vowel, only to shorten a syllable; and their taste in time became so depraved, that what was at first a poetical license, not to be justified, they made their choice, alleging that the words pronounced at length sounded faint and languid. This was a pretence to take up the same custom in prose; so that most of the books we see now-a-days are full of those manglings and abbreviations. Instances of this abuse are innumerable: what does your lordship think

of the words drudg'd, disturb'd, rebuk'd, fledg'd, and a thousand others everywhere to be met with in prose as well as verse? where, by leaving out a vowel to save a syllable, we form so jarring a sound, and so difficult to utter, that I have often wondered how it could ever obtain.

Another cause (and perhaps borrowed from the former) which has contributed not a little to the maiming of our language, is a foolish opinion, advanced of late years, that we ought to spell exactly as we speak; which, beside the obvious inconvenience of utterly destroying our etymology, would be a thing we should never see an end of. Not only the several towns and counties of England have a different way of pronouncing, but even here in London they clip their words after one manner about the court, another in the city, and a third in the suburbs; and, in a few years, it is probable, will all differ from themselves, as fancy or fashion shall direct; all which, reduced to writing, would entirely confound orthography. Yet many people are so fond of this conceit that it is sometimes a difficult matter to read modern books and pamphlets; where the words are so curtailed, and varied from their original spelling, that whoever has been used to plain English will hardly know them by sight.

Several young men at the universities, terribly possessed with the fear of pedantry, run into a worse extreme, and think all politeness to consist in reading the daily trash sent down to them from hence; this they call knowing the world, and reading men and manners. Thus furnished, they come up to town, reckon all their errors for accomplishments, borrow the newest set of phrases; and if they take a pen into their hands, all the odd words they have picked up in a coffeehouse, or a gaming ordinary, are produced as flowers of style; and the orthography refined to the utmost. To this we owe those monstrous productions which, under the name of Trips, Spies, Amusements, and other conceited appellations, have overrun us for some years past. To this we owe that strange race of wits, who tell us, they write to the humour of the age. And I wish I could say, these quaint fopperies were wholly absent from graver subjects. In short, I would undertake to show your lordship several pieces, where the beauties of this kind are so predominant that, with all your skill in languages, you could never be able to read or understand them.

But I am very much mistaken if many of these false refinements among us do not arise from a principle which would quite destroy their credit, if it were well understood and considered. For I am afraid, my lord, that with all the real good qualities of our country, we are naturally not very polite. This perpetual disposition to shorten our words by retrenching the vowels, is nothing else but a tendency to lapse into the barbarity of those northern nations from whom we are descended, and whose languages labour all under the same defect. For it is worthy our observation, that the Spaniards, the French, and the Italians, although derived from the same northern ancestors with ourselves, are with the utmost difficulty taught to pronounce our words, which the Swedes and Danes, as well as the Germans and the Dutch, attain to with ease, because our syllables resemble theirs in the roughness and frequency of consonants. Now, as we struggle with an ill climate to improve the nobler kinds of fruits, are at the expense of walls to receive and reverberate the faint rays of the sun, and fence against the northern blast, we sometimes, by the help of a good soil, equal the production of warmer countries, who have no need to be at so much cost and care. It is the same thing with respect to the politer arts among us; and the same defect of heat which gives a fierceness to our natures may contribute to that roughness of our language, which bears some analogy to the harsh fruit of colder countries. For I do not reckon that we want a genius more than the rest of our neighbours: but your lordship will be of my opinion, that we ought to struggle with these natural disadvantages as much as we can, and be careful whom we employ whenever we design to correct them, which is a work that has hitherto been assumed by the least qualified hands. So that if the choice had been left to me, I would rather have trusted the refinement of our language, as far as it relates to sound, to the judgment of the women, than of illiterate court fops, half-witted poets, and university boys. For it is plain that women, in their manner of corrupting words, do naturally discard the consonants as we do the vowels. What I am going to tell your lordship appears very trifling: that more than once, where some of both sexes were in company, I have persuaded two or three of each to take a pen, and write down a number of letters joined together, just as it came into their heads; and upon reading this gibberish, we have found that which the men had wrote, by the frequent encountering of rough consonants, to sound like High Dutch; and the other, by the women, like Italian, abounding in vowels and liquids. Now, though I would by no means give ladies the trouble of advising us in the reformation of our language, yet I cannot help thinking that, since they have been left out of all meetings, except parties at play, or where worse designs are carried on, our conversation has very much degenerated.

In order to reform our language, I conceive, my lord, that a free judicious choice should be made of such persons as are generally allowed to be best qualified for such a work, without any regard to quality, party, or profession. These, to a certain number at least, should assemble at some appointed time and place, and fix on rules by which they design to proceed. What methods they will take is not for me to prescribe. Your lordship, and other persons in great employments, might please to be of the number: and I am afraid such a society would want your instruction and example, as much as your protection; for I have, not without a little envy, observed of late the style of some great ministers very much to exceed that of any other productions.

The persons who are to undertake this work will have the example of the French before them, to imitate where these have proceeded right, and to avoid their mistakes. Beside the grammar part, wherein we are allowed to be very defective, they will observe many gross improprieties, which, however authorized by practice, and grown familiar, ought to be discarded. They will find many words that deserve to be utterly thrown out of our language, many more to be corrected, and perhaps not a few long since antiquated, which ought to be restored on account of their energy and sound.

But what I have most at heart is, that some method should be thought on for ascertaining and fixing our language for ever, after such alterations are made in it as shall be thought requisite. For I am of opinion, it is better a language should not be wholly perfect, than that it should be perpetually changing; and we must give over at one time, or at length infallibly change for the worse; as the Romans did, when they began to quit their simplicity of style for affected refinements, such as we meet in Tacitus and other authors; which ended by degrees in many barbarities, even before the Goths had invaded Italy.

The fame of our writers is usually confined to these two islands, and it is hard it should be limited in time, as much as place, by the perpetual variations of our speech. It is your lordship's observation, that if it were not for the Bible and Common Prayer Book in the vulgar tongue, we should hardly be able to understand anything that was written among us a hundred years ago; which is certainly true: for those books being perpetually read in churches, have proved a kind of

standard for language, especially to the common people. And I doubt whether the alterations since introduced have added much to the beauty or strength of the English tongue, though they have taken off a great deal from that simplicity which is one of the greatest perfections in any language. You, my lord, who are so conversant in the sacred writings, and so great a judge of them in their originals, will agree, that no translation our country ever yet produced, has come up to that of the Old and New Testament: and by the many beautiful passages which I have often had the honour to hear your lordship cite from thence, I am persuaded that the translators of the Bible were masters of an English style much fitter for that work than any we see in our present writings; which I take to be owing to the simplicity that runs through the whole. Then, as to the greatest part of our liturgy, compiled long before the translation of the Bible now in use, and little altered since, there seem to be in it as great strains of true sublime eloquence as are anywhere to be found in our language; which every man of good taste will observe in the communion service, that of burial, and other parts.

But when I say that I would have our language after it is duly correct, always to last, I do not mean that it should never be enlarged. Provided that no word, which a society shall give a sanction to, be afterward antiquated and exploded, they may have liberty to receive whatever new ones they shall find occasion for; because then the old books will yet be always valuable according to their intrinsic worth, and not thrown aside on account of unintelligible words and phrases, which appear harsh and uncouth, only because they are out of fashion. Had the Roman tongue continued vulgar in that city till this time, it would have been absolutely necessary, from the mighty changes that have been made in law and religion, from the many terms of art required in trade and in war, from the new inventions that have happened in the world, from the vast spreading of navigation and commerce, with many other obvious circumstances, to have made great additions to that language; yet the ancients would still have been read and understood with pleasure and ease. The Greek tongue received many enlargements between the time of Homer and that of Plutarch, yet the former author was probably as well understood in Trajan's time as the latter. What Horace says of words going off and perishing like leaves, and new ones coming in their place, is a misfortune he laments, rather than a thing he approves; but I cannot see why this should be absolutely necessary, or if it were, what would have become of his *monumentum ære perennius!*

Writing by memory only, as I do at present, I would gladly keep within my depth; and therefore shall not enter into further particulars. Neither do I pretend more than to show the usefulness of this design, and to make some general observations, leaving the rest to that society which I hope will owe its institution and patronage to your lordship. Besides, I would willingly avoid repetition, having, about a year ago, communicated to the public much of what I had to offer upon this subject, by the hands of an ingenious gentleman, who, for a long time did thrice a-week divert or instruct the kingdom by his papers, and is supposed to pursue the same design at present, under the title of Spectator. This author, who has tried the force and compass of our language with so much success, agrees entirely with me in most of my sentiments relating to it; so do the greatest part of the men of wit and learning whom I have had the happiness to converse with; and therefore I imagine that such a society would be pretty unanimous in the main points.

Your lordship must allow that such a work as this brought to perfection would very much contribute to the glory of her majesty's reign; which ought to be recorded in words more durable than brass, and such as our posterity may read a thousand years hence, with pleasure as well as admiration. I always disapproved that false compliment to princes, that the most lasting monument they can have is the hearts of their subjects. It is indeed their greatest present felicity to reign in their subjects' hearts; but these are too perishable to preserve their memories, which can only be done by the pens of able and faithful historians. And I take it to be your lordship's duty, as prime minister, to give order for inspecting our language, and rendering it fit to record the history of so great and good a princess. Besides, my lord, as disinterested as you appear to the world, I am convinced that no man is more in the power of a prevailing favourite passion than yourself; I mean that desire of true and lasting honour which you have borne along with you through every stage of your life. To this you have often sacrificed your interest, your ease, and your health; for preserving and increasing this, you have exposed your person to secret treachery and open violence. There is not, perhaps, an example in history of any minister, who, in so short a time, has performed so many great things, and overcome so many difficulties. Now, though I am fully convinced that you fear God, honour your queen, and love your country as much as any of your fellow-subjects, yet I must believe that the desire of fame has been no inconsiderable motive to quicken you in the pursuit of those actions which will best deserve it. But, at the same time, I must be so plain as to tell your lordship, that if you will not take some care to settle our language, and put it into a state of continuance, I cannot promise that your memory shall be preserved above a hundred years, further than by imperfect tradition.

As barbarous and ignorant as we were in former centuries, there was more effectual care taken by our ancestors to preserve the memory of times and persons, than we find in this age of learning and politeness, as we are pleased to call it. The rude Latin of the monks is still very intelligible; whereas, had their records been delivered down only in the vulgar tongue, so barren and so barbarous, so subject to continual succeeding changes, they could not now be understood, unless by antiquaries who make it their study to expound them. And we must at this day have been content with such poor abstracts of our English story, as laborious men of low genius would think fit to give us; and even these, in the next age, would be likewise swallowed up in succeeding collections. If things go on at this rate, all I can promise your lordship is, that, about two hundred years hence, some painful compiler, who will be at the trouble of studying old language, may inform the world, that in the reign of queen Anne, Robert, earl of Oxford, a very wise and excellent man, was made high treasurer, and saved his country, which in those days was almost ruined by a foreign war, and a domestic faction. Thus much he may be able to pick out, and willing to transfer into his new history; but the rest of your character, which I, or any other writer, may now value ourselves by drawing, and the particular account of the great things done under your ministry, for which you are already so celebrated in most parts of Europe, will probably be dropped, on account of the antiquate style and manner they are delivered in.

How then shall any man, who has a genius for history equal to the best of the ancients, be able to undertake such a work with spirit and cheerfulness, when he considers that he will be read with pleasure but a very few years, and, in an age or two, shall hardly be understood without an interpreter? This is like employing an excellent statuary to work up[illegible]lde[illegible] stone. Those who apply their studies to preserve the

memory of others will always have some concern for their own; and I believe it is for this reason that so few writers among us, of any distinction, have turned their thoughts to such a discouraging employment; for the best English historian must lie under this mortification, that when his style grows antiquated, he will be only considered as a tedious relater of facts, and perhaps consulted in his turn, among other neglected authors, to furnish materials for some future collector.

I doubt your lordship is but ill entertained with a few scattered thoughts upon a subject that deserves to be treated with ability and care. However, I must beg leave to add a few words more, perhaps not altogether foreign to the same matter. I know not whether that which I am going to say may pass for caution, advice, or reproach, any of which will be justly thought very improper from one in my station to one in yours. However, I must venture to affirm, that if genius and learning be not encouraged under your lordship's administration, you are the most inexcusable person alive. All your other virtues, my lord, will be defective without this; your affability, candour, and good-nature; that perpetual agreeableness of conversation, so disengaged in the midst of such a weight of business and opposition; even your justice, prudence and magnanimity, will shine less bright without it. Your lordship is universally allowed to possess a very large portion in most parts of literature; and to this you owe the cultivating of those many virtues which otherwise would have been less adorned, or in lower perfection. Neither can you acquit yourself of these obligations without letting the arts, in their turn, share your influence and protection: besides, who knows but some true genius may happen to arise under your ministry, *exortus ut æthereus sol.* Every age might perhaps produce one or two of these to adorn it, if they were not sunk under the censure and obloquy of plodding, servile, imitating pedants. I do not mean, by a true genius, any bold writer who breaks through the rules of decency to distinguish himself by the singularity of his opinions; but one who, upon a deserving subject, is able to open new scenes, and discover a vein of true and noble thinking, which never entered into any imagination before; every stroke of whose pen is worth all the paper blotted by hundreds of others in the compass of their lives. I know, my lord, your friends will offer, in your defence, that in your private capacity you never refused your purse and credit to the service and support of learned or ingenious men; and that, ever since you have been in public employment, you have constantly bestowed your favours to the most deserving persons. But I desire your lordship not to be de[illegible]d; [illegible] admit of these excuses, nor will allow your private liberality, as great as it is, to atone for your excessive public thrift. But here again I am afraid most good subjects will interpose in your defence, by alleging the desperate condition you found the nation in, and the necessity there was for so able and faithful a steward to retrieve it, if possible, by the utmost frugality. We grant all this, my lord; but then it ought likewise to be considered, that you have already saved several millions to the public, and that what we ask is too inconsiderable to break into any rules of the strictest good husbandry. The French king bestows about half a dozen pensions to learned men in several parts of Europe, and perhaps a dozen in his own kingdom; which in the whole do probably not amount to half the income of many a private commoner in England, yet have more contributed to the glory of that prince than any million he has otherwise employed. For learning, like all true merit, is easily satisfied; while the false and counterfeit is perpetually craving, and never thinks it has enough. The smallest favour given by a great prince, as a mark of esteem to reward the endowments of the mind, never fails to be returned with praise and gratitude, and loudly celebrated to the world. I have known, some years ago, several pensions given to particular persons, (how deservedly I shall not inquire,) any one of which, if divided into several parcels, and distributed by the crown to those who might, upon occasion, distinguish themselves by some extraordinary production of wit or learning, would be amply sufficient to answer the end. Or, if any such persons were above money, (as every great genius certainly is, with very moderate conveniences of life,) a medal or some mark of distinction would do full as well.

But I forget my province, and find myself turning projector before I am aware; although it be one of the last characters under which I should desire to appear before your lordship, especially when I have the ambition of aspiring to that of being, with the greatest respect and truth, my lord, your lordship's most obedient, most obliged, and most humble servant,

JONATHAN SWIFT.

AN ESSAY ON MODERN EDUCATION.

FROM frequently reflecting upon the course and method of educating youth in this and a neighbouring kingdom, with the general success and consequence thereof, I am come to this determination,—that education is always the worse, in proportion to the wealth and grandeur of the parents; nor do I doubt in the least, that if the whole world were now under the dominion of one monarch, (provided I might be allowed to choose where he should fix the seat of his empire,) the only son and heir of that monarch would be the worst educated mortal that ever was born since the creation; and I doubt the same proportion will hold through all degrees and titles, from an emperor downward to the common gentry.

I do not say that this has been always the case; for, in better times, it was directly otherwise, and a scholar may fill half his Greek and Roman shelves with authors of the noblest birth, as well as highest virtue: nor do I tax all nations at present with this defect, for I know there are some to be excepted, and particularly Scotland, under all the disadvantages of its climate and soil, if that happiness be not rather owing even to those very disadvantages. What is then to be done, if this reflection must fix on two countries, which will be most ready to take offence, and which, of all others, it will be least prudent or safe to offend?

But there is one circumstance yet more dangerous and lamentable: for if, according to the *postulatum* already laid down, the higher quality any youth is of he is in greater likelihood to be worse educated, it behoves me to dread and keep far from the verge of *scandalum magnatum.*

Retracting therefore that hazardous *postulatum,* I shall venture no further at present than to say, that perhaps some additional care in educating the sons of nobility and principal gentry might not be ill employed. If this be not delivered with softness enough, I must for the future be silent.

In the mean time, let me ask only two questions, which relate to England. I ask, first, how it comes about that, for above sixty years past, the chief conduct of affairs has been generally placed in the hands of new men, with very few exceptions? The noblest blood of England having been shed in the grand rebellion, many great families became extinct, or were supported only by minors. When the king was restored, very few of those lords remained who began, or at least had improved, their education under the reigns of king

James or king Charles I., of which lords the two principal were the marquis of Ormond and the earl of Southampton. The minors had, during the rebellion and usurpation, either received too much tincture of bad principles from those fanatic times, or, coming to age at the Restoration, fell into the vices of that dissolute reign.

I date from this era the corrupt method of education among us, and, in consequence thereof, the necessity the crown lay under of introducing new men into the chief conduct of public affairs, or to the office of what we now call prime-ministers; men of art, knowledge, application and insinuation, merely for want of a supply among the nobility. They were generally (though not always) of good birth; sometimes younger brothers, at other times such, who, although inheriting good estates, yet happened to be well educated, and provided with learning. Such, under that king, were Hyde, Bridgeman, Clifford, Osborn, Godolphin, Ashley Cooper: few or none under the short reign of king James II.: under king William, Somers, Montague, Churchill, Vernon, Boyle, and many others: under the queen, Harley, St. John, Harcourt, Trevor: who, indeed, were persons of the best private families, but unadorned with titles. So in the following reign, Mr. Robert Walpole was for many years prime-minister, in which post he still happily continues: his brother Horace is ambassador extraordinary to France. Mr. Addison and Mr. Craggs, without the least alliance to support them, have been secretaries of state.

If the facts have been thus for above sixty years past, (whereof I could, with a little further recollection, produce many more instances,) I would ask again, how it has happened, that in a nation plentifully abounding with nobility, so great share in the most competent parts of public management has been for so long a period chiefly intrusted to commoners; unless some omissions or defects of the highest import may be charged upon those to whom the care of educating our noble youth had been committed? For, if there be any difference between human creatures in the point of natural parts, as we usually call them, it should seem that the advantage lies on the side of children born from noble and wealthy parents; the same traditional sloth and luxury which render their body weak and effeminate, perhaps refining and giving a freer motion to the spirits beyond what can be expected from the gross, robust issue of meaner mortals. Add to this the peculiar advantages which all young noblemen possess by the privileges of their birth. Such as a free access to courts, and a universal deference paid to their persons.

But, as my lord Bacon charges it for a fault on princes, that they are impatient to compass ends without giving themselves the trouble of consulting or executing the means, so, perhaps, it may be the disposition of young nobles, either from the indulgence of parents, tutors, and governors, or their own inactivity, that they expect the accomplishments of a good education without the least expense of time or study to acquire them.

What I said last I am ready to retract, for the case is infinitely worse; and the very maxims set up to direct modern education are enough to destroy all the seeds of knowledge, honour, wisdom, and virtue among us. The current opinion prevails, that the study of Greek and Latin is loss of time; that public schools, by mingling the sons of noblemen with those of the vulgar, engage the former in bad company; that whipping breaks the spirits of lads well born; that universities make young men pedants; that to dance, fence, speak French, and know how to behave yourself among great persons of both sexes, comprehends the whole duty of a gentleman.

I cannot but think this wise system of education has been much cultivated among us by those worthies of the army who, during the last war, returned from Flanders at the close of each campaign, became the dictators of behaviour, dress, and politeness, to all those youngsters who frequent chocolate-coffee-gaming-houses, drawing-rooms, operas, levees, and assemblies: where a colonel, by his pay, perquisites, and plunder, was qualified to outshine many peers of the realm; and by the influence of an exotic habit and demeanour, added to other foreign accomplishments, gave the law to the whole town, and was copied as the standard pattern of whatever was refined in dress, equipage, conversation, or diversions.

I remember, in those times, an admired original of that vocation sitting in a coffeehouse near two gentlemen, whereof one was of the clergy, who were engaged in some discourse that savoured of learning. This officer thought fit to interpose, and professing to deliver the sentiments of his fraternity, as well as his own, (and probably he did so of too many among them,) turned to the clergyman, and spoke in the following manner: "D—n me, doctor, say what you will, the army is the only school for gentlemen. Do you think my lord Marlborough beat the French with Greek and Latin? D—n me, a scholar when he comes into good company, what is he but an ass? D—n me, I would be glad by G—d to see any of your scholars with his nouns and his verbs, and his philosophy, and trigonometry, what a figure he would make at a siege, or blockade, or rencountering——D—n me," &c.[a] After which he proceeded with a volley of military terms, less significant, sounding worse, and harder to be understood than any that were ever coined by the commentators upon Aristotle. I would not here be thought to charge the soldiery with ignorance and contempt of learning without allowing exceptions, of which I have known many; but, however, the worst example, especially in a great majority, will certainly prevail.

I have heard that the late earl of Oxford, in the time of his ministry, never passed by White's chocolate-house (the common rendezvous of infamous sharpers and noble cullies) without bestowing a curse upon that famous academy as the bane of half the English nobility. I have likewise been told another passage concerning that great minister, which, because it gives a humourous idea of one principal ingredient in modern education, take as follows:—Le Sack, the famous French dancing master, in great admiration, asked a friend whether it were true that Mr. Harley was made an earl and lord treasurer? and finding it confirmed said, "Well; I wonder what the devil the queen could see in him; for I attended him two years, and he was the greatest dunce that ever I taught."[b]

Another hinderance to good education, and I think the greatest of any, is that pernicious custom in rich and noble families of entertaining French tutors in their houses. These wretched pedagogues are enjoined by the father to take special care that the boy shall be perfect in his French; by the mother, that master must not walk till he is hot, nor be suffered to play with other boys, nor be wet in his feet, nor daub his clothes, and to see the dancing master attends constantly, and does his duty; she further insists, that he be not kept too long poring on his book, because he is subject to sore eyes, and of a weakly constitution.

By these methods the young gentleman is, in every article, as fully accomplished at eight years old as at eight and twenty, age adding only to the growth of his person and his vice; so that if you should look at him in his boyhood through the magnifying end of a per-

[a] Swift has versified part of this passage in his poem on Hamilton's Bawn.

[b] The story of Le Sack many of the dean's friends have heard him tell, as he had it from the earl himself.

spective, and in his manhood through the other, it would be impossible to spy any difference; the same airs, the same strut, the same cock of his hat, and posture of his sword, (as far as the change of fashions will allow,) the same understanding, the same compass of knowledge, with the very same absurdity, impudence, and impertinence of tongue.

He is taught from the nursery that he must inherit a great estate, and has no need to mind his book, which is a lesson he never forgets to the end of his life. His chief solace is to steal down and play at spanfarthing with the page or young blackamoor, or little favourite footboy, one of which is his principal confident and bosom friend.

There is one young lord[a] in this town, who, by an unexampled piece of good fortune, was miraculously snatched out of the gulph of ignorance, confined to a public school for a due term of years, well whipped when he deserved it, clad no better than his comrades, and always their playfellow on the same foot; had no precedence in the school, but what was given him by his merit, and lost it whenever he was negligent. It is well known how many mutinies were bred at this unprecedented treatment, what complaints among his relations, and other great ones of both sexes; that his stockings with silver clocks were ravished from him; that he wore his own hair; that his dress was undistinguished; that he was not fit to appear at a ball or assembly, nor suffered to go to either: and it was with the utmost difficulty he became qualified for his present removal, where he may probably be further persecuted, and possibly with success, if the firmness of a very worthy governor and his own good dispositions will not preserve him. I confess I cannot but wish he may go on in the way he began; because I have a curiosity to know by so singular an experiment, whether truth, honour, justice, temperance, courage, and good sense, acquired by a school and college education, may not produce a very tolerable lad, although he should happen to fail in one or two of those accomplishments which in the general vogue are held so important to the finishing of a gentleman.

It is true, I have known an academical education to have been exploded in public assemblies; and have heard more than one or two persons of high rank declare, they could learn nothing more at Oxford and Cambridge than to drink ale and smoke tobacco; wherein I firmly believed them, and could have added some hundred examples from my own observation in one of those universities, but they all were of young heirs sent thither only for form; either from schools where they were not suffered by their careful parents to stay above three months in the year; or from under the management of French family tutors, who yet often attended them to their college, to prevent all possibility of their improvement; but I never yet knew any one person of quality, who followed his studies at the university and carried away his just proportion of learning, that was not ready upon all occasions to celebrate and defend that course of education, and to prove a patron of learned men.

There is one circumstance in a learned education which ought to have much weight, even with those who have no learning at all. The books read at school and college are full of incitements to virtue, and discouragements from vice, drawn from the wisest reasons, the strongest motives, and the most influencing examples. Thus young minds are filled early with an inclination to good, and an abhorrence of evil, both which increase in them, according to the advances they make in literature; and although they may be, and too often are, drawn by the temptations of youth, and the opportunities of a large fortune, into some irregularities, when they come forward into the great world, yet it is ever with reluctance and compunction of mind, because their bias to virtue still continues. They may stray sometimes, out of infirmity or compliance; but they will soon return to the right road, and keep it always in view. I speak only of those excesses which are too much the attendants of youth and warmer blood; for as to the points of honour, truth, justice, and other noble gifts of the mind, wherein the temperature of the body has no concern, they are seldom or ever known to be wild.

[a] Lord Mountcashel, bred at Dr. Sheridan's school.

I have engaged myself very unwarily in too copious a subject for so short a paper. The present scope I would aim at is, to prove that some proportion of human knowledge appears requisite to those who by their birth or fortune are called to the making of laws, and, in a subordinate way, to the execution of them; and that such knowledge is not to be obtained, without a miracle, under the frequent, corrupt, and sottish methods of educating those who are born to wealth or titles. For I would have it remembered that I do by no means confine these remarks to young persons of noble birth; the same errors running through all families where there is wealth enough to afford that their sons (at least the eldest) may be good for nothing. Why should my son be a scholar when it is not intended that he should live by his learning? By this rule, if what is commonly said be true, that "money answers all things," why should my son be honest, temperate, just, or charitable, since he has no intention to depend upon any of these qualities for a maintenance?

When all is done, perhaps, upon the whole, the matter is not so bad as I would make it; and God, who works good out of evil, acting only by the ordinary course and rule of nature, permits this continual circulation of human things, for his own unsearchable ends. The father grows rich by avarice, injustice, oppression; he is a tyrant in the neighbourhood over slaves and beggars, whom he calls his tenants. Why should he desire to have qualities infused into his son which himself never possessed, or knew, or found the want of, in the acquisition of his wealth? The son, bred in sloth and idleness, becomes a spendthrift, a cully, a profligate, and goes out of the world a beggar, as his father came in: thus the former is punished for his own sins, as well as for those of the latter. The dunghill, having raised a huge mushroom of short duration, is now spread to enrich other men's lands. It is indeed of worse consequence where noble families are gone to decay; because their titles and privileges outlive their estates: and politicians tell us, that nothing is more dangerous to the public than a numerous nobility without merit or fortune. But even here God has likewise prescribed some remedy in the order of nature; so many great families coming to an end by the sloth, luxury, and abandoned lusts, which enervated their breed through every succession, producing gradually a more effeminate race wholly unfit for propagation.

HINTS TOWARD AN ESSAY ON CONVERSATION.

I HAVE observed few obvious subjects to have been so seldom, or at least so slightly, handled as this; and indeed I know few so difficult to be treated as it ought, nor yet upon which there seems so much to be said.

Most things pursued by men for the happiness of public or private life, our wit or folly have so refined, that they seldom subsist but in idea; a true friend, a good marriage, a perfect form of government, with some others, require so many ingredients, so good in their

several kinds, and so much niceness in mixing them, that for some thousands of years men have despaired of reducing their schemes to perfection: but in conversation it is, or might be, otherwise; for here we are only to avoid a multitude of errors, which, although a matter of some difficulty, may be in every man's power, for want of which it remains as mere an idea as the other. Therefore it seems to me, that the truest way to understand conversation, is to know the faults and errors to which it is subject, and from thence every man to form maxims to himself whereby it may be regulated, because it requires few talents to which most men are not born, or at least may not acquire, without any great genius or study. For nature has left every man a capacity of being agreeable, though not of shining in company; and there are a hundred men sufficiently qualified for both, who, by a very few faults that they might correct in half an hour, are not so much as tolerable.

I was prompted to write my thoughts upon this subject by mere indignation, to reflect that so useful and innocent a pleasure, so fitted for every period and condition of life, and so much in all men's power, should be so much neglected and abused.

And in this discourse it will be necessary to note those errors that are obvious, as well as others which are seldomer observed, since there are few so obvious, or acknowledged, into which most men, some time or other, are not apt to run.

For instance: nothing is more generally exploded than the folly of talking too much; yet I rarely remember to have seen five people together, where some one among them has not been predominant in that kind, to the great constraint and disgust of all the rest. But among such as deal in multitudes of words, none are comparable to the sober deliberate talker, who proceeds with much thought and caution, makes his preface, branches out into several digressions, finds a hint that puts him in mind of another story, which he promises to tell you when this is done; comes back regularly to his subject, cannot readily call to mind some person's name, holding his head, complains of his memory; the whole company all this while in suspense; at length says, it is no matter, and so goes on. And, to crown the business, it perhaps proves at last a story the company has heard fifty times before; or, at best, some insipid adventure of the relater.

Another general fault in conversation is that of those who affect to talk of themselves: some, without any ceremony, will run over the history of their lives; will relate the annals of their diseases, with the several symptoms and circumstances of them; will enumerate the hardships and injustice they have suffered in court, in parliament, in love, or in law. Others are more dexterous, and with great art will lie on the watch to hook in their own praise: they will call a witness to remember they always foretold what would happen in such a case, but none would believe them; they advised such a man from the beginning, and told him the consequences, just as they happened; but he would have his own way. Others make a vanity of telling their faults; they are the strangest men in the world; they cannot dissemble; they own it is a folly; they have lost abundance of advantages by it; but if you would give them the world, they cannot help it; there is something in their nature that abhors insincerity and constraint; with many other insufferable topics of the same altitude.

Of such mighty importance every man is to himself, and ready to think he is so to others; without once making this easy and obvious reflection, that his affairs can have no more weight with other men, than theirs have with him; and how little that is, he is sensible enough.

Where a company has met, I often have observed two persons discover, by some accident, that they were bred together at the same school or university; after which the rest are condemned to silence, and to listen while these two are refreshing each other's memory, with the arch tricks and passages of themselves and their comrades.

I know a great officer of the army who will sit for some time with a supercilious and impatient silence, full of anger and contempt for those who are talking; at length, of a sudden, demanding audience, decide the matter in a short dogmatical way; then withdraw within himself again, and vouchsafe to talk no more, until his spirits circulate again to the same point.

There are some faults in conversation which none are so subject to as the men of wit, nor ever so much as when they are with each other. If they have opened their mouths without endeavouring to say a witty thing, they think it is so many words lost: it is a torment to the hearers, as much as to themselves, to see them upon the rack for invention, and in perpetual constraint, with so little success. They must do something extraordinary in order to acquit themselves, and answer their character, else the standers-by may be disappointed, and be apt to think them only like the rest of mortals. I have known two men of wit industriously brought together in order to entertain the company, where they have made a very ridiculous figure, and provided all the mirth at their own expense.

I know a man of wit who is never easy but where he can be allowed to dictate and preside: he neither expects to be informed or entertained, but to display his own talents. His business is to be good company, and not good conversation; and therefore he chooses to frequent those who are content to listen, and profess themselves his admirers. And indeed the worst conversation I ever remember to have heard in my life was that at Will's coffeehouse, where the wits (as they were called) used formerly to assemble; that is to say, five or six men who had writ plays, or at least prologues, or had share in a miscellany, came thither, and entertained one another with their trifling composures, in so important an air as if they had been the noblest efforts of human nature, or that the fate of kingdoms depended on them; and they were usually attended with an humble audience of young students from the inns of court, or the universities; who, at due distance, listened to these oracles, and returned home with great contempt for their law and philosophy, their heads filled with trash, under the name of politeness, criticism, and belles lettres.

By these means the poets, for many years past, were all overrun with pedantry. For, as I take it, the word is not properly used; because pedantry is the too frequent or unseasonable obtruding our own knowledge in common discourse, and placing too great a value upon it; by which definition, men of the court, or the army, may be as guilty of pedantry as a philosopher or a divine; and it is the same vice in women, when they are over copious upon the subject of their petticoats, or their fans, or their china. For which reason, although it be a piece of prudence, as well as good manners, to put men upon talking on subjects they are best versed in, yet that is a liberty a wise man could hardly take; because, beside the imputation of pedantry, it is what he would never improve by.

The great town is usually provided with some player, mimic, or buffoon, who has a general reception at the good tables; familiar and domestic with persons of the first quality, and usually sent for at every meeting to divert the company; against which I have no objection. You go there as to a farce or a puppetshow; your business is only to laugh in season, either out of inclination or civility, while this merry companion is acting

his part. It is a business he has undertaken, and we are to suppose he is paid for his day's work. I only quarrel, when, in select and private meetings, where men of wit and learning are invited to pass an evening, this jester should be admitted to run over his circle of tricks, and make the whole company unfit for any other conversation, beside the indignity of confounding men's talents at so shameful a rate.

Raillery is the finest part of conversation; but, as it is our usual custom to counterfeit and adulterate whatever is too dear for us, so we have done with this, and turned it all into what is generally called repartee, or being smart; just as when an expensive fashion comes up, those who are not able to reach it, content themselves with some paltry imitation. It now passes for raillery to run a man down in discourse, to put him out of countenance, and make him ridiculous; sometimes to expose the defects of his person or understanding; on all which occasions, he is obliged not to be angry, to avoid the imputation of not being able to take a jest. It is admirable to observe one who is dexterous at this art, singling out a weak adversary, getting the laugh on his side, and then carrying all before him. The French, from whence we borrow the word, have a quite different idea of the thing, and so had we in the politer age of our fathers. Raillery was to say something that at first appeared a reproach or reflection, but, by some turn of wit, unexpected and surprising, ended always in a compliment, and to the advantage of the person it was addressed to. And surely one of the best rules in conversation is, never to say a thing which any of the company can reasonably wish we had rather left unsaid: nor can there anything be well more contrary to the ends for which people meet together, than to part unsatisfied with each other or themselves.

There are two faults in conversation, which appear very different, yet arise from the same root, and are equally blameable; I mean an impatience to interrupt others; and the uneasiness of being interrupted ourselves. The two chief ends of conversation are to entertain and improve those we are among, or to receive those benefits ourselves; which whoever will consider, cannot easily run into either of these two errors: because, when any man speaks in company, it is to be supposed he does it for his hearers' sake, and not his own; so that common discretion will teach us not to force their attention, if they are not willing to lend it; nor, on the other side, to interrupt him who is in possession, because that is in the grossest manner to give the preference to our own good sense.

There are some people whose good manners will not suffer them to interrupt you, but, what is almost as bad, will discover abundance of impatience, and lie upon the watch until you have done, because they have started something in their own thoughts, which they long to be delivered of. Meantime, they are so far from regarding what passes, that their imaginations are wholly turned upon what they have in reserve, for fear it should slip out of their memory; and thus they confine their invention, which might otherwise range over a hundred things full as good, and that might be much more naturally introduced.

There is a sort of rude familiarity, which some people, by practising among their intimates, have introduced into their general conversation, and would have it pass for innocent freedom or humour; which is a dangerous experiment in our northern climate, where all the little decorum and politeness we have are purely forced by art, and are so ready to lapse into barbarity. This, among the Romans, was the raillery of slaves, of which we have many instances in Plautus. It seems to have been introduced among us by Cromwell, who, by preferring the scum of the people, made it a court entertainment, of which I have heard many particulars; and considering all things were turned upside down, it was reasonable and judicious: although it was a piece of policy found out to ridicule a point of honour in the other extreme, when the smallest word misplaced among gentlemen ended in a duel.

There are some men excellent at telling a story, and provided with a plentiful stock of them, which they can draw out upon occasion in all companies; and, considering how low conversation runs now among us, it is not altogether a contemptible talent; however, it is subject to two unavoidable defects, frequent repetition, and being soon exhausted; so that, whoever values this gift in himself, has need of a good memory, and ought frequently to shift his company, that he may not discover the weakness of his fund; for those who are thus endued have seldom any other revenue, but live upon the main stock.

Great speakers in public are seldom agreeable in private conversation, whether their faculty be natural, or acquired by practice, and often venturing. Natural elocution, although it may seem a paradox, usually springs from a barrenness of invention, and of words; by which men who have only one stock of notions upon every subject, and one set of phrases to express them in, they swim upon the superficies, and offer themselves on every occasion; therefore men of much learning, and who know the compass of a language, are generally the worst talkers on a sudden, until much practice has inured and emboldened them; because they are confounded with plenty of matter, variety of notions and of words, which they cannot readily choose, but are perplexed and entangled by too great a choice; which is no disadvantage in private conversation; where, on the other side, the talent of haranguing is, of all others, most unsupportable.

Nothing has spoiled men more for conversation than the character of being wits; to support which they never fail of encouraging a number of followers and admirers, who list themselves in their service, wherein they find their accounts on both sides by pleasing their mutual vanity. This has given the former such an air of superiority, and made the latter so pragmatical, that neither of them are well to be endured. I say nothing here of the itch of dispute and contradiction, telling of lies, or of those who are troubled with the disease called the wandering of the thoughts, so that they are never present in mind at what passes in discourse; for whoever labours under any of these possessions, is as unfit for conversation as a madman in Bedlam.

I think I have gone over most of the errors in conversation that have fallen under my notice or memory, except some that are merely personal, and others too gross to need exploding; such as lewd or profane talk; but I pretend only to treat the errors of conversation in general, and not the several subjects of discourse, which would be infinite. Thus we see how human nature is most debased, by the abuse of that faculty which is held the great distinction between men and brutes: and how little advantage we make of that, which might be the greatest, the most lasting, and the most innocent, as well as useful pleasure of life: in default of which we are forced to take up with those poor amusements of dress and visiting, or the more pernicious ones of play, drink, and vicious amours; whereby the nobility and gentry of both sexes are entirely corrupted, both in body and mind, and have lost all notions of love, honour, friendship, generosity: which, under the name of fopperies, have been for some time laughed out of doors.

This degeneracy of conversation, with the pernicious consequences thereof upon our humours and dispositions, has been owing, among other causes, to the custom arisen, for some time past, of excluding women from any share in our society, further than in parties at

play, or dancing, or in the pursuit of an amour. I take the highest period of politeness in England (and it is of the same date in France) to have been the peaceable part of king Charles I.'s reign; and from what we read of those times, as well as from the accounts I have formerly met with from some who lived in that court, the methods then used for raising and cultivating conversation were altogether different from ours: several ladies, whom we find celebrated by the poets of that age, had assemblies at their houses, where persons of the best understanding, and of both sexes, met to pass the evenings in discoursing upon whatever agreeable subjects were occasionally started; and although we are apt to ridicule the sublime Platonic notions they had, or personated, in love and friendship, I conceive their refinements were grounded upon reason, and that a little grain of the romance is no ill ingredient to preserve and exalt the dignity of human nature, without which it is apt to degenerate into everything that is sordid, vicious, and low. If there were no other use in the conversation of ladies, it is sufficient that it would lay a restrain upon those odious topics of immodesty and indecencies, into which the rudeness of our northern genius is so apt to fall. And, therefore, it is observable in those sprightly gentlemen about the town, who are so very dexterous at entertaining a vizard mask in the park or the playhouse, that in the company of ladies of virtue and honour, they are silent and disconcerted, and out of their element.

There are some people who think they sufficiently acquit themselves, and entertain their company, with relating facts of no consequence, nor at all out of the road of such common incidents as happen every day: and this I have observed more frequently among the Scots than any other nation, who are very careful not to omit the minutest circumstances of time or place; which kind of discourse, if it were not a little relieved by the uncouth terms and phrases, as well as accent and gesture peculiar to that country, would be hardly tolerable. It is not a fault in company to talk much; but to continue it long is certainly one; for, if the majority of those who are got together be naturally silent or cautious, the conversation will flag, unless it be often renewed by one among them, who can start new subjects, provided he does not dwell upon them, that leave room for answers and replies.

A LETTER
OF ADVICE TO A YOUNG POET.
TOGETHER WITH A PROPOSAL FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF POETRY IN IRELAND.

Sic honor et nomen divinis vatibus atque
Carminibus venit.——

HOR. DE ART. POET. 400.

December 1, 1720.

SIR.—As I have always professed a friendship for you, and have therefore been more inquisitive into your conduct and studies than is usually agreeable to young men, so I must own I am not a little pleased to find, by your last account, that you have entirely bent your thoughts to English poetry with design to make it your profession and business. Two reasons incline me to encourage you in this study; one the narrowness of your present circumstances; the other, the great use of poetry to mankind and society, and in every employment of life. Upon these views I cannot but commend your wise resolution to withdraw so early from other unprofitable and severe studies, and betake yourself to that which, if you have good luck, will advance your fortune and make you an ornament to your friends and your country. It may be your justification, and further encouragement, to consider, that history, ancient or modern, cannot furnish you an instance of one person, eminent in any station, who was not in some measure versed in poetry, or at least a well-wisher to the professors of it; neither would I despair to prove, if legally called thereto, that it is impossible to be a good soldier, divine, or lawyer, or even so much as an eminent bellman or balladsinger, without some taste of poetry, and a competent skill in versification; but I say the less of this, because the renowned sir P. Sidney has exhausted the subject before me in his Defence of Poesie, on which I shall make no other remark but this, that he argues there as if he really believed himself.

For my own part, having never made one verse since I was at school, where I suffered too much for my blunders in poetry to have any love to it ever since, I am not able, from any experience of my own, to give you those instructions you desire; neither will I declare (for I love to conceal my passions) how much I lament my neglect of poetry in those periods of my life which were properest for improvements in that ornamental part of learning; besides, my age and infirmities might well excuse me to you, as being unqualified to be your writing-master, with spectacles on and a shaking hand. However that I may not be altogether wanting to you in an affair of so much importance to your credit and happiness, I shall here give you some scattered thoughts upon the subject, such as I have gathered by reading and observation.

There is a certain little instrument, the first of those in use with scholars, and the meanest, considering the materials of it, whether it be a joint of wheaten straw (the old Arcadian pipe) or just three inches of slender wire, or a stripped feather, or a corking-pin. Furthermore, this same diminutive tool, for the posture of it, usually reclines its head on the thumb of the right hand, sustains the foremost finger upon its breast, and is itself supported by the second. This is commonly known by the name of a fescue; I shall here, therefore, condescend to be this little elementary guide, and point out some particulars, which may be of use to you in your hornbook of poetry.

In the first place, I am not yet convinced that it is at all necessary for a modern poet to believe in God, or have any serious sense of religion; and in this article you must give me leave to suspect your capacity; because religion being what your mother taught you, you will hardly find it possible, at least not easy, all at once to get over those early prejudices, so far as to think it better to be a great wit than a good Christian, though herein the general practice is against you; so that if, upon inquiry, you find in yourself any such softnesses, owing to the nature of your education, my advice is, that you forthwith lay down your pen, as having no further business with it in the way of poetry; unless you will be content to pass for an insipid, or will submit to be hooted at by your fraternity, or can disguise your religion, as well-bred men do their learning, in complaisance to company.

For poetry, as it has been managed for some years past by such as make a business of it, (and of such only I speak here, for I do not call him a poet that writes for his diversion, any more than that gentleman a fiddler who amuses himself with a violin,) I say, our poetry of late has been altogether disengaged from the narrow notions of virtue and piety, because it has been found by experience of our professors, that the smallest quantity of religion, like a single drop of malt liquor in claret, will muddy and discompose the brightest poetical genius.

Religion supposes heaven and hell, the word of God, and sacraments, and twenty other circumstances, which, taken seriously, are a wonderful check to wit and humour, and such as a true poet cannot possibly give in to, with a saving to his poetical licence; but

yet it is necessary for him that others should believe those things seriously that his wit may be exercised on their wisdom for so doing; for though a wit need not have religion, religion is necessary to a wit, as an instrument is to the hand that plays upon it; and for this the moderns plead the example of their great idol Lucretius, who had not been by half so eminent a poet (as he truly was) but that he stood tiptoe on religion, *Religio pedibus subjecta*, and, by that rising ground, had the advantage of all the poets of his own or following times, who were not mounted on the same pedestal.

Besides, it is further to be observed, that Petronius, another of their favourites, speaking of the qualifications of a good poet, insists chiefly on the *liber spiritus*; by which I have been ignorant enough heretofore to suppose he meant a good invention, or great compass of thought or a sprightly imagination: but I have learned a better construction, from the opinion and practice of the moderns; and, taking it literally for a free spirit, *i. e.* a spirit, or mind, free or disengaged from all prejudices concerning God, religion, and another world, it is to me a plain account why our present set of poets are, and hold themselves obliged to be, freethinkers.

But, although I cannot recommend religion upon the practice of some of our most eminent English poets, yet I can justly advise you, from their example, to be conversant in the Scriptures, and, if possible, to make yourself entirely master of them; in which, however, I intend nothing less than imposing upon you a task of piety. Far be it from me to desire you to believe them, or lay any great stress upon their authority; in that you may do as you think fit; but to read them as a piece of necessary furniture for a wit and a poet; which is a very different view from that of a Christian. For I have made it my observation, that the greatest wits have been the best textuaries: our modern poets are all, to a man, almost as well read in the Scriptures as some of our divines, and often abound more with the phrase. They have read them historically, critically, musically, comically, poetically, and every other way except religiously, and have found their account in doing so. For the Scriptures are undoubtedly a fund of wit, and a subject for wit. You may, according to the modern practice, be witty upon them, or out of them; and, to speak the truth, but for them, I know not what our playwrights would do for images, allusions, similitudes, examples, or even language itself. Shut up the sacred books, and I would be bound our wit would run down like an alarum, or fall as the stocks did, and ruin half the poets, in these kingdoms. And if that were the case, how would most of that tribe, (all, I think, but the immortal Addison, who made a better use of his Bible, and a few more,) who dealt so freely in that fund, rejoice that they had drawn out in time, and left the present generation of poets to be the bubbles!

But here I must enter one caution, and desire you to take notice, that in this advice of reading the Scriptures, I had not the least thought concerning your qualification that way for poetical orders; which I mention, because I find a notion of that kind advanced by one of our English poets; and is, I suppose, maintained by the rest. He says to Spenser, in a pretended vision,

> "- - - With hands laid on, ordain me fit
> For the great cure and ministry of wit."

Which passage is, in my opinion, a notable allusion to the Scriptures; and, making but reasonable allowances for the small circumstance of profaneness, bordering close upon blasphemy, is inimitably fine; beside some useful discoveries made in it, as, that there are bishops in poetry, that these bishops must ordain young poets, and with laying on hands; and that poetry is a cure of souls; and, consequently speaking, those who have such cures ought to be poets, and too often are so: and indeed, as of old, poets and priests were one and the same function, the alliance of those ministerial offices is to this day happily maintained in the same per- id this I take to be the only justifiable reason for that appellation which they so much affect, I mean the modest title of divine poets. However, having never been present at the ceremony of ordaining to the priesthood of poetry, I own I have no notion of the thing, and shall say the less of it here.

The Scriptures then being generally both the fountain and subject of modern wit, I could do no less than give them the preference in your reading. After a thorough acquaintance with them, I would advise you to turn your thoughts to human literature, which yet I say more in compliance with vulgar opinions than according to my own sentiments.

For, indeed, nothing has surprised me more than to see the prejudices of mankind as to this matter of human learning, who have generally thought it necessary to be a good scholar, in order to be a good poet; than which nothing is falser in fact, or more contrary to practice and experience. Neither will I dispute the matter if any man will undertake to show me one professed poet now in being who is anything of what may be justly called a scholar; or is the worse poet for that, but perhaps the better, for being so little encumbered with the pedantry of learning: it is true the contrary was the opinion of our forefathers, which we of this age have devotion enough to receive from them on their own terms, and unexamined, but not sense enough to perceive it was a gross mistake in them. So Horace has told us:

> Scribendi recte sapere est et principium et fons,
> Rem tibi Socraticæ poterunt ostendere chartæ.

But to see the different casts of men's heads, some, not inferior to that poet in understanding, (if you will take their own word for it,) do see no consequence in this rule, and are not ashamed to declare themselves of a contrary opinion. Do not many men write well in common account, who have nothing of that principle? Many are too wise to be poets, and others too much poets to be wise. Must a man, forsooth, be no less than a philosopher to be a poet, when it is plain that some of the greatest idiots of the age are our prettiest performers that way? And for this I appeal to the judgment and observation of mankind. Sir P. Sidney's notable remark upon this nation may not be improper to mention here. He says, "In our neighbour country, Ireland, where true learning goes very bare, yet are their poets held in devout reverence;" which shows, that learning is no way necessary either to the making of a poet, or judging of him. And further, to see the fate of things, notwithstanding our learning here is as bare as ever, yet are our poets not held, as formerly, in devout reverence; but are, perhaps, the most contemptible race of mortals now in this kingdom, which is no less to be wondered at than lamented.

Some of the old philosophers were poets, as, according to the forementioned author, Socrates and Plato were: which, however, is what I did not know before; but that does not say that all poets are, or that any need be, philosophers, otherwise than as those are so called who are a little out at the elbows. In which sense the great Shakespeare might have been a philosopher; but was no scholar yet was an excellent poet. Neither do I think a late most judicious critic so much mistaken, as others do, in advancing this opinion, that "Shakespeare had been a worse poet, had he been a better scholar:" and sir W. Davenant is another instance in the same kind. Nor must it be forgotten

that Plato was an avowed enemy to poets; which is, perhaps, the reason why poets have been always at enmity with his profession; and have rejected all learning and philosophy, for the sake of that one philosopher. As I take the matter, neither philosophy, nor any part of learning is more necessary to poetry (which, if you will believe the same author, is "the sum of all learning") than to know the theory of light and the several proportions and diversifications of it in particular colours is to a good painter.

Whereas, therefore, a certain author, called Petronius Arbiter, going upon the same mistake, has confidently declared, that one ingredient of a good poet is "*mens ingenti literarum flumine inundata;*" I do on the contrary declare, that this his assertion (to speak of it in the softest terms) is no better than an invidious and unhandsome reflection on all the gentlemen poets of these times: for, with his good leave, much less than a flood or inundation will serve the turn; and, to my certain knowledge, some of our greatest wits in your poetical way have not as much real learning as would cover a sixpence in the bottom of a basin; nor do I think the worse of them; for, to speak my private opinion, I am for every man's working upon his own materials, and producing only what he can find within himself, which is commonly a better stock than the owner knows it to be. I think flowers of wit ought to spring, as those in a garden do, from their own root and stem, without foreign assistance. I would have a man's wit rather like a fountain, that feeds itself invisibly, than a river that is supplied by several streams from abroad.

Or if it be necessary, as the case is with some barren wits, to take in the thoughts of others in order to draw forth their own, as dry pumps will not play till water is thrown into them: in that necessity, I would recommend some of the approved standard authors of antiquity for your perusal, as a poet and a wit, because, maggots being what you look for, as monkeys do for vermin in their keepers' heads, you will find they abound in good old authors, as in rich old cheese, not in the new; and for that reason you must have the classics, especially the most worm-eaten of them, often in your hands.

But with this caution, that you are not to use those ancients, as unlucky lads do their old fathers, and make no conscience of picking their pockets and pillaging them. Your business is not to steal from them, but to improve upon them, and make their sentiments your own; which is an effect of great judgment; and, though difficult, yet very possible, without the scurvy imputation of filching; for I humbly conceive, though I light my candle at my neighbour's fire, that does not alter the property, or make the wick, the wax, or the flame, or the whole candle less my own.

Possibly you may think it a very severe task, to arrive at a competent knowledge of so many of the ancients as excel in their way; and it would indeed be really so, but for the short and easy method lately found out, of abstracts, abridgments, summaries, &c., which are admirable expedients for being very learned with little or no reading; and have the same use with burning-glasses, to collect the diffused rays of wit and learning in authors, and make them point with warmth and quickness upon the reader's imagination. And to this is nearly related that other modern device of consulting indexes, which is to read books Hebraically, and begin where others usually end. And this is a compendious way of coming to an acquaintance with authors; for authors are to be used like lobsters, you must look for the best meat in the tails, and lay the bodies back again in the dish. Your cunningest thieves (and what else are readers, who only read to borrow, *i. e.* to steal,) use to cut off the portmanteau from behind, without staying to dive into the pockets of the owner. Lastly, you are taught thus much in the very elements of philosophy; for one of the finest rules in logic is, *Finis est primus in intentione.*

The learned world is therefore most highly indebted to a late painful and judicious editor of the classics, who has laboured in that new way with exceeding felicity. Every author, by his management, sweats under himself, being overloaded with his own index, and carries, like a north-country pedlar, all his substance and furniture upon his back, and with as great variety of trifles. To him let all young students make their compliments for so much time and pains saved in the pursuit of useful knowledge; for whoever shortens a road, is a benefactor to the public, and to every particular person who has occasion to travel that way.

But to proceed, I have lamented nothing more in my time than the disuse of some ingenious little plays in fashion with young folks when I was a boy, and to which the great facility of that age, above ours, in composing, was certainly owing: and if anything has brought a damp upon the versification of these times, we have no further than this to go for the cause of it. Now, could these sports be happily revived, I am of opinion your wisest course would be to apply your thoughts to them, and never fail to make a party when you can, in those profitable diversions. For example, crambo is of extraordinary use to good rhyming, and rhyming is what I have ever accounted the very essential of a good poet; and in that notion I am not singular; for the aforesaid sir P. Sidney has declared "That the chief life of modern versifying consists in the like sounding of words, which we call rhyme;" which is an authority, either without exception, or above any reply. Wherefore, you are ever to try a good poem as you would sound a pipkin; and if it rings well upon the knuckle, be sure there is no flaw in it. Verse without rhyme, is a body without a soul, (for the "chief life consisteth in the rhyme,") or a bell without a clapper; which, in strictness, is no bell, as being neither of use nor delight. And the same ever honoured knight, with so musical an ear, had that veneration for the tunableness and chiming of verse, that he speaks of a poet as one that has "the reverend title of a rhymer." Our celebrated Milton has done these nations great prejudice in this particular, having spoiled as many reverend rhymers, by his example, as he has made real poets.

For which reason I am overjoyed to hear that a very ingenious youth of this town is now upon the useful design (for which he is never enough to be commended,) of bestowing rhyme upon Milton's "Paradise Lost," which will make the poem, in that only defective, more heroic and sonorous than it hitherto has been. I wish the gentleman success in the performance; and, as it is a work in which a young man could not be more happily employed, or appear in with greater advantage to his character, so I am concerned that it did not fall out to be your province.

With much the same view, I would recommend to you the witty play of pictures and mottoes, which will furnish your imagination with great store of images and suitable devices. We of these kingdoms have found our account in this diversion, as little as we consider or acknowledge it: for to this we owe our eminent felicity in posies of rings, mottoes of snuff-boxes, the humours of sign-posts, with their elegant inscriptions, &c.; in which kind of productions not any nation in the world, no not the Dutch themselves, will presume to rival us.

For much the same reason it may be proper for you

to have some insight into the play called, "What is it like?" as of great use in common practice to quicken slow capacities, and improve the quickest; but the chief end of it is to supply the fancy with varieties of similies for all subjects. It will teach you to bring things to a likeness, which have not the least imaginable conformity in nature, which is properly creation, and the very business of a poet, as his name implies; and let me tell you, a good poet can no more be without a stock of similies by him than a shoemaker without his lasts. He should have them sized, and ranged, and hung up in order in his shop, ready for all customers, and shaped to the feet of all sorts of verse; and here I could more fully (and I long to do it) insist upon the wonderful harmony and resemblance between a poet and a shoemaker in many circumstances common to both; such as the binding of their temples, the stuff they work upon, and the paring-knife they use, &c.,* but that I would not digress, nor seem to trifle in so serious a matter.

Now, I say, if you apply yourself to these diminutive sports (not to mention others of equal ingenuity, such as draw gloves, cross purposes, questions and commands, and the rest), it is not to be conceived what benefit (of nature) you will find by them, and how they will open the body of your invention. To these devote your spare hours, or rather spare all your hours to them, and then you will act as becomes a wise man, and make even diversions an improvement; like the inimitable management of the bee, which does the whole business of life at once, and at the same time both feeds, and works, and diverts itself.

Your own prudence will, I doubt not, direct you to take a place every evening among the ingenious, in the corner of a certain coffeehouse in this town, where you will receive a turn equally right as to wit, religion, and politics; as likewise to be as frequent at the playhouse as you can afford without selling your books. For, in our chaste theatre, even Cato himself might sit to the falling of the curtain: besides, you will meet sometimes with tolerable conversation among the players: they are such a kind of men as may pass, upon the same sort of capacities, for wits off the stage, as they do for fine gentlemen upon it. Besides that, I have known a factor deal in as good ware, and sell as cheap, as the merchant himself that employs him.

Add to this the expediency of furnishing out your shelves with a choice collection of modern miscellanies, in the gayest edition; and of reading all sorts of plays, especially the new, and above all, those of our own growth, printed by subscription; in which article of Irish manufacture, I readily agree to the late proposal, and am altogether for "rejecting and renouncing everything that comes from England." To what purpose should we go thither for coals or poetry, when we have a vein within ourselves equally good and more convenient? Lastly,

A commonplace book is what a provident poet cannot subsist without, for this proverbial reason, that "great wits have short memories;" and whereas, on the other hand, poets, being liars by profession, ought to have good memories; to reconcile these, a book of this sort is in the nature of a supplemental memory, or a record of what occurs remarkable in every day's reading or conversation. There you enter not only your own original thoughts (which, a hundred to one, are few and insignificant), but such of other men's as you think fit to make your own, by entering them there. For, take this for a rule, when an author is in your books, you have the same demand upon him for his wit as a merchant has for your money when you are in his.

By these few and easy prescriptions (with the help of a good genius), it is possible you may, in a short time, arrive at the accomplishments of a poet, and shine in that character. As for your manner of composing, and choice of subjects, I cannot take upon me to be your director; but I will venture to give you some short hints, which you may enlarge upon at your leisure. Let me entreat you, then, by no means to lay aside that notion peculiar to our modern refiners in poetry, which is, that a poet must never write or discourse as the ordinary part of mankind do, but in number and verse, as an oracle; which I mention the rather, because, upon this principle, I have known heroes brought into the pulpit, and a whole sermon composed and delivered in blank verse, to the vast credit of the preacher, no less than the real entertainment and great edification of the audience; the secret of which I take to be this: when the matter of such discourses is but mere clay, or, as we usually call it, sad stuff, the preacher, who can afford no better, wisely moulds, and polishes, and dries, and washes this piece of earthenware, and then bakes it with poetic fire; after which it will ring like any pancrock, and is a good dish to set before common guests, as every congregation is that comes so often for entertainment to one place.

There was a good old custom in use, which our ancestors had, of invoking the muses at the entrance of their poems; I suppose, by way of craving a blessing: this the graceless moderns have in a great measure laid aside, but are not to be followed in that poetical impiety; for, although to nice ears such invocations may sound harsh and disagreeable (as tuning instruments is before a concert), they are equally necessary. Again, you must not fail to dress your muse in a forehead cloth of Greek or Latin; I mean, you are always to make use of a quaint motto to all your compositions; for, beside that this artifice bespeaks the reader's opinion of the writer's learning, it is otherwise useful and commendable. A bright passage in the front of a poem is a good mark, like a star in a horse's face; and the piece will certainly go off the better for it. The *os magna sonaturum*, which, if I remember right, Horace makes one qualification of a good poet, may teach you not to gag your muse, or stint yourself in words and epithets which cost you nothing, contrary to the practice of some few out-of-the-way writers, who use a natural and concise expression, and affect a style like unto a Shrewsbury cake, short and sweet upon the palate; they will not afford you a word more than is necessary to make them intelligible, which is as poor and niggardly as it would be to set down no more meat than your company will be sure to eat up. Words are but lackeys to sense, and will dance attendance without wages or compulsion; *Verba non invita sequentur.*

Furthermore, when you set about composing, it may be necessary for your ease, and better distillation of wit, to put on your worst clothes, and the worse the better; for an author, like a limbeck, will yield the better for having a rag about him: besides that, I have observed a gardener cut the outward rind of a tree (which is the surtout of it) to make it bear well; and this is a natural account of the usual poverty of poets, and is an argument why wits, of all men living, ought to be ill clad. I have always a sacred veneration for any one I observe to be a little out of repair in his person, as supposing him either a poet or a philosopher; because the richest minerals are ever found under the most ragged and withered surface of the earth.

As for your choice of subjects, I have only to give you this caution: that as a handsome way of praising is certainly the most difficult point in writing or speaking, I would by no means advise any young man to make his first essay in panegyric, beside the danger of

it: for a particular encomium is ever attended with more ill-will than any general invective, for which I need give no reasons; wherefore my counsel is, that you use the point of your pen, not the feather: let your first attempt be a *coup d'éclat* in the way of a libel, lampoon, or satire. Knock down half a score reputations, and you will infallibly raise your own; and so it be with wit, no matter with how little justice; for fiction is your trade.

Every great genius seems to ride upon mankind, like Pyrrhus on his elephant; and the way to have the absolute ascendant of your resty nag, and to keep your seat is, at your first mounting, to afford him the whip and spurs plentifully; after which, you may travel the rest of the day with great alacrity. Once kick the world, and the world and you will live together at a reasonable good understanding. You cannot but know that those of your profession have been called *genus irritabile vatum;* and you will find it necessary to qualify yourself for that waspish society, by exerting your talent of satire upon the first occasion, and to abandon good nature only to prove yourself a true poet, which you will allow to be a valuable consideration: in a word, a young robber is usually entered by a murder; a young hound is blooded when he comes first into the field; a young bully begins with killing his man; and a young poet must show his wit, as the other his courage, by cutting, and slashing, and laying about him, and banging mankind.

Lastly, It will be your wisdom to look out betimes for a good service for your muse, according to her skill and qualifications, whether in the nature of a dairymaid, a cook, or charwoman: I mean, to hire out your pen to a party, which will afford you both pay and protection; and when you have to do with the press (as you will long to be there), take care to bespeak an importunate friend, to extort your productions with an agreeable violence; and which, according to the cue between you, you must surrender *digito male pertinaci:* there is a decency in this; for it no more becomes an author, in modesty, to have a hand in publishing his own works than a woman in labour to lay herself.

I would be very loath to give the least umbrage or offence by what I have here said, as I may do, if I should be thought to insinuate that these circumstances of good writing have been unknown to, or not observed by, the poets of this kingdom: I will do my countrymen the justice to say, they have written by the foregoing rules with great exactness, and so far as hardly to come behind those of their profession in England, in perfection of low writing. The sublime, indeed, is not so common with us; but ample amends is made for that want, in great abundance of the admirable and amazing, which appears in all our compositions. Our very good friend (the knight aforesaid), speaking of the force of poetry, mentions "rhyming to death, which (adds he) is said to be done in Ireland;" and, truly, to our honour be it spoken, that power, in a great measure, continues with us to this day.

I would now offer some poor thoughts of mine for the encouragement of poetry in this kingdom, if I could hope they would be agreeable. I have had many an aching heart for the ill plight of that noble profession here; and it has been my late and early study how to bring it into better circumstances. And, surely, considering what monstrous wits, in the poetic way, do almost daily start up and surprise us in this town, what prodigious geniuses we have here (of which I could give instances without number), and withal of what great benefit it may be to our trade to encourage that science here, for it is plain our linen manufacture is advanced by the great waste of paper made by our present set of poets; not to mention other necessary uses of the same to shopkeepers, especially grocers, apothecaries, and pastrycooks, and I might add, but for our writers, the nation would in a little time be utterly destitute of bum-fodder, and must of necessity import the same from England and Holland, where they have it in great abundance, by the indefatigable labour of their own wits: I say, these things considered, I am humbly of opinion it would be worth the care of our governors to cherish gentlemen of the quill, and give them all proper encouragements here. And, since I am upon the subject, I shall speak my mind very freely, and if I add saucily, it is no more than my birthright as a Briton.

Seriously, then, I have many years lamented the want of a Grub-street in this our large and polite city, unless the whole may be called one. And this I have accounted an unpardonable defect in our constitution, ever since I had any opinions I could call my own. Every one knows Grub-street is a market for small ware in wit, and as necessary, considering the usual purgings of the human brain, as the nose is upon a man's face: and for the same reason, we have here a court, a college, a playhouse, and beautiful ladies, and fine gentlemen, and good claret, and abundance of pens, ink, and paper, clear of taxes, and every other circumstance to provoke wit; and yet those whose province it is have not thought fit to appoint a place for evacuations of it, which is a very hard case, as may be judged by comparisons.

And truly this defect has been attended with unspeakable inconveniences; for, not to mention the prejudice done to the commonwealth of letters, I am of opinion we suffer in our health by it: I believe our corrupted air and frequent thick fogs are in a great measure owing to the common exposal of our wit; and that, with good management, our poetical vapours might be carried off in a common drain, and fall into one quarter of the town without infecting the whole, as the case is at present, to the great offence of our nobility and gentry, and others of nice noses. When writers of all sizes, like freemen of the city, are at liberty to throw out their filth and excrementitious productions in every street as they please, what can the consequence be, but that the town must be poisoned, and become such another jakes, as, by report of great travellers, Edinburgh is at night; a thing well to be considered in these pestilential times.

I am not of the society for reformation of manners, but, without that pragmatical title, I should be glad to see some amendment in the matter before us; wherefore, I humbly bespeak the favour of the lord mayor, the court of aldermen, and common council, together with the whole circle of arts in this town, and do recommend this affair to their most political consideration: and I persuade myself they will not be wanting in their best endeavours, when they can serve two such good ends at once, as both to keep the town sweet and encourage poetry in it. Neither do I make any exceptions as to satirical poets and lampoon writers in consideration of their office; for though, indeed, their business is to rake into kennels, and gather up the filth of streets and families (in which respect they may be, for aught I know, as necessary to the town as scavengers or chimney-sweeps), yet I have observed, they too have themselves, at the same time, very foul clothes, and, like dirty persons, leave more filth and nastiness than they sweep away.

In a word, what I would be at (for I love to be plain in matters of importance to my country) is, that some private street, or blind alley, of this town, may be fitted up, at the charge of the public, as an apartment for the muses, (like those at Rome and Amsterdam, for their female relations,) and be wholly consigned to the uses of our wits, furnished completely with all appurtenances,

such as authors, supervisors, presses, printers, hawkers, shops, and warehouses, abundance of garrets, and every other implement and circumstance of wit; the benefit of which would obviously be this, viz., that we should then have a safe repository for our best productions, which at present are handed about in single sheets or manuscripts, and may be altogether lost, (which were a pity,) or, at the best, are subject, in that loose dress, like handsome women, to great abuse.

Another point that has cost me some melancholy reflections, is the present state of the playhouse; the encouragement of which has an immediate influence upon the poetry of the kingdom; as a good market improves the tillage of the neighbouring country, and enriches the ploughman; neither do we of this town seem enough to know or consider the vast benefit of a playhouse to our city and nation: that single house is the fountain of all our love, wit, dress, and gallantry. It is the school of wisdom; for there we learn to know what's what: which, however, I cannot say is always in that place sound knowledge. There our young folks drop their childish mistakes, and come first to perceive their mothers' cheat of the parsley-bed; there, too, they get rid of natural prejudices, especially those of religion and modesty, which are great restraints to a free people. The same is a remedy for the spleen, and blushing, and several distempers occasioned by the stagnation of the blood. It is likewise a school of common swearing; my young master, who at first but minced an oath, is taught there to mouth it gracefully, and to swear, as he reads French, *ore rotundo*. Profaneness was before to him in the nature of his best suit, or holiday-clothes; but upon frequenting the playhouse, swearing, cursing, and lying, become like his every-day coat, waistcoat, and breeches. Now, I say, common swearing, a produce of this country as plentiful as our corn, thus cultivated by the playhouse, might, with management, be of wonderful advantage to the nation, as a projector of the swearer's bank has proved at large. Lastly, the stage, in great measure, supports the pulpit; for I know not what our divines could have to say there against the corruptions of the age, but for the playhouse, which is the seminary of them. From which it is plain the public is a gainer by the playhouse, and consequently ought to countenance it; and, were I worthy to put in my word, or prescribe to my betters, I could say in what manner.

I have heard that a certain gentleman has great design to serve the public, in the way of their diversion, with due encouragement; that is, if he can obtain some concordatum-money, or yearly salary, and handsome contribution; and well he deserves the favours of the nation: for to do him justice, he has an uncommon skill in pastimes, having altogether applied his studies that way, and travelled full many a league, by sea and land, for this his profound knowledge. With that view alone he has visited all the courts and cities in Europe, and has been at more pains than I shall speak of, to take an exact draught of the playhouse at the Hague, as a model for a new one here. But what can a private man do by himself in so public an undertaking? It is not to be doubted but, by his care and industry, vast improvements may be made, not only in our playhouse, (which is his immediate province,) but in our gaming ordinaries, groom-porters, lotteries, bowling-greens, ninepin-alleys, bear-gardens, cockpits, prizes, puppets, and raceshows, and whatever else concerns the elegant divertisements of this town. He is truly an original genius; and I felicitate this our capital city on his residence here, where I wish him long to live and flourish, for the good of the commonwealth.

Once more: if any further application shall be made, on the other side, to obtain a charter for a bank here, I presume to make a request, that poetry may be a sharer in that privilege, being a fund as real, and to the full as well grounded, as our stocks; but I fear our neighbours, who envy our wit as much as they do our wealth or trade, will give no encouragement to either. I believe, also, it might be proper to erect a corporation of poets in this city. I have been idle enough in my time to make a computation of wits here, and do find we have three hundred performing poets, and upward, in and about this town, reckoning six score to the hundred, and allowing for demies, like pint bottles; including also the several denominations of imitators, translators, and familiar letter-writers, &c. One of these last has lately entertained the town with an original piece, and such a one as, I dare say, the late British Spectator, in his decline, would have called, "an excellent specimen of the true sublime;" or "a noble poem;" or "a fine copy of verses on a subject perfectly new," the author himself; and had given it a place among his latest lucubrations.

But, as I was saying, so many poets, I am confident, are sufficient to furnish out a corporation, in point of number. Then, for the several degrees of subordinate members requisite to such a body, there can be no want; for, although we have not one masterly poet, yet we abound with wardens and beadles; having a multitude of poetasters, poetitoes, parcel-poets, poet-apes, and philo-poets, and many of inferior attainments in wit, but strong inclinations to it, which are, by odds, more than all the rest. Nor shall I ever be at ease till this project of mine (for which I am heartily thankful to myself) shall be reduced to practice. I long to see the day when our poets will be a regular and distinct body, and wait upon the lord mayor on public days, like other good citizens, in gowns turned up with green, instead of laurel; and when I myself, who make the proposal, shall be free of their company.

To conclude: what if our government had a poet-laureat here, as in England? what if our university had a professor of poetry here, as in England? what if our lord mayor had a city bard here, as in England? and, to refine upon England, what if every corporation, parish, and ward in this town, had a poet in fee, as they have not in England? Lastly, what if every one, so qualified, were obliged to add one more than usual to the number of his domestics, and, beside a fool and a chaplain, (which are often united in one person,) would retain a poet in his family? for, perhaps, a rhymer is as necessary among servants of a house, as a dobbin with his bells at the head of a team. But these things I leave to the wisdom of my superiors.

While I have been directing your pen, I should not forget to govern my own, which has already exceeded the bounds of a letter: I must therefore take my leave abruptly, and desire you, without further ceremony, to believe that I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

JONATHAN SWIFT.

A LETTER

TO A VERY YOUNG LADY ON HER MARRIAGE.

"This letter ought to be read by all new-married women, and will be read with pleasure and advantage by the most distinguished and accomplished ladies."—ORRERY. Mrs. Pilkington says that this letter was written on lady Betty Moore's marriage with Mr. George Rochfort. Mr. Faulkner, the more sound authority, supposes it addressed to Mrs. John Rochford, daughter of Dr. Staunton.

MADAM,—The hurry and impertinence of receiving and paying visits on account of your marriage being now over, you are beginning to enter into a course of life, where you will want much advice to divert you from falling into many errors, fopperies, and follies, to which your sex is subject. I have always borne an

entire friendship to your father and mother; and the person they have chosen for your husband has been, for some years past, my particular favourite. I have long wished you might come together, because I hoped that, from the goodness of your disposition, and by following the counsel of wise friends, you might in time make yourself worthy of him. Your parents were so far in the right that they did not produce you much into the world, whereby you avoided many wrong steps which others have taken, and have fewer ill impressions to be removed; but they failed, as it is generally the case, in too much neglecting to cultivate your mind; without which it is impossible to acquire or preserve the friendship and esteem of a wise man, who soon grows weary of acting the lover, and treating his wife like a mistress, but wants a reasonable companion, and a true friend through every stage of his life. It must be therefore your business to qualify yourself for those offices; wherein I will not fail to be your director, as long as I shall think you deserve it, by letting you know how you are to act, and what you ought to avoid.

And beware of despising or neglecting my instructions, whereon will depend not only your making a good figure in the world, but your own real happiness, as well as that of the person who ought to be the dearest to you.

I must therefore desire you, in the first place, to be very slow in changing the modest behaviour of a virgin: it is usual in young wives, before they have been many weeks married, to assume a bold forward look and manner of talking, as if they intended to signify in all companies that they were no longer girls, and consequently that their whole demeanour, before they got a husband, was all but a countenance and constraint upon their nature: whereas, I suppose, if the votes of wise men were gathered, a very great majority would be in favour of those ladies who, after they were entered into that state, rather chose to double their portion of modesty and reservedness.

I must likewise warn you strictly against the least degree of fondness to your husband before any witness whatsoever, even before your nearest relations, or the very maids of your chamber. This proceeding is so exceeding odious and disgustful to all who have either good breeding or good sense, that they assign two very unamiable reasons for it; the one is gross hypocrisy, and the other has too bad a name to mention. If there is any difference to be made, your husband is the lowest person in company either at home or abroad, and every gentleman present has a better claim to all marks of civility and distinction from you. Conceal your esteem and love in your own breast, and reserve your kind looks and language for private hours, which are so many in the four and twenty, that they will afford time to employ a passion as exalted as any that was ever described in a French romance.

Upon this head I should likewise advise you to differ in practice from those ladies who affect abundance of uneasiness while their husbands are abroad; start with every knock at the door, and ring the bell incessantly for the servants to let in their master; will not eat a bit at dinner or supper if the husband happens to stay out; and receive him at his return with such a medley of chiding and kindness, and catechizing him where he has been, that a shrew from Billingsgate would be a more easy and eligible companion.

Of the same leaven are those wives who, when their husbands are gone a journey, must have a letter every post, upon pain of fits and hysterics: and a day must be fixed for their return home, without the least allowance for business or sickness, or accidents, or weather; upon which I can only say, that in my observation, those ladies, who are apt to make the greatest clutter on such occasions, would liberally have paid a messenger for bringing them news, that their husbands had broken their necks on the road.

You will perhaps be offended, when I advise you to abate a little of that violent passion for fine clothes so predominant in your sex. It is a little hard that ours, for whose sake you wear them, are not admitted to be of your council. I may venture to assure you, that we will make an abatement at any time of four pounds a yard in a brocade, if the ladies will but allow a suitable addition of care in the cleanliness and sweetness of their persons. For the satirical part of mankind will needs believe, that it is not impossible to be very fine and very filthy; and that the capacities of a lady are sometimes apt to fall short, in cultivating cleanliness and finery together. I shall only add, upon so tender a subject, what a pleasant gentleman said concerning a silly woman of quality; that nothing could make her supportable but cutting off her head; for his ears were offended by her tongue, and his nose by her hair and teeth.

I am wholly at a loss how to advise you in the choice of company, which, however, is a point of as great importance as any in your life. If your general acquaintance be among the ladies, who are your equals or superiors, provided they have nothing of what is commonly called an ill reputation, you think you are safe; and this, in the style of the world, will pass for good company. Whereas, I am afraid it will be hard for you to pick out one female acquaintance in this town from whom you will not be in manifest danger of contracting some foppery, affectation, vanity, folly, or vice. Your only safe way of conversing with them is, by a firm resolution to proceed in your practice and behaviour directly contrary to whatever they shall say or do, and this I take to be a good general rule, with very few exceptions. For instance, in the doctrines they usually deliver to young married women for managing their husbands, their several accounts of their own conduct in that particular, to recommend it to your imitation, the reflections they make upon others of their sex for acting differently, their directions how to come off with victory upon any dispute or quarrel you may have with your husband, the arts by which you may discover and practise upon his weak side: when to work by flattery and insinuation, when to melt him with tears, and when to engage him with a high hand: in these and a thousand other cases it will be prudent to retain as many of their lectures in your memory as you can, and then determine to act in full opposition to them all.

I hope your husband will interpose his authority to limit you in the trade of visiting: half a dozen fools are, in all conscience, as many as you should require; and it will be sufficient for you to see them twice a-year, for I think the fashion does not exact that visits should be paid to friends.

I advise that your company at home should consist of men rather than women. To say the truth, I never yet knew a tolerable woman to be fond of her own sex. I confess, when both are mixed and well chosen, and put their best qualities forward, there may be an intercourse of civility and good will, which, with the addition of some degree of sense, can make conversation or any amusement agreeable. But a knot of ladies, got together by themselves, is a very school of impertinence and detraction, and it is well if those be the worst.

Let your men acquaintance be of your husband's choice, and not recommended to you by any she companions, because they will certainly fix a coxcomb upon you, and it will cost you some time and pains before you can arrive at the knowledge of distinguishing such a one from a man of sense.

Never take a favourite waiting-maid into your cabinet council, to entertain you with histories of

those ladies whom she has formerly served, of their diversions and their dresses, to insinuate how great a fortune you brought, and how little you are allowed to squander, to appeal to her from your husband, and to be determined by her judgment, because you are sure it will be always for you, to receive and discard servants by her approbation or dislike; to engage you by her insinuations in misunderstandings with your best friends; to represent all things in false colours, and to be the common emissary of scandal.

But the grand affair of your life will be to gain and preserve the friendship and esteem of your husband. You are married to a man of good education and learning, of an excellent understanding and an exact taste. It is true, and it is happy for you, that these qualities in him are adorned with great modesty, a most amiable sweetness of temper, and an unusual disposition to sobriety and virtue; but neither good nature nor virtue will suffer him to esteem you against his judgment; and although he is not capable of using you ill, yet you will in time grow a thing indifferent, and perhaps contemptible, unless you can supply the loss of youth and beauty with more durable qualities. You have but a very few years to be young and handsome in the eyes of the world, and as few months to be so in the eyes of a husband who is not a fool; for I hope you do not still dream of charms and raptures, which marriage ever did, and ever will, put a sudden end to. Besides, yours was a match of prudence and common good liking, without any mixture of that ridiculous passion which has no being but in playbooks and romances.

You must therefore use all endeavours to attain to some degree of those accomplishments which your husband most values in other people, and for which he is most valued himself. You must improve your mind by closely pursuing such a method of study as I shall direct or approve of. You must get a collection of history and travels, which I will recommend to you, and spend some hours every day in reading them, and making extracts from them if your memory be weak. You must invite persons of knowledge and understanding to an acquaintance with you, by whose conversation you may learn to correct your taste and judgment; and when you can bring yourself to comprehend and relish the good sense of others, you will arrive in time to think rightly yourself, and to become a reasonable and agreeable companion. This must produce in your husband a true rational love and esteem for you, which old age will not diminish. He will have a regard for your judgment and opinion in matters of the greatest weight; you will be able to entertain each other without a third person to relieve you by finding discourse. The endowments of your mind will even make your person more agreeable to him; and when you are alone, your time will not lie heavy upon your hands for want of some trifling amusement.

As little respect as I have for the generality of your sex, it has sometimes moved me with pity to see the lady of the house forced to withdraw immediately after dinner, and this in families where there is not much drinking; as if it were an established maxim, that women are incapable of all conversation. In a room where both sexes meet, if the men are discoursing upon any general subject, the ladies never think it their business to partake in what passes, but in a separate club entertain each other with the price and choice of lace and silk, and what dresses they liked or disapproved at the church or the playhouse. And when you are among yourselves, how naturally after the first compliments do you apply your hands to each other's lappets, and ruffles, and mantuas; as if the whole business of your lives and the public concern of the world depended upon the cut or colour of your dress. As divines say, that some people take more pains to be damned than it would cost them to be saved; so your sex employ more thought, memory, and application to be fools than would serve to make them wise and useful. When I reflect on this I cannot conceive you to be human creatures, but a certain sort of species hardly a degree above a monkey; who has more diverting tricks than any of you, is an animal less mischievous and expensive, might in time be a tolerable critic in velvet and brocade, and for aught I know, would equally become them.

I would have you look upon finery as a necessary folly, which all great ladies did whom I have ever known: I do not desire you to be out of the fashion, but to be the last and least in it. I expect that your dress shall be one degree lower than your fortune can afford; and in your own heart I would wish you to be an utter contemner of all distinctions which a finer petticoat can give you; because it will neither make you richer, handsomer, younger, better natured, more virtuous or wise than if it hung upon a peg.

If you are in company with men of learning, though they happen to discourse of arts and sciences out of your compass, yet you will gather more advantage by listening to them than from all the nonsense and frippery of your own sex; but if they be men of breeding as well as learning, they will seldom engage in any conversation where you ought not to be a hearer, and in time have your part. If they talk of the manners and customs of the several kingdoms of Europe, of travels into remoter nations, of the state of your own country, or of the great men and actions of Greece and Rome; if they give their judgment upon English and French writers either in verse or prose, or of the nature and limits of virtue and vice; it is a shame for an English lady not to relish such discourses, not to improve by them, and endeavour by reading and information to have her share in those entertainments, rather than turn aside, as it is the usual custom, and consult with the woman who sits next her about a new cargo of fans.

It is a little hard that not one gentleman's daughter in a thousand should be brought to read or understand her own natural tongue, or to be judge of the easiest books that are written in it; as any one may find who can have the patience to hear them, when they are disposed to mangle a play or novel, where the least word out of the common road is sure to disconcert them; and it is no wonder, when they are not so much as taught to spell in their childhood, nor can ever attain to it in their whole lives. I advise you therefore to read aloud, more or less, every day to your husband, if he will permit you, or to any other friend (but not a female one) who is able to set you right; and as for spelling, you may compass it in time by making collections from the books you read.

I know very well that those who are commonly called learned women have lost all manner of credit by their impertinent talkativeness and conceit of themselves; but there is an easy remedy for this, if you once consider, that after all the pains you may be at you never can arrive in point of learning to the perfection of a schoolboy. The reading I would advise you to is only for improvement of your own good sense, which will never fail of being mended by discretion. It is a wrong method and ill choice of books that makes those learned ladies just so much the worse for what they have read, and therefore it shall be my care to direct you better, a task for which I take myself to be not ill-qualified, because I have spent more time and have had more opportunities than many others to observe and discover from what source the various follies of women are derived.

Pray, observe how insignificant things are the common race of ladies when they have passed their youth

and beauty, how contemptible they appear to the men, and yet more contemptible to the younger part of their own sex, and have no relief, but in passing their afternoons in visits, where they are never acceptable, and their evenings at cards among each other, while the former part of the day is spent in spleen and envy, or in vain endeavours to repair by art and dress the ruins of time. Whereas I have known ladies at sixty, to whom all the polite part of the court and town paid their addresses, without any further view than that of enjoying the pleasure of their conversation.

I am ignorant of any one quality that is amiable in a man which is not equally so in a woman: I do not except even modesty and gentleness of nature. Nor do I know one vice or folly which is not equally detestable in both. There is indeed one infirmity which is generally allowed you, I mean that of cowardice yet there should seem to be something very capricious, that when women profess their admiration for a colonel or a captain, on account of his valour, they should fancy it a very graceful and becoming quality in themselves, to be afraid of their own shadows; to scream in a barge when the weather is calmest, or in a coach at a ring: to run from a cow at a hundred yards distance, to fall into fits at the sight of a spider, an earwig, or a frog. At least, if cowardice be a sign of cruelty, (as it is generally granted,) I can hardly think it an accomplishment so desirable as to be thought worth improving by affectation.

And as the same virtues equally become both sexes, so there is no quality whereby women endeavour to distinguish themselves from men for which they are not just so much the worst, except that only of reservedness; which, however, as you generally manage it, is nothing else but affectation or hypocrisy. For, as you cannot too much discountenance those of our sex who presume to take unbecoming liberties before you; so you ought to be wholly unconstrained in the company of deserving men, when you have had sufficient experience of their discretion.

There is never wanting in this town a tribe of bold, swaggering, rattling ladies, whose talents pass among coxcombs for wit and humour; their excellency lies in rude, shocking expressions, and what they call running a man down. If a gentleman in their company happens to have any blemish in his birth or person, if any misfortune has befallen his family or himself for which he is ashamed, they will be sure to give him broad hints of it without any provocation. I would recommend you to the acquaintance of a common prostitute rather than to that of such termagants as these. I have often thought that no man is obliged to suppose such creatures to be women, but to treat them like insolent rascals disguised in female habits, who ought to be stripped and kicked down stairs.

I will add one thing, although it be a little out of place, which is to desire that you will learn to value and esteem your husband for those good qualities which he really possesses, and not to fancy others in him which he certainly has not. For, although this latter is generally understood to be a mark of love, yet it is indeed nothing but affectation or ill judgment. It is true, he wants so very few accomplishments, that you are in no great danger of erring on this side; but my caution is occasioned by a lady of your acquaintance, married to a very valuable person, whom yet she is so unfortunate as to be always commending for those perfections to which he can least pretend.

I can give you no advice upon the article of expense; only I think you ought to be well informed how much your husband's revenue amounts to, and be so good a computer as to keep within it in that part of the management which falls to your share; and not to put yourself in the number of those politic ladies, who think they gain a great point when they have teased their husbands to buy them a new equipage, a laced head, or a fine petticoat, without once considering what long score remained unpaid to the butcher.

I desire you will keep this letter in your cabinet, and often examine impartially your whole conduct by it: and so God bless you, and make you a fair example to your sex, and a perpetual comfort to your husband and your parent.[a]

I am, with great truth and affection, Madam, your most faithful friend and humble servant.

RESOLUTIONS WHEN I COME TO BE OLD.

WRITTEN IN 1699.

In compliance with the dean's own request, and agreeably to one of these resolutions, Dr. Sheridan faithfully admonished Swift of his parsimonious disposition as his faculties began to fail. "Doctor," answered Swift, with an expressive look, "do you remember the bishop of Grenada in Gil Blas?" Their cordiality ceased from that moment.

Not to marry a young woman.

Not to keep young company, unless they desire it.

Not to be peevish, or morose, or suspicious.

Not to scorn present ways, or wits, or fashions, or men, or war, &c.

Not to be fond of children.

Not to tell the same story over and over to the same people.

Not to be covetous.

Not to neglect decency or cleanliness, for fear of falling into nastiness.

Not to be over severe with young people, but give allowances for their youthful follies and weaknesses.

Not to be influenced by, or give ear to, knavish tattling servants, or others.

Not to be too free of advice, or trouble any but those who desire it.

To desire some good friend to inform me which of these resolutions I break or neglect, and wherein, and reform accordingly.

Not to talk much, nor of myself.

Not to boast of my former beauty, or strengh, or favour with ladies, &c.

Not to hearken to flatteries, nor conceive I can be beloved by a young woman; *et eos qui hæreditatem captant, odisse ac vitare.*

Not to be positive or opinionative.

Not to set for observing all these rules, for fear I should observe none.

THOUGHTS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS, MORAL AND DIVERTING.[b]

OCTOBER 1706.

We have just enough religion to make us hate, but not enough to make us love, one another.

Reflect on things past, as wars, negotiations, factions, &c. we enter so little into those interests that we wonder how men could possibly be so busy and concerned for things so transitory; look on the present times, we find the same humour, yet wonder not at all.

A wise man endeavours, by considering all circum-

[a] "The reader of this letter may be allowed to doubt whether Swift's opinion of female excellence ought implicitly to be admitted; for if his general thoughts on women were such as he exhibits, a very little sense in a lady would enrapture, and a very little virtue would astonish him. Stella's supremacy, therefore, was perhaps only local. She was great because her associates were little."

[b] Mr. Pope and dean Swift, being in the country, agreed to write down such involuntary thoughts as occurred to them during their walks; and these are such as belong to the dean.

stances, to make conjectures, and form conclusions; but the smallest accident intervening, (and in the course of affairs it is impossible to foresee all,) does often produce such turns and changes, that at last he is just as much in doubt of events as the most ignorant and unexperienced person.

Positiveness is a good quality for preachers and orators, because he that would obtrude his thoughts and reasons upon a multitude, will convince others the more as he appears convinced himself.

How is it possible to expect that mankind will take advice, when they will not so much as take warning?

I forget whether advice be among the lost things, which Ariosto says may be found in the moon; that and time ought to have been there.

No preacher is listened to but Time, which gives us the same train and turn of thought that elder people have in vain tried to put into our heads before.

When we desire or solicit anything, our minds run wholly on the good side or circumstances of it; when it is obtained, our minds run wholly on the bad ones.

In a glasshouse, the workmen often fling in a small quantity of fresh coals, which seems to disturb the fire, but very much enlivens it. This seems to allude to a gentle stirring of the passions, that the mind may not languish.

Religion seems to have grown an infant with age, and requires miracles to nurse it, as it had in its infancy.

All fits of pleasure are balanced by an equal degree of pain or languor; it is like spending this year part of the next year's revenue.

The latter part of a wise man's life is taken up in curing the follies, prejudices, and false opinions he had contracted in the former.

Would a writer know how to behave himself with relation to posterity, let him consider in old books what he finds that he is glad to know, and what omissions he most laments.

Whatever the poets pretend, it is plain they give immortality to none but themselves: it is Homer and Virgil we reverence and admire, not Achilles or Æneas. With historians it is quite the contrary; our thoughts are taken up with the actions, persons and events we read, and we little regard the authors.

When a true genius appears in the world, you may know him by this sign, that the dunces are all in confederacy against him.

Men who possess all the advantages of life are in a state where there are many accidents to disorder and discompose, but few to please them.

It is unwise to punish cowards with ignominy; for if they had regarded that, they would not have been cowards: death is their proper punishment, because they fear it most.

The greatest inventions were produced in the times of ignorance; as the use of the compass, gunpowder, and printing; and by the dullest nation, as the Germans.

One argument to prove that the common relations of ghosts and spectres are generally false, may be drawn from the opinion held, that spirits are never seen by more than one person at a time; that is to say, it seldom happens to above one person in a company to be possessed with any high degree of spleen or melancholy.

I am apt to think that, in the day of judgment, there will be small allowance given to the wise for their want of morals, and to the ignorant for their want of faith, because both are without excuse. This renders the advantages equal of ignorance and knowledge. But some scruples in the wise, and some vices in the ignorant, will perhaps be forgiven upon the strength of temptation to each.

The value of several circumstances in story lessens very much by distance of time, though some minute circumstances are very valuable; and it requires great judgment in a writer to distinguish.

It is grown a word of course for writers to say, This critical age, as divines say, This sinful age.

It is pleasant to observe how free the present age is in laying taxes on the next: future ages shall talk of this; this shall be famous to all posterity: whereas their time and thoughts will be taken up about present things, as ours are now.

The chameleon, who is said to feed upon nothing but air, has of all animals the nimblest tongue.

When a man is made a spiritual peer, he loses his surname; when a temporal, his Christian name.

It is in disputes, as in armies; where the weaker side sets up false lights, and makes a great noise, to make the enemy believe them more numerous and strong than they really are.

Some men, under the notion of weeding out prejudices, eradicate virtue, honesty, and religion.

In all well-instituted commonwealths, care has been taken to limit men's possessions; which is done for many reasons, and, among the rest, for one which, perhaps, is not often considered, that when bounds are set to men's desires, after they have acquired as much as the laws will permit them, their private interest is at an end, and they have nothing to do but to take care of the public.

There are but three ways for a man to revenge himself of the censure of the world; to despise it, to return the like, or to endeavour to live so as to avoid it: the first of these is usually pretended, the last is almost impossible, the universal practice is for the second.

Herodotus tells us, that in cold countries beasts very seldom have horns, but in hot they have very large ones. This might bear a pleasant application.

I never heard a finer piece of satire against lawyers, than that of astrologers, when they pretend, by rules of art, to tell when a suit will end, and whether to the advantage of the plaintiff or defendant; thus making the matter depend entirely upon the influence of the stars, without the least regard to the merits of the cause.

The expression in Apocrypha about Tobit and his dog following him, I have often heard ridiculed; yet Homer has the same words of Telemachus more than once; and Virgil says something like it of Evander. And I take the book of Tobit to be partly poetical.

I have known some men possessed of good qualities which were very serviceable to others, but useless to themselves; like a sun-dial on the front of a house, to inform the neighbours and passengers, but not the owner within.

If a man would register all his opinions upon love, politics, religion, learning, &c. beginning from his youth, and so go on to old age, what a bundle of inconsistencies and contradictions would appear at

What they do in heaven we are ignorant of; what they do not we are told expressly, that they neither marry, nor are given in marriage.

When a man observes the choice of ladies now-a-days in the dispensing of their favours, can he forbear paying some veneration to the memory of those mares mentioned by Xenophon, who, while their manes were on, that is, while they were in their beauty, would never admit the embraces of an ass.

It is a miserable thing to live in suspense; it is the life of a spider.

> Vive quidem, pendo tamen, improba, dixit.
> Ovid. Metam.

The stoical scheme of supplying our wants by

lopping off our desires, is like cutting off our feet, when we want shoes.

Physicians ought not to give their judgment of religion, for the same reason that butchers are not admitted to be jurors upon life and death.

The reason why so few marriages are happy, is because young ladies spend their time in making nets, not in making cages.

If a man will observe as he walks the streets, I believe he will find the merriest countenances in mourning coaches.

Nothing more unqualifies a man to act with prudence than a misfortune that is attended with shame and guilt.

The power of fortune is confessed only by the miserable; for the happy impute all their success to prudence and merit.

Ambition often puts men upon doing the meanest offices: so climbing is performed in the same posture with creeping.

Ill company is like a dog, who dirts those most whom he loves best.

Censure is the tax a man pays to the public for being eminent.

Although men are accused for not knowing their own weakness, yet, perhaps, as few know their own strength. It is in men as in soils, where sometimes there is a vein of gold, which the owner knows not of.

Satire is reckoned the easiest of all wit; but I take it to be otherwise in very bad times: for it is as hard to satirize well a man of distinguished vices, as to praise well a man of distinguished virtues. It is easy enough to do either to people of moderate characters.

Invention is the talent of youth, and judgment of age: so that our judgment grows harder to please when we have fewer things to offer it: this goes through the whole commerce of life. When we are old, our friends find it difficult to please us, and are less concerned whether we be pleased or not.

No wise man ever wished to be younger.

An idle reason lessens the weight of the good ones you gave before.

The motives of the best actions will not bear too strict an inquiry. It is allowed, that the cause of most actions, good or bad, may be resolved into the love of ourselves; but the self-love of some men inclines them to please others; and the self-love of others is wholly employed in pleasing themselves. This makes the great distinction between virtue and vice. Religion is the best motive of all actions, yet religion is allowed to be the highest instance of self-love.

When the world has once begun to use us ill, it afterwards continues the same treatment with less scruple or ceremony as men do to a whore.

Old men view best at a distance, with the eyes of their understanding, as well as with those of nature.

Some people take more care to hide their wisdom than their folly.

Arbitrary power is the natural object of temptation to a prince, as wine or women to a young fellow, or a bribe to a judge, or avarice to old age, or vanity to a woman.

Anthony Henley's farmer dying of an asthma, said, "Well, if I can get this breath once out, I'll take care it shall never get in again."

The humour of exploding many things under the name of trifles, fopperies, and only imaginary goods, is a very false proof either of wisdom or magnanimity, and a great check to virtuous actions. For instance, with regard to fame: there is in most people a reluctance and unwillingness to be forgotten. We observe, even among the vulgar, how fond they are to have an inscription over their grave. It requires but little philosophy to discover and observe that there is no intrinsic value in all this; however, if it be founded in our nature, as an incitement to virtue, it ought not to be ridiculed.

Complaint is the largest tribute heaven receives, and the sincerest part of our devotion.

The common fluency of speech in many men, and most women, is owing to a scarcity of matter, and a scarcity of words; for whoever is a master of language, and has a mind full of ideas, will be apt, in speaking, to hesitate upon the choice of both: whereas common speakers have only one set of ideas and one set of words to clothe them in; and these are always ready at the mouth: so people come faster out of a church when it is almost empty, than when a crowd is at the door.

Few are qualified to shine in company; but it is in most men's power to be agreeable. The reason, therefore, why conversation runs so low at present, is not the defect of understanding, but pride, vanity, ill-nature, affectation, singularity, positiveness, or some other vice, the effect of a wrong education.

To be vain is rather a mark of humility than pride. Vain men delight in telling what honours have been done them, what great company they have kept, and the like, by which they plainly confess that these honours were more than their due, and such as their friends would not believe, if they had not been told; whereas a man truly proud, thinks the greatest honours below his merit, and consequently scorns to boast. I therefore deliver it as a maxim, that whoever desires the character of a proud man, ought to conceal his vanity.

Law, in a free country, is, or ought to be, the determination of the majority of those who have property in land.

One argument used to the disadvantage of Providence, I take to be a very strong one in its defence. It is objected, that storms and tempests, unfruitful seasons, serpents, spiders, flies, and other noxious or troublesome animals, with many other instances of the same kind, discover an imperfection in nature, because human life would be much easier without them: but the design of Providence may clearly be perceived in this proceeding. The motions of the sun and moon, in short, the whole system of the universe, as far as philosophers have been able to discover and observe, are in the utmost degree of regularity and perfection; but wherever God has left to man the power of interposing a remedy by thought or labour, there he has placed things in a state of imperfection, on purpose to stir up human industry, without which life would stagnate, or indeed rather could not subsist at all: *Curis acuuntur mortalia corda.*

Praise is the daughter of present power.

How inconsistent is man with himself!

I have known several persons of great fame for wisdom in public affairs and councils governed by foolish servants:

I have known great ministers, distinguished for wit and learning, who preferred none but dunces:

I have known men of great valour cowards to their wives:

I have known men of the greatest cunning perpetually cheated:

I knew three great ministers, who could exactly compute and settle the accompts of a kingdom, but were wholly ignorant of their own economy.

The preaching of divines helps to preserve well-inclined men in the course of virtue, but seldom or never reclaims the vicious.

Princes usually make wiser choices than the servants whom they trust for the disposal of places: I have known a prince more than once choose an able minister; but I never observed that minister to use his

credit in the disposal of an employment to a person whom he thought the fittest for it. One of the greatest in this age [Harley] owned, and excused the matter, from the violence of parties, and the unreasonableness of friends.

Small causes are sufficient to make a man uneasy, when great ones are not in the way: for want of a block he will stumble at a straw.

Dignity, high station, or great riches, are in some sort necessary to old men, in order to keep the younger at a distance, who are otherwise too apt to insult them upon the score of their age.

Every man desires to live long; but no man would be old.

Love of flattery, in most men, proceeds from the mean opinion they have of themselves; in women, from the contrary.

If books and laws continue to increase as they have done for fifty years past, I am in concern for future ages, how any man will be learned, or any man a lawyer.

Kings are commonly said to have long hands; I wish they had as long ears.

Princes in their infancy, childhood, and youth are said to discover prodigious parts and wit, to speak things that surprise and astonish: strange, so many hopeful princes, and so many shameful kings! If they happen to die young, they would have been prodigies of wisdom and virtue: if they live, they are often prodigies indeed, but of another sort.

Politics, as the word is commonly understood, are nothing but corruptions, and consequently of no use to a good king, or a good ministry: for which reason all courts are so full of politics.

Silenus, the foster-father of Bacchus, is always carried by an ass, and has horns on his head. The moral is, that drunkards are led by fools, and have a great chance to be cuckolds.

Venus, a beautiful, good-natured lady, was the goddess of love; Juno, a terrible shrew, the goddess of marriage: and they were always mortal enemies.

Those who are against religion, must needs be fools; and therefore we read that of all animals, God refused the first-born of an ass.

A very little wit is valued in a woman, as we are pleased with a few words spoken plain by a parrot.

A nice man is a man of nasty ideas.

Apollo was held the god of physic, and sender of diseases. Both were originally the same trade, and still continue.

Old men and comets have been reverenced for the same reason; their long beards, and pretences to foretel events.

A person was asked at court, "what he thought of an ambassador, and his train, who were all embroidery and lace, full of bows, cringes, and gestures?" He said, "it was Solomon's importation, gold and apes."

There is a story in Pausanias of a plot for betraying a city discovered by the braying of an ass; the cackling of geese saved the Capitol; and Cataline's conspiracy was discovered by a whore. These are the only three animals, as far as I remember, famous in history as evidences and informers.

Most sorts of diversion in men, children, and other animals, are in imitation of fighting.

Augustus, meeting an ass with a lucky name, foretold himself good fortune. I meet many asses, but none of them have lucky names.

If a man makes me keep my distance, the comfort is, he keeps his at the same time.

Who can deny that all men are violent lovers of truth when we see them so positive in their errors, which they will maintain out of their zeal to truth, although they contradict themselves every day of their lives?

That was excellently observed, say I, when I read a passage in an author, where his opinion agrees with mine. When we differ, there I pronounce him to be mistaken.

Very few men, properly speaking, live at present, but are providing to live another time.

As universal a practice as lying is, and as easy a one as it seems, I do not remember to have heard three good lies in all my conversation, even from those who were most celebrated in that faculty.

Laws penned with the utmost care and exactness, and in the vulgar language, are often perverted to wrong meanings; then why should we wonder that the Bible is so?

A man seeing a wasp creeping into a vial filled with honey that was hung on a fruit-tree, said thus. "Why, thou sottish animal, art thou mad to go into the vial, where you see many hundred of your kind dying before you?"—"The reproach is just," answered the wasp, "but not from you men, who are so far from taking example by other people's follies that you will not take warning by your own. If after falling several times into this vial, and escaping by chance, I should fall in again, I should then but resemble you."

An old miser kept a tame jackdaw, that used to steal pieces of money and hide them in a hole; which the cat observing, asked, "Why he would hoard up those round shining things that he could make no use of?"—"Why," said the jackdaw, "my master has a whole chest full, and makes no more use of them than I."

Men are contented to be laughed at for their wit, but not for their folly.

If the men of wit and genius would resolve never to complain in their works of critics and detractors, the next age would not know that they ever had any.

After all the maxims and systems of trade and commerce, a stander-by would think the affairs of the world were most ridiculously contrived.

There are few countries which, if well cultivated, would not support double the number of their inhabitants, and yet fewer where one-third part of the people are not extremely stinted even in the necessaries of life. I send out twenty barrels of corn, which would maintain a family in bread for a year, and I bring back in return a vessel of wine, which half a dozen good fellows would drink in less than a month, at the expense of their health and reason.

A motto for the jesuits:—

Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris?

A man would have but few spectators if he offered to show for threepence how he could thrust a red hot iron into a barrel of gunpowder, and it should not take fire.

Query, Whether churches are not dormitories of the living as well as of the dead?

Harry Killegrew said to lord Wharton, "You would not swear at that rate if you thought you were doing God honour."

A copy of verses kept in the cabinet, and only shown to a few friends, is like a virgin much sought after and admired; but when printed and published, is like a common whore, whom anybody may purchase for half-a crown.

Louis XIV. of France spent his life in turning a good name into a great.

Since the union of divinity and humanity is the great article of our religion, it is odd to see some clergymen, in their writings of divinity, wholly devoid of humanity.

The Epicureans began to spread at Rome in the em-

pire of Augustus, as the Socinians, and even the Epicureans too, did in England toward the end of king Charles II.'s reign; which is reckoned, though very absurdly, our Augustan age. They both seem to be corruptions occasioned by luxury and peace, and by politeness beginning to decline.

Sometimes I read a book with pleasure, and detest the author.

At a bookseller's shop some time ago, I saw a book with this title: "Poems by the Author of the Choice." Not enduring to read a dozen lines, I asked the company with me, whether they had ever seen the book, or heard of the poem whence the author denominated himself; they were all as ignorant as I. But I find it common with these small dealers in wit and learning, to give themselves a title from their first adventure, as Don Quixote usually did from his last. This arises from that great importance which every man supposes himself to be of.

One Dennis, commonly called "the critic," who had writ a threepenny pamphlet against the power of France, being in the country, and hearing of a French privateer hovering about the coast, although he were twenty miles from the sea, fled to town, and told his friends, "they need not wonder at his haste; for the king of France, having got intelligence where he was, had sent a privateer on purpose to catch him."

Dr. Gee, prebendary of Westminster, who had writ a small paper against popery, being obliged to travel for his health, affected to disguise his person and change his name, as he passed through Portugal, Spain, and Italy; telling all the English he met, "that he was afraid of being murdered, or put into the Inquisition." He was acting the same farce at Paris, till Mr. Prior (who was then secretary to the embassy) quite disconcerted the doctor by maliciously discovering the secret; and offering to engage, body for body, that not a creature would hurt him, or had ever heard of him or his pamphlet.

A chambermaid to a lady of my acquaintance, thirty miles from London, had the very same turn of thought; when talking with one of her fellow-servants, she said, "I hear it is all over London already that I am going to leave my lady:" and so had a footman, who, being newly married, desired his comrade to tell him freely what the town said of it.

When somebody was telling a certain great minister that people were discontented, "Pho," said he, "half a dozen fools are prating in a coffeehouse, and presently think their own noise about their ears is made by the world."

The death of a private man is generally of so little importance to the world, that it cannot be a thing of great importance in itself, and yet I do not observe, from the practice of mankind, that either philosophy or nature have sufficiently armed us against the fears which attend it. Neither do I find anything able to reconcile us to it, but extreme pain, shame, or despair; for poverty, imprisonment, ill fortune, grief, sickness, and old age, do generally fail.

Whence comes the custom of bidding a woman look upon her apron-strings to find an excuse? Was it not from the apron of fig-leaves worn by Eve, when she covered herself and was the first of her sex who made a bad excuse for eating the forbidden fruit?

I never wonder to see men wicked, but I often wonder to see them not ashamed.

Do not we see how easily we pardon our own actions and passions, and the very infirmities of our bodies: why should it be wonderful to find us pardon our own dulness?

There is no vice or folly that requires so much nicety and skill to manage as vanity; nor any which, by ill management, makes so contemptible a figure.

Observation is an old man's memory.

Eloquence, smooth and cutting, is like a razor whetted with oil.

Imaginary evils soon become real ones by indulging our reflections on them; as he who in a melancholy fancy sees something like a face on the wall or the wainscot, can, by two or three touches with a lead-pencil, make it look visible, and agreeing with what he fancied.

Men of great parts are often unfortunate in the management of public business, because they are apt to go out of the common road by the quickness of their imagination. This I once said to my lord Bolingbroke, and desired he would observe, that the clerks in his office used a sort of ivory knife with a blunt edge to divide a sheet of paper, which never failed to cut it even, only requiring a steady hand: whereas if they should make use of a sharp pen-knife, the sharpness would make it go often out of the crease and disfigure the paper.

"He who does not provide for his own house," St. Paul says, "is worse than an infidel." And I think, he who provides only for his own house, is just equal with an infidel.

Jealousy, like fire, may shrivel up horns, but it makes them stink.

A footman's hat should fly off to everybody: and therefore Mercury, who was Jupiter's footman, had wings fastened to his cap.

When a man pretends love, but courts for money, he is like a juggler, who conjures away your shilling, and conveys something very indecent under the hat.

All panegyrics are mingled with an infusion of poppy.

I have known men happy enough at ridicule, who upon grave subjects were perfectly stupid; of which Dr. Echard of Cambridge, who writ "The Contempt of the Clergy" was a great instance.

One top of Parnassus was sacred to Bacchus, the other to Apollo.

Matrimony has many children; Repentance, Discord, Poverty, Jealousy, Sickness, Spleen, Loathing, &c.

Vision is the art of seeing things invisible.

The two maxims of any great man at court are, always to keep his countenance, and never to keep his word.

I asked a poor man how he did? He said he was like a washball, always in decay.

Hippocrates, Aph. 32. sect. 6., observes, that stuttering people are always subject to a looseness. I wish physicians had power to remove the profusion of words in many people to the inferior parts.

A man dreamed he was a cuckold; a friend told him it was a bad sign, because when a dream is true, Virgil says it passes through the horned gate.

Love is a flame, and therefore we say beauty is attractive; because physicians observe that fire is a great drawer.

Civis, the most honourable name among the Romans; a citizen a word of contempt among us.

A lady who had gallantries and several children, told her husband he was like the austere man, who reaped where he did not sow.

We read that an ass's head was sold for eighty pieces of silver; they have lately been sold ten thousand times dearer, and yet they were never more plentiful.

I must complain the cards are ill shuffled till I have a good hand.

When I am reading a book, whether wise or silly, it seems to me to be alive and talking to me.

Whoever live at a different end of the town from me, I look upon as persons out of the world, and only myself and the scene about me to be in it.

When I was young, I thought all the world, as well

as myself, was wholly taken up in discoursing upon the last new play.

My lord Cromarty, after fourscore, went to his country house in Scotland, with a resolution to stay six years there and live thrifti y, in order to save up money, that he might spend in London.

It is said of the horses in the vision, that "their power was in their mouths and in their tails." What is said of horses in the vision, in reality may be said of women.

Elephants are always drawn smaller than life, but a flea always larger.

When old folks tell us of many passages in their youth between them and their company, we are apt to think how much happier those times were than the present.

Why does the elder sister dance barefoot, when the younger is married before her? Is it not that she may appear shorter and consequently be thought younger than the bride?

No man will take counsel, but every man will take money: therefore money is better than counsel.

I never yet knew a wag, (as the term is,) who was not a dunce.

A person reading to me a dull poem of his own making, I prevailed on him to scratch out six lines together; in turning over the leaf, the ink being wet, it marked as many lines on the other side; whereof the poet complaining, I bid him be easy, "for it would be better if those were out too."

At Windsor I was observing to my lord Bolingbroke, "that the tower where the maids of honour lodged (who at that time were very handsome) was much frequented with crows." My lord said, "it was because they smelled carrion."

A TREATISE ON GOOD MANNERS AND GOOD BREEDING.[a]

Good manners is the art of making those people easy with whom we converse.

Whoever makes the fewest persons uneasy is the best bred in the company.

As the best law is founded upon reason, so are the best manners. And as some lawyers have introduced unreasonable things into common law, so likewise many teachers have introduced absurd things into common good manners.

One principal point of this art is, to suit our behaviour to the three several degrees of men; our superiors, our equals, and those below us.

For instance, to press either of the two former to eat or drink is a breach of manners; but a tradesman or a farmer must be thus treated, or else it will be difficult to persuade them that they are welcome.

Pride, ill-nature, and want of sense, are the three great sources of ill-manners: without some one of these defects, no man will behave himself ill for want of experience, or of what, in the language of fools, is called knowing the world.

I defy any one to assign an incident wherein reason will not direct us what to say or do in company, if we are not misled by pride or ill nature.

Therefore I insist that good sense is the principal foundation of good manners; but because the former is a gift which very few among mankind are possessed of, therefore all the civilized nations of the world have agreed upon fixing some rules upon common behaviour best suited to their general customs or fancies, as a kind of artificial good sense, to supply the defects of reason. Without which the gentlemanly part of dunces would be perpetually at cuffs, as they seldom fail when they happen to be drunk, or engaged in squabbles about women or play. And, God be thanked, there hardly happens a duel in a year, which may not be imputed to one of these three motives. Upon which account, I should be exceedingly sorry to find the legislature make any new laws against the practice of duelling; because the methods are easy and many for a wise man to avoid a quarrel with honour, or engage in it with innocence. And I can discover no political evil in suffering bullies, sharpers, and rakes, to rid the world of each other by a method of their own, where the law has not been able to find an expedient.

As the common forms of good manners were intended for regulating the conduct of those who have weak understandings; so they have been corrupted by the persons for whose use they were contrived. For these people have fallen into a needless and endless way of multiplying ceremonies, which have been extremely troublesome to those who practise them, and insupportable to everybody else: insomuch that wise men are often more uneasy at the over-civility of these refiners than they could possibly be in the conversation of peasants or mechanics.

The impertinencies of this ceremonial behaviour are nowhere better seen than at those tables where the ladies preside, who value themselves upon account of their good breeding; where a man must reckon upon passing an hour without doing any one thing he has a mind to; unless he will be so hardy as to break through all the settled decorum of the family. She determines what he loves best, and how much he shall eat; and if the master of the house happens to be of the same disposition he proceeds in the same tyrannical manner to prescribe in the drinking part: at the same time you are under the necessity of answering a thousand apologies for your entertainment. And although a good deal of this humour is pretty well worn off among many people of the best fashion, yet too much of it still remains, especially in the country; where an honest gentleman assured me, that having been kept four days against his will at a friend's house, with all the circumstances of hiding his boots, locking up the stable, and other contrivances of the like nature, he could not remember, from the moment he came into the house to the moment he left it, any one thing wherein his inclination was not directly contradicted; as if the whole family had entered into a combination to torment him.

But, beside all this, it would be endless to recount the many foolish and ridiculous accidents I have observed among these unfortunate proselytes to ceremony. I have seen a duchess fairly knocked down, by the precipitancy of an officious coxcomb running to save her the trouble of opening a door. I remember, upon a birth-day at court, a great lady was rendered utterly disconsolate by a dish of sauce let fall by a page directly upon her head-dress and brocade, while she gave a sudden turn to her elbow upon some point of ceremony with the person who sat next to her. Monsieur Buys, the Dutch envoy, whose politics and manners were much of a size, brought a son with him, about thirteen years old, to a great table at court. The boy and his father, whatever they put on their plates, they first offered round in order, to every person in company; so that we could not get a minute's quiet during the whole dinner. At last their two plates happened to encounter, and with so much violence, that, being china, they broke in twenty pieces, and stained half the company with wet sweet-meats and cream.

There is a pedantry in manners, as in all arts and sciences; and sometimes in trades.* Pedantry is properly the over-rating of any kind of knowledge we pretend to. And if that kind of knowledge be a trifle

[a] "The result of much good sense, some good nature, and a little self-denial for the sake of others, and with a view to obtain the same indulgence from them."—Lord Chesterfield.

in itself, the pedantry is the greater. For which reason I look upon fiddlers, dancing-masters, heralds, masters of the ceremony, &c. to be greater pedants than Lipsius, or the elder Scaliger. With this kind of pedants, the court, while I knew it, was always plentifully stocked; I mean from the gentleman usher (at least) inclusive, downward to the gentleman porter: who are, generally speaking, the most insignificant race of people that this island can afford, and with the smallest tincture of good manners; which is the only trade they profess. For, being wholly illiterate, and conversing chiefly with each other, they reduce the whole system of breeding within the forms and circles of their several offices: and, as they are below the notice of ministers, they live and die in court under all revolutions, with great obsequiousness to those who are in any degree of credit or favour, and with rudeness and insolence to everybody else. Whence I have long concluded, that good manners are not a plant of the court growth: for if they were, those people, who have understandings directly of a level for such acquirements, who have served such long apprenticeships to nothing else, would certainly have picked them up. For, as to the great officers, who attend the prince's person or councils, or preside in his family, they are a transient body, who have no better a title to good manners than their neighbours, nor will probably have recourse to gentlemen ushers for instruction. So that I know little to be learned at court upon this head, except in the material circumstance of dress; wherein the authority of the maids of honour must indeed be allowed to be almost equal to that of a favourite actress.

I remember a passage my lord Bolingbroke told me; that going to receive prince Eugene of Savoy at his landing, in order to conduct him immediately to the queen, the prince said he was much concerned that he could not see her majesty that night; for Monsieur Hoffman (who was then by) had assured his highness that he could not be admitted into her presence with a tied-up periwig; that his equipage was not arrived; and that he had endeavoured in vain to borrow a long one among all his valets and pages. My lord turned the matter into a jest, and brought the prince to her majesty; for which he was highly censured by the whole tribe of gentlemen ushers; among whom Monsieur Hoffman, an old dull resident of the emperor's, had picked up this material point of ceremony; and which I believe was the best lesson he had learned in five-and-twenty years' residence.

I make a difference between good manners and good breeding; although, in order to vary my expression, I am sometimes forced to confound them. By the first, I only understand the art of remembering and applying certain settled forms of general behaviour. But good breeding is of a much larger extent; for, beside an uncommon degree of literature sufficient to qualify a gentleman for reading a play or a political pamphlet, it takes in a great compass of knowledge; no less than that of dancing, fighting, gaming, making the circle of Italy, riding the great horse, and speaking French; not to mention some other secondary or subaltern accomplishments, which are more easily acquired. So that the difference between good breeding and good manners lies in this, that the former cannot be attained to by the best understandings without study and labour; whereas a tolerable degree of reason will instruct us in every part of good manners, without other assistance.

I can think of nothing more useful upon this subject than to point out some particulars, wherein the very essentials of good manners are concerned, the neglect or perverting of which does very much disturb the good commerce of the world, by introducing a traffic of mutual uneasiness in most companies.

First, A necessary part of good manners is a punctual observance of time at our own dwellings, or those of others, or at third places; whether upon matter of civility, business, or diversion; which rule, though it be a plain dictate of common reason, yet the greatest minister I ever knew was the greatest trespasser against it; by which all his business doubled upon him, and placed him in a continual arrear. Upon which I often used to rally him, as deficient in point of good manners. I have known more than one ambassador and secretary of state, with a very moderate portion of intellectuals, execute their offices with good success and applause, by the mere force of exactness and regularity. If you duly observe time for the service of another, it doubles the obligation; if upon your own account, it would be manifest folly, as well as ingratitude, to neglect it; if both are concerned, to make your equal or inferior attend on you to his own disadvantage is pride and injustice.

Ignorance of forms cannot properly be styled ill manners, because forms are subject to frequent changes; and consequently, being not founded upon reason, are beneath a wise man's regard. Besides, they vary in every country; and after a short period of time, very frequently in the same; so that a man who travels must needs be at first a stranger to them in every court through which he passes; and, perhaps, at his return, as much a stranger in his own; and after all, they are easier to be remembered or forgotten than faces or names.

Indeed, among the many impertinencies that superficial young men bring with them from abroad, this bigotry of forms is one of the principal, and more predominant than the rest; who look upon them not only as if they were matters capable of admitting of choice, but even as points of importance; and are therefore zealous on all occasions to introduce and propagate the new forms and fashions they have brought back with them; so that, usually speaking, the worst bred person in company is a young traveller just returned from abroad.

HINTS ON GOOD MANNERS.

Good manners is the art of making every reasonable person in the company easy, and to be easy ourselves.

What passes for good manners in the world generally produces quite contrary effects.

Many persons of both sexes, whom I have known, and who passed for well-bred in their own and the world's opinion, are the most troublesome in company to others and themselves.

Nothing is so great an instance of ill manners as flattery. If you flatter all the company, you please none: if you flatter only one or two, you affront the rest.

Flattery is the worst and falsest way of showing our esteem.

Where the company meets, I am confident the few reasonable persons are every minute tempted to curse the man or woman among them who endeavours to be most distinguished for their good manners.

A man of sense would rather fast till night than dine at some tables, where the lady of the house is possessed with good manners; uneasiness, pressing to eat, teazing with civility; less practised in England than here.

Courts are the worst of all schools to teach good manners.

A courtly bow, or gait, or dress, are no part of good manners; and therefore every man of good understanding is capable of being well-bred upon any occasion.

To speak in such a manner as may possibly offend any reasonable person in company, is the highest instance of ill manners. Good manners chiefly consist in action,

not in words. Modesty and humility the chief ingredients.

I have known the court of England under four reigns, the two last but for a short time; and whatever good manners or politeness I observed in any of them, was not of the court growth, but imported; for a courtier by trade, as gentlemen ushers, bed-chamberwomen, maids of honour, * * *

OF GOOD MANNERS AS TO CONVERSATION.

Men of wit and good understanding, as well as breeding, are sometimes deceived, and give offence by conceiving a better opinion of those with whom they converse than they ought to do. Thus I have often known the most innocent raillery, and even of that kind which was meant for praise, to be mistaken for abuse and reflection.

Of gibing, and how gibers ought to suffer.

Of arguers, perpetual contradictors, long talkers, those who are absent in company, interrupters, not listeners, loud laughers.

Of those men and women whose face is ever in a smile, talk ever with a smile, condole with a smile, &c.

Argument, as usually managed, is the worst sort of conversation; as it is generally in books the worst sort of reading.

Good conversation is not to be expected in much company, because few listen, and there is continual interruption. But good or ill manners are discovered, let the company be ever so large.

Perpetual aiming at wit, a very bad part of conversation. It is done to support a character; it generally fails: it is a sort of insult on the company, and a constraint upon the speaker.

For a man to talk in his own trade, or business, or faculty, is a great breach of good manners. Divines, physicians, lawyers, soldiers, particularly poets, are frequently guilty of this weakness. A poet conceives that the whole kingdom * * * * *

OF MEAN AND GREAT FIGURES MADE BY SEVERAL PERSONS.

OF THOSE WHO HAVE MADE GREAT FIGURES IN SOME PARTICULAR ACTION OR CIRCUMSTANCES OF THEIR LIVES.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT, after his victory, (at the Straits at Mount Taurus,) when he entered the tent, where the queen and the princesses of Persia fell at his feet.

Socrates, the whole last day of his life, and particularly from the time he took the poison until the moment he expired.

Cicero, when he was recalled from his banishment, the people, through every place he passed, meeting him with shouts of joy and congratulation, and all Rome coming out to receive him.

Regulus, when he went out of Rome attended by his friends to the gates, and returned to Carthage according to his word of honour, although he knew he must be put to a cruel death for advising the Romans to pursue their war with that commonwealth.

Scipio the elder, when he dismissed a beautiful captive lady presented to him after a great victory, turning his head aside to preserve his own virtue.

The same Scipio, when he and Hannibal met before the battle, if the fact be true.

Cincinnatus, when the messengers sent by the senate to make him dictator, found him at the plough.

Epaminondas, when the Persian ambassador came to his house, and found him in the midst of poverty.

The earl of Strafford, the day that he made his own defence at his trial.

King Charles the Martyr, during his whole trial, and at his death.

The Black Prince, when he waited at supper on the king of France, whom he had conquered and taken prisoner the same day.

Virgil, when, at Rome, the whole audience rose up, out of veneration, as he entered the theatre.

Mahomet the Great, when he cut off his beloved mistress's head, on a stage erected for that purpose, to convince his soldiers, who taxed him for preferring his love to his glory.

Cromwell, when he quelled a mutiny in Hyde Park.

Harry the Great of France, when he entered Paris, and sat at cards the same night with some great ladies, who were his mortal enemies.

Robert Harley, earl of Oxford, at his trial.

Cato of Utica, when he provided for the safety of his friends, and had determined to die.

Sir Thomas More, during his imprisonment, and at his execution.

Marius, when the soldier sent to kill him in the dungeon was struck with so much awe and veneration that his sword fell from his hand.

Douglas, when the ship he commanded was on fire, and he lay down to die in it, because it should not be said that one of his family ever quitted their post.

OF THOSE WHO HAVE MADE A MEAN CONTEMPTIBLE FIGURE IN SOME ACTION OR CIRCUMSTANCE OF THEIR LIVES.

Anthony, at Actium, when he fled after Cleopatra.

Pompey, when he was killed on the sea-shore, in Egypt.

Nero and Vitellius, when they were put to death.

Lepidus, when he was compelled to lay down his share of the triumvirate.

Cromwell, the day he refused the kingship out of fear.

Perseus, king of Macedon, when he was led in triumph.

Richard II., of England, after he was deposed.

The late king of Poland, when the king of Sweden forced him to give up his kingdom; and when he took it again, upon the king of Sweden's defeat by the Muscovites.

King James II., of England, when the prince of Orange sent to him at midnight to leave London.

King William III., of England, when he sent to beg the house of commons to continue his Dutch guards, and was refused.

The late queen Anne of England, when she sent Whitworth to Muscovy on an embassy of humiliation, for an insult committed here on that prince's ambassador.

The lord chancellor Bacon, when he was convicted of bribery.

The late duke of Marlborough, when he was forced, after his own disgrace, to carry his duchess's gold key to the queen.

The old earl of Pembroke, when a Scotch lord gave him a lash with a whip at Newmarket, in presence of all the nobility, and he bore it with patience.

King Charles II., of England, when he entered into the second Dutch war; and in many other actions during his whole reign.

Philip II., of Spain, after the defeat of the Armada.

The emperor Charles V., when he resigned his crown, and nobody would believe his reasons.

King Charles I., of England, when, in gallantry to his queen, he thought to surprise her with a present of a diamond buckle, which he pushed down her breast, and tore her flesh with the tongue; upon which she drew it out, and flung it on the ground.

Fairfax, the parliament general, at the time of king Charles's trial.

Julius Cæsar, when Anthony offered to put a diadem on his head, and the people shouted for joy to see him

decline it; which he never offered to do, until he saw their dislike in their countenances.

Coriolanus, when he withdrew his army from Rome at the entreaty of his mother.

Hannibal, at Antiochus's court.

Beau Fielding, at fifty years old, when, in a quarrel upon the stage, he was run into his breast, which he opened and showed to the ladies, that he might move their love and pity; but they all fell a-laughing.

The count de Bussy Rabutin, when he was recalled to court after twenty years' banishment into the country, and affected to make the same figure he did in his youth.

The earl of Sunderland, when he turned Papist, in the time of king James II., and underwent all the forms of a heretic converted.

Pope Clement VII., when he was taken prisoner at Rome, by the emperor Charles V.'s forces.

Queen Mary of Scotland, when she suffered Bothwell to ravish her, and pleaded that as an excuse for marrying him.

King John of England, when he gave up his kingdom to the pope, to be held as a fief to the see of Rome.

PUBLIC ABSURDITIES IN ENGLAND.

It is a common topic of satire, which you will hear not only from the mouths of ministers of state, but of every whiffler in office, that half a dozen obscure fellows, over a bottle of wine or a dish of coffee, shall presume to censure the actions of parliaments and councils, to form schemes of government, and new-model the commonwealth; and this is usually ridiculed as a pragmatical disposition to politics, in the very nature and genius of the people. It may possibly be true: and yet I am grossly deceived if any sober man, of very moderate talents, when he reflects upon the many ridiculous hurtful maxims, customs, and general rules of life which prevail in this kingdom, would not with great reason be tempted, according to the present turn of his humour, either to laugh, lament, or be angry; or, if he were sanguine enough, perhaps to dream of a remedy. It is the mistake of wise and good men, that they expect more reason and virtue from human nature than, taking it in the bulk, it is in any sort capable of. Whoever has been present at councils or assemblies of any sort, if he be a man of common prudence, cannot but have observed such results and opinions to have frequently passed a majority, as he would be ashamed to advance in private conversation. I say nothing of cruelty, oppression, injustice, and the like, because these are fairly to be accounted for in all assemblies, as best gratifying the passions and interest of leaders: which is a point of such high consideration, that all others must give place to it. But I would be understood here to speak only of opinions ridiculous, foolish, and absurd; with conclusions and actions suitable to them, at the same time when the most reasonable propositions are often unanimously rejected. And as all assemblies of men are liable to this accusation, so likewise there are natural absurdities from which the wisest states are not exempt; which proceed less from the nature of their climate than that of their government; the Gauls, the Britons, the Spaniards, and Italians, having retained very little of the characters given them in ancient history.

By these and the like reflections, I have been often led to consider some public absurdities in our own country, most of which are, in my opinion, directly against the rules of right reason, and are attended with great inconveniences to the state. I shall mention such of them as come into memory, without observing any method; and I shall give my reason why I take them to be absurd in their nature, and pernicious in their consequence.

It is absurd that any person, who professes a different form of worship from that which is national, should be trusted with a vote for electing members into the house of commons; because every man is full of zeal for his own religion, although he regards not morality; and, therefore, will endeavour to his utmost to bring in a representative of his own principles, which, if they be popular, may endanger the religion established; and which, as it has formerly happened, may alter the whole frame of government.

A standing army in England, whether in time of peace or war, is a direct absurdity: for it is no part of our business to be a warlike nation otherwise than by our fleets. In foreign wars we have no concern further than in conjunction with allies, whom we may either assist by sea, or by foreign troops paid with our money: but mercenary troops in England can be of no use, except to awe senates, and thereby promote arbitrary power, in a monarchy or oligarchy.

That the election of senators should be of any charge to the candidates is an absurdity; but that it should be so to a ministry, is a manifest acknowledgment of the worst designs. If a ministry intended the service of their prince and country, or well understood wherein their own security best consisted, (as it is impossible that a parliament freely elected, according to the original institution, can do any hurt to a tolerable prince or tolerable ministry,) they would use the strongest methods to leave the people to their own free choice; the members would then consist of persons who had the best estates in the neighbourhood or country, or, at least, never of strangers. And surely this is at least full as requisite a circumstance to a legislator as to a juryman, who ought to be, if possible, *ex vicinio;* since such persons must be supposed the best judges of the wants and desires of their several boroughs and counties. To choose a representative for Berwick, whose estate is at Land's End, would have been thought in former times a very great solecism. How much more as it is at present, where so many persons are returned for boroughs who do not possess a foot of land in the kingdom?

By the old constitution, whoever possessed a freehold in land, by which he was a gainer of forty shillings a-year, had the privilege to vote for a knight of the shire. The good effects of this law are wholly eluded, partly by the course of time, and partly by corruption. Forty shillings in those ages were equal to twenty pounds in ours; and, therefore, it was then a want of sagacity to fix that privilege to a determinate sum, rather than to a certain quantity of land, arable or pasture, able to produce a certain quantity of corn and hay. And, therefore, it is highly absurd, and against the intent of the law, that this defect is not regulated.

But the matter is still worse; for any gentleman can, upon occasion, make as many freeholders as his estate of settlement will allow, by making leases for life of land at a rack-rent of forty shillings; where a tenant, who is not worth one farthing a-year when his rent is paid, shall be held a legal voter for a person to represent his county. Neither do I enter into half the frauds that are practised upon this occasion.

It is likewise absurd, that boroughs decayed are not absolutely extinguished, because the returned members do in reality represent nobody at all; and that several large towns are not represented, though full of industrious townsmen, who must advance the trade of the kingdom.

The claim of senators, to have themselves and servants exempted from lawsuits and arrests is manifestly absurd. The proceedings at law are already so scanda-

lous a grievance, upon account of the delays, that they little need any addition. Whoever is either not able, or not willing, to pay his just debts, or to keep other men out of their lands, would evade the decision of the law, is surely but ill qualified to be a legislator. A criminal with as good reason might sit on the bench, with a power of condemning men to be hanged for their honesty. By the annual sitting of parliaments, and the days of privilege preceding and subsequent, a senator is one half of the year beyond the reach of common justice.

That the sacred person of a senator's footman shall be free from arrest, although he undoes the poor alewife by running on score, is a circumstance of equal wisdom and justice, to avoid the great evil of his master's lady wanting her complement of liveries behind the coach.

OF THE EDUCATION OF LADIES.

There is a subject of controversy which I have frequently met with, in mixed and select companies of both sexes, and sometimes only of men:—"Whether it be prudent to choose a wife who has good natural sense, some taste of wit and humour, sufficiently versed in her own natural language, able to read and relish history, books of travels, moral or entertaining discourses, and be a tolerable judge of the beauties in poetry?" This question is generally determined in the negative by the women themselves, but almost universally by the men.

We must observe, that in this debate, those whom we call men and women of fashion are only to be understood, not merchants, tradesmen, or others of such occupations who are not supposed to have shared in a liberal education. I except, likewise, all ministers of state during their power, lawyers and physicians in great practice, persons in such employments as take up the greater part of the day, and perhaps some other conditions of life which I cannot call to mind. Neither must I forget to except all gentlemen of the army, from the general to the ensign; because those qualifications abovementioned in a wife, are wholly out of their element and comprehension; together with all mathematicians, and gentlemen lovers of music, metaphysicians, virtuosi, and great talkers, who have all amusements enough of their own. All these put together will amount to a great number of adversaries, whom I shall have no occasion to encounter, because I am already of their sentiments. Those persons whom I mean to include, are the bulk of lords, knights, and squires, throughout England, whether they reside between the town and country, or generally in either. I do also include those of the clergy, who have tolerably good preferments in London or any other parts of the kingdom.

The most material arguments that I have met with, on the negative side of this great question, are what I shall now impartially report in as strong a light as I think they can bear.

It is argued, "That the great end of marriage is propagation: that, consequently, the principal business of a wife is to breed children, and to take care of them in their infancy: that the wife is to look to her family, watch over the servants, see that they do their work: that she be absent from her house as little as possible: that she is answerable for everything amiss in her family: that she is to obey all the lawful commands of her husband, and visit or be visited by no persons whom he disapproves: that her whole business, if well performed, will take up most hours of the day: that the greater she is, and the more servants she keeps, her inspection must increase accordingly; for as a family represents a kingdom, so the wife, who is her husband's first minister, must, under him, direct all the officers of state, even to the lowest; and report their behaviour to her husband, as the first minister does to his prince: that such a station requires much time, and thought, and order; and if well executed, leaves but little time for visits or diversions: that a humour of reading books, except those of devotion or housewifery, is apt to turn a woman's brain: that plays, romances, novels, and love-poems, are only proper to instruct them how to carry on an intrigue: that all affectation of knowledge, beyond what is merely domestic, renders them vain, conceited, and pretending: that the natural levity of woman wants ballast; and when she once begins to think she knows more than others of her sex, she will begin to despise her husband, and grow fond of every coxcomb who pretends to any knowledge in books: that she will learn scholastic words; make herself ridiculous by pronouncing them wrong, and applying them absurdly in all companies: that, in the mean time, her household affairs, and the care of her children, will be wholly laid aside; her toilet will be crowded with all the under wits, where the conversation will pass in criticising on the last play or poem that comes out, and she will be careful to remember all the remarks that were made, in order to retail them in the next visit, especially in company who know nothing of the matter: that she will have all the impertinence of a pedant without the knowledge; and for every new acquirement, will become so much the worse."

To say the truth, that shameful and almost universal neglect of good education among our nobility, gentry, and indeed among all others who are born to good estates, will make this essay of little use to the present age; for, considering the modern way of training up both sexes in ignorance, idleness, and vice, it is of little consequence how they are coupled together. And therefore my speculations on this subject can be only of use to a small number; for, in the present situation of the world, none but wise and good men can fail of missing their match, whenever they are disposed to marry; and consequently there is no reason for complaint on either side. The forms by which a husband and wife are to live, with regard to each other and to the world, are sufficiently known and fixed, in direct contradiction to every precept of morality, religion, or civil institution; it would be therefore an idle attempt to aim at breaking so firm an establishment.

But as it sometimes happens that an elder brother dies late enough to leave the younger at the university after he has made some progress in learning; if we suppose him to have a tolerable genius, and a desire to improve it, he may consequently learn to value and esteem wisdom and knowledge wherever he finds them, even after his father's death, when his title and estate come into his own possession. Of this kind, I reckon, by a favourable computation there may possibly be found, by a strict search among the nobility and gentry throughout England, about five hundred. Among those of all other callings or trades who are able to maintain a son at the university, about treble that number. The sons of clergymen bred to learning with any success, must, by reason of their parents' poverty, be very inconsiderable, many of them being only admitted servitors in colleges, and consequently proving good for nothing: I shall therefore count them to be not above fourscore. But, to avoid fractions, I shall suppose there may possibly be a round number of two thousand male human creatures in England, including Wales, who have a tolerable share of reading and good sense. I include in this list all persons of superior abilities, or great genius, or true judgment and taste, or of profound literature, who, I am confident, we may reckon to be at least five-and-twenty.

I am very glad to have this opportunity of doing an honour to my country, by a computation which I am afraid foreigners may conceive to be partial; when, out of only fifteen thousand families of lords and estated gentlemen, which may probably be their number, I suppose one in thirty to be tolerably educated, with a sufficient share of good sense. Perhaps the censure may be just. And therefore, upon cooler thoughts, to avoid all cavils, I shall reduce them to one thousand, which at least will be a number sufficient to fill both houses of parliament.

The daughters of great and rich families, computed after the same manner, will hardly amount to above half the number of the male; because the care of their education is either entirely left to their mothers, or they are sent to boarding-schools, or put into the hands of English or French governesses, and generally the worst that can be gotten for money. So that after the reduction I was compelled to, from two thousand to one, half the number of well-educated nobility and gentry must either continue in a single life, or be forced to couple themselves with women for whom they can possibly have no esteem; I mean fools, prudes, coquettes, gamesters, saunterers, endless talkers of nonsense, splenetic idlers, intriguers, given to scandal and censure, * * * * * *

CHARACTER OF ARISTOTLE.

Aristotle, the disciple of Plato, and tutor to Alexander the Great. His followers were called peripatetics, from a Greek word which signifies to walk, because he taught his disciples walking. We have not all his works, and some of those which are imputed to him are supposed not genuine. He writ upon logic, or the art of reasoning; upon moral and natural philosophy; upon oratory, poetry, &c., and seems to be a person of the most comprehensive genius that ever lived.

CHARACTER OF HERODOTUS.

The underwritten is copied from Dr. Swift's handwriting, in an edition of Herodotus, by Paul Stephens, the gift of the earl of Clanricard to the library of Winchester College:—

"Judicium de Herodoto post longum tempus relecto.

"Ctesias mendacissimus Herodotum mendaciorum arguit, exceptis paucissimis, (ut mea fert sententia,) omnimodo excusandum. Cæterum, diverticulis abundans, hic pater historicorum filum narrationis ad tædium abrumpit: unde oritur (ut par est) legentibus confusio, et exinde oblivio. Quin et forsan ipsæ narrationes circumstantiis nimium pro re scatent. Quod ad cætera, hunc scriptorem inter apprimè laudandos censeo, neque Græcis neque Barbaris plus æquo faventem aut iniquum: in orationibus ferè brevem, simplicem, nec nimis frequentem. Neque absunt dogmata e quibus eruditus lector prudentiam tam moralem quam civilem haurire poterit. "J. Swift."[a]

"Julii 6, 1720."

CHARACTER OF PRIMATE MARSH.[b]

Marsh has the reputation of most profound and universal learning; this is the general opinion, neither can it be easily disproved. An old rusty iron chest in a banker's shop, strongly locked, and wonderfully heavy, is full of gold; this is the general opinion, neither can it be disproved, provided the key be lost, and what is in it be wedged so close that it will not by any motion discover the metal by the chinking. Doing good is his pleasure: and as no man consults another in his pleasures, neither does he in this; by his awkwardness and unadvisedness disappointing his own good designs. His high station has placed him in the way of great employments, which, without in the least polishing his native rusticity, have given him a tincture of pride and ambition. But these vices would have passed concealed under his natural simplicity if he had not endeavoured to hide them by art. His disposition to study is the very same with that of a usurer to hoard up money, or of a vicious young fellow to a wench; nothing but avarice and evil concupiscence, to which his constitution has fortunately given a more innocent turn. He is sordid and suspicious in his domestics, without love or hatred; which is but reasonable, since he has neither friend nor enemy; without joy or grief; in short, without all passions but fear, to which of all others he has least temptation having nothing to get or to lose; no posterity, relation, or friend, to be solicitous about: and placed by his station above the reach of fortune or envy. He has found out the secret of preferring men without deserving their thanks; and where he dispenses his favours to persons of merit, they are less obliged to him than to fortune. He is the first of human race that, with great advantages of learning, piety, and station, ever escaped being a great man. That which relishes best with him, is mixed liquor and mixed company; and he is seldom unprovided with very bad of both. He is so wise as to value his own health more than other men's noses, so that the most honourable place at his table is much the worst, especially in summer. It has been affirmed, that originally he was not altogether devoid of wit, till it was extruded from his head to make room for other men's thoughts. He will admit a governor, provided it be one who is very officious and diligent, outwardly pious, and one that knows how to manage and make the most of his fear. No man will be either glad or sorry at his death, except his successor.

CHARACTER OF Mrs. HOWARD.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1727.

I shall say nothing of her wit or beauty, which are allowed by all persons who can judge of either, when they hear or see her. Besides, beauty being transient, and a trifle, cannot justly make part of a character. And I leave others to celebrate her wit, because it will be of no use in that part of her character which I intend to draw. Neither shall I relate any part of her history; further than that she went, in the prime of her youth, to the court of Hanover with her husband, and became of the bedchamber to the present princess of Wales, living in expectation of the queen's [Anne's] death: upon which event she came over with her mistress, and has ever since continued in her service; where, from the attendance daily paid her by the ministers, and all expectants, she is reckoned much the greatest favourite of the court at Leicester House; a situation which she has long affected to desire that it might not be believed.

There is no politician who more carefully watches the motions and dispositions of things and persons at St. James's, nor can form his language with a more imperceptible dexterity to the present posture of a court, or more early foresee what style may be proper upon any approaching juncture of affairs; whereof she

[a] "I do hereby certify that the above is the hand-writing of the late Dr. Jonathan Swift, D S P D., from whom I have had many letters and printed several pieces from his original MSS. "Dublin, August 21, 1762 George Faulkner.

[b] Dr. Marsh, bishop of Ferns, Dublin and Armagh. He was promoted to the last see in 1702, and died in 1713. He founded a public library in Dublin, and distinguished himself by other acts of munificence.

can gather early intelligence without asking it, and often when even those from whom she has it are not sensible that they are giving it to her, but equally with others admire her sagacity. Sir Robert Walpole and she both think they understand each other, and are both equally mistaken.

With persons where she is to manage, she is very dexterous in that point of skill which the French call *tâter le pavé;* with others, she is a very great vindicator of all present proceedings, but in such a manner as if she were under no concern further than her own conviction, and wondering how anybody can think otherwise. And the danger is, that she may come in time to believe herself; which, under a change of princes, and a great addition of credit, might have bad consequences. She is a most unconscionable dealer; for, in return of a few good words, which she gives to her lords and gentlemen daily waiters before their faces, she gets ten thousand from them behind her back, which are of real service to her character. The credit she has is managed with the utmost thrift: and whenever she employs it, which is very rarely, it is only upon such occasions where she is sure to get much more than she spends. For instance, she would readily press sir Robert Walpole to do some favour for colonel Churchill, or Doddington; the prince, for a mark of grace to Mr. Shutz; and the princess, to be kind to Mrs. Clayton. She sometimes falls into the general mistake of all courtiers, which is that of not suiting her talents to the abilities of others, but thinking those she deals with to have less art than they really possess, so that she may possibly be deceived when she thinks she deceives.

In all offices of life, except those of a courtier, she acts with justice, generosity, and truth. She is ready to do good as a private person, and I would almost think in charity that she will not do harm as a courtier, unless to please those in chief power.

In religion she is at least a latitudinarian, being not an enemy to books written by the free-thinkers; and herein she is the more blameable, because she has too much morality to stand in need of them, requiring only a due degree of faith for putting her in the road to salvation. I speak this of her as a private lady, not as a court favourite; for, in the latter capacity, she can show neither faith nor works.

If she had never seen a court, it is not impossible that she might have been a friend.

She abounds in good words, and expressions of good wishes, and will conceit a hundred schemes for the service of those whom she would be thought to favour; schemes that sometimes arise from them, and sometimes from herself; although, at the same time, she very well knows them to be without the least probability of succeeding. But, to do her justice, she never feeds or deceives any person with promises, where she does not at the same time intend a degree of sincerity.

She is, upon the whole, an excellent companion for men of the best accomplishments, who have nothing to desire or expect.[a]

What part she may act hereafter in a larger sphere, as lady of the bedchamber to a great queen, (upon supposing the death of his present majesty [George I.] and of the earl of Suffolk, to whose title her husband succeeds,) and in high esteem with a king, neither she nor I can foretel. My own opinion is natural and obvious; that her talents as a courtier will spread, enlarge, and multiply to such a degree, that her private virtues, for want of room and time to operate, will be laid up clean (like clothes in a chest), to be used and put on, whenever satiety, or some reverse of fortune, or increase of ill health (to which last she is subject) shall dispose her to retire. In the meantime, it will be her wisdom to take care that they may not be tarnished or moth-eaten, for want of airing and turning at least once a-year.

[a] "I wish I could tell you any agreeable news of what your heart is concerned in: but I have a sort of quarrel with Mrs. Howard, for not loving herself so well as she does her friends, for those she makes happy, but not herself. There is a sort of sadness about her, which grieves me, and which I have learned by experience will increase upon an indolent (I will not say an affected) resignation to it. It will dose in men, and much more in women, who have a natural softness which sinks them even when reason does not."—Pope, *Letters to a Lady.*

ON THE DEATH OF

MRS. JOHNSON, [Stella.]

This day, being Sunday, January 28, 1727-8, about eight o'clock at night, a servant brought me a note, with an account of the death of the truest, most virtuous, and valuable friend that I, or perhaps any other person, was ever blessed with. She expired about six in the evening of this day; and as soon as I am left alone, which is about eleven at night, I resolve, for my own satisfaction, to say something of her life and character.

She was born at Richmond, in Surrey, on the 13th day of March, in the year 1681. Her father was a younger brother of a good family in Nottinghamshire, her mother of a lower degree; and indeed she had little to boast of her birth. I knew her from six years old, and had some share in her education, by directing what books she should read, and perpetually instructing her in the principles of honour and virtue; from which she never swerved in any one action or moment of her life. She was sickly from her childhood until about the age of fifteen; but then grew into perfect health, and was looked upon as one of the most beautiful, graceful, and agreeable young women in London, only a little too fat. Her hair was blacker than a raven, and every feature of her face in perfection. She lived generally in the country, with a family where she contracted an intimate friendship with another lady of more advanced years. I was then, to my mortification, settled in Ireland; and about a year after, going to visit my friends in England, I found she was a little uneasy upon the death of a person on whom she had some dependence. Her fortune, at that time, was in all not above 1500*l.*, the interest of which was but a scanty maintenance in so dear a country for one of her spirit. Under this consideration, and indeed very much for my own satisfaction, who had few friends or acquaintance in Ireland, I prevailed with her and her dear friend and companion, the other lady, to draw what money they had into Ireland, a great part of their fortune being in annuities upon funds. Money was then ten *per cent.* in Ireland, besides the advantage of returning it, and all necessaries of life at half the price. They complied with my advice, and soon after came over; but I, happening to continue some time longer in England, they were much discouraged to live in Dublin, where they were wholly strangers. She was at that time about nineteen years old, and her person was soon distinguished. But the adventure looked so like a frolic, the censure held for some time, as if there were a secret history in such a removal: which, however, soon blew off by her excellent conduct. She came over with her friend in the year 1700; and they both lived together until this day, when death removed her from us. For some years past, she had been visited with continual ill health; and several times, within these last two years, her life was despaired of. But, for this twelvemonth past, she never had a day's health; and, properly speaking, she has been dying six months, but kept alive, almost against na-

ture, by the generous kindness of two physicians, and the care of her friends. Thus far I writ the same night between eleven and twelve.

Never was any of her sex born with better gifts of the mind, or who more improved them by reading and conversation. Yet her memory was not of the best, and was impaired in the latter years of her life. But I cannot call to mind that I ever once heard her make a wrong judgment of persons, books, or affairs. Her advice was always the best, and with the greatest freedom, mixed with the greatest decency. She had a gracefulness, somewhat more than human, in every motion, word, and action. Never was so happy a conjunction of civility, freedom, easiness, and sincerity. There seemed to be a combination among all that knew her, to treat her with a dignity much beyond her rank; yet people of all sorts were never more easy than in her company. Mr. Addison, when he was in Ireland, being *introduced* to her, immediately found her out; and, if he had not soon after left the kingdom, assured me he would have used all endeavours to cultivate her friendship. A rude or conceited coxcomb passed his time very ill, upon the least breach of respect; for, in such a case, she had no mercy, but was sure to expose him to the contempt of the standers-by, yet in such a manner as he was ashamed to complain, and durst not resent. All of us who had the happiness of her friendship agreed unanimously, that, in an afternoon or evening's conversation, she never failed, before we parted, of delivering the best thing that was said in the company. Some of us have written down several of her sayings, or what the French call *bons mots*, wherein she excelled beyond belief. She never mistook the understanding of others; nor ever said a severe word, but where a much severer was deserved.

Her servants loved, and almost adored her at the same time. She would, upon occasions, treat them with freedom; yet her demeanour was so awful, that they durst not fail in the least point of respect. She chid them seldom, but it was with severity, which had an effect upon them for a long time after.

January 29. My head aches, and I can write no more.

January 30. Tuesday.

This is the night of the funeral, which my sickness will not suffer me to attend. It is now nine at night; and I am removed into another apartment, that I may not see the light in the church, which is just over against the window of my bed-chamber.

With all the softness of temper that became a lady, she had the personal courage of a hero. She and her friend having removed their lodgings to a new house, which stood solitary, a parcel of rogues, armed, attempted the house, where there was only one boy. She was then about four-and-twenty; and having been warned to apprehend some such attempt, she learned the management of a pistol; and the other women and servants being half dead with fear, she stole softly to her dining-room window, put on a black hood to prevent being seen, primed the pistol fresh, gently lifted up the sash, and taking her aim with the utmost presence of mind, discharged the pistol, loaden with bullets, into the body of one villain, who stood the fairest mark. The fellow, mortally wounded, was carried off by the rest, and died the next morning; but his companions could not be found. The duke of Ormond had often drunk her health to me upon that account, and had always a high esteem for her. She was, indeed, under some apprehensions of going in a boat, after some danger she had narrowly escaped by water, but she was reasoned thoroughly out of it. She was never known to cry out, or discover any fear, in a coach or on horseback; or any uneasiness by those sudden accidents with which most of her sex, either by weakness or affectation, appear so much disordered.

She never had the least absence of mind in conversation, or given to interruption, or appeared eager to put in her word, by waiting impatiently until another had done. She spoke in a most agreeable voice, in the plainest words, never hesitating, except out of modesty before new faces, where she was somewhat reserved; nor, among her nearest friends, ever spoke much at a time. She was but little versed in the common topics of female chat: scandal, censure, and detraction never came out of her mouth; yet, among a few friends, in private conversation, she made little ceremony in discovering her contempt of a coxcomb, and describing all his follies to the life; but the follies of her own sex she was rather inclined to extenuate or to pity.

When she was once convinced, by open facts, of any breach of truth or honour in a person of high station, especially in the church, she could not conceal her indignation, nor hear them named without showing her displeasure in her countenance; particularly one or two of the latter sort, whom she had known and esteemed, but detested above all mankind, when it was manifest that they had sacrificed those two precious virtues to their ambition, and would much sooner have forgiven them the common immoralities of the laity.

Her frequent fits of sickness, in most parts of her life, had prevented her from making that progress in reading which she would otherwise have done. She was well versed in the Greek and Roman story, and was not unskilled in that of France and England. She spoke French perfectly, but forgot much of it by neglect and sickness. She had read carefully all the best books of travels, which serve to open and enlarge the mind. She understood the Platonic and Epicurean philosophy, and judged very well of the defects of the latter. She made very judicious abstracts of the best books she had read. She understood the nature of government, and could point out all the errors of Hobbes, both in that and religion. She had a good insight into physic, and knew somewhat of anatomy; in both which she was instructed in her younger days by an eminent physician, who had her long under his care, and bore the highest esteem for her person and understanding. She had a true taste of wit and good sense, both in poetry and prose, and was a perfect good critic of style; neither was it easy to find a more proper or impartial judge, whose advice an author might better rely on, if he intended to send a thing into the world, provided it was on a subject that came within the compass of her knowledge. Yet, perhaps, she was sometimes too severe, which is a safe and pardonable error. She preserved her wit, judgment, and vivacity to the last, but often used to complain of her memory.

Her fortune, with some accession, could not, as I have heard say, amount to much more than 2000*l*., whereof a great part fell with her life, having been placed upon annuities in England, and one in Ireland.

In a person so extraordinary, perhaps it may be pardonable to mention some particulars, although of little moment, further than to set forth her character. Some presents of gold pieces being often made to her while she was a girl, by her mother and other friends, on promise to keep them, she grew into such a spirit of thrift that, in about three years, they amounted to above 200*l*. She used to show them with boasting; but her mother, apprehending she would be cheated of them, prevailed, in some months, and with great importunities, to have them put out to interest; when the girl, losing the pleasure of seeing and counting her gold, which she never failed of doing many times in a

day, and despairing of heaping up such another treasure, her humour took quite the contrary turn; she grew careless and squandering of every new acquisition, and so continued till about two-and-twenty; when, by advice of some friends, and the fright of paying large bills of tradesmen who enticed her into their debt, she began to reflect upon her own folly, and was never at rest until she had discharged all her shop-bills, and refunded herself a considerable sum she had run out. After which, by the addition of a few years, and a superior understanding, she became, and continued all her life, a most prudent economist; yet still with a stronger bent to the liberal side, wherein she gratified herself by avoiding all expense in clothes (which she ever despised) beyond what was merely decent. And, although her frequent returns of sickness were very chargeable, except fees to physicians, of which she met with several so generous, that she could force nothing on them (and indeed she must otherwise have been undone,) yet she never was without a considerable sum of ready money. Insomuch, that upon her death, when her nearest friends thought her very bare, her executors found in her strong box about 150*l.* in gold. She lamented the narrowness of her fortune in nothing so much as that it did not enable her to entertain her friends so often and in so hospitable a manner as she desired. Yet they were always welcome; and while she was in health to direct, were treated with neatness and elegance, so that the revenues of her and her companion passed for much more considerable than they really were. They lived always in lodgings; their domestics consisted of two maids and one man. She kept an account of all the family expenses, from her arrival in Ireland to some months before her death; and she would often repine, when looking back upon the annals of her household bills, that everything necessary for life was double the price, while interest of money was sunk almost to one half; so that the addition made to her fortune was indeed grown absolutely necessary.

[I since writ as I found time.]

But her charity to the poor was a duty not to be diminished, and therefore became a tax upon those tradesmen who furnish the fopperies of other ladies. She bought clothes as seldom as possible, and those as plain and cheap as consisted with the situation she was in; and wore no lace for many years. Either her judgment or fortune was extraordinary in the choice of those on whom she bestowed her charity, for it went further in doing good than double the sum from any other hand. And I have heard her say, "she always met with gratitude from the poor;" which must be owing to her skill in distinguishing proper objects, as well as her gracious manner in relieving them.

But she had another quality that much delighted her, although it might be thought a kind of check upon her bounty; however, it was a pleasure she could not resist: I mean that of making agreeable presents; wherein I never knew her equal, although it be an affair of as delicate a nature as most in the course of life. She used to define a present, "That it was a gift to a friend of something he wanted, or was fond of, and which could not be easily gotten for money." I am confident, during my acquaintance with her, she has, in these and some other kinds of liberality, disposed of to the value of several hundred pounds. As to presents made to herself, she received them with great unwillingness, but especially from those to whom she had ever given any; being, on all occasions, the most disinterested mortal I ever knew or heard of.

From her own disposition, at least as much as from the frequent want of health, she seldom made any visits; but her own lodgings, from before twenty years old, were frequented by many persons of the graver sort, who all respected her highly, upon her good sense, good manners, and conversation. Among these were the late primate Lindsay, bishop Lloyd, bishop Ashe, bishop Brown, bishop Sterne, bishop Pulleyn, with some others of later date; and indeed the greatest number of her acquaintance was among the clergy. Honour, truth, liberality, good nature, and modesty, were the virtues she chiefly possessed, and most valued in her acquaintance: and where she found them, would be ready to allow for some defects; nor valued them less although they did not shine in learning or in wit; but would never give the least allowance for any failures in the former, even to those who made the greatest figure in either of the two latter. She had no use of any person's liberality, yet her detestation of covetous people made her uneasy if such a one was in her company; upon which occasion she would say many things very entertaining and humorous.

She never interrupted any person who spoke; she laughed at no mistakes they made, but helped them out with modesty; and if a good thing were spoken, but neglected, she would not let it fall, but set it in the best light to those who were present. She listened to all that was said, and had never the least distraction or absence of thought.

It was not safe, nor prudent, in her presence, to offend in the least word against modesty; for she then gave full employment to her wit, her contempt, and resentment, under which even stupidity and brutality were forced to sink into confusion; and the guilty person, by her future avoiding him like a bear or a satyr, was never in a way to transgress a second time.

It happened, one single coxcomb, of the pert kind, was in her company, among several other ladies; and in his flippant way, began to deliver some double meanings; the rest flapped their fans, and used the other common expedients practised in such cases, of appearing not to mind or comprehend what was said. Her behaviour was very different, and perhaps may be censured. She said thus to the man; "Sir, all these ladies and I understand your meaning very well, having, in spite of our care, too often met with those of your sex who wanted manners and good sense. But, believe me, neither virtuous nor even vicious women love such kind of conversation. However, I will leave you, and report your behaviour; and whatever visit I make, I shall first inquire at the door whether you are in the house, that I may be sure to avoid you." I know not whether a majority of ladies would approve of such a proceeding; but I believe the practice of it would soon put an end to that corrupt conversation, the worst effect of dulness, ignorance, impudence, and vulgarity; and the highest affront to the modesty and understanding of the female sex.

By returning very few visits, she had not much company of her own sex, except those whom she most loved for their easiness, or esteemed for their good sense: and those, not insisting on ceremony, came often to her. But she rather chose men for her companions, the usual topics of ladies' discourse being such as she had little knowledge of, and less relish. Yet no man was upon the rack to entertain her, for she easily descended to anything that was innocent and diverting. News, politics, censure, family management, or town-talk, she always diverted to something else; but these indeed seldom happened, for she chose her company better: and therefore many, who mistook her and themselves, having solicited her acquaintance, and finding themselves disappointed, after a few visits dropped off; and she was never known to inquire into the reason, nor ask what was become of them.

She was never positive in arguing; and she usually treated those who were so in a manner which well

enough gratified that unhappy disposition; yet in such a sort as made it very contemptible, and at the same time did some hurt to the owners. Whether this proceeded from her easiness in general, or from her indifference to persons, or from her despair of mending them, or from the same practice which she much liked in Mr. Addison, I cannot determine; but when she saw any of the company very warm in a wrong opinion, she was more inclined to confirm them in it than oppose them. The excuse she commonly gave, when her friends asked the reason, was, "That it prevented noise, and saved time." Yet I have known her very angry with some, whom she much esteemed, for sometimes falling into that infirmity.

She loved Ireland much better than the generality of those who owe both their birth and riches to it; and having brought over all the fortune she had in money, left the reversion of the best part of it, 1000*l*., to Dr. Stephen's Hospital. She detested the tyranny and injustice of England in their treatment of this kingdom. She had indeed reason to love a country where she had the esteem and friendship of all who knew her, and the universal good report of all who ever heard of her, without one exception, if I am told the truth by those who keep general conversation. Which character is the more extraordinary in falling to a person of so much knowledge, wit, and vivacity, qualities that are used to create envy, and consequently censure; and must be rather imputed to her great modesty, gentle behaviour, and inoffensiveness, than to her superior virtues.

Although her knowledge, from books and company, was much more extensive than usually falls to the share of her sex, yet she was so far from making a parade of it, that her female visitants, on their first acquaintance, who expected to discover it by what they call hard words and deep discourse, would be sometimes disappointed, and say, "They found she was like other women." But wise men, through all her modesty, whatever they discoursed on, could easily observe that she understood them very well, by the judgment shown in her observations, as well as in her questions.

BONS MOTS DE STELLA.

A LADY of my intimate acquaintance, both in England and Ireland, in which last kingdom she lived from the 18th year of her age, twenty-six years, had the most and finest accomplishments of any person I ever knew of either sex. It was observed by all her acquaintance, that she never failed in company to say the best thing that was said, whoever was by, yet her companions were usually persons of the best understanding in the kingdom. Some of us, who were her nearest friends, lamented that we never wrote down her remarks, and what the French call bons mots. I will recollect as many as I can remember.

We were diverting ourselves at a play called "What is it like?" One person is to think, and the rest, without knowing the thing, to say what it is like. The thing thought on was the spleen; she had said it was like an oyster, and gave her reason immediately, because it is removed by taking steel inwardly.

Dr. Sheridan, who squandered more than he could afford, took out his purse as he sat by the fire, and found it was very hot; she said the reason was, that his money burned in his pocket.

She called to her servants to know what ill smell was in the kitchen; they answered, they were making matches: Well, said she, I have heard matches were made in heaven, but by the brimstone one would think they were made in hell

After she had been eating some sweet thing, a little of it happened to stick on her lips: a gentleman told her of it, and offered to lick it off: she said, No, sir, I thank you, I have a tongue of my own.

In the late king's time, a gentleman asked Jervas, the painter, where he lived in London? He answered next door to the king, for his house was near St. James's. The other wondering how that could be; she said, you mistake Mr. Jervas, for he only means next door to the sign of a king.

A gentleman who had been very silly and pert in her company, at last began to grieve at remembering the loss of a child lately dead. A bishop sitting by comforted him; that he should be easy because the child was gone to heaven. No, my lord, said she, that is it which most grieves him, because he is sure never to see his child there.

Having seen some letters writ by a king in a very large hand, and some persons wondering at them, she said it confirmed the old saying, That kings had long hands.

Dr. Sheridan, famous for punning, intending to sell a bargain, said, he had made a very good pun. Somebody asked, what it was? He answered, My a—. The other taking offence, she insisted the doctor was in the right, for everybody knew that punning was his blind side.

When she was extremely ill, her physician said, Madam, you are near the bottom of the hill, but we will endeavour to get you up again. She answered, Doctor, I fear I shall be out of breath before I get up to the top.

A dull parson talking of a very smart thing, said to another parson as he came out of the pulpit, he was hammering a long time, but could not remember the jest; she being impatient said, I remember it very well, for I was there, and the words were these; Sir, you have been blundering at a story this half hour, and can neither make head nor tail of it.

A very dirty clergyman of her acquaintance, who affected smartness and repartees, was asked by some of the company how his nails came to be so dirty: he was at a loss, but she solved the difficulty, by saying, The Doctor's nails grew dirty by scratching himself.

A quaker apothecary sent her a vial corked? it had a broad brim, and a label of paper about its neck. "What is that?" said she; "my apothecary's son?" The ridiculous resemblance, and the suddenness of the question, set us all a-laughing.

THREE PRAYERS

USED BY THE DEAN FOR MRS. JOHNSON, IN HER LAST SICKNESS, 1727.

I.

ALMIGHTY and most gracious Lord God, extend, we beseech thee, thy pity and compassion toward this thy languishing servant; teach her to place her hope and confidence entirely in thee: give her a true sense of the emptiness and vanity of all earthly things: make her truly sensible of all the infirmities of her life past; and grant to her such a true sincere repentance as is not to be repented of. Preserve her, O Lord, in a sound mind and understanding, during this thy visitation; keep her from both the sad extremes of presumption and despair. If thou shalt please to restore her to her former health, give her grace to be ever mindful of that mercy, and to keep those good resolutions she now makes in her sickness; so that no length of time nor prosperity may entice her to forget them. Let no thought of her misfortunes distract her mind, and prevent the means toward her recovery, or disturb her in her preparations for a better life. We beseech thee also, O Lord, of thy infinite goodness, to remember

the good actions of this thy servant; that the naked she hath clothed, the hungry she hath fed, the sick and the fatherless whom she hath relieved may be reckoned, according to thy gracious promise, as if they had been done unto thee.—Hearken, O Lord, to the prayers offered up by the friends of this thy servant in her behalf, and especially those now made by us unto thee. Give thy blessing to those endeavours used for her recovery; but take from her all violent desire either of life or death, further than with resignation to thy holy will. And now, O Lord, we implore thy gracious favour toward us here met together. Grant that the sense of this thy servant's weakness may add strength to our faith, that we, considering the infirmities of our nature and the uncertainty of life, may, by this example, be drawn to repentance, before it shall please thee to visit us in the like manner. Accept these prayers, we beseech thee, for the sake of thy dear son Jesus Christ, our Lord; who, with Thee and the Holy Ghost, liveth and reigneth, ever one God world without end. Amen.

II.

Most merciful Father, accept our humblest prayers in behalf of this thy languishing servant: forgive the sins, the frailties, and infirmities of her life past. Accept the good deeds she hath done in such a manner, that at whatever time thou shalt please to call her, she may be received into everlasting habitations. Give her grace to continue sincerely thankful to thee for the many favours thou hast bestowed upon her, the ability and inclination and practice to do good, and those virtues, which have procured the esteem and love of her friends, and a most unspotted name in the world. O God, thou dispensest thy blessings and thy punishments as it becometh infinite justice and mercy: and since it was thy pleasure to afflict her with a long, constant, weakly state of health, make her truly sensible that it was for very wise ends, and was largely made up to her in other blessings more valuable and less common. Continue to her, O Lord, that firmness and constancy of mind wherewith thou hast most graciously endowed her, together with that contempt of worldly things and vanities that she hath shown in the whole conduct of her life. O all-powerful Being, the least motion of whose will can create or destroy a world: pity us, the mournful friends of thy distressed servant, who sink under the weight of her present condition, and the fear of losing the most valuable of our friends: restore her to us, O Lord, if it be thy gracious will, or inspire us with constancy and resignation to support ourselves under so heavy an affliction. Restore her, O Lord, for the sake of those poor, who by losing her will be desolate: and those sick, who will not only want her bounty, but her care and tending; else, in thy mercy, raise up some other in her place, with equal disposition and better abilities. Lessen, O Lord, we beseech thee, her bodily pains, or give her a double strength of mind to support them. And if thou wilt soon take her to thyself, turn our thoughts rather upon that felicity, which we hope she shall enjoy than upon that unspeakable loss we shall endure. Let her memory be ever dear unto us, and the example of her many virtues, as far as human infirmity will admit, our constant imitation. Accept, O Lord, these prayers, poured from the very bottom of our hearts, in thy mercy, and for the merits of our blessed Saviour. Amen.

III.

O merciful Father, who never afflictest thy children, but for their own good, and with justice, over which thy mercy always prevaileth, either to turn them to repentance, or to punish them in the present life, in order to reward them in a better; take pity, we beseech thee, upon this thy poor afflicted servant, languishing so long and so grievously under the weight of thy hand. Give her strength, O Lord, to support her weakness; and patience to endure her pains, without repining at thy correction. Forgive every rash and inconsiderate expression which her anguish may at any time force from her tongue, while her heart continueth in an entire submission to thy will. Suppress in her, O Lord, all eager desires of life, and lessen her fears of death, by inspiring into her an humble, yet assured hope of thy mercy. Give her a sincere repentance for all her transgressions and omissions, and a firm resolution to pass the remainder of her life in endeavouring to her utmost to observe all thy precepts. We beseech thee likewise to compose her thoughts, and preserve to her the use of her memory and reason during the course of her sickness. Give her a true conception of the vanity, folly, and insignificancy of all human things; and strengthen her so as to beget in her a sincere love of thee in the midst of her sufferings. Accept and impute all her good deeds, and forgive her all those offences against thee which she hath sincerely repented of, or through the failure of memory hath forgot. And now, O Lord, we turn unto thee, in behalf of ourselves, and the rest of our sorrowful friends. Let not our grief afflict her mind, and thereby have an ill effect on her present distemper. Forgive the sorrow and weakness of those among us, who sink under the grief and terror of losing so dear and useful a friend. Accept and pardon our most earnest prayers and wishes for her longer continuance in this evil world, to do what thou art pleased to call thy service, and is only her bounden duty; that she may be still a comfort to us, and to all others who will want the benefit of conversation, her advice, her good offices, or her charity. And since thou hast promised, that wehcr two or three are gathered together in thy name, thou wilt be in the midst of them, to grant their requests; O gracious Lord, grant to us who are here met in thy name, that those requests, which in the utmost sincerity and earnestness of our hearts we have now made in behalf of this thy distressed servant, and of ourselves, may be effectually answered through the merits of Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

CHARACTER OF DR. SHERIDAN.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1738.

Doctor Thomas Sheridan died at Rathfarnham, the 10th of October, 1738, at three of the clock in the afternoon: his diseases were a dropsy and asthma. He was doubtless the best instructor of youth in these kingdoms, or, perhaps, in Europe; and as great a master of the Greek and Roman languages. He had a very fruitful invention, and a talent for poetry. His English verses were full of wit and humour, but neither his prose nor verse sufficiently correct: however, he would readily submit to any friend who had a true taste in prose or verse. He has left behind him a very great collection, in several volumes, of stories, humorous, witty, wise, or some way useful, gathered from a vast number of Greek, Roman, Italian, Spanish, French, and English writers. I believe I may have seen about thirty, large enough to make as many moderate books in octavo. But among these extracts, there were many not worth regard; for five or six, at least, were of little use or entertainment. He was (as it is frequently the case in men of wit and learning) what the French call a *dupe*, and in a very high degree. The greatest dunce of a tradesman could impose upon him, for he was altogether ignorant in worldly management. His chief shining quality was that of a

schoolmaster: here he shone in his proper element. He had so much skill and practice in the physiognomy of boys, that he rarely mistook at the first view. His scholars loved and feared him. He often rather chose to shame the stupid, but punish the idle, and expose them to all the lads, which was more severe than lashing. Among the gentlemen in this kingdom who have any share of education, the scholars of Dr. Sheridan infinitely excel, in number and knowledge, all their brethren sent from other schools.

To look ... ... doctor in some other lights, he was in many things very indiscreet, to say no worse. He acted like too many clergymen, who are in haste to get married when very young; and from hence proceeded all the miseries of his life. The portion he got proved to be just the reverse of 500*l*., for he was poorer by a thousand: so many incumbrances of a mother-in-law, and poor relations, whom he was forced to support for many years. Instead of breeding up his daughters to housewifery and plain clothes, he got them, at a great expense, to be clad like ladies who had plentiful fortunes; made them only learn to sing and dance, to draw and design, to give them rich silks and other fopperies; and his two eldest were married, with out his consent, to young lads who had nothing to settle on them. However, he had one son, whom the doctor sent to Westminster school, although he could ill afford it. The boy was there immediately taken notice of, upon examination: although a mere stranger, he was, by pure merit, elected a king's scholar. It is true, their maintenance falls something short: the doctor was then so poor, that he could not add fourteen pounds to enable the boy to finish the year; which if he had done, he would have been removed to a higher class, and, in another year, would have been *sped off* (that is the phrase) to a fellowship in Oxford or Cambridge: but the doctor was forced to recall him to Dublin, and had friends in our university to send him there, where he has been chosen of the foundation; and I think has gotten an exhibition, and designs to stand for a fellowship.[a]

The doctor had a good church living, in the south parts of Ireland, given him by lord Carteret; who, being very learned himself, encourages it in others. A friend of the doctor's prevailed on his excellency to grant it. The living was well worth 150*l*. per

He changed it very soon for that of Dunboyn; which, by the knavery of the farmers, and power of the gentlemen, fell so very low that he could never get 80*l*. He then changed that living for the free-school of Cavan, where he might have lived well in so cheap a country on 80*l*. salary per annum, besides his scholars; but the air, he said, was too moist and unwholesome, and he could not bear the company of some persons in that neighbourhood. Upon this he sold the school for about 400*l*., spent the money, grew into disease, and died.

It would be very honourable, as well as just, in those many persons of quality and fortune who had the advantage of being educated under Dr. Sheridan, if they would please to erect some decent monument over his body, in the church where it is deposited.

THE HISTORY OF THE SECOND SOLOMON. [Dr. Sheridan.] 1729.

After the affectionate manner in which the dean had treated the memory of Dr. Sheridan in the preceding character, there can be no need of any apology for the *jeu d'esprit* here preserved. It was originally published in 1775, by dean Swift.

He became acquainted with a person distinguished for poetical and other writings, and in an eminent station, who treated him with great kindness on all occasions, and he became familiar in this person's house. [Dean Swift.] In three months' time, Solomon, without the least provocation, writ a long poem, describing that person's muse to be dead, and making a funeral solemnity with asses, owls, &c., and gave the copy among all his acquaintance.

Solomon became acquainted with a most deserving lady, an intimate friend of the above person [Stella], who entertained him also as she would a brother: and, upon giving him a little good advice in the most decent manner, with relation to his wife, he told her, "She was like other w en, as bad as she was; and that they were all alike."

Solomon has no ill design upon any person but himself, and he is the greatest deceiver of himself on all occasions.

His thoughts are sudden, and the most unreasonable always comes uppermost; and he constantly resolves and acts upon his first thoughts, and then asks advice, but never once before.

The person above mentioned, whom he lampooned in three months after their acquaintance, procured him a good preferment from the lord-lieutenant [lord Carteret]: upon going down to take possession, Solomon preached, at Cork, a sermon on king George's birth-day, on this text, "Sufficient to the day is the evil thereof." Solomon having been famous for a high Tory, and suspected as a Jacobite, it was a most difficult thing to get anything for him: but that person, being an old friend of lord Carteret, prevailed against all Solomon's enemies, and got him made likewise one of his excellency's chaplains. But, upon this sermon, he was struck out of the list, and forbid the castle, until that same person brought him again to the lieutenant, and made them friends.

A fancy sprung in Solomon's head, that a house near Dublin would be commodious for him and his boarders to lodge in on Saturdays and Sundays; immediately, without consulting with any creature, he takes a lease of a rotten house at Rathfarnham, the worst air in Ireland, for nine hundred and ninety-nine years, at twelve pounds a-year; the land, which was only a strip of ground, not being worth twenty shillings a-year. When the same person whom he lampooned heard the thing, he begged Solomon to get a clause to surrender, and at last prevailed to have it done after twenty-one years; because it was a madness to pay eleven pounds a-year, for a thousand years, for a house that could not last twenty. But Solomon made an agreement with his landlady, that he should be at liberty to surrender his lease in seven years; and if he did not do it at that time, should be obliged to keep it for nine hundred and ninety-nine years. In the mean time, he expends about one hundred pounds on the house and garden-wall; and in less than three years, contracts such a hatred to the house, that he lets it run to ruin: so that, when the seven years were expired, he must either take it for the remainder of the nine hundred and ninety-nine years, or be sued for waste, and lose all the money he laid out: and now he pays twelve pounds a-year for a place he never sees.

Solomon has an estate of about 35*l*. per annum, in the county of Cavan; upon which, instead of ever receiving one penny rent, he hath expended above thirty pounds per annum in buildings and plantations, which are all gone to ruin.

Solomon is under-tenant to a bishop's lease; he is bound by articles to his lordship to renew and pay a fine whenever the bishop renews with his landlord, and to raise his rent as the landlord shall raise it to the

[a] Thomas Sheridan, an actor of celebrity, who also distinguished himself by Lectures on Elocution, and an excellent life of Swift. He was the father of the celebrated and highly-gifted Richard Brinsley Sheridan.

bishop. Seven years expire: Solomon's landlord demands a fine, which he readily pays; then asks for a lease: the landlord says, "He may have it at any time." He never gets it. Another seven years elapse: Solomon's landlord demands another fine, and an additional rent: Solomon pays both, asks to have his lease renewed: the steward answers, "He will speak to his master." Seventeen years have elapsed; the landlord sends Solomon word, "That his lease is forfeited, because he hath not renewed and paid his fines according to articles;" and now they are at law upon this admirable case.

It is Solomon's great happiness, that, when he acts in the common concerns of life against common sense and reason, he values himself thereupon, as if it were the mark of great genius, above little regards or arts, and that his thoughts are too exalted to descend into the knowledge of vulgar management; and you cannot make him a greater compliment than by telling instances to the company, before his face, how careless he was in any affair that related to his interest and fortune.

He is extremely proud and captious, apt to resent as an affront and indignity what was never intended for either.

He is allured as easily by every new acquaintance, especially among women, as a child is by a new plaything; and is led at will by them to suspect and quarrel with his best friends, of whom he hath lost the greatest part, for want of that indulgence which they ought to allow for his failings.

He is a generous, honest, good-natured man; but his perpetual want of judgment and discretion makes him act as if he were neither generous, honest, nor good-natured.

The person above-mentioned, whom he lampooned, and to whom he owes preferment, being in the country and out of order, Solomon had appointed to come for him with a chaise, and bring him to town. Solomon sent him word that he was to set out on Monday, and did accordingly, but to another part of the kingdom, thirty miles wide of the place appointed, in compliment to a lady who was going that way; there stayed with her and her family a month; then sent the chaise, in the midst of winter, to bring the said person where Solomon would meet him, declaring he could not venture himself for fear of the frost: and upon the said person's refusing to go in the chaise alone, or to trust to Solomon's appointment, and being in ill health, Solomon fell into a formal quarrel with that person, and foully misrepresented the whole affair, to justify himself.

Solomon had published a humorous ballad, called "Ballyspellin," whither he had gone to drink the waters, with a new favourite lady. The ballad was in the manner of Mr. Gay's on Molly Mogg, pretending to contain all the rhymes of Ballyspellin. His friend, the person so often mentioned, being at a gentleman's house in the neighbourhood, and merry over Solomon's ballad, they agreed to make another, in dispraise of Ballyspellin Wells, which Solomon had celebrated, and with all new rhymes not made use of in Solomon's. The thing was done, and all in a mere jest and innocent merriment. Yet Solomon was prevailed upon by the lady he went with, to resent this as an affront on her and himself; which he did accordingly, against all the rules of reason, taste, good-nature, judgment, gratitude, or common manners.

He will invite six or more people of condition to dine with him on a certain day, some of them living five or six miles from town. On the day appointed, he will be absent, and know nothing of the matter, and they all go back disappointed: when he is told of this, he is pleased because it shows him to be a genius and a man of learning.

Having lain many years under the obloquy of a high Tory and Jacobite, upon the present queen's birth-day he writ a song, to be performed before the government and those who attended them, in praise of the queen and king, on the common topics of her beauty, wit, family, love of England, and all other virtues, wherein the king and the royal children were sharers. It was very hard to avoid the common topics. A young collegian who had done the same job the year before, got some reputation on account of his wit. Solomon would needs vie with him, by which he lost all the esteem of his old friends the Tories, and got not the least interest with the Whigs; for they are now too strong to want advocates of that kind; and therefore one of the lords justices, reading the verses in some company, said, "Ah, doctor! this shall not do." His name was at length in the title-page; and he did this without the knowledge or advice of one living soul, as he himself confesseth.

His full conviction of having acted wrong in an hundred instances, leaves him as positive in the next instance, as if he had never been mistaken in his life; and if you go to him the next day, and find him convinced in the last, he hath another instance ready, wherein he is as positive as he was the day before.

A SERIOUS AND USEFUL SCHEME
TO MAKE AN

HOSPITAL FOR INCURABLES;

OF UNIVERSAL BENEFIT TO ALL HIS MAJESTY'S SUBJECTS.

Humbly addressed to the right honourable Lord * * *, the right honourable sir * * *, and to the right honourable * * *.

Fœcunda culpæ secula.—Hor.

There is not anything which contributes more to the reputation of particular persons, or to the honour of a nation in general, than erecting and endowing proper edifices for the reception of those who labour under different kinds of distress. The diseased and unfortunate are thereby delivered from the misery of wanting assistance, and others are delivered from the misery of beholding them.

It is certain that the genius of the people of England is strongly turned to public charities, and to so noble a degree, that almost in every part of this great and opulent city, and also in many of the adjacent villages, we meet with a great variety of hospitals, supported by the generous contributions of private families, as well as by the liberality of the public. Some for seamen worn out in the services of their country, and others for infirm disabled soldiers; some for the maintenance of tradesmen decayed, and others for their widows and orphans; some for the service of those who linger under tedious distempers, and others for such as are deprived of their reason.

But I find, upon nice inspection, that there is one kind of charity almost totally disregarded, which, nevertheless, appears to me of so excellent a nature, as to be at present more wanted and better calculated for the ease, quietness, and felicity of this whole kingdom than any other can possibly be: I mean an hospital for incurables.

I must indeed confess, that an endowment of this nature would prove a very large and perpetual expense. However, I have not the least diffidence that I shall be able effectually to convince the world that my present scheme for such an hospital is very practicable, and must be very desirable by every one who hath the interest of his country, or his fellow-creatures, really at heart.

It is observable, that although the bodies of human creatures be affected with an infinite variety of disorders, which elude the power of medicine, and are often found

to be incurable, yet their minds are also overrun with an equal variety, which no skill, no power, no medicine, can alter or amend. And I think that, out of regard to the public peace and emolument, as well as the repose of many pious and valuable families, this latter species of incurables ought principally to engage our attention and beneficence.

I believe an hospital for such incurables will be universally allowed necessary, if we only consider what numbers of absolute incurables every profession, rank, and degree, would perpetually produce, which at present are only national grievances, and of which we can have no other effectual method to purge the kingdom.

For instance, let any man seriously consider what numbers there are of incurable fools, incurable knaves, incurable scolds, incurable scribblers, (besides myself,) incurable coxcombs, incurable infidels, incurable liars, incurable whores, in all places of public resort;—not to mention the incurably vain, incurably envious, incurably proud, incurably affected, incurably impertinent, and 10,000 other incurables which I must of necessity pass over in silence, lest I should swell this essay into a volume. And, without doubt, every unprejudiced person will agree that, out of mere Christian charity, the public ought to be eased as much as possible, of this troublesome and intolerable variety of incurables.

And, first, Under the denomination of incurable fools, we may reasonably expect that such an hospital would be furnished with considerable numbers of the growth of our own universities, who at present appear in various professions in the world, under the venerable titles of physicians, barristers, and ecclesiastics.

And as those ancient seminaries have been for some years past accounted little better than nurseries of such sort of incurables, it should seem highly commendable to make some kind of provision for them, because it is more than probable that, if they are to be supported by their own particular merit in their several callings, they must necessarily acquire but a very indifferent maintenance.

I would not willingly be here suspected to cast reflections on any order of men, as if I thought that small gains from the profession of any art or science, were always an undoubted sign of an equally small degree of understanding; for I profess myself to be somewhat inclined to a very opposite opinion, having frequently observed that, at the bar, the pulse, and the pulpit, those who have the least learning or sense to plead meet generally with the largest share of promotions and profit: of which many instances might be produced; but the public seems to want no conviction in this particular.

Under the same denominations we may further expect a large and ridiculous quantity of old rich widows, whose eager and impatient appetites inflame them with extravagant passions for fellows of a very different age and complexion from themselves, who purchase contempt and aversion with good jointures, and being loaded with years, infirmities, and probably ill-humour, are forced to bribe into their embraces such whose fortunes and characters are equally desperate.

Besides, our collection of incurable fools would receive an incredible addition from every one of the following articles:—

From young extravagant heirs, who are just of a competent age to become the bubbles of jockeys, sportsmen, gamesters, bullies, sharpers, courtezans, and such sort of honourable pickpockets.

From misers, who half starve themselves to feed the prodigality of their heirs, and who proclaim to the world how unworthy they are of possessing estates by the wretched and ridiculous methods they take to enjoy them.

From contentious people of all conditions, who are content to waste the greatest part of their own fortunes at law, to be the instruments of impoverishing others.

From those who have any confidence in profession of friendship, before trial, or any dependence on the fidelity of a mistress.

From young illiterate squires, who travel abroad to import lewdness, conceit, arrogance, vanity, and foppery, of which commodities there seems to be so great an abundance at home.

From young clergymen who contrive, by matrimony, to acquire a family before they have obtained the necessary means to maintain one.

From those who have considerable estates in different kingdoms and yet are so incurably stupid as to spend their whole incomes in this.

These and several other articles which might be mentioned, would afford us a perpetual opportunity of easing the public, by having an hospital for the accommodation of such incurables; who at present, either by the over-fondness of near relations, or the indolence of the magistrates, are permitted to walk abroad, and appear in the most crowded places of this city, as if they were indeed reasonable creatures.

I had almost forgot to hint, that, under this article, there is a modest probability that many of the clergy would be found properly qualified for admittance into the hospital, who might serve in the capacity of chaplains, and save the unnecessary expense of salaries.

To these fools, in order succeed such as may justly be included under the extensive denomination of incurable knaves; of which our several inns of court would constantly afford us abundant supplies.

I think, indeed, that, of this species of incurables, there ought to be a certain limited number annually admitted, which number, neither any regard to the quiet or benefit of the nation, nor any other charitable or public-spirited reason, should tempt us to exceed; because, if all were to be admitted on such a foundation, who might be reputed in incurable of this distemper; and if it were possible for the public to find any place large enough for their reception, I have not the least doubt that all our inns, which are at this day so crowded, would in a short time be emptied of their inhabitants, and the law, that beneficial craft, want hands to conduct it.

I tremble to think what herds of attorneys, solicitors, pettifoggers, scriveners, usurers, hackney-clerks, pickpockets, pawnbrokers, jailors, and justices of the peace would hourly be driven to such an hospital; and what disturbance it might also create in several noble and wealthy families.

What unexpected distress might it prove to several men of fortune and quality to be suddenly deprived of their rich stewards, in whom they had for many years reposed the utmost confidence, and to find them irrecoverably lodged among such a collection of incurables!

How many orphans might then expect to see their guardians hurried away to the hospital; and how many greedy executors find reason to lament the want of opportunity to pillage!

Would not Exchange Alley have cause to mourn for the loss of its stock-jobbers and brokers; and the Charitable Corporation for the confinement of many of its directors?

Might not Westminster-hall, as well as all the gaming-houses in this great city, be entirely unpeopled; and the professors of art in each of those assemblies become useless in their vocations, by being deprived of all future opportunity to be dishonest?

In short, it might put the whole kingdom into confusion and disorder; and we should find that the entire revenues of this nation would be scarce able to

support so great a number of incurables, in this way, as would appear qualified for admission into our hospital.

For if we only consider how this kingdom swarms with quadrille-tables, and gaming-houses, both public and private, and also how each of those houses, as well as Westminster-hall aforesaid, swarms with knaves who are anxious to win, or fools who have anything to lose, we may be soon convinced how necessary it will be to limit the number of incurables, comprehended under these titles, lest the foundation should prove insufficient to maintain any others besides them.

However, if by this scheme of mine the nation can be eased of 20,000 or 30,000 such incurables, I think it ought to be esteemed somewhat beneficial, and worthy of the attention of the public.

The next sort for whom I would gladly provide, and who fo veral generations have proved insupportable plagues and grievances to the good people of England, are those who may properly be admitted under the character of incurable scolds.

I own this to be a temper of so desperate a nature that few females can be found willing to own themselves anyway addicted to it; and yet it is thought that there is scarce a single parson, 'prentice, alderman, squire, or husband, who would not solemnly avouch the very reverse.

I could wish, indeed, that the word scold might be changed for some more gentle term, of equal signification; because I am convinced that the very name is as offensive to female ears as the effects of that incurable distemper are to the ears of the men; which, to be sure, is inexpressible.

And that it hath been always customary to honour the very same kind of actions with different appellations, only to avoid giving offence, is evident to common observation.

For instance: How many lawyers, attorneys, solicitors, under-sheriffs, intriguing chambermaids, and counter-officers, are continually guilty of extortion, bribery, oppression, and many other profitable knaveries, to drain the purses of those with whom they are anyway concerned! And yet all these different expedients to raise a fortune pass generally under the milder names of fees, perquisites, vales, presents, gratuities, and such like; although, in strictness of speech, they should be called robbery, and consequently be rewarded with a gibbet.

Nay, how many honourable gentlemen might be enumerated who keep open shop to make a trade of iniquity; who teach the law to wink whenever power or profit appears in her way: and contrive to grow rich by the vice, the contention, or the follies of mankind; and who, nevertheless, instead of being branded with the harsh-sounding names of knaves, pilferers, or public oppressors, (as they justly merit,) are only distinguished by the title of justices of the peace; in which single term, all those several appellations are generally thought to be implied.

But to proceed. When first I determined to prepare this scheme for the use and inspection of the public, I intended to examine one whole ward in this city, that my computation of the number of incurable scolds might be more perfect and exact. But I found it impossible to finish my progress through more than one street.

I made my first application to a wealthy citizen in Cornhill, common councilman for his ward, to whom I hinted, that if he knew e'er an incurable scold in the neighbourhood, I had some hope to provide for her in such a manner as to hinder her from being further troublesome. He referred me with great delight to his next-door friend; yet whispered me, that, with much greater ease and pleasure, he could furnish me out of his own family ——, and begged the preference.

His next-door friend owned readily that his wife's qualifications were not misrepresented, and that he would cheerfully contribute to promote so useful a scheme; but positively asserted, that it would be of small service to rid the neighbourhood of one woman, while such multitudes would remain all equally insupportable.

By which circumstance I conjectured that the quantity of these incurables in London, Westminster, and Southwark, would be very considerable, and that a generous contribution might reasonably be expected for such an hospital as I am recommending.

Besides, the number of these female incurables would probably be very much increased by additional quantities of old maids, who, being wearied with concealing their ill-humour for one half of their lives, are impatient to give it full vent in the other. For old maids, like old thin-bodied wines, instead of growing more agreeable by years, are observed, for the most part, to become intolerably sharp, sour, and useless.

Under this denomination also we may expect to be furnished with as large a collection of old bachelors, especially those who have estates, and but a moderate degree of understanding. For an old wealthy bachelor, being perpetually surrounded with a set of flatterers, cousins, poor dependents, and would be heirs, who, for their own views, submit to his perverseness and caprice, becomes insensibly infected with this scolding malady, which generally proves incurable, and renders him disagreeable to his friends, and a fit subject for ridicule to his enemies.

As to the incurable scribblers, (of which society I have the honour to be a member,) they probably are innumerable; and, of consequence, it will be absolutely impossible to provide for one-tenth part of their fraternity. However, as this set of incurables are generally more plagued with poverty than any other, it will be a double charity to admit them on the foundation; a charity to the world, to whom they are a common pest and nuisance; and a charity to themselves, to relieve them from want, contempt, kicking, and several other accidents of that nature, to which they are continually liable.

Grub-street itself would then have reason to rejoice to see so many of its half-starved manufacturers amply provided for, and the whole tribe of meagre incurables would probably shout for joy at being delivered from the tyranny and garrets of printers, publishers, and booksellers.

What a mixed multitude of ballad-writers, ode-makers, translators, farce-compounders, opera-mongers, biographers, pamphleteers, and journalists would appear crowding to the hospital; not unlike the brutes resorting to the ark before the deluge! And what an universal satisfaction would such a sight afford to all, except pastrycooks, grocers, chandlers, and tobacco-retailers, to whom alone the writings of those incurables were anyway profitable!

I have often been amazed to observe what a variety of incurable coxcombs are to be met with between St. James's and Limehouse, at every hour of the day; as numerous as Welsh parsons, and equally contemptible. How they swarm in all coffeehouses, theatres, public walks, and private assemblies; how they are incessantly employed in cultivating intrigues, and every kind of irrational pleasure; how industrious they seem to mimic the appearance of monkeys, as monkeys are emulous to imitate the gestures of men: and from such observations I concluded, that to confine the greatest part of those incurables, who are so many living burlesques of human nature, would be of eminent service to this

nation; and I am persuaded that I am far from being singular in that opinion.

As for the incurable infidels and liars, I shall range them under the same article, and would willingly appoint them the same apartment in the hospital; because there is a much nearer resemblance between them than is generally imagined.

Have they not an equal delight in imposing falsities on the public, and seem they not equally desirous to be thought of more sagacity and importance than others? Do they not both report what both know to be false; and both confidently assert what they are conscious is most liable to contradiction?

The parallel might easily be carried on much further, if the intended shortness of this essay would admit it. However, I cannot forbear taking notice, with what immense quantities of incurable liars his majesty's kingdoms are overrun; what offence and prejudice they are to the public; what inconceivable injury to private persons; and what a necessity there is for an hospital, to relieve the nation from the curse of so many incurables.

This distemper appears almost in as many different shapes as there are persons afflicted with it; and, in every individual, is always beyond the power of medicine.

Some lie for their interest, such as fishmongers, flatterers, pimps, lawyers, fortune-hunters, and fortune-tellers; and others lie for their entertainment, as maids, wives, widows, and all other tea-table attendants.

Some lie out of vanity, as poets, painters, players, fops, military officers, and all those who frequent the levees of the great: and others lie out of ill-nature, as old maids, &c.

Some lie out of custom, as lovers, coxcombs, footmen, sailors, mechanics, merchants, and chambermaids; and others lie out of complaisance or necessity, as courtiers, chaplains, &c. In short, it were endless to enumerate them all, but this sketch may be sufficient to give us some small imperfect idea of their numbers.

As to the remaining incurables, we may reasonably conclude that they bear at least an equal proportion to those already mentioned; but with regard to the incurable whores in this kingdom, I must particularly observe, that such of them as are public, and make it their profession, have proper hospitals for their reception already, if we could find magistrates without passions or officers without an incurable itch to a bribe. And such of them as are private, and make it their amusement, I should be unwilling to disturb, for two reasons:—

First, because it might probably afflict many noble, wealthy, contented, and unsuspecting husbands, by convincing them of their own dishonour, and the unpardonable disloyalty of their wives; and, secondly, because it will be for ever impossible to confine a woman from being guilty of any kind of misconduct when once she is firmly resolved to attempt it.

From all which observations, every reasonable man must infallibly be convinced, that an hospital for the support of these different kinds of incurables would be extremely beneficial to these kingdoms. I think, therefore, that nothing further is wanting, but to demonstrate to the public that such a scheme is very practicable, both by having an undoubted method to raise an annual income, at least sufficient to make the experiment, (which is the way of founding all hospitals,) and by having also a strong probability, that such an hospital would be supported by perpetual benefactions; which, in very few years, might enable us to increase the number of incurables to nine-tenths more than we can reasonably venture on at first.

A Computation of the Daily and Annual Expenses of an Hospital, to be erected for Incurables.

Per day.

INCURABLE fools are almost infinite; however, at first, I would have only twenty thousand admitted; and, allowing to each person but one shilling per day for maintenance, which is as low as possible, the daily expense for this article will be £1000

Incurable knaves are, if possible, more numerous, including foreigners, especially Irishmen. Yet I would limit the number of these to about thirty thousand; which would amount to . 1500

Incurable scolds would be plentifully supplied from almost every family in the kingdom. And indeed, to make this hospital of any real benefit, we cannot admit fewer, even at first, than thirty thousand, including the ladies of Bilingsgate and Leadenhall market, which is 1500

The incurable scribblers are undoubtedly a very considerable society, and of that denomination I would admit at least forty thousand; because it is to be supposed that such incurables will be found in greatest distress for a daily maintenance. And if we had not great encouragement to hope that many of that class would properly be admitted among the incurable fools, I should strenuously intercede to have ten or twenty thousand more added. But their allowed number will amount to . . 200

Incurable coxcombs are very numerous; and, considering what numbers are annually imported from France and Italy, we cannot admit fewer than ten thousand, which will be . 500

Incurable infidels (as they affect to be called) should be received into the hospital to the number of ten thousand. However, if it should accidentally happen to grow into a fashion to be believers, it is probable that the great part of them would, in a very short time, be dismissed from the hospital, as perfectly cured. Their expense would be 500

Incurable liars are infinite in all parts of the kingdom; and, making allowance for citizens' wives, mercers, 'prentices, news-writers, old maids, and flatterers, we cannot possibly allow a smaller number than thirty thousand, which will amount to 1500

The incurable envious are in vast quantities throughout this whole nation. Nor can it reasonably be expected that their numbers should lessen, while fame and honours are heaped upon some particular persons, as the public reward of their superior accomplishments, while others, who are equally excellent in their own opinions, are constrained to live unnoticed and contemned. And, as it would be impossible to provide for all those who are possessed with this distemper, I should consent to admit only twenty thousand at first, by way of experiment, amounting to 1000

Of the incurable vain, affected, and impertinent, I should at least admit ten thousand; which number I am confident will appear very inconsiderable, if we include all degrees of females, from the duchess to the chambermaid; all poets, who have had a little success, especially in the dramatic way, and all players, who have met with a small degree of approbation. Amounting only to 500

By which plain computation it is evident that two hundred thousand persons will be daily provided for, and the allowance for maintaining this collection of incurables may be seen in the following account:—

For the Incurable

			Per day.
Fools, being . . .	20,000	at one shilling each	£1.000
Knaves	30,000	,, ,,	1,500
Scolds	30,000	,, ,,	1,500
Scribblers . . .	40,000	,, ,,	2,000
Coxcombs . . .	10,000	,,	500
Infidels.	10,000	,,	500
Liars.	30,000	,,	1,500

For the Incurably

Envious	20,000	,,	1,000
Vain.	10,000	,,	500

Total maintained, 200,000 Total expense, £10,000

From whence it appears, that the daily expense will amount to such a sum as, in 365 days, comes to £3,650,000

And I am fully satisfied that a sum much greater than this may easily be raised, with all possible satisfaction to the subject, and without interfering in the least with the revenues of the crown.

In the first place, a large proportion of this sum might be raised by the voluntary contribution of the inhabitants.

The computed number of people in Great Britain is very little less than eight millions, of which, upon a most moderate computation, we may account one-half to be incurables. And as all those different incurables, whether acting in the capacity of friends, acquaintances, wives, husbands, daughters, counsellors, parents, old maids, or old bachelors, are inconceivable plagues to all those with whom they happen to be concerned; and, as there is no hope of being eased of such plagues, except by such an hospital, which by degrees might be enlarged to contain them all, I think it cannot be doubted, that at least three millions and a half of people, out of the remaining proportion, would be found both able and desirous to contribute so small a sum as 20*s.* per annum for the quiet of the kingdom, the peace of private families, and the credit of the nation in general. And this contribution would amount to very near our requisite sum.

Nor can this by any means be esteemed a wild conjecture; for where is there a man of common sense, honesty, or good-nature, who would not gladly propose even a much greater sum to be freed from a scold, a knave, a fool, a liar, a coxcomb conceitedly repeating the compositions of others, or a vain impertinent poet repeating his own?

In the next place, it may justly be supposed, that many young noblemen, knights, squires, and extravagant heirs, with very large estates, would be confined in our hospital. And I would propose, that the annual income of every particular incurable's estate should be appropriated to the use of the house. But, besides these, there will undoubtedly be many old misers, aldermen, justices, directors of companies, templars, and merchants of all kinds whose personal fortunes are immense, and who should proportionably pay to the hospital.

Yet, lest by being here misunderstood I should seem to propose an unjust or oppressive scheme, I shall further explain my design:—

Suppose, for instance, a young nobleman possessed of 10,000*l.* or 20,000*l.* per annum should accidentally be confined there as an incurable, I would have only such a proportion of his estate applied to the support of the hospital as he himself would spend if he were at liberty. And, after his death, the profits of the estate should regularly devolve to the next lawful heir, whether male or female.

And my reason for this proposal is, because considerable estates, which probably would be squandered away among hounds, horses, whores, sharpers, surgeons, tailors, pimps, masquerades, or architects, if left to the management of such incurables, would, by this means, become of some real use, both to the public and themselves. And perhaps this may be the only method which can be found to make such young spendthrifts of any real benefit to their country.

And although the estates of deceased incurables might be permitted to descend to the next heirs, the hospital would probably sustain no great disadvantage; because it is very likely that most of these heirs would also gradually be admitted under some denomination or other, and consequently their estates would again devolve to the use of the hospital.

As to the wealthy misers, &c., I would have their private fortunes nicely examined and calculated; because if they were old bachelors, (as it would frequently happen,) their whole fortunes should be appropriated to the endowment: but, if married, I would leave two-thirds of their fortunes for the support of their families; which families would cheerfully consent to give away the remaining third, if not more, to be freed from such peevish and disagreeable governors.

So that, deducting from the 200,000 incurables the 40,000 scribblers, who to be sure would be found in very bad circumstances, I believe, among the remaining 160,000 fools, knaves, and coxcombs, so many would be found of large estates and easy fortunes, as would at least produce 200,000*l.* per annum.

As a further addition to our endowment, I would have a tax upon all inscriptions and tombstones, monuments and obelisks, erected to the honour of the dead; or on porticoes and trophies to the honour of the living; because these will naturally and properly come under the article of lies, pride, vanity, &c.

And if all inscriptions throughout this kingdom were impartially examined, in order to tax those which should appear demonstrably false or flattering, I am convinced that not one-fifth part of the number would after such a scrutiny escape exempted.

Many an ambitious turbulent spirit would then be found belied with the opposite title of lover of his country; and many a Middlesex justice, as improperly described, sleeping in hope of salvation.

Many an usurer discredited by the appellations of honest and frugal; and many a lawyer, with the character of conscientious and equitable.

Many a British statesman and general decaying with more honour than they lived, and their dusts distinguished with a better reputation than when they were animated.

Many dull parsons, improperly styled eloquent; and as many stupid physicians, improperly styled learned.

Yet, notwithstanding the extensiveness of a tax upon such monumental impositions, I will count only upon 20,000, at 5*l.* per annum each, which will amount to 100,000*l.* annually.

To these annuities I would also request the parliament of this nation to allow the benefit of two lotteries yearly, by which the hospital would gain 200,000*l.* clear. Nor can such a request seem any way extraordinary, since it would be appropriated to the benefit of fools and knaves, which is the sole cause of granting one for this present year.

In the last place, I would add the estate of Richard Norton, esq.; and to do his memory all possible honour, I would have his statue erected in the very first apartment of the hospital, or in any other which might seem more apt. And on his monument I would permit a long inscription, composed by his dearest friends, which should remain tax-free for ever.

From these several articles therefore, would annually arise the following sums:—

	M. Th. H P. Ann.
From the voluntary contribution .	£3,500,000
From the estates of the incurables .	200,000
By the tax upon tombstones, monuments, &c. (that of Richard Norton, esq., always excepted)	100,000
By two annual lotteries . . .	200,000
By the estate of Richard Norton, esq. .	60,000
Total . .	£4,600,000
And the necessary sum for the hospital being	£3,650,000
There will remain annually over and above	356,000

Which sum of 356,000*l.* should be applied towards erecting the building, and answer accidental expenses, in such a manner as should seem most proper to promote the design of the hospital. But the whole management of it should be left to the skill and discretion of those who are to be constituted governors.

It may indeed prove a work of some small difficulty to fix upon a commodious place, large enough for a building of this nature. I should have thoughts of attempting to enclose all Yorkshire, if I were not apprehensive that it would be crowded with so many incurable knaves of its own growth, that there would not be the least room left for the reception of any others; by which accident our whole project might be retarded for some time.

Thus have I set this matter in the plainest light I could, that every one may judge of the necessity, usefulness, and practicableness of this scheme: and I shall only add a few scattered hints, which, to me, seem not altogether unprofitable.

I think the prime-minister for the time being ought largely to contribute to such a foundation; because his high station and merits must of necessity infect a great number with envy, hatred, lying, and such sort of distempers; and, of consequence, furnish the hospital annually with many incurables.

I would desire that the governors appointed to direct this hospital should have (if such a thing were possible) some appearance of religion and belief in God; because those who are to be admitted as incurable infidels, atheists, deists, and freethinkers, most of which tribe are only so out of pride, conceit, and affectation, might perhaps grow gradually into believers, if they perceived it to be the custom of the place where they lived.

Although it be not customary for the natives of Ireland to meet with any manner of promotion in this kingdom, I would in this respect have that national prejudice entirely laid aside, and request that, for the reputation of both kingdoms, a large apartment in the hospital may be fitted up for Irishmen particularly, who, either by knavery, lewdness, or fortune-hunting, should appear qualified for admittance; because their numbers would certainly be very considerable.

I would further request that a father, who seems delighted at seeing his son metamorphosed into a fop, or a coxcomb, because he hath travelled from London to Paris, may be sent along with the young gentleman to the hospital, as an old fool, absolutely incurable.

If a poet hath luckily produced anything, especially in the dramatic way, which is tolerably well received by the public, he should be sent immediately to the hospital; because incurable vanity is always the consequence of a little success. And, if his compositions be ill received, let him be admitted as a scribbler.

And I hope, in regard to the great pains I have taken about this scheme, that I shall be admitted upon the foundation as one of the scribbling incurables. But, as an additional favour, I entreat that I may not be placed in an apartment with a poet who hath employed his genius for the stage; because he will kill me with repeating his own compositions: and I need not acquaint the world, that it is extremely painful to bear any nonsense—except our own.

My private reason for soliciting so early to be admitted is, because it is observed that schemers and projectors are generally reduced to beggary; but, by my being provided for in the hospital, either as an incurable fool or a scribbler, that discouraging observation will for once be publicly disproved, and my brethren in that way will be secure of a public reward for their labours.

It gives me, I own, a great degree of happiness, to reflect, that although in this short treatise the characters of many thousands are contained, among the vast variety of incurables, yet not any one person is likely to be offended; because it is natural to apply ridiculous characters to all the world except ourselves. And I dare be bold to say, that the most incurable fool, knave, scold, coxcomb, scribbler, or liar in this whole nation, will sooner enumerate the circle of their acquaintance as addicted to those distempers than once imagine themselves any way qualified for such an hospital.

I hope indeed that our wise legislature will take this project into their serious consideration, and promote an endowment which will be of such eminent service to multitudes of his majesty's unprofitable subjects, and may in time be of use to themselves and their posterity.

From my Garret in Moorfields, Aug. 20, 1733.

A COMPLETE COLLECTION OF GENTEEL AND INGENIOUS CONVERSATION,

ACCORDING TO THE MOST POLITE MODE AND METHOD NOW USED AT COURT, AND IN THE BEST COMPANIES OF ENGLAND.

IN THREE DIALOGUES.

By SIMON WAGSTAFF, Esq.

[illegible] treatise appears to have been written with the same [illegible] the "Critical Essay on the Faculties of the Mind," but upon a more general plan: the ridicule which is there confined to literary composition is here extended to conversation; but its object is the same in both, the repetition of quaint phrases picked up by rote either from the living or the dead, and applied upon every occasion to conceal ignorance or stupidity, [illegible] t the labo[illegible] produ[illegible] and combine such words as will precisely express it.

There is an air of merriment in some of the pieces which Swift wrote after his intimacy with Dr Sheridan not to be found in any other of his writings; such in particular are several of his poems, his "Directions to Servants," his "Polite Conversation," and many of the whimsical things which he wrote in conjunction with Sheridan

"I retired hither," the dean says, in one of his letters, "for the public good, having two great works in hand, one to reduce the whole politeness, wit, humour, and style of England into a short system for the use of all persons of quality, and particularly the maids of honour, &c."

INTRODUCTION.

As my life has been chiefly spent in consulting the honour and welfare of my country for more than forty years past, not without answerable success, if the world and my friends have not flattered me, so there is no point wherein I have so much laboured as that of improving and polishing all parts of conversation between persons of quality, whether they meet by

accident or invitation, at meals, tea, or visits, mornings, noon, or evenings.

I have passed perhaps more time than any other man of my age and country in visits and assemblies, where the polite persons of both sexes distinguish themselves; and could not without much grief observe how frequently both gentlemen and ladies are at a loss for questions, answers, replies, and rejoinders. However, my concern was much abated when I found that these defects were not occasioned by any want of materials, but because those materials were not in every hand: for instance, one lady can give an answer better than ask a question; one gentleman is happy at a reply; another excels in a rejoinder: one can revive a languishing conversation by a sudden surprising sentence; another is more dexterous in seconding; a third can fill up the gap with laughing, or commending what has been said: thus fresh hints may be started, and the ball of the discourse kept up.

But, alas! this is too seldom the case, even in the most select companies. How often do we see at court, at public visiting days, at great men's levees, and other places of general meeting, that the conversation falls and drops to nothing, like a fire without supply of fuel! This is what we all ought to lament; and against this dangerous evil I take upon me to affirm, that I have in the following papers provided an infallible remedy:—

It was in the year 1695, and the sixth of his late majesty king William III., of ever-glorious and immortal memory, who rescued three kingdoms from popery and slavery, when, being about the age of six-and-thirty, my judgment mature, of good reputation in the world, and well acquainted with the best families in Town, I determined to spend five mornings, to dine four times, pass three afternoons, and six evenings every week in the houses of the most polite families, of which I would confine myself to fifty: only changing as the masters or ladies died, or left the town, or grew out of vogue, or sunk in their fortunes, or (which to me was of the highest moment) became disaffected to the government; which practice I have followed ever since to this very day; except when I happened to be sick, or in the spleen upon cloudy weather; and except when I entertained four of each sex at my own lodgings once in a month, by way of retaliation.

I always kept a large table book in my pocket; and as soon as I left the company I immediately entered the choicest expressions that passed during the visit: which, returning home, I transcribed in a fair hand, but somewhat enlarged; and had made the greatest part of my collection in twelve years, but not digested into any method, for this I found was a work of infinite labour, and what required the nicest judgment, and consequently could not be brought to any degree of perfection in less than sixteen years more.

Herein I resolved to exceed the advice of Horace, a Roman poet, which I have read in Mr. Creech's admirable translation, that an author should keep his works nine years in his closet before he ventured to publish them: and, finding that I still received some additional flowers of wit and language, although in a very small number, I determined to defer the publication, to pursue my design, and exhaust (if possible) the whole subject, that I might present a complete system to the world: for I am convinced, by long experience, that the critics will be as severe as their old envy against me can make them: I foresee they will object, that I have inserted many answers and replies, which are neither witty, humorous, polite, nor authentic; and have omitted others that would have been highly useful, as well as entertaining. But let them come to particulars, and I will boldly engage to confute their malice.

For these last six or seven years I have not been able to add above nine valuable sentences to enrich my collection: from whence I conclude that what remains will amount only to a trifle. However, if, after the publication of this work, any lady or gentleman, when they have read it, shall find the least thing of importance omitted, I desire they will please to supply my defects by communicating to me their discoveries; and their letters may be directed to Simon Wagstaff, esq., at his lodgings next door to the Gloucester-head in St. James's Street, paying the postage. In return of which favour, I shall make honourable mention of their names in a short preface to the second edition.

In the mean time, I cannot but with some pride and much pleasure congratulate with my dear country, which has outdone all the nations of Europe, in advancing the whole art of conversation to the greatest height it is capable of reaching; and, therefore, being entirely convinced that the collection I now offer to the public is full and complete, I may at the same time boldly affirm, that the whole genius, humour, politeness, and eloquence of England are summed up in it; nor is the treasure small, wherein are to be found at least a thousand shining questions, answers, repartees, replies, and rejoinders, fitted to adorn every kind of discourse that an assembly of English ladies and gentlemen, met together for their mutual entertainment, can possibly want: especially when the several flowers shall be set off and improved by the speakers, with every circumstance of preface and circumlocution, in proper terms; and attended with praise, laughter, or admiration.

There is a natural involuntary distortion of the muscles, which is the anatomical cause of laughter: but there is another cause of laughter, which decency requires, and is the undoubted mark of a good taste, as well as of a polite obliging behaviour; neither is this to be acquired without much observation, long practice, and sound judgment; I did therefore once intend, for the ease of the learner, to set down, in all parts of the following dialogues, certain marks, asterisks, or *nota benes* (in English, mark-wells) after most questions, and every reply or answer; directing exactly the moment when one, two, or all the company are to laugh: but, having duly considered that this expedient would too much enlarge the bulk of the volume, and consequently the price; and likewise that something ought to be left for ingenious readers to find out, I have determined to leave that whole affair, although of great importance, to their own discretion.

The reader must learn by all means to distinguish between proverbs and those polite speeches which beautify conversation; for, as to the former, I utterly reject them out of all ingenious discourse. I acknowledge, indeed, that there may possibly be found in this treatise a few sayings, among so great a number of smart turns of wit and humour as I have produced, which have a proverbial air; however, I hope it will be considered that even these were not originally proverbs, but the genuine productions of superior wits, to embellish and support conversation; whence, with great impropriety as well as plagiarism, (if you will forgive a hard word,) they have most injuriously been transferred into proverbial maxims; and therefore, in justice, ought to be resumed out of vulgar hands, to adorn the drawing-rooms of princes both male and female, the levees of great ministers, as well as the toilet and tea-table of the ladies.

I can faithfully assure the reader that there is not one single witty phrase in this whole collection which has not received the stamp and approbation of at least one hundred years, and how much longer it is hard to determine; he may therefore be secure to find them all genuine, sterling, and authentic.

But, before this elaborate treatise can become of universal use and ornament to my native country, two

points, that will require much time and much application, are absolutely necessary.

For, first, whatever person would aspire to be completely witty, smart, humorous, and polite, must, by hard labour, be able to retain in his memory every single sentence contained in this work, so as never to be once at a loss in applying the right answers, questions, repartees, and the like immediately, and without study or hesitation.

And, secondly, after a lady or gentleman has so well overcome this difficulty as never to be at a loss upon any emergency, the true management of every feature, and almost of every limb, is equally necessary; without which an infinite number of absurdities will inevitably ensue. For instance, there is hardly a polite sentence in the following dialogues which does not absolutely require some peculiar graceful motion in the eyes, or nose, or mouth, or forehead, or chin, or suitable toss of the head, with certain offices assigned to each hand; and in ladies, the whole exercise of the fan, fitted to the energy of every word they deliver; by no means omitting the various turns and cadence of the voice, the twistings, and movements, and different postures of the body, the several kinds and gradations of laughter, which the ladies must daily practise by the looking-glass, and consult upon them with their waiting-maids.

My readers will soon observe what a great compass of real and useful knowledge this science includes; wherein, although nature, assisted by genius, may be very instrumental, yet a strong memory and constant application, together with example and precept, will be highly necessary. For these reasons I have often wished that certain male and female instructors, perfectly versed in this science, would set up schools for the instruction of young ladies and gentlemen therein.

I remember, about thirty years ago, there was a Bohemian woman, of that species commonly known by the name of gypsies, who came over hither from France, and generally attended ISAAC the dancing-master, when he was teaching his art to misses of quality; and while the young ladies were thus employed, the Bohemian, standing at some distance, but full in their sight, acted before them all proper airs, and heavings of the head, and motion of the hand, and twistings of the body; whereof you may still observe the good effects in several of our elder ladies.

After the same manner, it were much to be desired that some expert gentlewomen gone to decay would set up public schools, wherein young girls of quality or great fortunes might first be taught to repeat this following system of conversation, which I have been at so much pains to compile; and then to adapt every feature of their countenances, every turn of their hands, every screwing of their bodies, every exercise of their fans, to the humour of the sentences they hear or deliver in conversation. But, above all, to instruct them in every species and degree of laughing in the proper seasons, at their own wit or that of the company. And if the sons of the nobility and gentry, instead of being sent to common schools, or put into the hands of tutors at home, to learn nothing but words, were consigned to able instructors in the same art, I cannot find what use there could be of books, except in the hands of those who are to make learning their trade, which is below the dignity of persons born to titles or estates.

It would be another infinite advantage, that, by cultivating this science, we should wholly avoid the vexations and impertinence of pedants, who affect to talk in a language not to be understood; and whenever a polite person offers accidentally to use any of their jargon terms, have the presumption to laugh at us for pronouncing those words in a genteeler manner. Whereas I do here affirm that, whenever any fine gentleman or lady condescends to let a hard word pass out of their mouths, every syllable is smoothed and polished in the passage; and it is a true mark of politeness, both in writing and reading, to vary the orthography as well as the sound; because we are infinitely better judges of what will please a distinguishing ear, than those who call themselves scholars can possibly be; who, consequently, ought to correct their books and manner of pronouncing, by the authority of our example, from whose lips they proceed with infinitely more beauty and significancy.

But, in the mean time, until so great, so useful, and so necessary a design can be put in execution, (which, considering the good disposition of our country at present, I shall not despair of living to see,) let me recommend the following treatise to be carried about as a pocket companion by all gentlemen and ladies, when they are going to visit, or dine, or drink tea; or where they happen to pass the evening without cards, as I have sometimes known it to be the case upon disappointments or accidents unforeseen; desiring they would read their several parts in their chairs or coaches, to prepare themselves for every kind of conversation that can possibly happen.

Although I have, in justice to my country, allowed the genius of our people to excel that of any other nation upon earth, and have confirmed this truth by an argument not to be controlled, I mean, by producing so great a number of witty sentences in the ensuing dialogues, all of undoubted authority, as well as of our own production, yet I must confess at the same time that we are wholly indebted for them to our ancestors; for, as long as my memory reaches, I do not recollect one new phrase of importance to have been added; which defect in us moderns I take to have been occasioned by the introduction of cant words in the reign of king Charles II. And those have so often varied, that hardly one of them, of above a year's standing, is now intelligible; nor anywhere to be found, excepting a small number strewed here and there in the comedies, and other fantastic writings of that age.

The honourable colonel James Graham, my old friend and companion, did likewise, toward the end of the same reign, invent a set of words and phrases, which continued almost to the time of his death. But, as these terms of art were adapted only to courts and politicians, and extended little further than among his particular acquaintance, (of whom I had the honour to be one,) they are now almost forgotten.

Nor did the late d. of R—— and e. of E——succeed much better, although they proceeded no further than single words*; whereof, except bite, bamboozle, and one or two more, the whole vocabulary is antiquated.

The same fate has already attended those other town wits, who furnish us with a great variety of new terms, which are annually changed, and those of the late season sunk in oblivion. Of these I was once favoured with a complete list by the right honourable the lord and lady H——, with which I made a considerable figure one summer in the country; but returning up to Town in winter, and venturing to produce them again, I was partly hooted, and partly not understood.

The only invention of late years, which has any way contributed towards politeness in discourse, is that of abbreviating or reducing words of many syllables into one, by lopping off the rest. This refinement having begun about the time of the Revolution, I had some share in the honour of promoting it; and I observe, to my great satisfaction, that it makes daily advancements, and I hope in time will raise our language to the utmost perfection; although I must confess, to avoid obscurity, I have been very sparing of this ornament in the following dialogues.

But as for phrases invented to cultivate conversation, I defy all the clubs or coffeehouses in this town to invent a new one equal in wit, humour, smartness, or politeness to the very worst of my set, which clearly shows, either that we are much degenerated or that the whole stock of materials has been already employed. I would willingly hope, as I do confidently believe, the latter; because, having myself for several months racked my invention to enrich this treasure (if possible) with some additions of my own, (which, however, should have been printed in a different character, that I might not be charged with imposing upon the public,) and having shown them to some judicious friends, they dealt very sincerely with me, all unanimously agreeing that mine were infinitely below the true old helps to discourse drawn up in my present collection, and confirmed their opinion with reasons. by which I was perfectly convinced, as well as ashamed of my great presumption.

But I lately met a much stronger argument to confirm me in the same sentiments; for, as the great bishop Burnet of Salisbury informs us, in the preface to his admirable "History of his Own Times," that he intended to employ himself in polishing it every day of his life, (and indeed in its kind it is almost equally polished with this work of mine,) so it has been my constant business, for some years past, to examine, with the utmost strictness, whether I could possibly find the smallest lapse in style or propriety through my whole collection, that, in emulation with the bishop, I might send it abroad as the most finished piece of the age.

It happened one day, as I was dining in good company of both sexes, and watching, according to my custom, for new materials wherewith to fill my pocket-book, I succeeded well enough till after dinner, when the ladies retired to their tea, and left us over a bottle of wine. But I found we were not able to furnish any more materials that were worth the pains of transcribing: for the discourse of the company was all degenerated into smart sayings of their own invention, and not of the true old standard; so that, in absolute despair, I withdrew, and went to attend the ladies at their tea; whence I did then conclude, and still continue to believe, either that wine dose not inspire politeness, or that our sex is not able to support it without the company of women, who never fail to lead us into the right way, and there to keep us.

It much increases the value of these apophthegms, that unto them we owe the continuance of our language for at least a hundred years; neither is this to be wondered at, because indeed, beside the smartness of the wit, and fineness of the raillery, such is the propriety and energy of expression in them all, that they never can be changed, but to disadvantage, except in the circumstance of using abbreviations; which, however, I do not despair in due time to see introduced, having already met them at some of the choice companies in Town.

Although this work be calculated for all persons of quality and fortune of both sexes, yet the reader may perceive, that my particular view was to the officers of the army, the gentlemen of the inns of court, and of both the universities; to all courtiers, male and female, but principally to the maids of honour; of whom I have been personally acquainted with two-and-twenty sets, all excelling in this noble endowment, till, for some years past, I know not how, they came to degenerate into selling of bargains and free-thinking; not that I am against either of these entertainments, at proper seasons, in compliance with company who may want a taste for more exalted discourse, whose memories may be short, who are too young to be perfect in their lessons, or (although it be hard to conceive) who have no inclination to read and learn my instructions. And, besides, there is a strong temptation for court ladies to fall into the two amusements above mentioned, that they may avoid the censure of affecting singularity against the general current and fashion of all about them: but, however, no man will pretend to affirm that either bargains or blasphemy, which are the principal ornaments of free-thinking, are so good a fund of polite discourse as what is to be met with in my collection. For, as to bargains, few of them seem to be excellent in their kind, and have not much variety, because they all terminate in one single point; and to multiply them would require more invention than people have to spare. And as to blasphemy or free-thinking, I have known some scrupulous persons of both sexes, who, by prejudiced education, are afraid of sprites. I must, however, except the maids of honour, who have been fully convinced by a famous court chaplain that there is no such place as hell.

I cannot, indeed, controvert the lawfulness of free-thinking, because it has been universally allowed that thought is free. But, however, although it may afford a large field of matter, yet in my poor opinion, it seems to contain very little of wit or humour, because it has not been ancient enough among us to furnish established authentic expressions: I mean such as must receive a sanction from the polite world before their authority can be allowed; neither was the art of blasphemy or free-thinking invented by the court, or by persons of great quality, who, properly speaking, were patrons rather than inventors of it; but first brought in by the fanatic faction toward the end of their power, and after the Restoration carried to Whitehall by the converted Rumpers, with very good reason, because they knew that king Charles II., from a wrong education, occasioned by the troubles of his father, had time enough to observe, that fanatic enthusiasm directly led to atheism, which agreed with the dissolute inclinations of his youth; and perhaps these principles were further cultivated in him by the French Huguenots, who have been often charged with spreading them among us; however, I cannot see where the necessity lies of introducing new and foreign topics for conversation, while we have so plentiful a stock of our own growth.

I have likewise, for some reasons of equal weight, been very sparing in double *entendres;* because they often put ladies upon affected constraints, and affected ignorance. In short they break, or very much entangle, the thread of discourse; neither am I master of any rules to settle the disconcerted countenances of the females in such a juncture; I can therefore only allow innuendoes of this kind to be delivered in whispers, and only to young ladies under twenty, who being in honour obliged to blush, it may produce a new subject for discourse.

Perhaps the critics may accuse me of a defect in my following system of polite conversation; that there is one great ornament of discourse, whereof I have not produced a single example; which indeed I purposely omitted, for some reasons that I shall immediately offer; and, if those reasons will not satisfy the male part of my gentle readers, the defect may be applied in some manner by an appendix to the second edition; which appendix shall be printed by itself, and sold for sixpence, stitched, and with a marble cover, that my readers may have no occasion to complain of being defrauded.

The defect I mean is, my not having inserted into the body of my book all the oaths now most in fashion for embellishing discourse, especially since it could give no offence to the clergy, who are seldom or never admitted to these polite assemblies. And it must be allowed, that oaths well chosen are not only very useful expletives to matter, but great ornaments of style.

What I shall here offer in my own defence upon this important article, will, I hope, be some extenuation of my fault.

First, I reasoned with myself, that a just collection of oaths, repeated as often as the fashion requires, must have enlarged this volume at least to double the bulk, whereby it would not only double the charge, but likewise make the volume less commodious for pocket carriage.

Secondly, I have been assured by some judicious friends, that themselves have known certain ladies to take offence (whether seriously or not) at too great a profusion of cursing and swearing, even when that kind of ornament was not improperly introduced, which, I confess, did startle me not a little, having never observed the like in the compass of my own several acquaintance, at least for twenty years past. However, I was forced to submit to wiser judgments than my own.

Thirdly, as this most useful treatise is calculated for all future times, I considered, in this maturity of my age, how great a variety of oaths I have heard since I began to study the world, and to know men and manners. And here I found it to be true, what I have read in an ancient poet:

> For, now-a days, men change their oaths
> As often as they change their clothes

In short, oaths are the children of fashion: they are in some sense almost annuals, like what I observed before of cant words; and I myself can remember about forty different sets. The old stock oaths, I am confident, do not amount to above forty-five, or fifty at most; but the way of mingling and compounding them is almost as various as that of the alphabet.

Sir John Perrot, was the first man of quality whom I find upon the record to have sworn by *God's wounds*. He lived in the reign of queen Elizabeth, and was supposed to be a natural son of Henry VIII. who might also probably have been his instructor. This oath indeed still continues, and is a stock oath to this day; so do several others that have kept their natural simplicity; but infinitely the greater number has been so frequently changed and dislocated, that if the inventors were now alive, they could hardly understand them.

Upon these considerations, I began to apprehend that if I should insert all the oaths that are now current, my book would be out of vogue with the first change of fashion, and grow as useless as an old dictionary; whereas the case is quite otherwise with my collection of polite discourse; which, as I before observed, has descended by tradition for at least a hundred years, without any change in the phraseology. I therefore determined with myself to leave out the whole system of swearing, because both the male and female oaths are all perfectly well known and distinguished; new ones are easily learned, and with a moderate share of discretion, may be properly applied on every fit occasion. However, I must here, upon this article of swearing, most earnestly recommend to my male readers that they would please a little to study variety. For it is the opinion of our most refined swearers, that the same oath or curse cannot, consistently with true politeness, be repeated above nine times in the same company, by the same person, and at one sitting.

I am far from desiring or expecting that all the polite and ingenious speeches contained in this work should, in the general conversation between ladies and gentlemen, come in so quick and so close as I have here delivered them. By no means: on the contrary, they ought to be husbanded better, and spread much thinner. Nor do I make the least question but that, by a discreet and thrifty management, they may serve for the entertainment of a whole year to any person who does not make too long, or too frequent visits in the same family. The flowers of wit, fancy, wisdom, humour, and politeness, scattered in this volume, amount to one thousand seventy and four. Allowing then to every gentleman and lady thirty visiting families, (not insisting upon fractions,) there will want but a little of a hundred polite questions, answers, replies, rejoinders, repartees and remarks, to be daily delivered fresh in every company for twelve solar months; and even this is a higher pitch of delicacy than the world insists on, or has reason to expect. But I am altogether for exalting this science to its utmost perfection.

It may be objected that the publication of my book may, in a long course of time, prostitute this noble art to mean and vulgar people; but I answer, that it is not so easy an acquirement as a few ignorant pretenders may imagine. A footman may swear, but he cannot swear like a lord. He can swear as often, but can he swear with equal delicacy, propriety, and judgment? No, certainly, unless he be a lad of superior parts, of good memory, a diligent observer, one who has a skilful ear, some knowledge in music, and an exact taste, which hardly fall to the share of one in a thousand among that fraternity, in as high favour as they now stand with their ladies. Neither has one footman in six so fine a genius as to relish and apply those exalted sentences comprised in this volume which I offer to the world. It is true, I cannot see that the same ill consequences would follow from the waiting-woman, who, if she had been bred to read romances, may have some small subaltern or second-hand politeness; and if she constantly attends the tea, and be a good listener, may, in some years, make a tolerable figure, which will serve, perhaps, to draw in the young chaplain or the old steward. But, alas! after all, how can she acquire those hundred graces, and motions, and airs, the whole military management of the fan, the contortions of every muscular motion in the face, the risings and fallings, the quickness and slowness of the voice, with the several turns and cadences; the proper juncture of smiling and frowning, how often and how loud to laugh, when to gibe and when to flout, with all the other branches of doctrine and discipline above recited?

I am, therefore, not under the least apprehension that this art will ever be in danger of falling into common hands, which requires so much time, study, practice, and genius before it arrives at perfection; and, therefore, I must repeat my proposal for erecting public schools, provided with the best and ablest masters and mistresses, at the charge of the nation.

I have drawn this work into the form of a dialogue, after the pattern of other famous writers in history, law, politics, and most other arts and sciences; and I hope it will have the same success: for who can contest it to be of greater consequence to the happiness of these kingdoms than all human knowledge put together? Dialogue is held the best method of inculcating any part of knowledge; and I am confident that public schools will soon be founded for teaching wit and politeness, after my scheme, to young people of quality and fortune. I have determined next session to deliver a petition to the house of lords, for an act of parliament to establish my book as the standard grammar in all the principal cities of the kingdom, where this art is to be taught by able masters, who are to be approved and recommended by me; which is no more than Lilly obtained only for teaching words in a language wholly useless. Neither shall I be so far wanting to myself as not to desire a patent, granted, of course, to all useful projectors; I mean, that I may have the sole profit of giving a license to every school to read my grammar for fourteen years.

The reader cannot but observe what pains I have

been at in polishing the style of my book to the greatest exactness; nor have I been less diligent in refining the orthography, by spelling the words in the very same manner as they are pronounced by the chief patterns of politeness at court, at levees, at assemblies, at playhouses, at the prime visiting places, by young templars, and by gentlemen-commoners of both universities, who have lived at least a twelvemonth in Town, and kept the best company. Of these spellings the public will meet with many examples in the following book. For instance, *can't*, *han't*, *shan't*, *did'nt*, *cou'd'nt*, *wou'dn't*, *isn't*, *en't*, with many more; besides several words which scholars pretend are derived from Greek and Latin, but now pared into a polite sound by ladies, officers of the army, courtiers and templars, such as *jommetry* for *geometry*, *vardi* for *verdict*, *lard* for *lord*, *learnen* for *learning*; together with some abbreviations exquisitely refined; as *pozz* for *positive*; *mob* f[illegible]*ile*; *phizz* for *physiognomy*; *rep* for *reputation*; *plenipo* for *plenipotentiary*, *incog* for *incognito*; *hypps*, or *hippo*, for *hypochondri*[illegible] for *bamboozle*; and *bamboozle* for *God kn*[illegible]*s what*; whereby much time is saved, and the high road to conversation cut short by many a mile.

I have, as it will be apparent, laboured very [illegible]ch, and, I hope, with felicity enough, to make ev[illegible] character in the dialogue agreeable with itself to a degree, that whenever any judicious person shall read my book aloud, for the entertainment and instruction of a select company, he need not so much as name the particular speakers, because all the persons, throughout the several subjects of conversation, strictly observe a different manner peculiar to their characters, which are of different kinds; but this I leave entirely to the prudent and impartial reader's discernment.

Perhaps the very manner of introducing the several points of wit and humour may not be less entertaining and instructing than the matter itself. In the latter I can pretend to little merit; because it entirely depends upon memory, and the happiness of having kept polite company; but the art of contriving that th[illegible] speech[illegible] should be introduced naturally, as the [illegible] prope[illegible] sentiments to be delivered upon so great a variety of subjects, I take to be a talent somewhat uncommon, and a labour that few people could hope to succeed in, unless they had a genius particularly turned that way, added to a sincere, disinterested love of the public.

Although every curious question, smart answer, and witty reply be little known to many people, yet there is not one single sentence in the whole collection, for which I cannot bring most authentic vouchers, whenever I shall be called: and even for some expressions, which, to a few nice ears, may, perhaps, appear somewhat gross, I can produce the stamp of authority from courts, chocolate-houses, theatres, assemblies, drawing-rooms, levees, card-meetings, balls, and masquerades, from persons of both sexes, and of the highest titles next to royal. However, to say the truth, I have been very sparing in my quotations of such sentiments as seem to be over free; because, when I began my collection, such kind of converse was almost in its infancy, till it was taken into the protection of my honoured patronesses at court, by whose countenance and sanction it has become a choice flower in the nosegay of wit and politeness.

Some will perhaps object, that, when I bring my company to dinner, I mention too great a variety of dishes, not always consistent with the art of cookery, or proper for the season of the year; and part of the first course mingled with the second; besides a failure in politeness, by introducing a black pudding to a lord's table, and at a great entertainment; but, if I had omitted the black pudding, I desire to know what would have become of that exquisite reason given by Miss Notable for not eating it? the world, perhaps might have lost it for ever, and I should have been justly answerable for having left it out of my collection. I therefore cannot but hope, that such hypercritical readers will please to consider, my business was to make so full and complete a body of refined sayings as compact as I could, only taking care to produce them in the most natural and probable manner, in order to allure my readers into the very substance and marrow of this most admirable and necessary art.

I am heartily sorry, and was much disappointed to find, that so universal and polite an entertainment as cards, has hitherto contributed very little to the enlargement of my work. I have sat by many hundred times with the utmost vigilance, and my table-book ready, without being able, in eight hours, to gather matter for one single phrase in my book. But this, I think, may be easily accounted for, by the turbulence and justling of passions, upon the various and surprising turns, incidents, revolutions, and events of good and evil fortune, that arrive in the course of a long evening at play; the mind being wholly taken up, and the consequences of non-attention so fatal.

Play is supported upon the two great pillars of deliberation and action. The terms of art are few, prescribed by law and custom; no time allowed for digressions or trials of wit. Quadrille, in particular, bears [illegible]e resemblance to a state of nature, which, we are told, is a state of war, wherein every woman is against every woman; the unions short, inconstant, and soon broke; the league made this minute without knowing the ally, and dissolved in the next. Thus, at the game of quadrille, female brains are always employed in stratagem, or their hands in action. Neither can I find that our art has gained much by the happy revival of masquerading among us; the whole dialogue in those meetings being summed up in one (*sprightly*, *I confess*, but) single question, and as sprightly an answer. "Do you know me?" "Yes, I do." And, "Do you know me?" "Yes I do." For this reason I did not think it proper to give my readers the trouble of introducing a masquerade, merely for the sake of a single question, and a single answer; especially when, to perform this in a proper manner, I must have brought in a hundred persons together of both sexes, dressed in fantastic habits for one minute, and dismiss them the next.

Neither is it reasonable to conceive that our science can be much improved by masquerades, where the wit of both sexes is altogether taken up in contriving singular and humorous disguises; and their thoughts entirely employed in bringing intrigues and assignations of gallantry to a happy conclusion.

The judicious reader will readily discover that I make Miss Notable my heroine, and Mr. Thomas Neverout my hero. I have laboured both their characters with my utmost ability. It is into their mouths that I have put the liveliest questions, answers, repartees, and rejoinders, because my design was, to propose them both as patterns, for all young bachelors and single ladies to copy after. By which I hope very soon to see polite conversation flourish between both sexes, in a more consummate degree of perfection than these kingdoms have yet ever known.

I have drawn some lines of sir John Linger's character, the Derbyshire knight, on purpose to place it in counterview or contrast with that of the other company, wherein I can assure the reader, that I intended not the least reflection upon Derbyshire, the place of my nativity. But my intention was only to show the misfortune of those persons who have the disadvantage to be bred out of the circle of politeness, whereof I take the present limits to extend no further than London and ten miles round; although others are pleased to confine it within the bills of mortality. If you compare the discourses of my gentlemen and ladies, with

those of sir John, you will hardly conceive him to have been bred in the same climate, or under the same laws, language, religion, or government; and, accordingly, I have introduced him speaking in his own rude dialect, for no other reason than to teach my scholars how to avoid it.

The curious reader will observe, that when conversation appears in danger to flag, which in some places I have artfully contrived, I took care to invent some sudden question, or turn of wit, to revive it; such as these that follow: "What! I think here's a silent meeting! Come, madam, a penny for your thought;" with several others of the like sort. I have rejected all provincial or country turns of wit and fancy, because I am acquainted with very few: but indeed chiefly, because I found them so much inferior to those at court, especially among the gentlemen-ushers, the ladies of the bedchamber, and the maids of honour; I must also add the hither end of our noble metropolis.

When this happy art of polite conversing shall be thoroughly improved, good company will be no longer pestered with dull, dry, tedious story-tellers, no brangling disputers; for a right scholar of either sex in our science, will perpetually interrupt them with some sudden surprising piece of wit, that shall engage all the company in a loud laugh; and if, after a pause, the grave companion resumes his thread in the following manner: "Well, but to go on with my story," new interruptions come from the left and the right, till he is forced to give over.

I have likewise made some few essays toward the selling of bargains, as well for instructing those who delight in that accomplishment as in compliance with my female friends at court. However, I have transgressed a little in this point, by doing it in a manner somewhat more reserved than is now practised at St. James's. At the same time, I can hardly allow this accomplishment to pass properly for a branch of that perfect polite conversation which makes the constituent subject of my treatise; and for this I have already given my reasons. I have likewise, for further caution, left a blank in the critical point of each bargain, which the sagacious reader may fill up in his own mind.

As to myself, I am proud to own that, except some smattering in the French, I am what the pedants and scholars call a man wholly illiterate, that is to say, unlearned. But as to my own language, I shall not readily yield to many persons. I have read most of the plays and all the miscellany poems that have been published for twenty years past. I have read Mr. Thomas Brown's works entire, and had the honour to be his intimate friend, who was universally allowed to be the greatest genius of his age.

Upon what foot I stand with the present chief reigning wits, their verses recommendatory, which they have commanded me to prefix before my book, will be more than a thousand witnesses. I am, and have been, likewise particularly acquainted with Mr. Charles Gildon, Mr. Ward, Mr. Dennis, that admirable critic and poet, and several others. Each of these eminent persons (I mean those who are still alive) have done me the honour to read this production five times over, with the strictest eye of friendly severity, and proposed some, although very few amendments, which I gratefully accepted, and do here publicly return my acknowledgment for so singular a favour.

And I cannot conceal, without ingratitude, the great assistance I have received from those two illustrious writers, Mr. Ozell and Captain Stevens. These, and some others of distinguished eminence, in whose company I have passed so many agreeable hours, as they have been the great refiners of our language, so it has been my chief ambition to imitate them. Let the Popes, the Gays, the Arbuthnots, the Youngs, and the rest of that snarling brood, burst with envy at the praises we receive from the court and kingdom.

But to return from this digression.

The reader will find that the following collection of polite expressions will easily incorporate with all subjects of genteel and fashionable life. Those which are proper for morning tea will be equally useful at the same entertainment in the afternoon, even in the same company, only by shifting the several questions, answers, and replies, into different hands; and such as are adapted to meals will indifferently serve for dinners or suppers, only distinguishing between day-light and candle-light. By this method no diligent person of a tolerable memory can ever be at a loss.

It has been my constant opinion, that every man who is intrusted by nature with any useful talent of the mind, is bound by all the ties of honour and that justice which we all owe our country, to propose to himself some one illustrious action to be performed in his life for the public emolument: and I freely confess that so grand, so important an enterprise, as I have undertaken and executed to the best of my power, well deserved a much abler hand, as well as a liberal encouragement from the crown. However, I am bound so far to acquit myself, as to declare, that I have often and most earnestly entreated several of my above-named friends, universally allowed to be of the first rank in wit and politeness, that they would undertake a work so honourable to themselves, and so beneficial to the kingdom; but so great was their modesty, that they all thought fit to excuse themselves, and impose the task on me; yet in so obliging a manner, and attended with such compliments on my poor qualifications, that I dare not repeat. And at last their entreaties, or rather their commands, added to that inviolable love I bear to the land of my nativity, prevailed upon me to engage in so bold an attempt.

I may venture to affirm, without the least violation of modesty, that there is no man now alive who has, by many degrees, so just pretensions as myself to the highest encouragement from the crown, the parliament, and the ministry, toward bringing this work to due perfection. I have been assured, that several great heroes of antiquity were worshipped as gods, upon the merit of having civilized a fierce and barbarous people. It is manifest I could have no other intentions; and I dare appeal to my very enemies, if such a treatise as mine had been published some years ago, and with as much success as I am confident this will meet, I mean, by turning the thoughts of the whole nobility and gentry to the study and practice of polite conversation, whether such mean stupid writers as the Craftsmen, and his abettors, could have been able to corrupt the principles of so many hundred thousand subjects, as, to the shame and grief of every Whiggish, loyal, and true Protestant heart, it is too manifest they have done. For I desire the honest judicious reader to make one remark, that, after having exhausted the whole *in sickly pay-day*[a] (if I may so call it) of politeness and refinement, and faithfully digested it into the following dialogues, there cannot be found one expression relating to politics; that the ministry is never mentioned, nor the word king, above twice or thrice, and then only to the honour of his majesty; so very cautious were our wiser ancestors in forming rules for conversation, as never to give offence to crowned heads nor interfere with party-disputes in the state. And, indeed, although there seems to be a close resemblance between the two words politeness and politics, yet no ideas are more inconsistent in their natures. However, to avoid all

[a] This word is spelt by Latinists *Encyclopædia*; but the judicious author wisely prefers the polite reading before the pedantic

appearance of disaffection, I have taken care to enforce loyalty by an invincible argument, drawn from the very fountain of this noble science, in the following short terms, that ought to be writ in gold,—"MUST is for the king:" which uncontrollable maxim I took particular care of introducing in the first page of my book, thereby to instil early the best Protestant loyal notions into the minds of my readers. Neither is it merely my own private opinion, that politeness is the firmest foundation upon which loyalty can be supported; for thus happily sings the divine Mr. Tibbalds, or Theobalds, in one of his birth-day poems:

> I am no schollard, but I am polite;
> Therefore be sure I am no Jacobite.

Hear, likewise, to the same purpose, that great master of the whole poetic choir, our most illustrious laureat, Mr. Colley Cibber:

> Who in his talk can't speak a polite thing
> Will never loyal be to George our king.

I could produce many more shining passages out of our principal poets of both sexes to confirm this momentous truth: whence I think it may be fairly concluded, that whoever can most contribute towards propagating the science contained in the following sheets through the kingdoms of Great Britain and Ireland, may justly demand all the favour that the wisest court and most judicious senate are able to confer on the most deserving subject. I leave the application to my readers.

This is the work which I have been so hardy as to attempt, and without the least mercenary view. Neither do I doubt of succeeding to my full wish, except among the Tories and their abettors, who, being all Jacobites, and consequently Papists in their hearts, from a want of true taste, or by strong affectation, may perhaps resolve not to read my book, choosing rather to deny themselves the pleasure and honour of shining in polite company, among the principal geniuses of both sexes throughout the kingdom than adorn their minds with this noble art; and probably apprehending, (as I confess nothing is more likely to happen,) that a true spirit of loyalty to the Protestant succession should steal in along with it.

If my favourable and gentle readers could possibly conceive the perpetual watchings, the numberless toils, the frequent risings in the night, to set down several ingenious sentences that I suddenly or accidentally recollected, and which, without my utmost vigilance, had been irrecoverably lost for ever; if they would consider with what incredible diligence I daily and nightly attended at those houses where persons of both sexes, and of the most distinguished merit, used to meet and display their talents; with what attention I listened to all their discourses, the better to retain them in my memory, and then, at proper seasons, withdrew, unobserved, to enter them in my table-book, while the company little suspected what a noble work I had then in embryo: I say, if all these were known to the world, I think it would be no great presumption in me to expect, at a proper juncture, the public thanks of both houses of parliament for the service and honour I have done to the whole nation by my single pen.

Although I have never been once charged with the least tincture of vanity, the reader will, I hope, give me leave to put an easy question: What is become of all the king of Sweden's victories? where are the fruits of them at this day? or of what benefit will they be to posterity? Were not many of his greatest actions owing, at least in part, to fortune? were not all of them owing to the valour of his troops, as much as to his own conduct? Could he have conquered the Polish king, or the czar of Muscovy, with his single arm? Far be it from me to envy or lessen the fame he has acquired; but, at the same time, I will venture to say, without breach of modesty, that I, who have alone, with this right hand, subdued barbarism, rudeness, and rusticity, who have established and fixed for ever the whole system of all true politeness and refinement in conversation, should think myself most inhumanly treated by my countrymen, and would accordingly resent it as the highest indignity, to be put on a level, in point of fame, in after ages, with Charles XII. late king of Sweden.

And yet so incurable is the love of detraction, perhaps beyond what the charitable reader will easily believe, that I have been assured, by more than one credible person, how some of my enemies have industriously whispered about, that one Isaac Newton, an instrument-maker, formerly living near Leicester-fields, and afterwards a workman in the mint at the Tower, might possibly pretend to vie with me for fame in future times. The man, it seems, was knighted for making sun-dials better than others of his trade, and was thought to be a conjurer, because he knew how to draw lines and circles upon a slate, which nobody could understand. But adieu to all noble attempts for endless renown, if the ghost of an obscure mechanic shall be raised up to enter into competition with me, only for his skill in making pot-hooks and hangers with a pencil, which many thousand accomplished gentlemen and ladies can perform as well with pen and ink upon a piece of paper, and in a manner as little intelligible as those of sir Isaac.

My most ingenious friend already mentioned, Mr. Colley Cibber, who does so much honour to the laurel crown he deservedly wears, (as he has often done to many imperial diadems placed on his head,) was pleased to tell me, that, if my treatise was shaped into a comedy, the representation, performed to advantage on our theatre, might very much contribute to the spreading of polite conversation among all persons of distinction through the whole kingdom.

I own the thought was ingenious, and my friend's intention good: but I cannot agree to his proposal; for Mr. Cibber himself allowed that the subjects handled in my work being so numerous and extensive, it would be absolutely impossible for one, two, or even six comedies, to contain them: whence it will follow, that many admirable and essential rules for polite conversation must be omitted.

And here let me do justice to my friend Mr. Tibbalds, who plainly confessed before Mr. Cibber himself, that such a project, as it would be a great diminution to my honour, so it would intolerably mangle my scheme, and thereby destroy the principal end at which I aimed, to form a complete body or system of this most useful science in all its parts: and therefore Mr. Tibbalds, whose judgment was never disputed, chose rather to fall in with my proposal, mentioned before, of erecting public schools and seminaries all over the kingdom, to instruct the young people of both sexes in this art, according to my rules, and in the method that I have laid down.

I shall conclude this long, but necessary introduc- ... ndeed, ... r a ju ... and reasonable demand, from all lords, ladies and gentlemen, that while they are entertaining and improving each other with those polite questions, answers, repartees, replies, and rejoinders, which I have, with infinite labour and close application, during the space of thirty-six years, been collecting for their service and improvement, they shall, as an instance of gratitude, on every proper occasion, quote my name after this or the like manner: "Madam, as our Master Wagstaff says."—"My lord, as our friend Wagstaff has it." I do likewise expect that all my pupils shall drink my health every day at dinner and supper during my life,

and that they, or their posterity, shall continue the same ceremony to my not inglorious memory, after my decease, for ever.

POLITE CONVERSATION, &c.

The Men.	*The Ladies.*
Lord SPARKISH.	Lady SMART.
Lord SMART.	Miss NOTABLE.
Sir JOHN LINGER.	Lady ANSWERALL.
Mr. NEVEROUT.	
Colonel ATWIT.	

ARGUMENT.

LORD Sparkish and Colonel Atwit meet in the morning upon the Mall: Mr. Neverout joins them: they all go to breakfast at lady Smart's Their conversation over their tea: after which they part; but my lord and the two gentlemen are invited to dinner:—Sir John Linger invited likewise, and comes a little too late The whole conversation at dinner: after which, the ladies retire to their tea. The conversation of the ladies without the men, who are supposed to stay and drink a bottle, but, in some time, go to the ladies, and drink tea with them. The conversation there. After which, a party at quadrille until three in the morning; but no conversation set down. They all take leave and go home.

ST. JAMES'S PARK.

LORD SPARKISH *meeting* COL. ATWIT.

Col. WELL met, my lord.

Spark. Thank ye, colonel. A parson would have said, I hope we shall meet in heaven. When did you see Tom Neverout?

Col. He's just coming toward us. Talk of the devil—

NEVEROUT *comes up.*

Col. How do you do, Tom?

Never. Never the better for you.

Col. I hope you are never the worse: but pray where's your manners? Don't you see my lord Sparkish?

Never. My lord, I beg your lordship's pardon.

Spark. Tom, how is it that you can't see the wood for trees? What wind blew you hither?

Never. Why, my lord, it is an ill wind blows nobody good; for it gives me the honour of seeing your lordship.

Col. Tom, you must go with us to lady Smart's to breakfast.

Never. Must! why, colonel, must's for the king.

[*Col. offering, in jest, to draw his sword.*

Col. Have you spoke with all your friends?

Never. Colonel, as you are stout be merciful.

Spark. Come, agree, agree; the law's costly.

[*Col. taking his hand from his hilt.*

Col. Well, Tom, you are never the worse man to be afraid of me. Come along.

Never. What! do you think I was born in a wood, to be afraid of an owl? I'll wait on you. I hope Miss Notable will be there; 'egad, she's very handsome, and has wit at will.

Col. Why, every one as they like, as the good woman said when she kiss'd her cow.

LORD SMART'S *House: they knock at the door; the Porter comes out.*

Spark. Pray are you the porter?

Porter. Yes, for want of a better.

Spark. Is your lady at home?

Porter. She was at home just now, but she's not gone out yet.

Never. I warrant this rogue's tongue is well hung.

LADY SMART'S *Ante-chamber.*

LADY SMART *and* LADY ANSWERALL *at the Tea-table.*

Lady S. My lord, your lordship's most humble servant.

Spark. Madam, you spoke too late; I was your ladyship's before.

Lady S. Oh! colonel, are you here?

Col. As sure as you're there, madam.

Lady S. O, Mr. Neverout! What, such a man alive!

Never. Ay, madam, alive, and alive like to be, at your ladyship's service.

Lady S. Well, I'll get a knife, and nick it down, that Mr. Neverout came to our house. And pray, what news, Mr. Neverout?

Never. Why, madam, queen Elizabeth's dead.

Lady S. Well, Mr. Neverout, I see you are no changeling.

MISS NOTABLE *comes in.*

Never. Miss, your slave: I hope your early rising will do you no harm. I find you are but just come out of the cloth market.

Miss. I always rise at eleven, whether it be day or not.

Col. Miss, I hope you are up for all day.

Miss. Yes, If I don't get a fall before night.

Col. Miss, I heard you were out of order; pray how are you now?

Miss. Pretty well, colonel, I thank you.

Col. Pretty and well, miss! that's two very good things.

Miss. I mean I am better than I was.

Never. Why then 'tis well you were sick.

Miss. What! Mr. Neverout, you take me up before I'm down.

Lady S. Come, let us leave off children's play, and go to push-pin.

Miss. [*To lady S.*] Pray, madam, give me some more sugar to my tea.

Col. O! miss, you must needs be very good humour'd, you love sweet things so well.

Never. Stir it up with the spoon, miss; for the deeper the sweeter.

Lady S. I assure you, miss, the colonel has made you a great compliment.

Miss. I am sorry for it; for I have heard say, complimenting is lying.

Lady S. [*To Sparkish.*] My lord, methinks the sight of you is good for sore eyes; if we had known of your coming, we should have strewn rushes for you. How has your lordship done this long time?

Col. Faith, madam, he's better in health than in good conditions.

Spark. Well, I see there's no worse friend than one brings from home with one; and I am not the first man has carried a rod to whip himself.

Never. Here's poor miss has not a word to throw at a dog. Come, a penny for your thought.

Miss. It is not worth a farthing; for I was thinking of you.

COLONEL *rising up.*

Lady S. Colonel, where are you going so soon? I hope you did not come to fetch fire.

Col. Madam, I must needs go home for half an hour.

Miss. Why, colonel, they say the devil's at home.

Lady A. Well, but sit while you stay, 'tis as cheap sitting as standing.

Col. No, madam, while I'm standing, I'm going.

Miss. Nay, let him go; I promise him we won't tear his clothes to hold him.

Lady S. I suppose, colonel, we keep you from better company, I mean only as to myself.

Col. Madam, I am all obedience. [*Colonel sits down.*

Lady S. Lord, miss, how can you drink your tea so hot? sure your mouth's pav'd. How do you like this tea, colonel?

Col. Well enough, madam; but methinks it is a little more-ish.

Lady S. O! colonel, I understand you.—Betty bring the cannister. I have but very little of the tea left; but I don't love to make two wants of one want when I have it, and want when I have it not He, he, he, he! [*Laughs*

Lady A. [*To the maid.*] Why, sure, Betty, you are bewitched; the cream is burnt too.

Betty. Why, madam, the bishop has set his foot in it.

Lady S. Go, run, girl, and warm some fresh cream

Betty. Indeed, madam, there's none left; for the cat has eaten it all.

Lady S. I doubt it was a cat with two legs.

Miss. Colonel, don't you love bread and butter with your tea?

Col. Yes, in a morning, miss: for they say, butter is gold in a morning, silver at noon, but it is lead at night.

Never. Miss, the weather is so hot that my butter melts on my bread.

Lady A. Why, butter, I've heard 'em say, is mad twice a-year.

Spark. [*To the maid.*] Mrs. Betty, how does your body politic?

Col. Fie, my lord, you'll make Mrs. Betty blush.

Lady S. Blush! ay, blush like a blue dog.

Never. Pray, Mrs. Betty, are you not Tom Johnson's daughter?

Betty. So my mother tells me, sir.

Spark. But, Mrs. Betty, I hear you are in love.

Betty. My lord, I thank God I hate nobody; I am in charity with all the world.

Lady S. Why, wench, I think thy tongue runs upon wheels this morning. How came you by that scratch upon your nose? Have you been fighting with the cats?

Col. [*To Miss.*] Miss, when will you be married?

Miss. One of these odd-come-shortly's, colonel.

Never. Yes; they say the match is half made; the spark is willing but miss is not.

Miss. I suppose the gentleman has got his own consent for it.

Lady A. Pray my lord, did you walk through the Park in the rain?

Spark. Yes, madam, we were neither sugar nor salt; we were not afraid the rain would melt us. He, he, he! [*Laughs.*

Col. It rained, and the sun shone at the same time.

Never. Why, then the devil was beating his wife behind the door with a shoulder of mutton. [*Laughs.*

Col. A blind man would be glad to see that.

Lady S. Mr. Neverout, methinks you stand in your own light.

Never. Ah! madam, I have done so all my life.

Spark. I'm sure he sits in mine. Pr'ythee, Tom, sit a little further; I believe your father was no glazier.

Lady S. Miss, dear girl, fill me out a dish of tea, for I'm very lazy.

Miss *fills a dish of tea, sweetens it, and then tastes it.*

Lady S. What, miss, will you be my taster?

Miss. No, madam; but they say 'tis an ill cook that can't lick her own fingers.

Never. Pray, miss, fill me another.

Miss. Will you have it now, or stay till you get it?

Lady A. But, colonel, they say you went to court last night very drunk; nay, I'm told for certain, you had been among the Philistines: no wonder the cat wink'd, when both her eyes were out.

Col. Indeed, madam, that's a lie.

Lady A. 'Tis better I should lie than you should lose your good manners: besides, I don't lie; I sit.

Never. O! faith, colonel, you must own you had a drop in your eye; when I left you, you were half seas over.

Spark. Well, I fear lady Answerall can't live long, she has so much wit.

Never. No; she can't live, that's certain; but she may linger thirty or forty years.

Miss. Live long! ay, longer than a cat or a dog, or a better thing.

Lady A. O! miss, you must give your vardi too!

Spark. Miss, shall I fill you another dish of tea?

Miss. Indeed, my lord, I have drank enough.

Spark. Come, it will do you more good than a month's fasting; here, take it.

Miss. No, I thank your lordship; enough's as good as a feast.

Spark. Well; but if you always say no, you'll never be married.

Lady A. Do, my lord, give her a dish; for they say maids will say no, and take it.

Spark. Well; and I dare say miss is a maid, in thought, word and deed.

Never. I would not take my oath of that.

Miss. Pray, sir, speak for yourself.

Lady S. Fie, miss; they say maids should be seen and not heard.

Lady A. Good miss, stir the fire, that the teakettle may boil.—You have done it very well: now it burns purely. Well, miss, you'll have a cheerful husband.

Miss. Indeed, your ladyship could have stirred it much better.

Lady A. I know that very well, hussy; but I won't keep a dog and bark myself.

Never. What! you are stuck [*sick*], miss.

Miss. Not at all; for her ladyship meant you.

Never. O! faith, miss, you are in Lob's pound; get out as you can.

Miss. I won't quarrel with my bread and butter for all that; I know when I'm well.

Lady A. Well; but, miss—

Never. Ah! dear madam, let the matter fall; take pity on poor miss; don't throw water on a drowned rat.

Miss. Indeed, Mr. Neverout, you should be cut for the simples this morning; say a word more and you had as good eat your nails.

Spark. Pray, miss, will you be so good as to favour us with a song?

Miss. Indeed, my lord, I can't; for I have a great cold.

Col. O! miss, they say all good singers have colds.

Spark. Pray, madam, does not miss sing very well?

Lady A. She sings, as one may say, my lord.

Miss. I hear Mr. Neverout has a very good voice.

Col. Yes, Tom sings well, but his luck's nought.

Never. Faith, colonel, you hit yourself a devilish box on the ear.

Col. Miss, will you take a pinch of snuff?

Miss. No, colonel, you must know that I never take snuff but when I am angry.

Lady A. Yes, yes, she can take snuff, but she has never a box to put it in.

Miss. Pray, colonel, let me see that box.

Col. Madam, there's never a C upon it.

Miss. Maybe there is, colonel.

Col. Ay, but May bees don't fly now, miss.

Never. Colonel, why so hard upon poor miss? Don't set your wit against a child. Miss, give me a blow, and I'll beat him.

Miss. So she prayed me to tell you.

Spark. Pray, my lady Smart, what kin are you to lord Pozz?

Lady S. Why, his grandmother and mine had four elbows.

Lady A. Well, methinks here's a silent meeting. Come, miss, hold up your head, girl; there's money bid for you. [*Miss starts.*

Miss. Lord, madam, you frighten me out of my seven senses!

Spark. Well, I must be going.

Lady A. I have seen hastier people than you stay all night.

Col. [*To lady Smart.*] Tom Neverout and I are to leap to-morrow for a guinea.

Miss. I believe colonel, Mr. Neverout can leap at a crust better than you.

Never. Miss, your tongue runs before your wit: nothing can tame you but a husband.

Miss. Peace! I think I hear the church clock.

Never. Why, you know, as the fool thinks—

Lady S. Mr. Neverout, your handkerchief's fallen.

Miss. Let him set his foot on it, that it mayn't fly in his face.

Never. Well, miss—

Miss. Ay, ay; many a one says well that thinks ill.

Never. Well, miss, I'll think on this.

Miss. That's rhyme, if you take it in time.

Never. What! I see you are a poet.

Miss. Yes, if I had but the wit to show it.

Never. Miss, will you be so kind as to fill me a dish of tea?

Miss. Pray let your betters be served before you; I'm just going to fill one for myself; and, you know, the parson always christens his own child first.

Never. But I saw you fill one just now for the colonel: well, I find kissing goes by favour.

Miss. But pray, Mr. Neverout, what lady was that you were talking with in the side-box last Tuesday?

Never. Miss, can you keep a secret?

Miss. Yes, I can.

Never. Well, miss, and so can I.

Col. Odd-so! I have cut my thumb with this cursed knife!

Lady A. Ay; that was your mother's fault, because she only warned you not to cut your fingers.

Lady S. No, no; 'tis only fools cut their fingers, but wise folks cut their thumbs.

Miss. I'm sorry for it, but I can't cry.

Col. Don't you think miss is grown?

Lady A. Ay, ill weeds grow apace.

A puff of smoke comes down the chimney.

Lady A. Lord, madam, does your ladyship's chimney smoke?

Col. No, madam; but they say smoke always pursues the fair, and your ladyship sat nearest.

Lady S. Madam, do you love bohea tea?

Lady A. Why, madam, I must confess I do love it, but it does not love me.

Miss. [*To lady Smart.*] Indeed, madam, your ladyship is very sparing of your tea; I protest, the last I took was no more than water bewitch'd.

Col. Pray, miss, if I may be so bold, what lover gave you that fine etui?

Miss. Don't you know?—then keep counsel.

Lady A. I'll tell you, colonel, who gave it her: it was the best lover she will ever have while she lives—her own dear papa.

Never. Methinks, miss, I don't much like the colour of that ribbon.

Miss. Why, then, Mr. Neverout, do you see, if you don't much like it, you may look off it.

Spark. I don't doubt, madam, but your ladyship has heard that sir John Brisk has got an employment at court.

Lady S. Yes, yes; and I warrant he thinks himself no small fool now.

Never. Yes, madam; I have heard some people take him for a wise man.

Lady S. Ay, ay; some are wise, and some are otherwise.

Lady A. Do you know him, Mr. Neverout?

Never. Know him! ay, as well as the beggar knows his dish.

Col. Well, I can only say that he has better luck than honester folks. But, pray, how came he to get this employment?

Spark. Why, by chance, as the man killed the devil.

Never. Why, miss, you are in a brown study: what's the matter? Methinks you look like Mumchance, that was hanged for saying nothing.

Miss. I'd have you to know, I scorn your words.

Never. Well, but scornful dogs will eat dirty puddings.

Miss. Well, my comfort is, your tongue is no slander. What! you would not have one be always on the high grin!

Never. Cry mapsticks, madam; no offence, I hope.

Lady Smart *breaks a teacup.*

Lady A. Lord, madam, how came you to break your cup?

Lady S. I can't help it, if I would cry my eyes out.

Miss. Why, sell it, madam, and buy a new one with some of the money.

Col. 'Tis a folly to cry for spilt milk.

Lady S. Why, if things did not break, or wear out, how would tradesman live?

Miss. Well, I am very sick, if anybody cared for it.

Never. Come, then, miss, e'en make a die of it, and then we shall have a burying of our own.

Miss. The devil take you, Neverout! besides all small curses.

Lady A. Marry, come up! What, plain Neverout! methinks you might have an M under your girdle, miss.

Lady S. Well, well, nought's never in danger. I warrant miss will spit in her hand, and hold fast.—Colonel, do you like this biscuit?

Col. I'm like all fools; I love everything that's good.

Lady S. Well, and isn't it pure good?

Col. 'Tis better than a worse.

Footman brings the Colonel *a letter.*

Lady A. I suppose, colonel, that's a billet-doux from your mistress.

Col. 'Egad, I don't know whence it comes; but whoe'er writ it, writes a hand like a foot.

Miss. Well, you may make a secret of it, but we can spell, and put together.

Never. Miss, what spells b double uzzard?

Miss. Buzzard in your teeth, Mr. Neverout.

Lady S. Now you are up, Mr. Neverout, will you do me the favour to do me the kindness to take off the teakettle.

Spark. I wonder what makes these bells ring.

Lady A. Why, my lord, I suppose, because they pull the ropes. [*Here all laugh.*

Neverout *plays with a teacup.*

Miss. Now, a child would have cried half an hour before it would have found out such a pretty plaything.

Lady S. Well said, miss! I vow, Mr. Neverout, the girl is too hard for you.

Never. Ay; miss will say anything but her prayers, and those she whistles.

Miss. Pray, colonel, make me a present of that pretty penknife.

Spark. Ay, miss, catch him at that, and hang him.

Col. Not for the world, dear miss; it will cut love.

Spark. Colonel, you shall be married first; I was going to say that.

Lady S. Well, but, for all that, I can tell who is a great admirer of miss. Pray, miss, how do you like Mr. Spruce? I swear I have often seen him cast a

sheep's eye out of a calf's head at you: deny it if you can.

Miss. O, madam, all the world knows that Mr. Spruce is a general lover.

Col. Come, miss, 'tis too true to make a jest on.

[*Miss blushes.*

Lady A. Well, however, blushing is some sign of grace.

Never. Miss says nothing; but I warrant she pays it off with thinking.

Miss. Well, ladies and gentlemen, you are pleased to divert yourselves; but, as I hope to be saved, there's nothing in it.

Lady S. Touch a gall'd horse, and he'll wince. Love will creep where it dare not go. I'd hold a hundred pound, Mr. Neverout was the inventor of that story; and, colonel, I doubt you had a finger in the pie.

Lady A. But, colonel, you forgot to salute miss when you came in; she said you had not been here a long time.

Miss. Fie, madam!—I vow, colonel, I said no such thing.—I wonder at your ladyship!

Col. Miss, I beg your pardon.—

Goes to salute her; she struggles a little.

Miss. Well, I'd rather give a knave a kiss for once than be troubled with him; but, upon my word, you are more bold than welcome.

Lady S. Fie, fie, miss! for shame of the world, and speech of good people.

NEVEROUT *to* MISS, *who is cooling her tea and bread and butter.*

Never. Come, come, miss, make much of nought; good folks are scarce.

Miss. What! and you must come in with your two eggs a-penny, and three of them rotten.

Col. [*To Sparkish.*] But, my lord, I forgot to ask you how you like my new clothes?

Spark. Why, very well, colonel; only, to deal plainly with you, methinks the worst piece is in the middle.

[*Here a loud laugh, often repeated.*

Col. My lord, you are too severe on your friends.

Miss. Mr. Neverout, I'm hot, are you a sot?

Never. Miss, I'm cold, are you a scold? Take you that.

Lady S. I confess that was home. I find, Mr. Neverout, you won't give your head for the washing, as they say.

Miss. O! he's a sore man where the skin's off. I see Mr. Neverout has a mind to sharpen the edge of his wit on the whetstone of my ignorance.

Spark. Faith, Tom, you are struck! I never heard a better thing.

Never. Pray, miss, give me leave to scratch you for that fine speech.

Miss. Pox on your picture! it cost me a groat the drawing.

Never. [*To lady S.*] 'Sbuds, madam, I have burnt my hand with your plaguy teakettle.

Lady S. Why, then, Mr. Neverout, you must say, God save the king.

Never. Did you ever see the like?

Miss. Never, but once at a wedding.

Col. Pray, miss, how old are you?

Miss. Why, I am as old as my tongue, and a little older than my teeth.

Spark. [*To lady A.*] Pray, madam, is Miss Buxom married? I hear 'tis all over the town.

Lady A. My lord, she's either married or worse.

Col. If she ben't married, at least she's lustily promised. But is it certain that sir John Blunderbuss is dead at last?

Spark. Yes, or else he's sadly wronged, for they have buried him.

Miss. Why, if he be dead, he'll eat no more bread.

Col. But, is he really dead?

Lady A. Yes, colonel, as sure as you're alive.

Col. They say he was an honest man.

Lady A. Yes, with good looking too.

Miss feels a pimple on her face.

Miss. Lord! I think my goodness is coming out Madam, will your ladyship please to lend me a patch?

Never. Miss, if you are a maid, put your hand upon your spot.

Miss. There—

[*Covering her face with both her hands.*

Lady S. Well, thou art a mad girl.

[*Gives her a tap.*

Miss. Lord, madam, is that a blow to give a child?

LADY SMART *lets fall her handkerchief, and the* COLONEL *stoops for it.*

Lady S. Colonel, you shall have a better office.

Col. O, madam, I can't have a better than to serve your ladyship. Madam, has your ladyship read the new play, written by a lord? It is called "Love in a Hollow Tree."

Lady S. No, colonel.

Col. Why, then your ladyship has one pleasure to come.

MISS *sighs.*

Never. Pray, miss, why do you sigh?

Miss. To make a fool ask, and you are the first.

Never. Why, miss, I find there is nothing but a bit and a blow with you.

Lady A. Why, you must know, miss is in love.

Miss. I wish my head may never ache till that day.

Spark. Come, miss, never sigh, but send for him.

LADY SMART *and* LADY ANSWERALL *speaking together.*

If he be hanged he'll come hopping; and if he be drown'd he'll come dropping.

Miss. Well, I swear you will make one die with laughing.

MISS *plays with a teacup, and* NEVEROUT *plays with another.*

Never. Well, I see one fool makes many.

Miss. And you are the greatest fool of any.

Never. Pray, miss, will you be so kind to tie this string for me, with your fair hands? it will go all in your day's work.

Miss. Marry, come up, indeed! tie it yourself, you have as many hands as I; your man's man will have a fine office truly: come, pray stand out of my spitting-place.

Never. Well, but miss, don't be angry.

Miss. No; I was never angry in my life but once, and then nobody cared for it; so I resolved never to be angry again.

Never. Well; but if you'll tie it, you shall never know what I'll do for you.

Miss. So I suppose, truly.

Never. Well; but I'll make you a fine present one of these days.

Miss. Ay; when the devil's blind, and his eyes are not sore yet.

Never. No, miss, I'll send it you to-morrow.

Miss. Well, well; to-morrow's a new day; but, I suppose, you mean to-morrow come never.

Never. O! 'tis the prettiest thing: I assure you there came but two of them over in three ships.

Miss. Would I could see it, quoth blind Hugh. But why did you not bring me a present of snuff this morning?

Never. Because, miss, you never asked me: and 'tis an ill dog that's not worth whistling for.

Spark. [*To lady A.*] Pray, madam, how came your

ladyship, last Thursday, to go to that odious puppet-show?

Col. Why, to be sure, her ladyship went to see and to be seen.

Lady A. You have made a fine speech, colonel: pray, what will you take for your mouth-piece?

Spark. Take that, colonel: but, pray, madam, was my lady Snuff there? They say she's extremely handsome.

Lady S. They must not see with my eyes that think so.

Never. She may pass muster well enough.

Lady A. Pray, how old do you take her to be?

Col. Why, about five or six-and-twenty.

Miss. I swear she's no chicken; she's on the wrong side of thirty, if she be a day.

Lady A. Depend upon it, she'll never see five-and-thirty, and a bit to spare.

Col. Why, they say she's one of the chief toasts in town.

Lady S. Ay, when all the rest are out of it.

Miss. Well; I wou'dn't be as sick as she's proud for all the world.

Lady A. She looks as if butter wou'dn't melt in her mouth; but, I warrant, cheese won't choke her.

Never. I hear my lord What-d'ye-call-him is courting her.

Lady A. What lord d'ye mean, Tom?

Miss. Why, my lord, I suppose Mr. Neverout means the lord of the Lord knows what.

Col. They say she dances very fine.

Lady A. She did; but I doubt her dancing days are over.

Col. I can't pardon her for her rudeness to me.

Lady S. Well; but you must forget and forgive.

FOOTMAN *comes in.*

Lady S. Did you call Betty?

Footman. She's coming, madam.

Lady S. Coming! ay, so is Christmas.

BETTY *comes in.*

Lady S. Come, get ready my things. Where has the wench been these three hours?

Betty. Madam, I can't go faster than my legs will carry me.

Lady S. Ay, thou hast a head, and so has a pin. But, my lord, all the town has it that Miss Cape. is to be married to sir Peter Gibeall; one thing is certain, that she has promised to have him.

Spark. Why, madam, you know promises are either broken or kept.

Lady A. I beg your pardon, my lord; promises and pie-crust are made to be broken.

Lady S. Nay, I had it from my lady Carrylie's own mouth. I tell you my tale and my tale's author; if it be a lie, you had it as cheap as I.

Lady A. She and I had some words last Sunday at church; but I think I gave her her own.

Lady S. Her tongue runs like the clapper of a mill; she talks enough for herself and all the company.

Never. And yet she simpers like a firmity kettle.

MISS *looking in a glass.*

Miss. Lord, how my head is dress'd to-day!

Col. O, madam! a good face needs no band.

Miss. No; and a bad one deserves none.

Col. Pray, Miss, where is your old acquaintance, Mrs. Wayward?

Miss. Why, where should she be? you must needs know, she's in her skin.

Col. I can answer that; what if you were as far out as she's in?——

Miss. Well, I promised to go this evening to Hyde Park on the water; but I protest I'm half afraid.

Never. Never fear, miss; you have the old proverb on your side, Naught's ne'er in danger.

Col. Why, miss, let Tom Neverout wait on you, and then, I warrant, you'll be as safe as a thief in a mill, for you know, he that's born to be hang'd will never be drown'd.

Never. Thank you, colonel, for your good word; but faith, if ever I hang, it shall be about a fair lady's neck.

Lady S. Who's there? Bid the children be quiet, and not laugh so loud.

Lady A. O! madam, let'm laugh, they'll ne'er laugh younger.

Never. Miss, I'll tell you a secret, if you'll promise never to tell it again.

Miss. No, to be sure; I'll tell it to nobody but friends and strangers.

Never. Why then, there's some dirt in my teacup.

Miss. Come, come, the more there's in't, the more there's on't.

Lady A. Poh! you must eat a peck of dirt before you die.

Col. Ay, ay; it goes all one way.

Never. Pray, miss, what's a clock?

Miss. Why, you must know, 'tis a thing like a bell, and you a fool that can't tell.

Never. [*To lady A.*] Pray, madam, do you tell me; for I have let my watch run down.

Lady A. Why, 'tis half an hour past hanging time.

Col. Well; I'm like the butcher that was looking for his knife and had it in his mouth: I have been searching my pockets for my snuff-box, and, egad, here it is in my hand.

Miss. If it had been a bear, it would have bit you, colonel: well, I wish I had such a snuff-box.

Never. You'll be long enough before you wish your skin full of eyelet holes.

Col. Wish in one hand—

Miss. Out upon you: Lord, what can the man mean?

Spark. This tea is very hot.

Lady A. Why, it came from a hot place, my lord.

COLONEL *spills his tea.*

Lady S. That's as well done as if I had done it myself.

Col. Madam, I find you live by ill neighbours, when you are forced to praise yourself.

Lady S. So they pray'd me to tell you.

Never. Well, I won't drink a drop more; if I do 'twill go down like chopt hay.

Miss. Pray, don't say no, till you are asked.

Never. Well, what you please, and the rest again.

MISS, *stooping for a pin.*

Miss. I have heard 'em say, that a pin a-day is a groat a-year. Well, as I hope to be married, forgive me for swearing, I vow 'tis a needle.

Col. O! the wonderful works of nature, that a black hen should lay a white egg!

Never. What! you have found a mare's nest, and laugh at the eggs?

Miss. Pray keep your breath to cool your porridge.

Never. Miss, there was a very pleasant accident last night at St. James's Park.

Miss. [*To lady S.*] What was it your ladyship was going to say just now?

Never. Well, miss; tell a mare a tale—

Miss. I find you love to hear yourself talk.

Never. Why, if you won't hear my tale, kiss my, &c.

Miss. Out upon you, for a filthy creature!

Never. What, miss! must I tell you a story and find you ears?

Spark. [*To lady S.*] Pray, madam, don't you think Mrs. Spendall very genteel?

Lady S. Why, my lord, I think she was cut out for a gentlewoman, but she was spoil'd in the making: she wears her clothes as if they were thrown on her with a pitchfork; and, for the fashion, I believe they were made in the reign of queen Bess.

Never. Well, that's neither here nor there; for, you know, the more careless the more modish.

Col. Well, I'd hold a wager there will be a match between her and Dick Dolt: and I believe I can see as far into a millstone as another man.

Miss. Colonel, I must beg your pardon a thousand times; but they say, an old ape has an old eye.

Never. Miss, what do you mean? you'll spoil the colonel's marriage if you call him old.

Col. Not so old, nor yet so cold—You know the rest, miss.

Miss. Manners is a fine thing, truly.

Col. Faith, miss, depend upon't, I'll give you as good as you bring: what! if you give a jest you must take a jest.

Lady S. Well, Mr. Neverout, you'll ne'er have done till you break that knife, and then the man won't take it again.

Miss. Why, madam, fools will be meddling; I wish he may cut his fingers. I hope you can see your own blood without fainting.

Never. Why, miss, you shine this morning like a sh—n barn door: you'll never hold out at this rate; pray save a little wit for to-morrow.

Miss. Well, you have said your say; if people will be rude, I have done; my comfort is, 'twill be all one a thousand years hence.

Never. Miss, you have shot your bolt: I find you must have the last word—Well, I'll go to the opera to-night.—No, I can't, neither, for I have some business—and yet I think I must, for I promised to squire the countess to her box.

Miss. The countess of Puddledock, I suppose.

Never. Peace or war, miss?

Lady S. Well, Mr. Neverout, you'll never be mad, you are of so many minds.

As MISS *rises, the chair falls behind her.*

Miss. Well; I shan't be lady mayoress this year.

Never. No, miss, 'tis worse than that; you won't be married this year.

Miss. Lord! you make me laugh, though I an't well.

NEVEROUT, *as* MISS *is standing, pulls her suddenly on his lap.*

Never. Now, colonel, come sit down on my lap; more sacks upon the mill.

Miss. Let me go; ar'n't you sorry for my heaviness?

Never No, miss; you are very light; but I don't say you are a light hussy. Pray take up the chair for your pains.

Miss. 'Tis but one body's labour, you may do it yourself; I wish you would be quiet, you have more tricks than a dancing bear.

NEVEROUT *rises to take up the chair, and* MISS *sits in his.*

Never. You wou'dn't be so soon in my grave, madam.

Miss. Lord! I have torn my petticoat with your odious romping; my rents are coming in; I'm afraid I shall fall into the ragman's hands.

Never. I'll mend it, miss.

Miss. You mend it! go, teach your grannam to suck eggs.

Never. Why, miss, you are so cross, I could find in my heart to hate you.

Miss. With all my heart; there will be no love lost between us.

Never. But pray, my lady Smart, does not miss look as if she could eat me without salt?

Miss. I'll make you one day sup sorrow for this.

Never. Well, follow your own way, you'll live the longer.

Miss. See, madam, how well I have mended it.

Lady S. 'Tis indifferent, as Doll danced.

Never. 'Twill last as many nights as days.

Miss. Well, I knew it should never have your good word.

Lady S. My lord, my lady Answerall and I was walking in the park last night till near eleven; 'twas a very fine night.

Never. Egad, so was I; and I'll tell you a comical accident; egad, I lost my understanding.

Miss. I'm glad you had any to lose.

Lady S. Well, but what do you mean?

Never. Egad, I kick'd my foot against a stone, and tore off the heel of my shoe, and was forced to limp to a cobbler in the Pall-mall to have it put on. He, he, he, he! [*All laugh.*

Col. O! 'twas a delicate night to run away with another man's wife.

NEVEROUT *sneezes.*

Miss. God bless you! if you han't taken snuff.

Never. Why, what if I have, miss?

Miss. Why, then, the deuce take you!

Never. Miss, I want that diamond ring of yours.

Miss. Why then, want's like to be your master.

NEVEROUT *looking at the ring.*

Never. Ay, marry, this is not only, but also; where did you get it?

Miss. Why, where 'twas to be had; where the devil got the friar.

Never. Well; if I had such a fine diamond ring, I wou'dn't stay a day in England: but you know, far-fetch'd and dear bought is fit for ladies. I warrant, this cost your father 2½*d.*

COLONEL *stretching himself.*

Lady S. Why, colonel, you break the king's laws; you stretch without a halter.

Lady A. Colonel, some ladies of your acquaintance have promised to breakfast with you, and I am to wait on them; what will you give us?

Col. Why, faith, madam, bachelor's fare: bread and cheese and kisses.

Lady A. Poh! what have you bachelors to do with your money, but to treat the ladies? you have nothing to keep but your own four quarters.

Lady S. My lord, has captain Brag the honour to be related to your lordship?

Spark. Very nearly, madam; he's my cousin-german, quite removed.

Lady A. Pray, is he not rich?

Spark. Ay, a rich rogue, two shirts and a rag.

Col. Well, however, they say he has a great estate, but only the right owner keeps him out of it.

Lady S. What religion is he of?

Spark. Why, he is an Anythingarian.

Lady A. I believe he has his religion to choose, my lord.

NEVEROUT *scratches his head.*

Miss. Fie, Mr. Neverout, ar'n't you ashamed! I beg pardon for the expression, but I'm afraid your bosom friends are become your backbiters.

Never. Well, miss, I saw a flea once in your pinner, and a louse is a man's companion, but a flea is a dog's companion: however, I wish you would scratch my neck with your pretty white hand.

Miss. And who would be fool, then? I wou'dn't touch a man's flesh for the universe. You have the wrong sow by the ear, I assure you; that's meat for your master.

Never. Miss Notable, all quarrels laid aside, pray step hither for a moment.

Miss. I'll wash my hands, and wait on you, sir; but pray come hither, and try to open this lock.

Never. We'll try what we can do.

Miss. We!—what, have you pigs in your belly?

Never. Miss, I assure you I am very handy at all things.

Miss. Marry, hang them that can't give themselves a good word: I believe you may have an even hand to throw a louse in the fire.

Col. Well, I must be plain; here's a very bad smell.

Miss. Perhaps, colonel, the fox is the finder.

Never. No, colonel; 'tis only your teeth against rain: but——

Miss. Colonel, I find you would make a very bad poor man's sow.

COLONEL *coughing*.

Col. I have got a sad cold.

Lady A. Ay; 'tis well if one can get anything these hard times.

Miss. [*To Col.*] Choke, chicken, there's more a-hatching.

Lady S. Pray, colonel, how did you get that cold?

Spark. Why, madam, I suppose the colonel got it by lying a-bed barefoot.

Lady A. Why then, colonel, you must take it for better for worse, as a man takes his wife.

Col. Well, ladies, I apprehend you without a constable.

Miss. Mr. Neverout! Mr. Neverout! come hither this moment.

Lady S. [*Imitating her.*] Mr. Neverout! Mr. Neverout! I wish he were tied to your girdle.

Never. What's the matter? whose mare's dead now?

Miss. Take your labour for your pains; you may go back again, like a fool, as you came.

Never. Well, miss, if you deceive me a second time, 'tis my fault.

Lady S. Colonel, methinks your coat is too short.

Col. It will be long enough before I get another, madam.

Miss. Come, come; the coat's a good coat, and come of good friends.

Never. Ladies, you are mistaken in the stuff: 'tis half silk.

Col. Tom Neverout, you are a fool, and that's your fault.

A great noise below.

Lady S. Hey, what a clattering is here! one would think hell was broke loose.

Miss. Indeed, madam, I must take my leave, for I a'n't well.

Lady S. What! you are sick of the mulligrubs with eating chopped hay?

Miss. No, indeed, madam; I'm sick and hungry, more need of a cook than a doctor.

Lady A. Poor miss! she's sick as a cushion; she wants nothing but stuffing.

Col. If you are sick, you shall have a caudle of calf's eggs.

Never. I can't find my gloves.

Miss. I saw the dog running away with some dirty thing a while ago.

Col. Miss, you have got my handkerchief; pray, let me have it.

Lady S. No; keep it, miss; for they say possession is eleven points of the law.

Miss. Madam, he shall never have it again; 'tis in huckster's hands.

Lady A. What! I see 'tis raining again.

Spark. Why, then, madam, we must do as they do in Spain.

Miss. Pray, my lord, how is that?

Spark. Why, madam, we must let it rain.

MISS *whispers lady* SMART.

Never. There's no whispering, but there's lying.

Miss. Lord! Mr. Neverout, you are as pert as a pearmonger this morning.

Never. Indeed, miss, you are very handsome.

Miss. Poh! I know that already; tell me news.

Somebody knocks at the door.

FOOTMAN *comes in.*

Footman. [*To Col.*] An please your honour, there's a man below wants to speak to you.

Col. Ladies, your pardon for a minute. [*Goes out.*

Lady S. Miss, I sent yesterday to know how you did, but you were gone abroad early.

Miss. Why, indeed, madam, I was hunch'd up in a hackney-coach with three country acquaintance, who called upon me to take the air as far as Highgate.

Lady S. And had you a pleasant airing?

Miss. No, madam; it rained all the time; I was jolted to death; and the road was so bad that I scream'd every moment, and called to the coachman, Pray, friend, don't spill us.

Never. So, miss, you were afraid that pride would have a fall.

Miss. Mr. Neverout, when I want a fool, I'll send for you.

Spark. Miss, didn't your left ear burn last night?

Miss. Pray why, my lord?

Spark. Because I was then in some company where you were extolled to the skies, I assure you.

Miss. My lord, that was more their goodness than my desert.

Spark. They said that you were a complete beauty.

Miss. My lord, I am as God made me.

Lady S. The girl's well enough, if she had but another nose.

Miss. O! madam, I know I shall always have your good word; you love to help a lame dog over the stile.

One knocks.

Lady S. Who's there? you're on the wrong side of the door; come in, if you be fat.

COLONEL *comes in again.*

Spark. Why, colonel, you are a man of great business.

Col. Ay, ay, my lord, I'm like my lord mayor's fool, full of business and nothing to do.

Lady S. My lord, don't you think the colonel's mightily fall'n away of late?

Spark. Ay, fall'n from a horseload to a cartload.

Col. Why, my lord, egad I am like a rabbit, fat and lean in four-and-twenty hours.

Lady S. I assure you, the colonel walks as straight as a pin.

Miss. Yes; he's a handsome-bodied man in the face.

Never. A handsome foot and leg; god-a-mercy shoe and stocking!

Col. What! three upon one! that's foul play: this would make a parson swear.

Never. Why, miss, what's the matter? you look as if you had neither won nor lost.

Col. Why, you must know, miss lives upon love.

Miss. Yes, upon love and lumps of the cupboard.

Lady A. Ay; they say love and pease-porridge are two dangerous things; one breaks the heart; and the other the belly.

Miss. [*Imitating lady Answerall's tone.*] Very pretty! one breaks the heart, and the other the belly.

Lady A. Have a care; they say, mocking is catching.

Miss. I never heard that.

Never. Why, then, miss, you have a wrinkle——— more than ever you had before.

Miss. Well; live and learn.

Never. Ay; and be hang'd and forget all.

Miss. Well, Mr. Neverout, take it as you please; but, I swear, you are a saucy Jack, to use such expressions.

Never. Why, then, miss, if you go to that, I must tell you there's ne'er a Jack but there's a Gill.

Miss. O! Mr. Neverout, everybody knows that you are the pink of courtesy.

Never. And, miss, all the world allows that you are the flower of civility.

Lady S. Miss, I hear there was a great deal of company where you visited last night: pray, who were they?

Miss. Why, there was old lady Forward, miss To-and-again, sir John Ogle, my lady Clapper, and I, quoth the dog.

Col. Was your visit long, miss?

Miss. Why, truly, they went all to the opera; and so poor pilgarlic came home alone.

Never. Alackaday, poor miss! methinks it grieves me to pity you.

Miss. What! you think you said a fine thing now; well, if I had a dog with no more wit, I would hang him.

Spark. Miss, if it is manners, may I ask which is oldest, you or lady Scuttle?

Miss. Why, my lord, when I die for age, she may quake for fear.

Lady S. She's a very great gadder abroad.

Lady A. Lord! she made me follow her last week through all the shops like a Tantiny pig.

Lady S. I remember, you told me you had been with her from Dan to Beersheba.

COLONEL *spits.*

Col. Lord! I shall die; I cannot spit from me.

Miss. O! Mr. Neverout, my little countess has just litter'd; speak me fair, and I'll set you down for a puppy.

Never. Why, miss, if I speak you fair, perhaps I mayn't tell truth.

Spark. Ay, but, Tom, smoke that, she calls you puppy by craft.

Never. Well, miss, you ride the fore-horse to-day.

Miss. Ay, many a one says well, that thinks ill.

Never. Fie, miss; you said that once before; and, you know, too much of one thing is good for nothing.

Miss. Why, sure we can't say a good thing too often.

Spark. Well, so much for that, and butter for fish; let us call another cause. Pray, madam, does your ladyship know Mrs. Nice?

Lady S. Perfectly well, my lord; she's nice by name and nice by nature.

Spark. Is it possible she could take that booby, Tom Blunder, for love?

Miss. She had good skill in horse-flesh that could choose a goose to ride on.

Lady A. Why, my lord, 'twas her fate; they say, marriage and hanging go by destiny.

Col. I believe she'll ne'er be burnt for a witch.

Spark. They say, marriages are made in heaven; but I doubt, when she was married, she had no friend there.

Never. Well, she's got out of God's blessing into the warm sun.

Col. The fellow's well enough, if he had any guts in his brains.

Lady S. They say, thereby hangs a tale.

Spark. Why, he is a mere hobbledehoy, neither a man nor a boy.

Miss. Well, if I were to choose a husband, I would never be married to a little man.

Never. Pray, why so, miss? for they say, of all evils we ought to choose the least.

Miss. Because folks would say, when they saw us together, There goes the woman and her husband.

Col. [*To lady Smart.*] Will your ladyship be on the Mall to-morrow night?

Lady S. No, that won't be proper; you know to-morrow's Sunday.

Spark. What then, madam! they say, the better day the better deed.

Lady A. Pray, Mr. Neverout, how do you like lady Fruzz?

Never. Pox on her! She is as old as Poles (*St. Paul's Church*).

Miss. So will you be, if you ben't hanged when you're young.

Never. Come, miss, let us be friends: will you go to the Park this evening?

Miss. With all my heart, and a piece of my liver; but not with you.

Lady S. I'll tell you one thing, and that's not two; I am afraid I shall get a fit of the headach to-day.

Col. O! madam, don't be afraid! it comes with a fright.

Miss. [*To lady Answerall.*] Madam, one of your ladyship's lappets is longer than t'other.

Lady A. Well, no matter; they that ride on a trotting horse, will ne'er perceive it.

Never. Indeed, miss, your lappets hang worse.

Miss. Well, I love a liar in my heart, and you fit me to a hair.

MISS *rises up*

Never. Deuce take you, miss; you trod on my foot: I hope you don't intend to come to my bed-side.

Miss. In troth, you are afraid of your friends, and none of them near you.

Spark. Well said, girl! [*Giving her a chuck.*] Take that: they say a chuck under the chin is worth two kisses.

Lady A. But, Mr. Neverout, I wonder why such a handsome, straight young gentleman as you don't get some rich widow.

Spark. Straight! ay, straight as my leg, and that's crooked at knee.

Never. Faith, madam, if it rained such widows, none of them would fall upon me. Egad, I was born under a three-penny planet, never to be worth a groat.

Lady A. No, Mr. Neverout; I believe you were born with a caul on your head, you are such a favourite among the ladies: but what think you of widow Prim? she's immensely rich.

Never. Hang her! they say her father was a baker.

Lady S. Ay; but it is not, What is she? but, What has she? now-a-days.

Col. Tom, faith, put on a bold face for once, and have at the widow. I'll speak a good word for you to her.

Lady A. 'Ay; I warrant you'll speak one word for him and two for yourself.

Miss. Well, I had that at my tongue's end.

Lady A. Why, miss, they say good wits jump.

Never. Faith, madam, I had rather marry a woman I loved in her smock than widow Prim if she had her weight in gold.

Lady S. Come, come, Mr. Neverout, marriage is honourable, but housekeeping is a shrew.

Lady A. Consider, Mr. Neverout, four bare legs in a bed: and you are a younger brother.

Col. Well, madam, the younger brother is the

better gentleman: however, Tom, I would advise you to look before you leap.

Spark. The colonel says true; besides, you can't expect to wive and thrive in the same year.

Miss. [*Shuddering.*] Lord! there's somebody walking over my grave.

Col. Pray, lady Answerall, where was you last Wednesday, when I did myself the honour to wait on you? I think your ladyship is one of the tribe of Gad.

Lady A. Why, colonel, I was at church.

Col. Nay, then, I will be hang'd, and my horse too.

Never. I believe her ladyship was at a church with a chimney in it.

Miss. Lord, my petticoat! how it hangs by jommetry!

Never. Perhaps the fault may be in your shape.

Miss. [*Looking gravely.*] Come, Mr. Neverout, there's no jest like the true jest; but I suppose you think my back is broad enough to bear everything.

Never. Madam, I humbly beg your pardon.

Miss. Well, sir, your pardon's granted.

Never. Well, all things have an end, and a pudding has two, up-up-on me-my my word. [*Stutters.*

Miss. What! Mr. Neverout, can't you speak without a spoon?

Spark. [*To lady Smart.*] Has your ladyship seen the duchess since your falling out?

Lady S. Never, my lord, but once at a visit, and she looked at me as the devil looked over Lincoln.

Never. Pray, miss, take a pinch of my snuff.

Miss. What! you break my head, and give me a plaster; well, with all my heart; once and not use it.

Never. Well, miss, if you wanted me and your victuals, you'd want your two best friends.

Col. [*To Neverout.*] Tom, miss and you must kiss and be friends.

NEVEROUT *salutes* MISS.

Miss. Anything for a quiet life: my nose itch'd, and I knew I should drink wine, or kiss a fool.

Col. Well, Tom, if that ben't fair, hang fair.

Never. I never said a rude thing to a lady in my life.

Miss. Here's a pin for that lie; I'm sure liars had need of good memories. Pray, colonel, was not he very uncivil to me but just now?

Lady A. Mr. Neverout, if miss will be angry for nothing, take my counsel, and bid her turn the buckle of her girdle behind her.

Never. Come, lady Answerall, I know better things; miss and I are good friends; don't put tricks upon travellers.

Col. Tom, not a word of the pudding, I beg you.

Lady S. Ah, colonel! you'll never be good, nor then neither.

Spark. Which of the goods d'ye mean? good for something, or good for nothing?

Miss. I have a blister on my tongue, yet I don't remember I told a lie.

Lady A. I thought you did just now.

Spark. Pray, madam, what did thought do?

Lady S. Well, for my life, I cannot conceive what your lordship means.

Spark. Indeed, madam, I meant no harm.

Lady S. No, to be sure, my lord! you are as innocent as a devil of two years old.

Never. Madam, they say ill-doers are ill-deemers; but I don't apply it to your ladyship.

MISS, *mending a hole in her lace.*

Miss. Well, you see I'm mending; I hope I shall be good in time. Look, lady Answerall, is it not well mended?

Lady A. Ay, this is something like a tansy.

Never. Faith, miss, you have mended as a tinker mends a kettle; stop one hole and make two.

Lady S. Pray, colonel, are you not very much tann'd?

Col. Yes, madam; but a cup of Christmas ale will soon wash it off.

Spark. Lady Smart, does not your ladyship think Mrs. Fade is greatly altered since her marriage?

Lady A. Why, my lord, she was handsome in her time; but she cannot eat her cake and have her cake; I hear she's grown a mere otomy.

Lady S. Poor creature! the black ox has set his foot upon her already.

Miss. Ay; she has quite lost the blue on the plum.

Lady S. And yet, they say, her husband is very fond of her still.

Lady A. O, madam, if she would eat gold he would give it her.

Never. [*To lady Smart.*] Madam, have you heard that lady Queasy was lately at the playhouse incog.?

Lady S. What! lady Queasy of all women in the world! do you say it upon rep.?

Never. Poz, I saw her with my own eyes; she sat among the mob in the gallery; her own ugly phiz: and she saw me look at her.

Col. Her ladyship was plaguily bamb'd; I warrant it put her into the hips.

Never. I smoked her huge nose, and egad, she put me in mind of the woodcock, that strives to hide his long bill, and then thinks nobody sees him.

Col. Tom, I advise you hold your tongue; for you'll never say so good a thing again.

Lady S. Miss, what are you looking for?

Miss. O, madam, I have lost the finest needle—

Lady A. Why, seek till you find it, and then you won't lose your labour.

Never. The loop of my hat is broke, how shall I mend it? [*He fastens it with a pin.*] Well, hang him, say I, that has no shift.

Miss. Ay, and hang him that has one too many.

Never. O, miss, I have heard a sad story of you.

Miss. I defy you, Mr. Neverout; nobody can say black's my eye.

Never. I believe you wish they could.

Miss. Well, but who was your author? Come, tell truth and shame the devil.

Never. Come then, miss; guess who it was that told me? come, put on your considering cap.

Miss. Well, who was it?

Never. Why, one that lives within a mile of an oak.

Miss. Well, go hang yourself in your own garters, for I'm sure the gallows groans for you.

Never. Pretty miss! I was but in jest.

Miss. Well, but don't let that stick in your gizzard.

Col. My lord, does your lordship know Mrs. Talkall?

Spark. Only by sight; but I hear she has a great deal of wit; and, egad, as the saying is, mettle to the back.

Lady S. So I hear.

Col. Why, Dick Lubber said to her t'other day, Madam, you can't cry bo to a goose: yes, but I can, said she: and, egad, cry'd bo full in his face. We all thought we should break our hearts with laughing.

Spark. That was cutting with a vengeance: and, prithee, how did the fool look?

Col. Look! egad, he look'd for all the world like an owl in an ivy-bush.

A Child comes in screaming.

Miss. Well, if that child was mine, I'd whip it till the blood came; peace, you little vixen! if I were near you I would not be far from you.

Lady S. Ay, ay! bachelors' wives and maids' children are finely tutor'd.

Lady A. Come to me, master, and I'll give you a sugarplum. Why, miss, you forget that ever you was a child yourself. [*She gives the child a lump of sugar.*] I have heard 'em say, boys will long.

Col. My lord, I suppose you know that Mr. Buzzard has married again.

Lady S. This is his fourth wife; then he has been shod round.

Col. Why, you must know she had a month's mind to Dick Frontless, and thought to run away with him; but her parents forced her to take the old fellow for a good settlement.

Spark. So the man got his mare again.

Lady S. I'm told he said a very good thing to Dick; said he, You *think* us old fellows are fools; but we old fellows *know* young fellows are fools.

Col. I know nothing of that; but I know he's devilish old, and she's very young.

Lady A. Why, they call that a match of the world's making.

Miss. What if he had been young and she old?

Never. Why, miss, that would have been a match of the devil's making; but when both are young, that's a match of God's making.

Miss, *searching her pocket for a thimble, brings out a nutmeg.*

Never. O, miss, have a care; for if you carry a nutmeg in your pocket, you'll certainly be married to an old man.

Miss. Well, if I ever be married, it shall be to an old man: they always make the best husbands; and it is better to be an old man's darling than a young man's warling.

Never. Faith, miss, if you speak as you think, I'll give you my mother for a maid.

Lady Smart *rings the bell*

Footman *comes in.*

Lady S. Harkee, you fellow; run to my lady Match, and desire she will remember to be here at six to play at quadrille: d'ye hear, if you fall by the way, don't stay to get up again.

Foot. Madam, I don't know the house.

Lady S. That's not for want of ignorance; follow your nose; go, inquire among the servants.

Footman *goes out, and leaves the door open.*

Lady S. Here, come back, you fellow; why did you leave the door open? Remember, that a good servant must always come when he's called, do what he's bid, and shut the door after him.

The Footman *goes out again, and falls down stairs.*

Lady A. Neck or nothing; come down, or I'll fetch you down: well but I hope the poor fellow has not saved the hangman a labour.

Never. Pray, madam, smoke miss yonder, biting her lips, and playing with her fan.

Miss. Who's that takes my name in vain?

She runs up to them, and falls down.

Lady S. What more falling! do you intend the frolic should go round?

Lady A. Why, miss, I wish you may not have broke her ladyship's floor.

Never. Miss, come to me, and I'll take you up.

Spark. Well, but, without a jest, I hope, miss, you are not hurt.

Col. Nay, she must be hurt for certain; for you see her head is all of a lump.

Miss. Well, remember this, colonel, when I have money, and you have none.

Lady S. But, colonel, when do you design to get a house, and a wife, and a fire to put her in?

Miss. Lord! who would be married to a soldier, and carry his knapsack?

Never. O, madam: Mars and Venus, you know.

Col. Egad, madam, I'd marry to-morrow, if I thought I could bury my wife just when the honeymoon is over: but, they say, a woman has as many lives as a cat.

Lady A. I find the colonel thinks a dead wife under the table is the best goods in a man's house.

Lady S. O but, colonel, if you had a good wife, it would break your heart to part with her.

Col. Yes, madam; for they say, he that has lost his wife and sixpence, has lost a tester.

Lady S. But, colonel, they say, that every married man should believe there's but one good wife in the world, and that's his own.

Col. For all that, I doubt, a good wife must be bespoke; for there's none ready made.

Miss. I suppose the gentleman's a woman-hater; but, sir, I think you ought to remember that you had a mother: and pray, if it had not been for a woman where would you have been, colonel?

Col. Nay, miss, you cried whore first, when you talked of the knapsack.

Lady A. But I hope you won't blame the whole sex because some are bad.

Never. And they say he that hates woman, sucked a sow.

Col. O madam; there's no general rule without an exception.

Lady S. Then why don't you marry and settle?

Col. Egad, madam, there's nothing will settle me but a bullet.

Spark. Well, colonel, there's one comfort, that you need not fear a cannon-bullet.

Col. Why so, my lord?

Spark. Because they say, he was cursed in his mother's belly that was killed by a cannon-bullet.

Miss. I suppose the colonel was crossed in his first love, which makes him so severe on all the sex.

Lady A. Yes; and I'll hold a hundred to one that the colonel has been over head and ears in love with some lady that has made his heart ache.

Col. O, madam, we soldiers are admirers of all the fair sex.

Miss. I wish I could see the colonel in love till he was ready to die.

Lady S. Ay, but, I doubt few people die for love in these days.

Never. Well, I confess, I differ from the colonel; for I hope to have a rich and a handsome wife yet before I die.

Col. Ay, Tom; live, horse, and thou shalt have grass.

Miss. Well, colonel; but whatever you say against women, they are better creatures than men: for men were made of clay, but woman was made of man.

Col. Miss, you may say what you please; but faith you'll never lead apes in hell.

Never. No, no; I'll be sworn miss has not an inch of nun's flesh about her.

Miss. I understumble you, gentlemen.

Never. Madam, your humblecumdumble.

Spark. Pray, miss, when did you see your old acquaintance, Mrs. Cloudy? you and she are two, I hear.

Miss. See her! marry, I don't care whether I ever see her again! God bless my eyesight!

Lady. A. Lord! why she and you were as great as two inkle-weavers. I've seen her hug you as the devil hugged the witch.

Miss. That's true; but I'm told for certain she's no better than she should be.

Lady S. Well, God mend us all; but you must

allow the world is very censorious; I never heard that she was a naughty pack.

Col. [*To Neverout.*] Come, sir Thomas, when the king pleases, when do you intend to march?

Spark. Have patience. Tom, is your friend Ned Rattle married?

Never. Yes, faith, my lord; he has tied a knot with his tongue that he can never untie with his teeth.

Lady S. Ah! marry in haste, and repent at leisure.

Lady A. Has he got a good fortune with his lady? for they say something has some savour, but nothing has no flavour.

Never. Faith, madam, all he gets by her he may put into his eye and see never the worse.

Miss. Then, I believe he heartily wishes her in Abraham's bosom.

Col. Pray, my lord, how does Charles Limber and his fine wife agree?

Spark. Why, they say he's the greatest cuckold in own.

Never. O but, my lord, you should always except my lord mayor.

Miss. Mr. Neverout!

Never. Hay, madam, did you call me?

Miss. Hay! why, hay is for horses.

Never. Why miss, then you may kiss—

Col. Pray, my lord, what's o'clock by your oracle?

Spark. Faith, I can't tell; I think my watch runs upon wheels.

Never. Miss, pray be so kind to call a servant to bring me a glass of small beer: I know you are at home here.

Miss. Every fool can do as they're bid: make a page of your own age, and do it yourself.

Never. Choose, proud fool; I did but ask you.

MISS *puts her hand upon her knee.*

Never. What, miss, are you thinking of your sweetheart? is your garter slipping down?

Miss. Pray, Mr. Neverout, keep your breath to cool your porridge; you measure my corn by your bushel.

Never. Indeed, miss, you lie—

Miss. Did you ever hear anything so rude?

Never. I mean, you lie—under a mistake.

Miss. If a thousand lies could choke you, you would have been choked many a day ago.

MISS *strives to snatch* MR. NEVEROUT'S *snuff-box.*

Never. Madam, you missed that, as you missed your mother's blessing.

She tries again, and misses.

Never. Snap short makes you look so lean, miss.

Miss. Poh! you are so robustious, you had like to put out my eye; I assure you, if you blind me, you must lead me.

Lady S. Dear miss, be quiet; and bring me a pincushion out of that closet.

MISS *opens the closet door and squalls.*

Lady S. Lord bless the girl! what's the matter now?

Miss. I vow, madam, I saw something in black; I thought it was a spirit.

Col. Why, miss, did you ever see a spirit?

Miss. No, sir; I thank God I never saw anything worse than myself.

Never. Well, I did a very foolish thing yesterday, and was a great puppy for my pains.

Miss. Very likely; for they say, many a true word's spoken in jest.

FOOTMAN *returns.*

Lady S. Well, did you deliver your message? you are fit to be sent for sorrow, you stay so long by the way.

Foot. Madam, my lady was not at home, so I did not leave the message.

Lady S. This it is to send a fool of an errand.

Spark. [*Looking at his watch.*] 'Tis past twelve o'clock.

Lady S. Well, what is that among all us?

Spark. Madam, I must take my leave: come, gentlemen, are you for a march?

Lady S. Well, but your lordship and the colonel will dine with us to-day; and, Mr. Neverout, I hope we shall have your good company; there will be no soul else, beside my own lord and these ladies; for everybody knows I hate a crowd; I would rather want victuals than elbow-room; we dine punctually at three.

Spark. Madam, we'll be sure to attend your ladyship.

Col. Madam, my stomach serves me instead of a clock.

Another FOOTMAN *comes back.*

Lady S. Oh! you are the t'other fellow I sent; well, have you been with my lady Club? you are good to send of a dead man's errand.

Foot. Madam, my lady Club begs your ladyship's pardon: but she is engaged to-night.

Miss. Well, Mr. Neverout, here's the back of my hand to you.

Never. Miss, I find you will have the last word. Ladies, I am more yours than my own.

DIALOGUE II.

LORD SMART *and the former company at three o'clock coming to dine. After salutations.*

Smart. I'm sorry I was not at home this morning when you all did us the honour to call here; but I went to the levee to-day.

Spark. Oh! my lord; I am sure the loss was ours.

Lady S. Gentlemen and ladies, you are come to a sad dirty house; I am sorry for it, but we have had our hands in mortar.

Spark. Oh! madam; your ladyship is pleased to say so; but I never saw anything so clean and so fine; I profess it is a perfect paradise.

Lady S. My lord, your lordship is always very obliging.

Spark. Pray, madam, whose picture is that?

Lady S. Why, my lord, it was drawn for me.

Spark. I'll swear the painter did not flatter your ladyship.

Col. My lord, the day is finely cleared up.

Smart. Ay, colonel; 'tis a pity that fair weather should ever do any harm. [*To Neverout.*] Why, Tom, you are high in the mode.

Never. My lord, it is better to be out of the world than out of the fashion.

Smart. But, Tom, I hear you and miss are always quarrelling: I fear it is your fault; for I can assure you she is very good-humoured.

Never. Ay, my lord; so is the devil when he's pleased.

Smart. Miss, what do you think of my friend Tom?

Miss. My lord, I think he's not the wisest man in the world; and truly he's sometimes very rude.

Spark. That may be true; but yet, he that hangs Tom for a fool may find a knave in the halter.

Miss. Well, however, I wish he were hanged, if it were only to try.

Never. Well, miss, if I must be hanged, I won't go far to choose my gallows; it shall be about your fair neck.

Miss. I'll see your nose cheese first and the dogs eating it; but, my lord, Mr. Neverout's wit begins to run low; for, I vow, he said this before; pray, colonel, give him a pinch, and I'll do as much for you.

Spark. My lady Smart, your ladyship has a very fine scarf.

Lady S. Yes, my lord; it will make a flaming figure in a country church.

FOOTMAN *comes in.*

Foot. Madam, dinner's upon the table.

Col. Faith, I am glad of it; my belly began to cry cupboard.

Never. I wish I may never hear worse news.

Miss. What! Mr. Neverout, you are in great haste; I believe your belly thinks your throat is cut.

Never. No, faith, miss; three meals a-day, and a good supper at night, will serve my turn.

Miss. To say the truth, I'm hungry.

Never. And I'm angry; so let us both go fight.

They go in to dinner, and, after the usual compliments, take their seats.

Lady S. Ladies and gentlemen, will you eat any oysters before dinner?

Col. With all my heart. [*Takes an oyster.*] He was a bold man that first ate an oyster.

Lady S. They say oysters are a cruel meat, because we eat them alive: then they are an uncharitable meat, for we leave nothing to the poor; and they are an ungodly meat, because we never say grace.

Never. Faith, that's as well said as if I had said it myself.

Lady S. Well, we are well set if we be but as well served: come, colonel, handle your arms; shall I help you to some beef?

Col. If your ladyship please; and pray, don't cut like a mother-in-law, but send me a large slice: for I love to lay a good foundation. I vow, 'tis a noble sirloin.

Never. Ay; here's cut and come again.

Miss. But pray, why is it called a sirloin?

Smart. Why you must know, that our king James I., who loved good eating, being invited to dinner by one of his nobles, and seeing a large loin of beef at his table, he drew out his sword, and in a frolic knighted it. Few people know the secret of this.

Spark. Beef is man's meat, my lord.

Smart. But, my lord, I say beef is the king of meat.

Miss. Pray what have I done, that I must not have a plate?

Lady S. [*To lady A.*] What will your ladyship please to eat?

Lady A. Pray, madam, help yourself.

Col. They say, eating and scratching wants but a beginning: if you'll give me leave, I'll help myself to a slice of this shoulder of veal.

Lady S. Colonel, you can't do a kinder thing; well, you are all heartily welcome, as I may say.

Col. They say there are thirty and two good bits in a shoulder of veal.

Lady S. Ay, colonel, thirty bad bits and two good ones; you see I understand you; but I hope you have got one of the two good ones.

Never. Colonel, I'll be of your mess.

Col. Then pray, Tom, carve for yourself; they say, two hands in a dish, and one in a purse: Hah! said I well, Tom?

Never. Colonel, you spoke like an oracle.

Miss. [*To lady A.*] Madam, will your ladyship help me to some fish?

Smart. [*To Neverout.*] Tom, they say fish should swim thrice.

Never. How is that, my lord?

Smart. Why, Tom, first it should swim in the sea, (do you mind me?) then it should swim in butter; and at last, sirrah, it should swim in good claret. I think I have made it out.

Foot. [*To lord Smart.*] My lord, sir John Linger is coming up.

Smart. God so! I invited him to dine with me today, and forgot it: well, desire him to walk in.

SIR JOHN LINGER *comes in.*

Sir J. What! you are at it! why then I'll be gone.

Lady S. Sir John, I beg you will sit down; come, the more the merrier.

Sir J. Ay; but the fewer the better cheer.

Lady S. Well, I am the worst in the world at making apologies; it was my lord's fault: I doubt you must kiss the hare's foot.

Sir J. I see you are fast by the teeth.

Col. Faith, sir John, we are killing that that would kill us.

Spark. You see, sir John, we are upon a business of life and death; come, will you do as we do? you are come in pudding-time.

Sir J. Ay; this would be doing if I were dead. What! you keep court hours, I see: I'll be going, and get a bit of meat at my inn.

Lady S. Why, we won't eat you, sir John.

Sir J. It is my own fault; but I was kept by a fellow, who bought some Derbyshire oxen of me.

Never. You see, sir John, we stayed for you as one horse does for another.

Lady S. My lord, will you help sir John to some beef? Lady Answerall, pray eat, you see your dinner; I am sure, if we had known we should have such good company, we should have been better provided; but you must take the will for the deed. I'm afraid you are invited to your loss.

Col. And pray, sir John, how do you like the town? you have been absent a long time.

Sir J. Why, I find little London stands just where it did when I left it last.

Never. What do you think of Hanover-square? Why, sir John, London is gone out of town since you saw it.

Lady S. Sir John, I can only say, you are heartily welcome; and I wish I had something better for you.

Col. Here's no salt; cuckolds will run away with the meat.

Smart. Pray edge a little, to make more room for sir John: sir John, fall to: you know half an hour is soon lost at dinner.

Sir J. I protest, I can't eat a bit, for I took share of a beefsteak and two mugs of ale with my chapman, besides a tankard of March beer, as soon as I got out of my bed.

Lady A. Not fresh and fasting, I hope?

Sir J. Yes, faith, madam; I always wash my kettle before I put the meat in it.

Lady S. Poh! sir John, you have seen nine houses since you ate last: come, you have kept a corner in your stomach for a piece of venison pasty.

Sir J. Well, I'll try what I can do when it comes up.

Lady A. Come, sir John, you may go further and fare worse.

Miss. [*To Neverout.*] Pray, Mr. Neverout, will you please to send me a piece of tongue?

Never. By no means, madam: one tongue is enough for a woman.

Col. Miss, here's a tongue that never told a lie.

Miss. That was, because it could not speak. Why, colonel, I never told a lie in my life.

Never. I appeal to all the company, whether that be not the greatest lie that ever was told?

Col. [*To Neverout.*] Prithee, Tom, send me the two legs, and rump, and liver of that pigeon; for, you must know, I love what nobody else loves.

Never. But what if any of the ladies should long?

Well, here take it, and the d——l do you good with it.

Lady A. Well; this eating and drinking takes away a body's stomach.

Never. I am sure I have lost mine.

Miss. What! the bottom of it, I suppose?

Never. No, really, miss; I have quite lost it.

Miss. I should be very sorry a poor body had found it.

Lady S. But, sir John, we hear you are married since we saw you last: what! you have stolen a wedding, it seems?

Sir J. Well; one can't do a foolish thing once in one's life, but one must hear of it a hundred times.

Col. And, pray, sir John, how does your lady unknown?

Sir J. My wife's well, colonel, and at your service in a civil way. Ha, ha! [*He laughs.*

Miss. Pray, sir John, is your lady tall or short?

Sir J. Why, miss, I thank God, she is a little evil.

Spark. Come, give me a glass of claret.

FOOTMAN *fills him a bumper.*

Spark. Why do you fill so much?

Never. My lord, he fills as he loves you.

Lady S. Miss, shall I send you some cucumber?

Miss. Madam, I dare not touch it: for they say cucumbers are cold in the third degree.

Lady S. Mr. Neverout, do you love pudding?

Never. Madam, I am like all fools, I love everything that is good; but the proof of the pudding is in the eating.

Col. Sir John, I hear you are a great walker when you are at home.

Sir J. No, faith, colonel; I always love to walk with a horse in my hand: but I have had devilish bad luck in horse-flesh of late.

Smart. Why, then, sir John, you must kiss a parson's wife.

Lady S. They say, sir John, that your lady has a great deal of wit.

Sir J. Madam, she can make a pudding, and has just wit enough to know her husband's breeches from another man's.

Smart. My lord Sparkish, I have some excellent cider; will you please to taste it?

Spark. My lord, I should like it well enough, if it were not treacherous.

Smart. Pray, my lord, how is it treacherous?

Spark. Because it smiles in my face, and cuts my throat. [*Here a loud laugh.*

Miss. Odd so! madam; your knives are very sharp, for I have cut my finger.

Lady S. I am sorry for it: pray which finger? (God bless the mark!)

Miss. Why, this finger: no, 'tis this: I vow I can't find which it is.

Never. Ay; the fox had a wound, and he could not tell where, &c. Bring some water to throw in her face.

Miss. Pray, Mr. Neverout, did you ever draw a sword in anger? I warrant you would faint at the sight of your own blood.

Lady S. Mr. Neverout, shall I send you some veal?

Never. No, madam, I don't love it.

Miss. Then pray for them that do. I desire your ladyship will send me a bit.

Smart. Tom, my service to you.

Never. My lord, this moment I did myself the honour to drink to your lordship.

Smart. Why, then, that's Hertfordshire kindness.

Never. Faith, my lord, I pledged myself; for I drank twice together without thinking.

Spark. Why, then, colonel, my humble service to you

Never. Pray, my lord, don't make a bridge of my nose.

Spark. Well, a glass of this wine is as comfortable as matrimony to an old woman.

Col. Sir John, I design, one of these days, to come and beat up your quarters in Derbyshire.

Sir J. Faith, colonel, come, and welcome: and stay away, and heartily welcome: but you were born within the sound of Bow bell, and don't care to stir so far from London.

Miss. Pray, colonel, send me some fritters.

COLONEL *takes them out with his hand.*

Col. Here, miss; they say fingers were made before forks, and hands before knives.

Lady S. Methinks this pudding is too much boil'd.

Lady A. O! madam, they say a pudding is poison when it is too much boil'd.

Never. Miss, shall I help you to a pigeon? here's a pigeon so finely roasted, it cries, Come eat me.

Miss. No, sir; I thank you.

Never. Why, then you may choose.

Miss. I have chosen already.

Never. Well, you may be worse offer'd before you are twice married.

The COLONEL *fills a large plate of soup.*

Smart. Why, colonel, you don't mean to eat all that soup?

Col. O! my lord, this is my sick dish; when I'm well I'll have a bigger.

Miss. [*To Col.*] Sup, Simon; very good broth

Never. This seems to be a good pullet.

Miss. I warrant, Mr. Neverout knows what's good for himself.

Spark. Tom, I shan't take your word for it; help me to a wing.

NEVEROUT *tries to cut off a wing.*

Never. Egad, I can't hit the joint.

Spark. Why then, think of a cuckold.

Never. O! now I have nick'd it. [*Gives it to ld. Sparkish.*

Spark. Why, a man may eat this, though his wife lay a-dying.

Col. Pray, friend, give me a glass of small beer, if it be good.

Smart. Why, colonel, they say, there is no such thing as good small beer, good brown bread, or a good old woman.

Lady S. [*To lady A.*] Madam, I beg your ladyship's pardon; I did not see you when I was cutting that bit.

Lady A. O! madam; after you is good manners.

Lady S. Lord! here's a hair in the sauce!

Spark. Then, madam, set the hounds after it.

Never. Pray, colonel, help me, however, to some of that same sauce.

Col. Come, I think you are more sauce than pig.

Smart. Sir John, cheer up: my service to you: well, what do you think of the world to come?

Sir J. Truly, my lord, I think of it as little as I can.

Lady S. [*Putting a skewer on a plate.*] Here take this skewer, and carry it down to the cook, to dress it for her own dinner.

Never. I beg your ladyship's pardon; but this small beer is dead.

Lady S. Why, then, let it be buried.

Col. This is admirable black-pudding: miss, shall I carve you some? I can just carve pudding and that's all; I am the worst carver in the world; I should never make a good chaplain.

Miss. No, thank ye, colonel; for they say those that eat black-pudding will dream of the devil.

Smart. O, here comes the venison pastry: here, take the soup away. [*He cuts it up, and tastes the venison.*] 'Sbuds! this venison is musty.

NEVEROUT *eats a piece, and it burns his mouth.*

Smart. What's the matter, Tom? you have tears in your eyes, I think: what dost cry for, man?

Never. My lord, I was just thinking of my poor grandmother! she died just this very day seven years.

MISS *takes a bit and burns her mouth.*

Never. And pray, miss, why do you cry, too?

Miss. Because you were not hang'd the day your grandmother died.

Smart. I'd have given 40*l.*, miss, to have said that.

Col. Egad, I think the more I eat the hungrier I am.

Spark. Why, colonel, they say, one shoulder of mutton drives down another.

Never. Egad, if I were to fast for my life, I would take a good breakfast in the morning, a good dinner at noon, and a good supper at night.

Spark. My lord, this venison is plaguily pepper'd; your cook has a heavy hand

Smart. My lord, I hope you are pepper-proof; come, here's a health to the founders.

Lady S. Ay; and to the confounders, too.

Smart. Lady Answerall, does your ladyship love venison?

Lady A. No, my lord, I can't endure it in my sight: therefore please to send me a good piece of meat and crust.

Spark. [*Drinks to Neverout.*] Come, Tom; not always to my friends, but once to you.

Never. [*Drinks to lady Smart.*] Come, madam; here's a health to our friends, and hang the rest of our kin.

Lady S. [*To lady A.*] Madam, will your ladyship have any of this hare?

Lady A. No, madam, they say 'tis melancholy meat.

Lady S. Then, madam, shall I send you the brains? I beg your ladyship's pardon; for they say, 'tis not good manners to offer brains.

Lady A. No, madam; for perhaps it will make me harebrain'd.

Never. Miss, I must tell you one thing.

Miss. [*With a glass in her hand.*] Hold your tongue, Mr. Neverout; don't speak in my tip.

Col. Well, he was an ingenious man that first found out eating and drinking.

Spark. Of all vittles drink digests the quickest: give me a glass of wine.

Never. My lord, your wine is too strong.

Smart. Ay, Tom, as much as you're too good.

Miss. This almond-pudding was pure good; but it is grown quite cold.

Never. So much the better, miss, cold pudding will settle your love.

Miss. Pray, Mr. Neverout, are you going to take a voyage?

Never. Why do you ask, miss?

Miss. Because you have laid in so much beef.

Sir J. You two have eat up the whole pudding between you.

Miss. Sir John, here's a little bit left; will you please to have it?

Sir J. No, thankee; I don't love to make a fool of my mouth.

Col. [*Calling to the butler.*] John, is your small beer good?

Butler. And please your honour, my lord and lady like it; I think it is good.

Col. Why, then, John, dy'e see, if you are sure your small beer is good, d'ye mark? then, give me a glass of wine. [*All laugh.*

COLONEL *tasting the wine.*

Smart. Sir John, how does your neighbour Gatherall of the Peak? I hear he has lately made a purchase.

Sir J. O! Dick Gatherall knows how to butter his bread as well as any man in Derbyshire.

Smart. Why he used to go very fine when he was here in town.

Sir J. Ay; and it became him, as a saddle becomes a sow.

Col. I know his lady, and I think she is a very good woman.

Sir J. Faith, she has more goodness in her little finger than he has in his whole body.

Smart. Well, colonel, how do you like that wine?

Col. This wine should be eaten, it is too good to be drunk.

Smart. I'm very glad you like it; and pray don't spare it.

Col. No, my lord; I'll never starve in a cook's shop.

Smart. And pray, sir John, what do you say to my wine?

Sir J. I'll take another glass first: second thoughts are best.

Spark. Pray, lady Smart, you sit near that ham; will you please to send me a bit?

Lady S. With all my heart. [*She sends him a piece.*] Pray, my lord, how do you like it?

Spark. I think it is a limb of Lot's wife. [*He eats it with mustard.*] Egad, my lord, your mustard is very uncivil.

Lady S. Why uncivil, my lord?

Spark. Because it takes me by the nose, egad.

Lady S. Mr. Neverout, I find you are a very good carver.

Col. O, madam, that is no wonder; for you must know, Tom Neverout carves o' Sundays.

NEVEROUT *overturns the saltcellar.*

Lady S. Mr. Neverout, you have overturned the salt, and that's a sign of anger: I'm afraid miss and you will fall out.

Lady A. No, no; throw a little of it into the fire, and all will be well.

Never. O, madam, the falling out of lovers, you know.

Miss. Lovers! very fine! fall *out* with him! I wonder when we were *in*.

Sir J. For my part, I believe the young gentlewoman is his sweetheart, there is so much fooling and fiddling betwixt them: I'm sure, they say in our country, that shiddle-come-sh—'s the beginning of love.

Miss. I own I love Mr. Neverout as the devil loves holy water: I love him like pie, I'd rather the devil had him than I.

Never. Miss, I'll tell you one thing.

Miss. Come, here's t'ye, to stop your mouth.

Never. I'd rather you would stop it with a kiss.

Miss. A kiss! marry come up, my dirty cousin; are you no sicker? Lord! I wonder what fool it was that first invented kissing!

Never. Well, I'm very dry.

Miss. Then your'e the better to burn and the worse to fry.

Lady A. God bless you, colonel, you have a good stroke with you.

Col. O, madam, formerly I could eat all, but now I leave nothing; I eat but one meal a-day.

Miss. What! I suppose, colonel, that is from morning till night?

Never. Faith, miss; and well was his wont.

Smart. Pray, lady Answerall, taste this bit of venison.

Lady A. I hope your lordship will set me a good example

Smart. Here's a glass of cider fill'd: miss, you must drink it.

Miss. Indeed, my lord, I can't.

Never. Come, miss; better belly burst than good liquor be lost.

Miss. Pish! well, in life there was never anything so teazing; I had rather shed it in my shoes: I wish it were in your guts for my share.

Smart. Mr. Neverout, you ha'n't tasted my cider yet.

Never. No, my lord; I have been just eating soup; and they say, if one drinks with one's porridge, one will cough in one's grave.

Smart. Come, take miss's glass, she wish'd it was in your guts; let her have her wish for once: ladies can't abide to have their inclinations cross'd.

Lady S. [*To sir J.*] I think, sir John, you have not tasted the venison yet.

Sir J. I seldom eat it, madam; however, please to send me a little of the crust.

Spark. Why, sir John, you had as good eat the devil as the broth he is boil'd in.

Col. Well, this eating and drinking takes away a body's stomach, as lady Answerall says.

Never. I have dined as well as my lord mayor.

Miss. I thought I could have eaten this wing of a chicken; but my eye's bigger than my belly.

Smart. Indeed, lady Answerall, you have eaten nothing.

Lady A. Pray, my lord, see all the bones on my plate: they say a carpenter's known by his chips.

Never. Miss, will you reach me that glass of jelly?

Miss. [*Giving it to him.*] You see, 'tis but ask and have.

Never. Miss, I would have a bigger glass.

Miss. What! you don't know your own mind; you are neither well, full nor fasting; I think that is enough.

Never. Ay, one of the enoughs; I am sure it is little enough.

Miss. Yes; but you know, sweet things are bad for the teeth.

Never. [*To lady A.*] Madam, I don't like that part of the veal you sent me.

Lady A. Well, Mr. Neverout, I find you are a true Englishman; you never know when you are well.

Col. Well, I have made my whole dinner of beef.

Lady A. Why, colonel, a bellyful's a bellyful, if it be but of wheat-straw.

Col. Well, after all, kitchen physic is the best physic.

Lady S. And the best doctors in the world are doctor Diet, Doctor Quiet, and Doctor Merryman.

Spark. What do you think of a little house well fill'd?

Sir J. And a little land well till'd?

Col. Ay; and a little wife well will'd?

Never. My lady Smart, pray help me to some of the breast of that goose.

Smart. Tom, I have heard that goose upon goose is false heraldry.

Miss. What! will you never have done stuffing?

Smart. This goose is quite raw: well, God sends meat, but the devil sends cooks.

Never. Miss, can you tell which is the gander, the white goose or the grey goose?

Miss. They say, a fool will ask more questions than the wisest body can answer.

Col. Indeed, miss, Tom Neverout has posed you.

Miss. Why, colonel, every dog has his day; but I believe I shall never see a goose again without thinking of Mr. Neverout.

Smart. Well said, miss; faith, girl, thou hast brought thyself off cleverly. Tom, what say you to that?

Col. Faith, Tom is nonpluss'd; he looks plaguily down in the mouth.

Miss. Why, my lord, you see he is the provokingest creature in life; I believe there is not such another in the varsal world.

Lady A. O, miss, the world's a wide place.

Never. Well, miss, I'll give you leave to call me anything, if you don't call me spar'd.

Smart. Well, but after all, Tom, can you tell me what's Latin for a goose?

Never. O, my lord, I know that: why, brandy is Latin for a goose, and *tace* is Latin for a candle.

Miss. Is that manners, to show your learning before ladies? Methinks you are grown very brisk of a sudden; I think the man's glad he's alive.

Sir J. The devil take your wit, if this be wit; for it spoils company: pray, Mr. Butler, bring me a dram after my goose; 'tis very good for the wholesomes.

Smart. Come, bring me the loaf; I sometimes love to cut my own bread.

Miss. I suppose, my lord, you lay longest a-bed today?

Smart. Miss, if I had said so, I should have told a fib; I warrant you lay a-bed till the cows came home: but, miss, shall I cut you a little crust, now my hand is in?

Miss. If you please, my lord, a bit of undercrust.

Never. [*Whispering Miss.*] I find you love to lie under.

Miss. [*Aloud, pushing him from her.*] What does the man mean! Sir, I don't understand you at all.

Never. Come, all quarrels laid aside: here, miss, may you live a thousand years. [*He drinks to her.*

Miss. Pray, sir, don't stint me.

Smart. Sir John, will you taste my October? I think it is very good; but I believe not equal to yours in Derbyshire.

Sir J. My lord, I beg your pardon; but they say, the devil made askers.

Smart. [*To the butler.*] Here, bring up the great tankard, full of October, for sir John.

Col. [*Drinking to Miss.*] Miss, your health; may you live all the days of your life.

Lady A. Well, miss, you'll certainly be soon married; here's two bachelors drinking to you at once.

Lady S. Indeed, miss, I believe you were wrapt in your mother's smock, you are so well beloved.

Miss. Where's my knife? sure I ha'n't eaten it: O, here it is.

Sir J. No, miss; but your maidenhead hangs in your light.

Miss. Pray, sir John, is that a Derbyshire compliment? Here, Mr. Neverout, will you take this piece of rabbit that you bid me carve for you?

Never. I don't know.

Miss. Why, take it, or let it alone.

Never. I will.

Miss. What will you?

Never. Why, I'll take it, or let it alone.

Miss. Well, you are a provoking creature.

Sir J. [*Talking with a glass of wine in his hand.*] I remember a farmer in our country—

Smart. [*Interrupting him.*] Pray, sir John, did you ever hear of parson Palmer?

Sir J. No, my lord; what of him?

Smart. Why, he used to preach over his liquor.

Sir J. I beg your lordship's pardon; here's your lordship's health; I'd drink it up, if it were a mile to the bottom.

Lady S. Mr. Neverout, have you been at the new play?

Never. Yes, madam, I went the first night.

Lady S. Well, and how did it take?

Never. Why, madam, the poet is damn'd.

Sir J. God forgive you! that's very uncharitable: you ought not to judge so rashly of any Christian.

Never. [*Whispers lady Smart.*] Was ever such a dunce! How well he knows the town! See how he stares like a stuck pig! Well, but, sir John, are you acquainted with any one of our fine ladies yet?

Sir J. No; damn your fire-ships, I have a wife of my own.

Lady S. Pray, my lady Answerall, how do you like these preserved oranges?

Lady A. Indeed, madam, the only fault I find is, that they are too good.

Lady S. O, madam, I have heard 'em say, that too good is stark naught.

MISS *drinking part of a glass of wine.*

Never. Pray, let me drink your snuff.

Miss. No, indeed, you shan't drink after me; for you'll know my thoughts.

Never. I know them already; you are thinking of a good husband. Besides, I can tell your meaning by your mumping.

Lady S. Pray, my lord, did not you order the butler to bring up a tankard of our October to sir John? I believe they stay to brew it.

The butler brings up the tankard to SIR JOHN

Sir J. Won't your ladyship please to drink first?

Lady S. No, sir John; 'tis in a very good hand; I'll pledge you.

Col. [*To ld. Smart.*] My lord, I love October as well as sir John; and I hope you won't make fish of one and flesh of another.

Smart. Colonel, you're heartily welcome. Come, sir John, take it by word of mouth, and then give it to the colonel.

SIR JOHN *drinks.*

Smart. Well, sir John, how do you like it?

Sir J. Not as well as my own in Derbyshire; 'tis plaguy small.

Lady S. I never taste malt liquor; but they say it is well hopp'd.

Sir J. Hopp'd; why, if it had hopp'd a little further, it would have hopp'd into the river. O, my lord, my ale is meat, drink, and cloth; it will make a cat speak and a wise man dumb.

Lady S. I was told ours was very strong.

Sir J. Ay, madam, strong of the water; I believe the brewer forgot the malt, or the river was too near him. Faith, it is mere whip-belly-vengeance; he that drinks most has the worst share.

Col. I believe, sir John, ale is as plenty as water at your house.

Sir J. Why, faith, at Christmas, we have many comers and goers; and they must not be sent away without a cup of Christmas ale, for fear they should p——s behind the door.

Lady S. I hear sir John has the nicest garden in England; they say, 'tis kept so clean, that you can't find a place where to spit.

Sir J. O, madam; you are pleased to say so.

Lady S. But, sir John, your ale is terrible strong and heady in Derbyshire, and will soon make one drunk and sick; what do you then?

Sir J. Why, indeed, it is apt to fox one; but our way is, to take a hair of the same dog next morning. I take a new-laid egg for breakfast; and faith one should drink as much after an egg as after an ox.

Smart. Tom Neverout, will you taste a glass of October?

Never. No, faith, my lord; I like your wine, and won't put a churl upon a gentleman; your honour's claret is good enough for me.

Lady S. What! is this pigeon left for manners? Colonel, shall I send you the legs and rump?

Col. Madam, I could not eat a bit more if the house was full.

Smart. [*Carving a partridge.*] Well, one may ride to Rumford upon this knife, it is so blunt.

Lady A. My lord, I beg your pardon; but they say an ill workman never had good tools.

Smart. Will your lordship have a wing of it?

Spark. No, my lord; I love the wing of an ox a great deal better.

Smart. I'm always cold after eating.

Col. My lord, they say, that's a sign of long life.

Smart. Ay; I believe I shall live till my friends are weary of me.

Col. Pray, does anybody here hate cheese? I would be glad of a bit.

Smart. An odd kind of fellow dined with me t'other day; and when the cheese came upon the table, he pretended to faint; so somebody said, Pray take away the cheese: No, said I; pray take away the fool: said I well?

Here a loud and large laugh.

Col. Faith, my lord, you served the coxcomb right enough; and therefore I wish we had a bit of your lordship's Oxfordshire cheese.

Smart. Come, hang saving; bring us up a half-p'orth of cheese.

Lady A. They say, cheese digests everything but itself.

A footman brings a great whole cheese.

Spark. Ay; this would look handsome if anybody should come in.

Sir J. Well: I'm weily brosten, as they say in Lancashire.

Lady S. O! sir John; I would I had something to brost you withal.

Smart. Come, they say, 'tis merry in the hall when beards wag all.

Lady S. Miss, shall I help you to some cheese, or will you carve for yourself?

Never. I'll hold fifty pounds, miss won't cut the cheese.

Miss. Pray, why so, Mr. Neverout?

Never. O, there is a reason, and you know it well enough.

Miss. I can't for my life understand what the gentleman means.

Smart. Pray, Tom, change the discourse: in troth you are too bad.

Col. [*Whispers Neverout.*] Smoke miss; faith, you have made her fret like gum taffeta.

Lady S. Well, but, miss, (hold your tongue, Mr. Neverout,) shall I cut you a piece of cheese?

Miss. No, really, madam; I have dined this half hour.

Lady S. What! quick at meat, quick at work, they say.

SIR JOHN *nods.*

Smart. What! are you sleepy, sir John? do you sleep after dinner?

Sir J. Yes, faith; I sometimes take a nap after my pipe; for when the belly is full, the bones would be at rest.

Lady S. Come, colonel; help yourself, and your friends will love you the better. [*To lady A.*] Madam, your ladyship eats nothing.

Lady A. Lord, madam, I have fed like a farmer: I shall grow as fat a porpoise; I swear, my jaws are weary of chewing.

Col. I have a mind to eat a piece of that sturgeon, but fear it will make me sick.

Never. A rare soldier indeed; let it alone, and I warrant it won't hurt you.

Col. Well, it would vex a dog to see a pudding creep.

Sir John *rises.*

Smart. Sir John, what are you doing?

Sir J. Swolks, I must be going, by'r lady; I have earnest business; I must do as the beggars do, go away when I have got enough.

Smart. Well, but stay till this bottle's out; you know, the man was hang'd that left his liquor behind him: and besides, a cup in the pate is a mile in the gate; and a spur in the head is worth two in the heel.

Sir J. Come then; one brimmer to all your healths. [*The footman gives him a glass half full.*] Pray, friend, what was the rest of this glass made for? an inch at the top, friend, is worth two at the bottom. [*He gets a brimmer and drinks it off.*] Well, there's no deceit in a brimmer, and there's no false Latin in this; your wine is excellent good, so I thank you for the next, for I am sure of this: madam, has your ladyship any commands in Derbyshire? I must go fifteen miles to-night.

Lady S. None, sir John, but to take care of yourself; and my most humble service to your lady unknown.

Sir J. Well, madam, I can but love and thank you.

Lady S. Here, bring water to wash; though really, you have all eaten so little, that you have not need to wash your mouths.

Smart. But, prithee, sir John, stay a while longer.

Sir J. No, my lord; I am to smoke a pipe with a friend before I leave the town.

Col. Why, sir John, had not you better set out to-morrow?

Sir J. Colonel, you forget to-morrow is Sunday.

Col. Now I always love to begin a journey on Sundays, because I shall have the prayers of the church to preserve all that travel by land or by water.

Sir J. Well, colonel, thou art a mad fellow to make a priest of.

Never. Fie, sir John! do you take tobacco? How can you make a chimney of your mouth?

Sir J. [*To Neverout.*] What! you don't smoke, I warrant you, but you smock. (Ladies, I beg your pardon.) Colonel, do you never smoke?

Col. No, sir John; but I take a pipe sometimes.

Sir J. I'faith, one of your finical London blades dined with me last year in Derbyshire: so, after dinner, I took a pipe: so my gentleman turned away his head: so, said I, What, sir, do you never smoke? so he answered, as you do, colonel, No, but I sometimes take a pipe: so he took a pipe in his hand, and fiddled with it till he broke it: so, said I, Pray, sir, can you make a pipe? so he said, No: so, said I, Why then, sir, if you can't make a pipe you should not break a pipe: so we all laughed.

Smart. Well; but, sir John, they say, that the corruption of pipes is the generation of stoppers.

Sir J. Colonel, I hear you go sometimes to Derbyshire; I wish you would come and foul a plate with me.

Col. I hope you will give me a soldier's bottle.

Sir J. Come and try. Mr. Neverout, you are a Town wit: can you tell me what kind of herb is tobacco?

Never. Why, an Indian herb, sir John.

Sir J. No; 'tis a pot herb; and so here's t'ye in a pot of my lord's October.

Lady S. I hear, sir John, since you are married, you have foreswore the town.

Sir J. No, madam; I never foreswore anything but the building of churches.

Lady S. Well; but, sir John, when may we hope to see you again in London?

Sir J. Why, madam, not till the ducks have eat up the dirt, as the children say.

Never. Come, sir John: I foresee it will rain terribly.

Smart. Come, sir John, do nothing rashly; let us drink first.

Spark. I know sir John will go, though he was sure it would rain cats and dogs: but pray stay, sir John; you'll be time enough to go to bed by candlelight.

Smart. Why, sir John, if you must needs go, while you stay, make use of your time; here's my service to you, a health to our friends in Derbyshire: come, sit down; let us put off the evil hour as long as we can.

Sir J. Faith, I could not drink a drop more if the house was full.

Col. Why, sir John, you used to love a glass of good wine in former times.

Sir J. Why, so I do still, colonel; but a man may love his house very well, without riding on the ridge; besides, I must be with my wife on Tuesday, or there will be the devil and all to pay.

Col. Well, if you go to-day, I wish you may be wet to the skin.

Sir J. Ay; but they say the prayers of the wicked won't prevail.

Sir John *takes his leave and goes away.*

Smart. Well, miss, how do you like sir John?

Miss. Why, I think he's a little upon the silly, or so: I believe he has not all the wit in the world: but I don't pretend to be a judge.

Never. Faith, I believe he was bred at Hog's Norton, where the pigs play upon the organs.

Spark. Why, Tom, I thought you and he were hand and glove.

Never. Faith, he shall have a clean threshold for me; I never darkened his door in my life, neither in town nor country; but he's a queer old duke, by my conscience; and yet, after all, I take him to be more knave than fool.

Lady S. Well, come; a man's a man, if he has but a nose on his face.

Col. I was once with him and some other company over a bottle, and, egad, he fell asleep, and snored so hard that we thought he was driving his hogs to market.

Never. Why, what! you can have no more of a cat than her skin; you can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear.

Spark. Well, since he's gone, the devil go with him and sixpence; and there's money and company too.

Never. Faith, he's a country put. Pray, miss, let me ask you a question.

Miss. Well; but don't ask questions with a dirty face: I warrant, what you have to say will keep cold.

Col. Come, my lord, against you are disposed: here's to all that love and honour you.

Spark. Ay, that was always Dick Nimble's health. I'm sure you know he's dead.

Col. Dead! well, my lord, you love to be a messenger of ill news: I'm heartily sorry; but, my lord, we must all die.

Never. I knew him very well: but, pray, how came he to die?

Miss. There's a question! you talk like a poticary: why, because he could live no longer.

Never. Well; rest his soul: we must live by the living, and not by the dead.

Spark. You know his house was burnt down to the ground?

Col. Yes; it was in the News. Why, fire and water are good servants, but they are very bad masters.

Smart. Here, take away, and set down a bottle of Burgundy. Ladies, you'll stay and drink a glass of wine before you go to your tea.

All taken away, and the wine set down, &c.

Miss gives NEVEROUT *a smart pinch.*

Never. Lord, miss, what d'ye mean? d'ye think I have no feeling?

Miss. I'm forced to pinch, for the times are hard.

Never. [*Giving Miss a pinch.*] Take that, miss; what's sauce for a goose, is sauce for a gander.

Miss. [*Screaming.*] Well, Mr. Neverout, that shall neither go to heaven nor hell with you.

Never. [*Takes Miss by the hand.*] Come, miss, let us lay all quarrels aside, and be friends.

Miss. Don't be so teazing; you plague a body so! can't you keep your filthy hands to yourself?

Never. Pray, miss, where did you get that picktooth-case?

Miss. I came honestly by it.

Never. I'm sure it was mine, for I lost just such a one; nay, I don't tell you a lie.

Miss. No; if you lie, it is much.

Never. Well; I'm sure 'tis mine.

Miss. What! you think everything is yours, but a little the king has.

Never. Colonel, you have seen my fine picktooth-case; don't you think this is the very same?

Col. Indeed, miss, it is very like it.

Miss. Ay; what he says, you'll swear.

Never. Well; but I'll prove it to be mine.

Miss. Ay: do, if you can.

Never. Why, what's yours is mine, and what's mine is my own.

Miss. Well, run on till you're weary; nobody holds you.

NEVEROUT *gapes.*

Col. What! Mr. Neverout, do you gape for preferment?

Never. Faith, I may gape long enough, before it falls into my mouth.

Lady S. Mr. Neverout, my lord and I intend to beat up your quarters one of these days: I hear you live high.

Never. Yes, faith, madam; I live high and lodge in a garret.

Col. But, miss, I forgot to tell you, that Mr. Neverout got the devilishest fall in the park to-day.

Miss. I hope he did not hurt the ground: but how was it, Mr. Neverout? I wish I had been there to laugh.

Never. Why, madam, it was a place where a cuckold had been buried, and one of his horns sticking out, I happened to stumble against it; that was all.

Lady S. Ladies, let us leave the gentlemen to themselves; I think it is time to go to our tea.

Lady A. and Miss. My lords and gentlemen, your most humble servant.

Smart. Well, ladies, we'll wait on you an hour hence.

The Gentlemen alone.

Smart. Come, John, bring us a fresh bottle.

Col. Ay, my lord; and pray let him carry off the dead men, as we say in the army.

[*Meaning the empty bottles.*

Spark. Mr. Neverout, pray, is not that bottle full?

Never. Yes, my lord, full of emptiness.

Smart. And, d'ye hear, John, bring clean glasses.

Col. I'll keep mine; for I think wine is the best liquor to wash glasses in.

DIALOGUE III.

The Ladies at their tea.

Lady S. Well, ladies; now let us have a cup of discourse to ourselves.

Lady A. What do you think of your friend sir John Spendall?

Lady S. Why, madam, 'tis happy for him that his father was born before him.

Miss. They say he makes a very ill husband to my lady.

Lady A. But he must be allowed to be the fondest father in the world.

Lady S. Ay, madam, that's true; for they say, the devil is kind to his own.

Miss. I am told my lady manages him to admiration.

Lady S. That I believe; for she's as cunning as a dead pig, but not half so honest.

Lady A. They say she's quite a stranger to all his gallantries.

Lady S. Not at all; but, you know, there's none so blind as they that won't see.

Miss. O, madam, I am told she watches him as a cat would watch a mouse.

Lady A. Well, if she ben't foully belied, she pays him in his own coin.

Lady S. Madam, I fancy I know your thoughts, as well as if I were within you.

Lady A. Madam, I was t'other day in company with Mrs. Clatter; I find she gives herself airs of being acquainted with your ladyship.

Miss. O the hideous creature! did you observe her nails? they were long enough to scratch her grannum out of her grave.

Lady S. Well, she and Tom Gosling were banging compliments backward and forward: it looked like two asses scrubbing one another.

Miss. Ay, claw me, and I'll claw you: but, pray, madam, who were the company?

Lady S. Why there was all the world and his wife; there was Mrs. Clatter, lady Singular, the countess of Talkham, (I should have named her first,) Tom Gosling, and some others, whom I have forgot.

Lady A. I think the countess is very sickly.

Lady S. Yes, madam; she'll never scratch a gray head, I promise her.

Miss. And pray, what was your conversation?

Lady S. Why Mrs. Clatter had all the talk to herself, and was perpetually complaining of her misfortunes.

Lady A. She brought her husband 10,000*l.*; she has a town-house and country-house: would the woman have her a— hung with points?

Lady S. She would fain be at the top of the house before the stairs are built.

Miss. Well, comparisons are odious; but she's as like her husband as if she were spit out of his mouth; as like as one egg is to another: pray, how was she dressed?

Lady S. Why, she was as fine as fi'pence; but, truly, I thought there was more cost than worship.

Lady A. I don't know her husband: pray what is he?

Lady S. Why, he's a counsellor of the law; you must know he came to us as drunk as David's sow.

Miss. What kind of creature is he?

Lady S. You must know, the man and his wife are coupled like rabbits, a fat and a lean; he's as fat as a porpus, and she's one of Pharaoh's lean kine: the ladies and Tom Gosling were proposing a party at quadrille, but he refused to make one: Damn your cards, said he, they are the devil's books.

Lady A. A dull unmannerly brute! well, God send him more wit, and me more money.

Miss. Lord! madam, I would not keep such company for the world.

Lady S. O, miss, 'tis nothing when you are used to it: besides, you know for want of company, welcome trumpery.

Miss. Did your ladyship play?

Lady S. Yes, and won; so I came off with fiddler's fare, meat, drink, and money.

Lady A. Ay; what says Pluck?

Miss. Well, my elbow itches; I shall change bedfellows.

Lady S. And my right hand itches; I shall receive money.

Lady A. And my right eyes itches; I shall cry.

Lady S. Miss, I hear your friend Mrs. Giddy has discarded Dick Shuttle: pray, has she got another lover?

Miss. I hear of none.

Lady S. Why, the fellow's rich, and I think she was a fool to throw out her dirty water before she got clean.

Lady A. Miss, that's a handsome gown of yours, and finely made; very genteel.

Miss. I am glad your ladyship likes it.

Lady A. Your lover will be in raptures; it becomes you admirably.

Miss. Ay; I assure you I won't take it as I have done; if this won't fetch him, the devil fetch him, say I.

Lady S. [*to lady A.*] Pray, madam, when did you see sir Peter Muckworm?

Lady A. Not this fortnight; I hear he's laid up with the gout.

Lady S. What does he do for it?

Lady A. I hear he's weary of doctoring it, and now makes use of nothing but patience and flannel.

Miss. Pray, how does he and my lady agree?

Lady A. You know he loves her as the devil loves holy water.

Miss. They say she plays deep with sharpers, that cheat her of her money.

Lady A. Upon my word they must rise early that would cheat her of her money; sharp's the word with her; diamonds cut diamonds.

Miss. Well, but I was assured from a good hand, that she lost at one sitting to the tune of a hundred guineas; make money of that!

Lady S. Well, but do you hear that Mrs. Plump is brought to bed at last?

Miss. And pray what has God sent her?

Lady S. Why, guess if you can.

Miss. A boy, I suppose.

Lady S. No, you are out; guess again.

Miss. A girl, then.

Lady S. You have hit it; I believe you are a witch.

Miss. O, madam, the gentlemen say, all fine ladies are witches; but I pretend to no such thing.

Lady A. Well, she had good luck to draw Tom Plump into wedlock; she ris with her a— upwards.

Miss. Fie, madam; what do you mean?

Lady S. O, miss, 'tis nothing what we say among ourselves.

Miss. Ay, madam; but they say hedges have eyes, and walls have ears.

Lady A. Well, miss, I can't help it; you know, I'm old Telltruth; I love to call a spade a spade.

Lady S. [*Mistakes the teatongs for the spoon.*] What! I think my wits are a wool-gathering to-day.

Miss. Why, madam, there was but a right and a wrong.

Lady S. Miss, I hear that you and lady Coupler are as great as cup and can.

Lady A. Ay, miss, as great as the devil and the earl of Kent.[a]

Lady S. Nay, I am told you meet together with as much love as there is between the old cow and the haystack.

[a] An old English saying that obtained from the reign of Edward the Confessor, no way complimentary to Goodwin, earl of Kent.

Miss. I own I love her very well; but there's difference between staring and stark mad.

Lady S. They say she begins to grow fat.

Miss. Fat! ay, fat as a hen in the forehead.

Lady S. Indeed, lady Answerall, (pray forgive me,) I think your ladyship looks thinner than when I saw you last.

Miss. Indeed, madam, I think not; but your ladyship is one of Job's comforters.

Lady A. Well, no matter how I look; I am bought and sold: but really, miss, you are so very obliging, that I wish I were a handsome young lord for your sake.

Miss. O, madam, your love's a million.

Lady S. [*To lady A.*] Madam, will your ladyship let me wait on you to the play to-morrow?

Lady A. Madam, it becomes me to wait on your ladyship.

Miss. What, then, I'm turned out for a wrangler?

The Gentlemen come in to the Ladies to drink tea.

Miss. Mr. Neverout, we wanted you sadly; you are always out of the way when you should be hang'd.

Never. You wanted me! pray, miss, how do you look when you lie?

Miss. Better than you when you cry. Manners, indeed! I find you mend like sour ale in summer.

Never. I beg your pardon, miss; I only meant, when you lie alone.

Miss. That's well turn'd; one turn more would have turn'd you down stairs.

Never. Come, miss, be kind for once, and order me a dish of coffee.

Miss. Pray, go yourself; let us wear out the oldest; besides I can't go, for I have a bone in my leg.

Col. They say, a woman need but look on her apron-string to find an excuse.

Never. Why, miss, you are grown so peevish, a dog would not live with you.

Miss. Mr. Neverout, I beg your diversion: no offence, I hope; but truly in a little time you intend to make the colonel as bad as yourself; and that's as bad as can be.

Never. My lord, don't you think miss improves wonderfully of late? Why, miss, if I spoil the colonel, I hope you will use him as you do me; for you know, love me, love my dog.

Col. How's that, Tom? Say that again: why, if I am a dog, shake hands, brother.

Here a great, loud, long laugh.

Smart. But pray, gentlemen, why always so severe upon poor miss? On my conscience, colonel and Tom Neverout, one of you two are both knaves.

Col. My lady Answerall, I intend to do myself the honour of dining with your ladyship to-morrow.

Lady A. Ay, colonel, do if you can.

Miss. I'm sure you'll be glad to be welcome.

Col. Miss, I thank you; and, to reward you, I'll come and drink tea with you in the morning.

Miss. Colonel, there's two words to that bargain.

Col. [*To lady Smart.*] Your ladyship has a very fine watch; well may you wear it.

Lady S. It is none of mine, colonel.

Col. Pray, whose is it then?

Lady S. Why, 'tis my lord's; for they say a married woman has nothing of her own but her wedding-ring and her hair-lace: but if women had been the law-makers, it would have been better.

Col. This watch seems to be quite new.

Lady S. No, sir, it has been twenty years in my lord's family; but Quare put a new case and dial-plate to it.

Never. Why, that's for all the world like the man,

who swore he kept the same knife forty years, only he sometimes changed the haft, and sometimes the blade.

Smart. Well, Tom, to give the devil his due, thou art a right woman's man.

Col. Odd so! I have broke the hinge of my snuff-box; I'm undone, besides the loss.

Miss. Alack-a-day, colonel! I vow I had rather have found 40*s*.

Never. Why, colonel, all that I can say to comfort you is, that you must mend it with a new one.

Miss *laughs.*

Col. What, miss! you can't laugh, but you must show your teeth.

Miss. I'm sure you show your teeth when you can't bite: well, thus it must be, if we sell ale.

Never. Miss, you smell very sweet; I hope you don't carry perfumes?

Miss. Perfumes! No, sir; I'd have you to know, it is nothing but the grain of my skin.

Col. Tom, you have a good nose to make a poor man's sow.

Spark. So, ladies and gentlemen, methinks you are very witty upon one another: come, box it about; 'twill come to my father at last.

Col. Why, my lord, you see miss has no mercy; I wish she were married; but I doubt the gray mare would prove the better horse.

Miss. Well, God forgive you for that wish.

Spark. Never fear him, miss.

Miss. What, my lord, do you think I was born in a wood, to be afraid of an owl?

Smart. What have you to say to that, colonel?

Never. O, my lord, my friend the colonel scorns to set his wit against a child.

Miss. Scornful dogs will eat dirty puddings.

Col. Well, miss, they say a woman's tongue is the last thing about her that dies; therefore, let's kiss and be friends.

Miss. Hands off! that's meat for your master.

Spark. Faith, colonel, you are for ale and cakes: but after all, miss, you are too severe; you would not meddle with your match.

Miss. All they can say goes in at one ear and out at t'other for me, I can assure you: only I wish they would be quiet, and let me drink my tea.

Never. What! I warrant you think all is lost that goes beside your own mouth.

Miss. Pray, Mr. Neverout, hold your tongue for once, if it be possible: one would think you were a woman in man's clothes, by your prating.

Never. No, miss; it is not handsome to see one hold one's tongue: besides, I should slobber my fingers.

Col. Miss, did you never hear that three women and a goose are enough to make a market?

Miss. I'm sure, if Mr. Neverout or you were among them, it would make a fair.

Footman *comes in.*

Lady S. Here, take away the tea-table, and bring up candles.

Lady A. O, madam, no candles yet, I beseech you; don't let us burn day-light.

Never. I dare swear, miss, for her part, will never burn day-light, if she can help it.

Miss. Lord! Mr. Neverout, one cannot hear one's own ears for you.

Lady S. Indeed, madam, it is blindman's holiday; we shall soon be all of a colour.

Never. Why, then, miss, we may kiss where we like best.

Miss. Fogh! these men talk of nothing but kissing. [*She spits.*

Never. What, miss, does it make your mouth water?

Lady S. It is as good to be in the dark as without light; therefore pray bring in candles: they say women and linen show best by candlelight: come, gentlemen, are you for a party at quadrille?

Col. I'll make one with you three ladies.

Lady A. I'll sit down, and be a stander by.

Lady S. [*To lady A.*] Madam, does your ladyship never play?

Col. Yes; I suppose her ladyship plays sometimes for an egg at Easter.

Never. Ay; and a kiss at Christmas.

Lady A. Come, Mr. Neverout, hold your tongue, and mind your knitting.

Never. With all my heart; kiss my wife, and welcome.

The Colonel, *Mr.* Neverout, Lady Smart, *and* Miss *go to quadrille, and sit there till three in the morning.*

They rise from cards.

Lady S. Well, miss, you'll have a sad husband, you have such good luck at cards.

Never. Indeed, miss, you dealt me sad cards; if you deal so ill by your friends, what will you do with your enemies?

Lady A. I'm sure 'tis time for honest folks to be a-bed.

Miss. Indeed my eyes draw straws.

She's almost asleep.

Never. Why, miss, if you fall asleep, somebody may get a pair of gloves.

Col. I am going to the land of Nod.

Never. Faith, I'm for Bedfordshire.

Lady S. I'm sure I shall sleep without rocking.

Never. Miss, I hope you'll dream of your sweetheart.

Miss. O, no doubt of it. I believe I shan't be able to sleep for dreaming of him.

Col. [*To Miss.*] Madam, shall I have the honour to escort you?

Miss. No, colonel, I thank you; my mamma has sent her chair and footmen. Well, my lady Smart, I'll give you revenge whenever you please.

Footman *comes in.*

Footman. Madam, the chairs are waiting.

They all take their chairs and go off.

DIRECTIONS TO SERVANTS.

"This tract, which immediately followed Swift's Will, is imperfect and unfinished. A preface and dedication were to have been added. It was not published till after the dean's death; but the MS. was handed about, and much applauded in his lifetime. The tract is written in so facetious a kind of low humour that it must please many readers; nor is it without some degree of merit, by pointing out, with an amazing exactness, (and what, in a less trivial case, must have been called judgment,) the faults, blunders, tricks, lies, and various knaveries of domestic servants. How much time must have been employed in putting together such a work! What an intenseness of thought must have been bestowed upon the lowest and most slavish scenes of life! It is one of those compositions that the utmost strength of wit can scarce sustain from sinking. A man of Swift's exalted genius ought constantly to have soared into higher regions. He ought to have looked upon persons of inferior abilities as children, whom nature had appointed him to instruct, encourage, and improve. Superior talents seem to have been intended by Providence as public benefits; and the person who possesses such blessings is certainly answerable to heaven for those endowments which he enjoys above the rest of mankind. Let him jest with dignity, and let him be ironical upon useful subjects; leaving poor slaves to heat their porridge, or drink their small beer, in such vessels as they shall find proper. The dean, it seems, had not this way of thinking; and having long indulged his passions, at last, perhaps, mistook them for his duty."—Lord Orrery's *Remarks on the Life and Writings of Swift*. And Faulkner, the Irish editor, gives the following account of "The Directions to Servants."—"The following treatise was begun

some years ago by the author, who had not leisure to finish and put it into proper order, being engaged in many other works of greater use to his country, as may be seen by most of his writings. But as the author's design was to expose the villanies and frauds of servants to their masters and mistresses, we shall make no apology for its publication; but give it our readers in the same manner as we find it in the original, which may be seen in the printer's custody. The few tautologies that occur in the characters left unfinished will make the reader look upon the whole as a rough draught, with several outlines only drawn. However, that there may appear no daubing or patch-work by other hands, it is thought most advisable to give it in the author's own words. It is imagined that he intended to make a large volume of this work, but, as time and health would not permit him, the reader may draw, from what is here exhibited, means to detect the many vices and faults to which people in that kind of low life are subject. If gentlemen would seriously consider this work, which is written for their instruction, (although ironically,) it would make them better economists, and preserve their estates and families from ruin. It may be seen by some scattered papers (wherein were given hints for a dedication and preface, and a list of all degrees of servants) that the author intended to have gone through all their characters. This is all that need be said as to this treatise, which can only be looked upon as a fragment."

RULES THAT CONCERN ALL SERVANTS IN GENERAL.

When your master or lady calls a servant by name, if that servant be not in the way, none of you are to answer, for then there will be no end of your drudgery: and masters themselves allow, that if a servant comes when he is called, it is sufficient.

When you have done a fault, be always pert and insolent, and behave yourself as if you were the injured person; this will immediately put your master or lady off their mettle.

If you see your master wronged by any of your fellow-servants, be sure to conceal it, for fear of being called a tell-tale: however, there is one exception in case of a favourite servant, who is justly hated by the whole family; who therefore are bound, in prudence, to lay all the faults they can upon the favourite.

The cook, the butler, the groom, the market-man, and every other servant who is concerned in the expenses of the family, should act as if his master's whole estate ought to be applied to that servant's particular business. For instance, if the cook computes his master's estate to be 1000*l.* a-year, he reasonably concludes that 1000*l.* a-year will afford meat enough, and therefore he need not be sparing; the butler makes the same judgment; so may the groom and the coachman; and thus every branch of expense will be filled to your master's honour.

When you are chid before company, (which, with submission to your masters and ladies is an unmannerly practice,) it often happens that some stranger will have the good nature to drop a word in your excuse; in such a case you will have a good title to justify yourself, and may rightly conclude, that whenever he chides you afterward, on other occasions, he may be in the wrong; in which opinion you will be the better confirmed, by stating the case to your fellow-servants in your own way, who will certainly decide in your favour: therefore, as I have said before, whenever you are chidden, complain as if you were injured.

It often happens, that servants sent on messages are apt to stay out somewhat longer than the message requires; perhaps two, four, six, or eight hours, or some such trifle; for the temptation to be sure was great, and flesh and blood cannot always resist. When you return, the master storms, the lady scolds; stripping, cudgelling, and turning off is the word. But here you ought be provided with a set of excuses, enough to serve on all occasions: for instance, your uncle came fourscore miles to town this morning on purpose to see you, and goes back by break of day to-morrow: a brother-servant, that borrowed money of you when he was out of place, was running away to Ireland: you were taking leave of an old fellow-servant, who was shipping for Barbadoes: your father sent a cow to you to sell, and you could not get a chapman till nine at night: you were taking leave of a dear cousin who is to be hanged next Saturday: you wrenched your foot against a stone, and were forced to stay three hours in a shop before you could stir a step: some nastiness was thrown on you out of a garret-window, and you were ashamed to come home before you were cleaned, and the smell went off: you were pressed for the sea-service, and carried before a justice of peace, who kept you three hours before he examined you, and you got off with much ado: a bailiff, by mistake, seized you for a debtor, and kept you the whole evening in a spunging-house: you were told your master had gone to a tavern, and came to some mischance, and your grief was so great, that you inquired for his honour in a hundred taverns between Pall-Mall and Temple-bar.

Take all tradesmen's parts against your master, and when you are sent to buy anything, never offer to cheapen it, but generously pay the full demand. This is highly to your master's honour, and may be some shillings in your pocket; and you are to consider if your master has paid too much, he can better afford the loss than a poor tradesman.

Never submit to stir a finger in any business, but that for which you are particularly hired. For example, if the groom be drunk or absent, and the butler be ordered to shut the stable door, the answer is ready, —An please your honour I don't understand horses: if a corner of the hanging wants a single nail to fasten it, and the footman be directed to tack it up, he may say he does not understand that sort of work, but his honour may send for the upholsterer.

Masters and ladies are usually quarrelling with the servants for not shutting the doors after them: but neither masters nor ladies consider that those doors must be open before they can be shut, and that the labour is double to open and shut the doors; therefore the best, and shortest, and easiest way is to do neither. But if you are so often teazed to shut the door, that you cannot easily forget it, then give the door such a clap as you go out, as will shake the whole room, and make everything rattle in it, to put your master and lady in mind that you observe their directions.

If you find yourself to grow into favour with your master or lady, take some opportunity in a very mild way to give them warning; and when they ask the reason, and seem loth to part with you, answer, that you would rather live with them than anybody else, but a poor servant is not to be blamed if he strives to better himself; that service is no inheritance; that your work is great, and your wages very small. Upon which, if your master has any generosity, he will add 5*s.* or 10*s.* a-quarter rather than let you go: but if you are baulked, and have no mind to go off, get some fellow-servant to tell your master that he has prevailed upon you to stay.

Whatever good bits you can pilfer in the day, save them to junket with your fellow-servants at night; and take in the butler, provided he will give you drink.

Write your own name and your sweetheart's, with the smoke of a candle, on the roof of the kitchen or the servants' hall, to show your learning.

If you are a young, sightly fellow, whenever you whisper your mistress at the table, run your nose full in her cheek; or if your breath be good, breathe full in her face; this I have known to have had very good consequences in some families.

Never come till you have been called three or four times; for none but dogs will come at the first whistle; and when the master calls "Who's there?" no servant

is bound to come; for Who's there is nobody's name.

When you have broken all your earthen drinking-vessels below stairs, (which is usually done in a week,) the copper pot will do as well; it can boil milk, heat porridge, hold small beer, or, in case of necessity, serve for a jordan; therefore apply it indifferently to all these uses; but never wash or scour it, for fear of taking off the tin.

Although you are allowed knives for the servants' hall at meals, yet you ought to spare them, and make use of your master's.

Let it be a constant rule, that no chair, stool, or table, in the servants' hall or the kitchen, shall have above three legs, which has been the ancient and constant practice in all the families I ever knew, and it is said to be founded upon two reasons; first, to show that servants are ever in a tottering condition; secondly, it was thought a point of humility, that the servants' chairs and tables should have at least one leg fewer than those of their masters. I grant there has been an exception to this rule with regard to the cook, who, by old custom, was allowed an easy chair to sleep in after dinner; and yet I have seldom seen them with above three legs. Now this epidemical lameness of servants' chairs is, by philosophers, imputed to two causes, which are observed to make the greatest revolutions in states and empires; I mean love and war. A stool, a chair, or a table is the first weapon taken up in a general romping or skirmish; and after a peace, the chairs, if they be not very strong, are apt to suffer in the conduct of an amour, the cook being usually fat and heavy, and the butler a little in drink.

I could never endure to see maid-servants so ungenteel as to walk the streets with their petticoats pinned up: it is a foolish excuse to allege their petticoats will be dirty, when they have so easy a remedy as to walk three or four times down a clean pair of stairs after they come home.

When you stop to tattle with some crony servant in the same street, leave your own street-door open, that you may get in without knocking when you come back; otherwise your mistress may know you are gone out, and you must be chidden.

I do most earnestly exhort you all to unanimity and concord: but mistake me not—you may quarrel with each other as much as you please, only always bear in mind that you have a common enemy, which is your master and lady, and you have a common cause to defend. Believe an old practitioner; whoever, out of malice to a fellow-servant, carries a tale to his master, shall be ruined by a general confederacy against him.

The general place of rendezvous for all the servants, both in winter and summer, is the kitchen; there the grand affairs of the family ought to be consulted, whether they concern the stable, the dairy, the pantry, the laundry, the cellar, the nursery, the dining-room, or my lady's chamber: there, as in your own proper element, you can laugh, and squall, and romp, in full security.

When any servant comes home drunk, and cannot appear, you must all join in telling your master that he is gone to bed very sick; upon which your lady will be so very good-natured as to order some comfortable thing for the poor man or maid.

When your master and lady go abroad together, to dinner, or on a visit for the evening, you need leave only one servant in the house, unless you have a blackguard boy to answer at the door, and attend the children, if there be any. Who is to stay at home is to be determined by short and long cuts, and the stayer at home may be comforted by a visit from a sweetheart, without danger of being caught together. These opportunities must never be missed, because they come but sometimes; and all is safe enough while there is a servant in the house.

When your master or lady comes home, and wants a servant who happens to be abroad, your answer must be, that he had but just that minute stept out, being sent for by a cousin who was dying.

If your master calls you by name, and you happen to answer at the fourth call, you need not hurry yourself; and if you be chidden for staying, you may lawfully say, you came no sooner, because you did not know what you were called for.

When you are chidden for a fault, as you go out of the room, and down stairs, mutter loud enough to be plainly heard; this will make him believe you are innocent.

Whoever comes to visit your master or lady when they are abroad, never burden your memory with the person's name, for indeed you have too many other things to remember. Besides it is a porter's business, and your master's fault he does not keep one; and who can remember names? and you will certainly mistake them, and you can neither write nor read.

If it be possible, never tell a lie to your master or lady, unless you have some hopes that they cannot find it out in less than half an hour. When a servant is turned off, all his faults must be told, although most of them were never known by his master or lady; and all mischiefs done by others charged to him. And when they ask any of you why you never acquainted them before? the answer is, "Sir, or madam, really I was afraid it would make you angry; and besides, perhaps you might think it was malice in me." Where there are little masters and misses in a house, they are usually great impediments to the diversions of the servants; the only remedy is to bribe them with *goody goodies*, that they may not tell tales to papa and mamma.

I advise you of the servants, whose master lives in the country, and who expect vails, always to stand rank and file when a stranger is taking his leave; so that he must of necessity pass between you; and he must have more confidence, or less money than usual, if any of you let him escape; and according as he behaves himself, remember to treat him the next time he comes.

If you are sent with ready money to buy anything at a shop, and happen at that time to be out of pocket, sink the money and take up the goods on your master's account. This is for the honour of your master and yourself; for he becomes a man of credit at your recommendation.

When your lady sends for you up to her chamber, to give you any orders, be sure to stand at the door, and keep it open, fiddling with the lock all the while she is talking to you, and keep the button in your hand, for fear you should forget to shut the door after you.

If your master or lady happen once in their lives to accuse you wrongfully, you are a happy servant; for you have nothing more to do, than for every fault you commit while you are in their service, to put them in mind of that false accusation, and protest yourself equally innocent in the present case.

When you have a mind to leave your master, and are too bashful to break the matter, for fear of offending him, the best way is to grow rude and saucy of a sudden, and beyond your usual behaviour, till he finds it necessary to turn you off; and when you are gone, to revenge yourself, give him and his lady such a character to all your brother servants who are out of place, that none will venture to offer their service.

Some nice ladies who are afraid of catching cold, having observed that the maids and fellows below stairs often forget to shut the door after them, as they come in or go out into the back yards, have contrived

that a pulley and a rope with a large piece of lead at the end, should be so fixed, as to make the door shut of itself, and require a strong hand to open it; which is an immense toil to servants whose business may force them to go in and out fifty times in a morning: but ingenuity can do much, for prudent servants have found out an effectual remedy against this insupportable grievance, by tying up the pulley in such a manner that the weight of the lead shall have no effect; however, as to my own part, I would rather choose to keep the door always open, by laying a heavy stone at the bottom of it.

The servants' candlesticks are generally broken, for nothing can last for ever. But you may find out many expedients; you may conveniently stick your candle in a bottle, or with a lump of butter against the wainscot, in a powder-horn, or in an old shoe or in a cleft stick, or in the barrel of a pistol, or upon its own grease on a table, in a coffeecup, or a drinking-glass, a horn-can, a teapot, a twisted napkin, a mustardpot, an ink-horn, a marrowbone, a piece of dough, or you may cut a hole in the loaf, and stick it there.

When you invite the neighbouring servants to junket with you at home in an evening, teach them a peculiar way of tapping or scraping at the kitchen-window, which you may hear, but not your master or lady; whom you must take care not to disturb or frighten at such unseasonable hours.

Lay all faults upon a lap-dog, or favourite cat, a monkey, a parrot, a child; or on the servant who was last turned off: by this rule you will excuse yourself, do no hurt to anybody else, and save your master or lady from the trouble and vexation of chiding.

When you want proper instruments for any work you are about, use all expedients you can invent rather than leave your work undone. For instance, if the poker be out of the way, or broken, stir the fire with the tongs; if the tongs be not at hand, use the muzzle of the bellows, the wrong end of the fire-shovel, the handle of the fire-brush, the end of a mop, or your master's cane. If you want paper to singe a fowl, tear the first book you see about the house. Wipe your shoes, for want of a clout, with the bottom of a curtain, or a damask napkin. Strip your livery lace for garters. If the butler wants a jordan, he may use the great silver cup.

There are several ways of putting out candles, and you ought to be instructed in them all: you may run candle end against the wainscot, which puts the snuff out immediately; you may lay it on the ground, and tread the snuff out with your foot; you may hold it upside down, until it is choked with its own grease, or cram it into the socket of the candlestick; you may whirl it round in your hand till it goes out; when you go to bed, after you have made water, you may dip the candle end into the chamber-pot; you may spit on your finger and thumb, and pinch the snuff till it goes out. The cook may run the candle's nose into the meal tub, or the groom into a vessel of oats, or a lock of hay, or a heap of litter; the housemaid may put out her candle by running it against the looking-glass, which nothing cleans so well as candle-snuff; but the quickest and best of all methods is to blow it out with your breath, which leaves the candle clear, and readier to be lighted.

There is nothing so pernicious in a family as a tell-tale, against whom it must be the principal business of you all to unite; whatever office he serves in, take all opportunities to spoil the business he is about, and to cross him in everything. For instance, if the butler be a tell-tale, break his glasses whenever he leaves the pantry door open; or lock the cat or the mastiff in it, who will do as well: mislay a fork or a spoon so as he may never find it. If it be the cook, whenever she turns her back, throw a lump of soot, or a handful of salt in the pot, or smoking coals into the dripping-pan, or daub the roast meat with the back of the chimney, or hide the key of the jack. If a footman be suspected, let the cook daub the back of his new livery; or when he is going up with a dish of soup, let her follow him softly with a ladleful, and dribble it all the way up stairs to the dining-room, and then let the housemaid make such a noise that her lady may hear it. The waitingmaid is very likely to be guilty of this fault, in hopes to ingratiate herself: in this case the laundress must be sure to tear her smocks in the washing, and yet wash them but half; and when she complains, tell all the house that she sweats so much, and her flesh is so nasty, that she fouls a smock more in one hour, than the kitchenmaid does in a week.

CHAPTER I.

Directions to the Butler.

In my directions to servants, I find from my long observation, that you butlers are the principal persons concerned.

Your business being of the greatest variety, and requiring the greatest exactness, I shall, as well as I can recollect, run through the several branches of your office, and order my instructions accordingly.

In waiting at the sideboard, take all possible care to save your own trouble, and your master's drinking-glasses; therefore, first, since those who dine at the same table are supposed to be friends, let them all drink out of the same glass without washing, which will save you much pains, as well as the hazard of breaking them. Give no person any liquor until he has called for it thrice at least; by which means, some out of modesty, and others out of forgetfulness, will call the seldomer, and thus your master's liquor be saved.

If any one desires a glass of bottled ale, first shake the bottle, to see if anything be in it; then taste it, to see what liquor it is, that you may not be mistaken; and lastly, wipe the mouth of the bottle with the palm of your hand to show your cleanliness.

Be more careful to have the cork in the belly of the bottle than in the mouth; and if the cork be musty, or white friars in your liquor, your master will save the more.

If a humble companion, a chaplain, a tutor, or a dependent cousin, happen to be at table, whom you find to be little regarded by the master and the company, (which nobody is readier to discover and observe than we servants,) it must be the business of you and the footman to follow the example of your betters, by treating him many degrees worse than any of the rest; and you cannot please your master better, or at least your lady.

If any one calls for small beer toward the end of dinner, do not give yourself the pains of going down to the cellar, but gather the droppings and leavings out of the several cups and glasses, and salvers, into one; but turn your back to the company, for fear of being observed. On the contrary, when any one calls for ale toward the end of dinner, fill the largest tankard cup topful, by which you will have the greatest part left to oblige your fellow-servants, without the sin of stealing from your master.

There is likewise a perquisite full as honest, by which you have a chance of getting every day the best part of a bottle of wine for yourself; for you are to suppose that gentlefolks will not care for the remainder of a bottle; therefore always set a fresh one before them after dinner, although there has not been above a glass drunk out of the other.

Take special care that your bottles be not musty before you fill them; in order to which, blow strongly

into the mouth of every bottle, and then if you smell nothing but your own breath, immediately fill it.

If you are sent down in haste to draw any drink, and find it will not run, do not be at the trouble of opening a vent, but blow strongly into the faucet, and you will find it immediately pour into your mouth: or take out the vent, but do not stay to put it in again, for fear your master should want you.

If you are curious to taste some of your master's choice bottles, empty as many of them just below the neck as will make the quantity you want; but then take care to fill them up again with clean water, that you may not lessen your master's liquor.

There is an excellent invention found out of late years in the management of ale and small beer at the sideboard: for instance, a gentleman calls for a glass of ale and drinks but half; another calls for small beer; you immediately turn out the remainder of the ale into the tankard, and fill the glass with small beer; and so backward and forward as long as dinner lasts, by which you answer three ends; first, you save yourself the trouble of washing, and consequently the danger of breaking your glasses; secondly, you are sure not to be mistaken in giving gentlemen the liquor they call for; and lastly, by this method, you are certain that nothing is lost.

Because butlers are apt to forget to bring up their ale and beer time enough, be sure you remember to have up yours two hours before dinner; and place them in the sunny part of the room, to let people see that you have not been negligent.

Some butlers have a way of decanting (as they call it) bottled ale, by which they lose a good part of the bottom; let your method be to turn the bottle directly upside down, which will make the liquor appear double the quantity; by this means, you will be sure not to lose one drop, and the froth will conceal the muddiness.

Clean your plate, wipe your knives, and rub the dirty tables with the napkins and table-cloths used that day; for it is but one washing, and besides, it will save you wearing out the coarse rubbers; and in reward of such good husbandry, my judgment is, that you may lawfully make use of the finest damask napkins for night-caps for yourself.

When you clean your plate, leave the whiting plainly to be seen in all the chinks, for fear your lady should not believe you had cleaned it.

There is nothing wherein the skill of a butler more appears than in the management of candles, whereof, although some part may fall to the share of the other servants, yet your being the principal person concerned, I shall direct my instructions upon this article to you only, leaving to your fellow-servants to apply them upon occasion.

First, to avoid burning daylight, and to save your master's candles, never bring them up till half an hour after it be dark, although they are called for ever so often.

Let your sockets be full of grease to the brim, with the old snuff at the top, and then stick on your fresh candles. It is true, this may endanger their falling, but the candles will appear so much the longer and handsomer before company. At other times, for variety, put your candles loose in the sockets, to show they are clean to the bottom.

When your candle is too big for the socket, melt it to the right size in the fire; and to hide the smoke, wrap it in paper half way up.

You cannot but observe, of late years, the great extravagance among the gentry upon the article of candles, which a good butler ought by all means to discourage, both to save his own pains and his master's money; this may be contrived several ways, especially when you are ordered to put candles into the sconces.

Sconces are great wasters of candles; and you, who are always to consider the advantage of your master, should do your utmost to discourage them: therefore your business must be to press the candle with both your hands into the socket, so as to make it lean, in such a manner, that the grease may drop all upon the floor, if some lady's head-dress, or gentleman's periwig, be not ready to intercept it: you may likewise stick the candle so loose, that it will fall upon the glass of the sconce, and break it into shatters; this will save your master many a fair penny in the year, both in candles and to the glass-man, and yourself much labour; for the sconces spoiled cannot be used.

Never let the candles burn too low, but give them as a lawful perquisite, to your friend the cook, to increase her kitchen stuff; or, if this be not allowed in your house, give them in charity to the poor neighbours, who often run on your errands.

When you cut bread for a toast, do not stand idly watching it, but lay it on the coals, and mind your other business: then come back, and if you find it toasted quite through, scrape off the burnt side, and serve it up.

When you dress up your sideboard, set the best glasses as near the edge of the table as you can; by which means they will cast a double lustre, and make a much finer figure; and the consequence can be at most but the breaking half a dozen, which is a trifle in your master's pocket.

Wash the glasses with your own water, to save your master's salt.

When any salt is spilt on the table, do not let it be lost, but when dinner is done, fold up the table-cloth with the salt in it, then shake the salt out into the salt-cellar to serve next day: but the shortest and surest way is, when you remove the cloth, to wrap the knives, forks, spoons, salt-cellars, broken bread, and scraps of meat altogether in the table-cloth; by which you will be sure to lose nothing, unless you think it better to shake them out of the window among the beggars, that they may with more convenience eat the scraps.

Leave the dregs of wine, ale, and other liquors, in the bottles: to rinse them is but loss of time, since all will be done at once in a general washing; and you will have a better excuse for breaking them.

If your master has many musty, or very foul and crusted bottles, I advise you, in point of conscience, that those may be the first you truck at the next alehouse for ale or brandy.

When a message is sent to your master, be kind to your brother-servant who brings it; give him the best liquor in your keeping, for your master's honour; and at the first opportunity, he will do the same to you.

After supper, if it be dark, carry your plate and china together in the same basket to save candle-light, for you know your pantry well enough to put them up in the dark.

When company is expected at dinner, or in the evenings, be sure to be abroad, that nothing may be got which is under your key; by which your master will save his liquor, and not wear out his plate.

I come now to a most important part of your economy, the bottling of a hogshead of wine, wherein I recommend three virtues, cleanliness, frugality, and brotherly love. Let your corks be of the longest kind you can get; which will save some wine in the neck of every bottle: as to your bottles, choose the smallest you can find, which will increase the number of dozens, and please your master; for a bottle of wine is always a bottle of wine, whether it hold more or less; and if your master has his proper number of dozens, he cannot complain.

Every bottle must be first rinsed with wine, for fear of any moisture left in the washing: some, out of of a mistaken thrift, will rinse a dozen bottles with

the same wine; but I would advise you, for more caution, to change the wine at every second bottle; a gill may be enough. Have bottles ready by to save it; and it will be a good perquisite, either to sell or drink with the cook.

Never draw your hogshead too low; nor tilt it, for fear of disturbing your liquor. When it begins to run slow, and before the wine grows cloudy, shake the hogshead, and carry a glass of it to your master; who will praise you for your discretion, and give you all the rest as a perquisite to your place: you may tilt the hogshead the next day, and in a fortnight get a dozen or two of good clear wine to dispose of as you please.

In bottling wine, fill your mouth full of corks, together with a large plug of tobacco, which will give to the wine the true taste of the weed, so delightful to all good judges in drinking.

When you are ordered to decant a suspicious bottle, if a pint be out, give your hand a dexterous shake, and show it in a glass, that it begins to be muddy.

When a hogshead of wine or any other liquor is to be bottled off, wash your bottles immediately before you begin; but be sure not to drain them, by which good management your master will save some gallons in every hogshead of wine.

This is the time that, in honour to you. master, you ought to show your kindness to your fellow-servants, and especially to the cook; for what signify a few flagons out of a whole hogshead? But make them be drunk in your presence, for fear they should be given to other folks, and so your master be wronged: but advise them, if they get drunk, to go to bed and leave word they are sick; which last caution I would have all the servants observe, both male and female.

If your master finds the hogshead to fall short of his expectation, what is plainer than that the vessel leaked; that the wine-cooper had not filled it in proper time; that a merchant cheated him with a hogshead below the common measure?

When you are to get water on for tea after dinner, (which in many families is part of your office,) to save firing, and to make more haste, pour it into the teakettle from the pot where cabbage or fish have been boiling, which will make it much wholesomer, by curing the acid and corroding quality of the tea.

Be saving of your candles, and let those in the sconces of the hall, the stairs, and in the lantern, burn down into the sockets, until they go out of themselves; for which your master and lady will commend your thriftiness, as soon as they shall smell the snuff.

If a gentleman leaves a snuff-box or pick-tooth-case on the table after dinner, and goes away, look upon it as part of your vails, for so it is allowed by all servants, and you do no wrong to your master or lady.

If you serve a country squire, when gentlemen and ladies come to dine at your house, never fail to make their servants drunk, and especially the coachman, for the honour of your master: to which, in all your actions, you must have a special regard, as being the best judge; for the honour of every family is deposited in the hands of the cook, the butler, and the groom, as I shall hereafter demonstrate.

Snuff the candles at supper as they stand on the table, which is much the securest way; because, if the burning snuff happens to get out of the snuffers, you have a chance that it may fall into a dish of soup, sack-posset, rice-milk, or the like, where it will be immediately extinguished with very little stink.

When you have snuffed the candle, always leave the snuffers open, for the snuff will of itself burn away to ashes, and cannot fall out and dirty the table when you snuff the candles again.

That the salt may lie smooth in the salt-cellar, press it down with your moist palm.

When a gentleman is going away after dining with your master, be sure to stand full in view, and follow him to the door, and, as you have opportunity, look full in his face, perhaps it may bring you a shilling; but if the gentleman has lain there a night, get the cook, the house-maid, the stable-man, the scullion and gardener, to accompany you, and to stand in his way to the hall in a line on each side of him: if the gentleman performs handsomely, it will do him honour and cost your master nothing.

You need not wipe your knife to cut bread for the table, because in cutting a slice or two it will wipe itself.

Put your finger into every bottle to feel whether it be full, which is the surest way, for feeling has no fellow.

When you go down to the cellar to draw ale or small beer, take care to observe directly the following method: hold the vessel between the finger and thumb of your right hand, with the palm upwards; then hold the candle between your fingers, but a little leaning toward the mouth of the vessel; then take out the spigot with your left hand, and clap the point of it in your mouth, and keep your left hand to watch accidents; when the vessel is full, withdraw the spigot from your mouth, well wetted with spittle, which, being of a slimy consistence, will make it stick faster in the faucet: if any tallow drops into the vessel, you may easily (if you think of it) remove it with a spoon.

Always lock up a cat in the closet where you keep your china plates, for fear the mice may steal in and break them.

A good butler always breaks off the point of his bottle-screw in two days, by trying which is hardest, the point of the screw, or the neck of the bottle: in this case to supply the want of a screw, after the stump has torn the cork in pieces, make use of a silver fork, and when the scraps of the cork are almost drawn out, flirt the mouth of the bottle into the cistern three or four times, until you quite clear it.

If a gentleman dines often with your master, and gives you nothing when he goes away, you may use several methods to show him some marks of your displeasure, and quicken his memory: if he calls for bread or drink, you may pretend not to hear, or send it to another who called after him; if he asks for wine, let him stay awhile, and then send him small beer; give him always foul glasses; send him a spoon when he wants a knife; wink at the footman to leave him without a plate: by these and the like expedients, you may probably be a better man by half-a-crown before he leaves the house, provided you watch an opportunity of standing by when he is going.

If your lady loves play, your fortune is fixed for ever: moderate gaming will be a perquisite of ten shillings a-week; and in such a family I would rather choose to be butler than chaplain, or even rather than be steward; it is all ready money, and got without labour, unless your lady happens to be one of those who either obliges you to find wax candles, or forces you to divide it with some favourite servants; but, at worst, the old cards are your own; and if the gamesters play deep or grow peevish, they will change the cards so often, that the old ones will be a considerable advantage by selling them to coffee-houses, or families who love play, but cannot afford better than cards at second-hand; when you attend at the service, be sure to leave new packs within the reach of the gamesters; which those who have ill-luck will readily take to change their fortune; and now and then an old pack mingled with the rest will easily pass. Be sure to be very officious on play nights, and ready with your

candles to light out your company, and have salvers of wine at hand to give them when they call; but manage so with the cook that there be no supper, because it will be so much saved in your master's family; and because a supper will considerably lessen your gains.

Next to cards there is nothing so profitable to you as bottles; in which perquisite you have no competitors except the footmen, who are apt to steal and vend them for pots of beer; but you are bound to prevent any such abuses in your master's family: the footmen are not to answer for what are broken at a general bottling; and those may be as many as your discretion will make them.

The profit of glasses is so very inconsiderable that it is hardly worth mentioning; it consists only in a small present made by the glass-man, and about four shillings in the pound added to the prices, for your trouble and skill in choosing them. If your master has a large stock of glasses, and you or your fellow-servants happen to break any of them without your master's knowledge, keep it a secret till there are not enough left to serve the table, then tell your master that the glasses are gone; this will be but one vexation to him, which is much better than fretting once or twice a-week; and it is the office of a good servant to discompose his master and his lady as seldom as he can; and here the cat and dog will be of great use to take the blame from you. Note, that bottles missing are supposed to be half stolen by stragglers and other servants; and the other half broken by accident and a general washing.

Whet the backs of your knives until they are as sharp as the edge; which will have this advantage, that when gentlemen find them blunt on one side they may try the other; and to show you spare no pains in sharpening the knives, whet them so long, till you wear out a good part of the iron, and even the bottom of the silver handle. This does credit to your master, for it shows good house-keeping, and the goldsmith may one day make you a present.

Your lady, when she finds the small beer or ale dead, will blame you for not remembering to put the peg into the vent-hole. This is a great mistake, nothing being plainer than that the peg keeps the air in the vessel, which spoils the drink, and therefore ought to be let out; but if she insists upon it, to prevent the trouble of pulling out the vent, and putting it in a dozen times a-day, which is not to be borne by a good servant, leave the spigot half out at night, and you will find, with only the loss of two or three quarts of liquor, the vessel will run freely.

When you prepare your candles, wrap them up in a piece of brown paper, and so stick them into the socket: let the paper come half way up the candle, which looks handsome if anybody should come in.

Do all in the dark to save your master's candles.

CHAPTER II.

Directions to the Cook.

ALTHOUGH I am not ignorant that it has been a long time since the custom began among the people of quality to keep men cooks, and generally of the French nation, yet because my treatise is chiefly calculated for the general run of knights, squires, and gentlemen, both in town and country, I shall therefore apply to you, Mrs. Cook, as a woman: however, a great part of what I intend may serve for either sex; and your part naturally follows the former, because the butler and you are joined in interest; your vails are generally equal, and paid when others are disappointed; you can junket together at nights upon your own prog, when the rest of the house are a-bed; and have it in your power to make every fellow-servant your friend; you can give a good bit or a good sup to the little masters and misses, and gain their affections: a quarrel between you is very dangerous to you both, and will probably end in one of you being turned off; in which fatal case, perhaps it will not be so easy in some time to cotton with another. And now, Mrs. Cook, I proceed to give you my instructions; which I desire you will get some fellow-servant in the family to read to you constantly one night in every week when you are going to bed, whether you serve in town or country; for my lessons shall be fitted for both.

If your lady forgets at supper that there is any cold meat in the house, do not you be so officious as to put her in mind; it is plain she did not want it; and if she recollects it the next day, say she gave you no orders, and it is spent; therefore, for fear of telling a lie, dispose of it with the butler, or any other crony, before you go to bed.

Never send up a leg of a fowl at supper while there is a cat or a dog in the house that can be accused for running away with it: but if there happen to be neither, you must lay it upon the rats, or a strange greyhound.

It is ill housewifery to foul your kitchen rubbers with wiping the bottoms of the dishes you send up, since the table-cloth will do as well, and is changed every meal.

Never clean your spits after they have been used; for the grease left upon them by meat is the best thing to preserve them from rust; and when you make use of them again, the same grease will keep the inside of the meat moist.

If you live in a rich family, roasting and boiling are below the dignity of your office, and which it becomes you to be ignorant of; therefore leave that work wholly to the kitchen-wench, for fear of disgracing the family you live in.

If you are employed in marketing, buy your meat as cheap as you can; but when you bring in your accounts, be tender of your master's honour, and set down the highest rate; which, besides, is but justice; for nobody can afford to sell at the same rate that he buys, and I am confident that you may charge safely; swear that you gave no more than what the butcher and poulterer asked. If your lady orders you to set up a piece of meat for supper, you are not to understand that you must set it up all, therefore you may give half to yourself and the butler.

Good cooks cannot abide what they justly call fiddling work, where abundance of time is spent, and little done: such, for instance, is the dressing small birds, requiring a world of cookery and clutter, and a second or third spit, which, by the way, is absolutely needless; for it will be a very ridiculous thing, indeed, if a spit, which is strong enough to turn a sirloin of beef, should not be able to turn a lark; however, if your lady be nice, and is afraid that a large spit will tear them, place them handsomely in the dripping-pan, where the fat of roasted mutton or beef falling on the birds will serve to baste them, and so save both time and butter: for what cook of any spirit would lose her time in picking larks, wheatears, and other small birds? Therefore, if you cannot get the maids or the young misses to assist you, e'en make short work, and either singe or flay them; there is no great loss in the skins, and the flesh is just the same.

If you are employed in marketing, do not accept a treat of a beef-steak and a pot of ale from the butcher, which I think in conscience is no better than wronging your master; but do you always take that perquisite in money, if you do not go in trust; or in poundage, when you pay the bills.

The kitchen bellows being usually out of order with

stirring the fire with the muzzle, to save the tongs and poker, borrow the bellows out of your lady's bed-chamber, which, being least used, are commonly the best in the house: and if you happen to damage or grease them, you have a chance to have them left entirely for your own use.

Let a blackguard boy be always about the house to send on your errands, and go to market for you on rainy days, which will save your clothes, and make you appear more creditable to your mistress.

If your mistress allows you the kitchen-stuff, in return of her generosity take care to boil and roast your meat sufficiently. If she keeps it for her own profit, do her justice; and rather than let a good fire be wanting, enliven it now and then with the dripping and the butter that happens to turn to oil.

Send up your meat well stuck with skewers, to make it look round and plump; and an iron skewer rightly employed now and then will make it look handsomer.

When you roast a long joint of meat, be careful only about the middle, and leave the two extreme parts raw, which will serve another time, and will also save firing.

When you scour your plates and dishes, bend the brim inward, so as to make them hold the more.

Always keep a large fire in the kitchen when there is a small dinner, or the family dines abroad, that the neighbours, seeing the smoke, may commend your master's housekeeping: but when much company is invited, then be as sparing as possible of your coals, because a great deal of the meat being half raw will be saved, and serve next day.

Boil your meat constantly in pump water, because you must sometimes want river or pipe water; and then your mistress, observing your meat of a different colour, will chide you when you are not in fault.

When you have plenty of fowl in the larder, leave the door open, in pity to the poor cat, if she be a good mouser.

If you find it necessary to go to market in a wet day, take out your mistress's riding-hood and cloak, to save your clothes.

Get three or four charwomen to attend you constantly in the kitchen, whom you pay at small charges, only with the broken meat, a few coals, and all the cinders.

To keep troublesome servants out of the kitchen, always leave the winder sticking on the jack, to fall on their heads.

If a lump of soot falls into the soup, and you cannot conveniently get it out, stir it well, and it will give the soup a high French taste.

If you melt your butter to oil, be under no concern, but send it up, for oil is a genteeler sauce than butter.

Scrape the bottoms of your pots and kettles with a silver spoon, for fear of giving them a taste of copper.

When you send up butter for sauce, be so thrifty as to let it be half water; which is also much wholesomer.

If your butter, when it is melted, tastes of brass, it is your master's fault, who will not allow you a silver saucepan: besides, the less of it will go further, and new tinning is very chargeable; if you have a silver saucepan, and the butter smells of smoke, lay the fault upon the coals.

Never make use of a spoon in anything that you can do with your hands, for fear of wearing out your master's plate.

When you find that you cannot get dinner ready at the time appointed, put the clock back, and then it may be ready to a minute.

Let a red-hot coal now and then fall into the dripping-pan, that the smoke of the dripping may ascend, and give the roast meat a high taste.

You are to look upon the kitchen as your dressing-room; but you are not to wash your hands till you have gone to the necessary-house, and spitted your meat, trussed your fowl, picked your sallad, not indeed till after you have sent up your second course; for your hands will be ten times fouler with the many things you are forced to handle; but when your work is over, one washing will serve for all.

There is but one part of your dressing that I would admit while the victuals are boiling, roasting, or stewing; I mean the combing your head, which loses no time, because you can stand over your cookery, and watch it with one hand, while you are using your comb with the other.

If any of the combings happen to be sent up with the victuals, you may safely lay the fault upon any of the footmen that has vexed you; as those gentlemen are sometimes apt to be malicious, if you refuse them a sop in the pan, or a slice from the spit, much more when you discharge a ladleful of hot porridge on their legs, or send them up to their masters with a dish-clout pinned at their tails.

In roasting and boiling, order the kitchen-maid to bring none but large coals, and save the small ones for the fires above stairs; the first are properest for dressing meat, and when they are out, if you happen to miscarry in any dish, you may fairly lay the fault upon want of coals; besides, the cinder-pickers will be sure to speak ill of your master's housekeeping, where they do not find plenty of large cinders mixed with fresh large coals; thus you may dress your meat with credit, do an act of charity, raise the honour of your master, and sometimes get share of a pot of ale for your bounty to the cinder-woman.

As soon as you have sent up the second course, you have nothing to do (in a great family) until supper; therefore scour your hands and face, put on your hood and scarf, and take your pleasure among your cronies till nine or ten at night.—But dine first.

Let there be always a strict friendship between you and the butler, for it is both your interests to be united; the butler often wants a comfortable tit-bit, and you much oftener a cool cup of good liquor. However, be cautious of him, for he is sometimes an inconstant lover, because he has great advantage to allure the maids with a glass of sack, or white wine and sugar.

When you roast a breast of veal, remember your sweetheart the butler loves a sweet-bread; therefore set it aside till evening; you can say, the cat or the dog has run away with it, or you found it tainted, or fly-blown; and besides, it looks as well at the table without it as with it.

When you make the company wait long for dinner, and the meat be overdone, which is generally the case, you may lawfully lay the fault upon your lady, who hurried you so to send up dinner, that you was forced to send it up too much boiled and roasted.

If your dinner miscarries in almost every dish, how could you help it? You were teazed by the footmen coming into the kitchen; and, to prove it true, take occasion to be angry, and throw a ladleful of broth on one or two of their liveries: besides, Friday and Childermas-day are two cross days in the week, and it is impossible to have good luck on either of them; therefore on those two days you have a lawful excuse.

When you are in haste to take down your dishes, tip them in such a manner that a dozen will fall together upon the dresser, just ready for your hand.

To save time and trouble, cut your apples and onions with the same knife; and well-bred gentry love the taste of an onion in everything they eat.

Lump three or four pounds of butter together with

your hand, then dash it against the wall just over the dresser, so as to have it ready to pull by pieces as you have occasion for it.

If you have a silver saucepan for the kitchen use, let me advise you to batter it all, and keep it always black; this will be for your master's honour, for it shows there has been constant good housekeeping; and make room for the saucepan by wriggling it on the coals, &c.

In the same manner, if you are allowed a large silver spoon for the kitchen, let half the bowl of it be worn out with continual scraping and stirring, and often say merrily, This spoon owes my master no service.

When you send up a mess of broth, water-gruel, or the like, to your master in a morning, do not forget with your thumb and fingers to put salt on the side of the plate; for if you make use of a spoon or the end of a knife, there may be danger that the salt would fall, and that would be a sign of ill luck; only remember to lick your thumb and fingers clean before you offer to touch the salt.

CHAPTER III.

Directions to the Footman.

YOUR employment being of a mixed nature, extends to a great variety of business, and you stand in a fair way of being the favourite of your master or mistress, or of the young masters and misses: you are the fine gentleman of the family, with whom all the maids are in love. You are sometimes a pattern of dress to your master, and sometimes he is so to you. You wait at table in all companies, and consequently have the opportunity to see and know the world, and to understand men and manners. I confess your vails are but few, unless you are sent with a present, or attend the tea in the country; but you are called Mr. in the neighbourhood, and sometimes pick up a fortune; perhaps your master's daughter; and I have known many of your tribe to have good commands in the army. In Town you have a seat reserved for you in the playhouse, where you have an opportunity of becoming wits and critic: you have no professed enemy except the rabble, and my lady's waiting-woman, who are sometimes apt to call you skip-kennel. I have a true veneration for your office, because I had once the honour to be one of your order, which I foolishly left by demeaning myself with accepting an employment in the custom-house. But that you, my brethren, may come to better fortunes, I shall here deliver my instructions, which have been the fruits of much thought and observation, as well as of seven years' experience.

In order to learn the secrets of other families, tell them those of your master's; thus you will grow a favourite both at home and abroad, and be regarded as a person of importance.

Never be seen in the streets with a basket or bundle in your hands, and carry nothing but what you can hide in your pocket, otherwise you will disgrace your calling; to prevent which, always retain a blackguard boy to carry your load; and if you want farthings, pay him with a good slice of bread, or scrap of meat.

Let a shoe-boy clean your own shoes first, for fear of fouling the chamber, then let him clean your master's; keep him on purpose for that use, and to run of errands, and pay him with scraps. When you are sent on an errand, be sure to edge in some business of your own, either to see your sweetheart, or drink a pot of ale with some brother-servants, which is so much time clear gained.

There is a great controversy about the most convenient and genteel way of holding your plate at meals; some stick it between the frame and the back of the chair, which is an excellent expedient, where the make of the chair will allow it; others, for fear the plate should fall, grasp it so firmly that their thumb reaches to the middle of the hollow; which, however, if your thumb be dry, is no secure method; and therefore, in that case, I advise you wetting the ball of it with your tongue: as to that absurd practice of letting the back of the plate lie leaning on the hollow of your hand, which some ladies recommend, it is universally exploded, being liable to so many accidents. Others again are so refined that they hold their plate directly under the left arm-pit, which is the best situation for keeping it warm; but this may be dangerous in the article of taking away a dish, where your plate may happen to fall upon some of the company's heads. I confess myself to have objected against all these ways, which I have frequently tried; and therefore, I recommend a fourth, which is to stick your plate up to the rim inclusive, in the left side, between your waistcoat and your shirt: this will keep it at least as warm as under your arm-pit or ockster, as the Scots call it; this will hide it so as strangers may take you for a better servant, too good to hold a plate; this will secure it from falling, and thus disposed, it lies ready for you to whip out in a moment, ready warmed, to any guest within your reach who may want it. And lastly, there is another convenience in this method, that if at any time during your waiting you find yourself going to cough or sneeze, you can immediately snatch out the plate, and hold the hollow part close to your nose or mouth, and thus prevent spirting any moisture from either, upon the dishes or the ladies' dress; you see gentlemen and ladies observe a like practice on such an occasion, with a hat or handkerchief; yet a plate is less fouled, and sooner cleaned, than either of these; for, when your cough or sneeze is over, it is but returning your plate to the same position, and your shirt shall clean it in the passage.

Take off the largest dishes, and set them on with one hand, to show the ladies your vigour and strength of back; but always do it between two ladies, that if the dish happens to slip, the soup or sauce may fall on their clothes, and not daub the floor; by this practice, two of our brethren, my worthy friends, got considerable fortunes.

Learn all the new-fashion words, and oaths, and songs, and scraps of plays, that your memory can hold. Thus you will become the delight of nine ladies in ten, and the envy of ninety-nine beauxs in a hundred.

Take care that, at certain periods, during dinner especially, when persons of quality are there, you and your brethren be all out of the room together; by which you will give yourself some ease from the fatigue of waiting, and at the same time leave the company to converse more freely, without being constrained by your presence.

When you are sent on a message, deliver it in your own words, although it be to a duke or a duchess, and not in the words of your master or lady; for how can they understand what belongs to a message as well as you, who have been bred to the employment? But never deliver the answer till it is called for, and then adorn it in your own style.

When dinner is done, carry down a great heap of plates to the kitchen, and when you come to the head of the stairs, trundle them all before you: there is not a more agreeable sight or sound, especially if they be silver, besides the trouble they save you, and there they will lie ready near the kitchen-door for the scullion to wash them.

If you are bringing up a joint of meat in a dish, and it falls out of your hand before you get into the dining-room, with the meat on the ground, and the sauce spilled, take up the meat gently, wipe it with the flap of your coat, then put it again into the dish, and serve

it up; and when your lady misses the sauce, tell her it is to be sent up in a plate by itself.

When you carry up a dish of meat, dip your fingers in the sauce, or lick it with your tongue, to try whether it be good and fit for your master's table.

You are the best judge of what acquaintance your lady ought to have, and therefore if she sends you on a message of compliment or business to a family you do not like, deliver the answer in such a manner as may breed a quarrel between them not to be reconciled; or if a footman comes from the same family on the like errand, turn the answer she orders you to deliver, in such a manner, as the other family may take it for an affront.

When you are in lodgings, and no shoe-boy to be got, clean your master's shoes with the bottom of the curtains, a clean napkin, or your landlady's apron.

Ever wear your hat in the house, but when your master calls; and as soon as you come into his presence, pull it off to show your manners.

Never clean your shoes on the scraper, but in the entry, or at the foot of the stairs, by which you will have the credit of being at home almost a minute sooner, and the scraper will last longer.

Never ask leave to go abroad, for then it will be always known that you are absent, and you will be thought an idle, rambling fellow; whereas if you go out and nobody observes you, you have a chance of coming home without being missed; and you need not tell your fellow-servants where you are gone, for they will be sure to say you were in the house but two minutes ago, which is the duty of all servants.

Snuff the candles with your fingers, and throw the snuff on the floor, and then tread it out, to prevent stinking: this method will very much save the snuffers from wearing out. You ought also to snuff them close to the tallow, which will make them run, and so increase the perquisite of the cook's kitchen-stuff; for she is the person you ought in prudence to be well with.

While grace is saying after meat, do you and your brethren take the chairs from behind the company, so that when they go to sit again, they may fall backward, which will make them all merry; but be you so discreet as to hold your laughter till you get to the kitchen, and then divert your fellow-servants.

When you know your master is most busy in company, come in and pretend to settle about the room, and if he chides, say, you thought he rung the bell. This will divert him from plodding on business too much, or spending himself in talk, or racking his thoughts, all which are hurtful to his constitution.

If you are ordered to break the claw of a crab or a lobster, clap it between the sides of the dining-room door between the hinges: thus you can do it gradually, without mashing the meat, which is often the fate of the street-door key, or the pestle.

When you take a foul plate from any of the guests, and observe the foul knife and fork lying on the plate, show your dexterity; take up the plate, and throw off the knife and fork on the table, without shaking off the bones or broken meat that are left; then the guest, who has more time than you, will wipe the fork and knife already used.

When you carry a glass of liquor to any person who has called for it, do not bob him on the shoulder, or cry, sir, or madam, here's the glass; that would be unmannerly, as if you had a mind to force it down one's throat, but stand at the person's left shoulder, and wait his time; and if he strikes it down with his elbow by forgetfulness, that was his fault, and not yours.

When your mistress sends you for a hackney-coach in a wet day, come back in the coach, to save your clothes and the trouble of walking: it is better the bottom of her petticoats should be daggled with your dirty shoes, than your livery be spoiled, and yourself get a cold.

There is no indignity so great to one of your station, as that of lighting your master in the streets with a lantern; and therefore it is very honest policy to try all arts how to evade it; besides, it shows your master to be either poor or covetous, which are the two worst qualities you can meet with in any service. When I was under these circumstances, I made use of several wise expedients, which I here recommend to you: sometimes I took a candle so long, that it reached to the very top of the lantern, and burned it; but my master, after a good beating, ordered me to paste it over with paper. I then used a middling candle, but stuck it so loose in the socket, that it leaned toward one side, and burned a whole quarter of the horn. Then I used a bit of candle of half an inch, which sunk in the socket, and melted the solder, and forced my master to walk half the way in the dark. Then he made me stick two inches of candle in the place where the socket was, after which I pretended to stumble, put out the candle, and broke all the tin part to pieces: at last, he was forced to make use of a lantern-boy, out of perfect good husbandry.

It is much to be lamented that the gentlemen of our employment have but two hands to carry plates, dishes, bottles, and the like, out of the room at meals; and the misfortune is still the greater, because one of those hands is required to open the door, while you are encumbered with your load; therefore I advise, that the door may be always left a-jar, so as to open it with your foot, and then you may carry out plates and dishes from your belly up to your chin, besides a good quantity of things under your arms, which will save you many a weary step; but take care that none of the burden falls till you are out of the room, and, if possible, out of hearing.

If you are sent to the post-office with a letter in a cold rainy night, step to the ale-house and take a pot, until it is supposed you have done your errand; but take the next fair opportunity to put the letter in carefully, as becomes an honest servant.

If you are ordered to make coffee for the ladies after dinner and the pot happens to boil over while you are running up for a spoon to stir it, or thinking of something else, or struggling with the chamber-maid for a kiss, wipe the sides of the pot clean with a dish-clout, carry up your coffee boldly, and when your lady finds it too weak, and examines you whether it has not run over, deny the fact absolutely; swear you put in more coffee than ordinary, that you never stirred an inch from it, that you strove to make it better than usual, because your mistress had ladies with her, that the servants in the kitchen will justify what you say; upon this, you will find that the other ladies will pronounce your coffee to be very good, and your mistress will confess that her mouth is out of taste, and she will for the future suspect herself, and be more cautious in finding fault. This I would have you do from a principle of conscience, for coffee is very unwholesome, and, out of affection to your lady, you ought to give it her as weak as possible; and upon this argument, when you have a mind to treat any of the maids with a dish of fresh coffee, you may and ought to subtract a part of the powder, on account of your lady's health, and getting her maid's good will.

If your master sends you with a small, trifling present to one of his friends, be as careful of it as you would be of a diamond-ring; therefore, if the present be only half-a-dozen pippins, send up the servant who received the message, to say that you were ordered to deliver them with your own hands. This will show your exactness and care to prevent accidents or mistakes; and the gentleman or lady cannot do less than give you a

shilling: so when your master receives the like present, teach the messenger who brings it to do the same, and give your master hints that may stir up his generosity; for brother-servants should assist one another, since it is all for their master's honour, which is the chief point to be consulted by every good servant, and of which he is the best judge.

When you step but a few doors off to tattle with a wench, or take a running pot of ale, or to see a brother footman going to be hanged, leave the street door open, that you may not be forced to knock, and your master discover you are gone out; for a quarter of an hour's time can do his service no injury.

When you take away the remaining pieces of bread after dinner, put them on foul plates, and press them down with other plates over them, so as nobody can touch them; and so they will be a good perquisite to the blackguard boy in ordinary.

When you are forced to clean your master's shoes with your own hand, use the edge of the sharpest case-knife, and dry them with the toes an inch from the fire, because wet shoes are dangerous, and besides by these arts you will get them the sooner for yourself.

In some families the master often sends to the tavern for a bottle of wine, and you are the messenger: I advise you therefore to take the smallest bottle you can find; but, however, make the drawer give you a full quart, then you will get a good sup for yourself, and your bottle will be filled. As for a cork to stop it, you need be at no trouble, for the thumb will do as well, or a bit of dirty chewed paper.

In all disputes with chairmen and coachmen, for demanding too much, when your master sends you down to chaffer with them, take pity of the poor fellows, and tell your master that they will not take a farthing less: it is more for your interest to get share of a pot of ale, than to save a shilling for your master, to whom it is a trifle.

When you attend your lady in a dark night, if she uses her coach, do not walk by the coach-side, so as to tire and dirt yourself, but get up into your proper place behind it, and so hold the flambeau sloping forward over the coach roof; and when it wants snuffing, dash it against the corners.

When you leave your lady at church on Sundays, you have two hours safe to spend with your companions at the ale-house, or over a beef-steak and a pot of beer at home with the cook and the maids; and, indeed, poor servants have so few opportunities to be happy that they ought not to lose any.

Never wear socks when you wait at meals, on account of your own health, as well as of them who sit at table; because as most ladies like the smell of young men's toes, so it is a sovereign remedy against vapours.

Choose a service, if you can, where your livery colours are least tawdry and distinguishing; green and yellow immediately betray your office, and so do all kinds of lace, except silver, which will hardly fall to your share, unless with a duke, or some prodigal just come to his estate. The colours you ought to wish for are blue, or filemot turned up with red; which, with a borrowed sword, a borrowed air, your master's linen, and a natural and improved confidence, will give you what title you please, where you are not known.

When you carry dishes or other things out of the room at meals, fill both your hands as full as possible; for although you may sometimes spill, and sometimes let fall, yet you will find at the year's end you have made great despatch and saved abundance of time.

If your master or mistress happen to walk the streets, keep on one side and as much on the level with them as you can, which people observing, will either think you do not belong to them, or that you are one of their companions; but if either of them happen to turn back and speak to you, so that you are under the necessity to take off your hat, use but your thumb and one finger, and scratch your head with the rest.

In winter time light the dining-room fire but two minutes before dinner is served up, that your master may see how saving you are of his coals.

When you are ordered to stir up the fire, clean away the ashes from betwixt the bars with the fire-brush.

When you are ordered to call a coach, although it be midnight, go no further than the door, for fear of being out of the way when you are wanted; and there stand bawling, Coach, coach, for half an hour.

Although you gentlemen in livery have the misfortune to be treated scurvily by all mankind, yet you make a shift to keep up your spirits, and sometimes arrive at considerable fortunes. I was an intimate friend to one of our brethren who was footman to a court lady; she had an honourable employment, was sister to an earl, and the widow of a man of quality. She observed something so polite in my friend, the gracefulness with which he tripped before her chair, and put his hair under his hat, that she made him many advances; and one day taking the air in her coach, with Tom behind it, the coachman mistook the way, and stopped at a privileged chapel, where the couple were married, and Tom came home in the chariot by his lady's side: but he unfortunately taught her to drink brandy, of which she died, after having pawned all her plate to purchase it, and Tom is now a journeyman maltster.

Boucher, the famous gamester, was another of our fraternity: and when he was worth 50,000*l.* he dunned the duke of Buckingham for an arrear of wages in his service: and I could instance many more, particularly another, whose son had one of the chief employments at court: and it is sufficient to give you the following advice, which is, to be pert and saucy to all mankind, especially to the chaplain, the waiting-woman, and the better sort of servants in a person of quality's family; and value not now and then a kicking, or a caning, for your insolence will at last turn to good account; and from wearing a livery, you may probably soon carry a pair of colours.

When you wait behind a chair at meals, keep constantly wriggling the back of the chair that the person behind whom you stand may know you are ready to attend him.

When you carry a parcel of china plates, if they chance to fall, as it is a frequent misfortune, your excuse must be, that a dog ran across you in the hall; that the chamber-maid accidentally pushed the door against you; that a mop stood across the entry, and tripped you up; that your sleeve stuck against the key, or button of the lock.

When your master and lady are talking together in their bed-chamber, and you have some suspicion that you or your fellow-servants are concerned in what they say, listen at the door, for the public good of all the servants, and join all to take proper measures for preventing any innovations that may hurt the community.

Be not proud in prosperity: you have heard that fortune turns on a wheel; if you have a good place, you are at the top of the wheel. Remember how often you have been stripped, and kicked out of doors, your wages all taken up before-hand, and spent in translated red-heeled shoes, second-hand toupees, and repaired laced ruffles, beside a swinging debt to the ale-wife and the brandy-shop. The neighbouring tapster, who before would beckon you over to a savoury bit of ox-cheek in the morning, give it you gratis, and only score you up for the liquor, immediately after

you were packed off in disgrace, carried a petition to your master, to be paid out of your wages, whereof not a farthing was due, and then pursued you with bailiffs into every blind cellar. Remember how soon you grew shabby, threadbare, and out at heels; was forced to borrow an old livery coat, to make your appearance while you were looking for a place: and sneak to every house where you had an old acquaintance, to steal you a scrap to keep life and soul together; and, upon the whole, were in the lowest station of human life, which, as the old ballad says, is that of a skip-kennel turned out of place: I say, remember all this now in your flourishing condition. Pay your contributions duly to your late brothers the cadets, who are left to the wide world; take one of them as your dependent, to send on your lady's messages, when you have a mind to go to the ale-house; slip him out privately, now and then, a slice of bread, and bit of cold meat: your master can afford it; and if he be not yet put upon establishment for a lodging, let him lie in the stable or the coach-house, or under the back-stairs, and recommend him to all the gentlemen who frequent your house as an excellent servant.

To grow old in the office of a footman is the highest of all indignities; therefore, when you find years coming on, without hopes of a place at court, a command in the army, a succession to the stewardship, an employment in the revenue, (which two last you cannot obtain without reading and writing,) or running away with your master's niece or daughter, I directly advise you to go upon the road, which is the only post of honour left you; there you will meet many of your old comrades, and live a short life and a merry one, and make a figure at your exit, wherein I will give you some instructions.

The last advice I give you relates to your behaviour when you are going to be hanged; which, either for robbing your master, for house-breaking, or going upon the highway, or, in a drunken quarrel, by killing the first man you meet, may very probably be your lot, and is owing to one of these three qualities; either a love of good fellowship, a generosity of mind, or too much vivacity of spirits. Your good behaviour on this article will concern your whole community. Deny the fact with all solemnity of imprecations: a hundred of your brethren, if they can be admitted, will attend about the bar, and be ready, upon demand, to give you a character before the court. Let nothing prevail on you to confess, but the promise of a pardon for discovering your comrades: but I suppose all this to be in vain; for if you escape now, your fate will be the same another day. Get a speech to be written by the best author of Newgate; some of your kind wenches will provide you with a Holland shirt and white cap, crowned with a crimson or black ribbon: take leave cheerfully of all your friends in Newgate; mount the cart with courage; fall on your knees; lift up your eyes; hold a book in your hands, although you cannot read a word; deny the fact at the gallows; kiss and forgive the hangman, and so farewell: you shall be buried in pomp, at the charge of the fraternity; the surgeon shall not touch a limb of you; and your fame shall continue until a successor of equal renown succeeds in your place.

CHAPTER IV.

Directions to the Coachman.

You are strictly bound to nothing but to step into the box, and carry your master or lady.

Let your horses be so well trained that when you attend your lady at a visit, they will wait until you slip into a neighbouring ale-house to take a pot with a friend.

When you are in no humour to drive, tell your master that the horses have got a cold, that they want shoeing, that rain does them hurt, and roughens their coat, and rots the harness. This may likewise be applied to the groom.

If your master dines with a country friend, drink as much as you can get; because it is allowed, that a good coachman never drives so well as when he is drunk; and then show your skill by driving to an inch by a precipice, and say you never drive so well as when drunk.

If you find any gentleman fond of one of your horses, and willing to give you a consideration beside the price, persuade your master to sell him, because he is so vicious that you cannot undertake to drive him, and is foundered into the bargain.

. Get a blackguard boy to watch your coach at the church-door on Sundays, that you and your brother-coachmen may be merry together at the ale-house, while your master and lady are at church.

Take care that your wheels be good, and get a new set bought as often as you can, whether you are allowed the old as your perquisite or not: in one case it will turn to your honest profit, and in the other it will be a just punishment on your master's covetousness; and probably the coach-maker will consider you too.

CHAPTER V.

Directions to the Groom.*

You the servant upon whom the care of your master's honour in all journeys entirely depends; your breast is the sole repository of it. If he travels the country, and lodges at inns, every dram of brandy, every pot of ale extraordinary that you drink raises his character; and therefore his reputation ought to be dear to you; and I hope you will not stint yourself in either. The smith, the saddler's journeyman, the cook at the inn, the ostler, and the boot-catcher, ought all, by your means, to partake of your master's generosity: thus his fame will reach from one county to another; and what is a gallon of ale, or a pint of brandy in his worship's pocket? And although he should be in the number of those who value their credit less than their purse, yet your care of the former ought to be so much the greater. His horse wanted two removes; your horse wanted nails; his allowance of oats and beans was greater than the journey required; a third may be retrenched, and turned into ale or brandy; and thus his honour may be preserved by your discretion, and less expense to him; or, he travels with no other servant, the matter is easily made up in the bill, between you and the tapster.

Therefore, as soon as you alight at the inn, deliver your horses to the stable-boy, and let him gallop them to the next pond: then call for a pot of ale, for it is very fit that a Christian should drink before a beast. Leave your master to the care of the servants in the inn, and your horses to those in the stable: thus both he and they are left in the properest hands; but you are to provide for yourself; therefore get your supper, drink freely, and go to bed without troubling your master, who is in better hands than yours. The ostler is an honest fellow, and loves horses in his heart, and would not wrong the dumb creatures for the world. Be tender of your master, and order the servants not to wake him too early. Get your breakfast before he is up, that he may not wait for you; make the ostler tell him the roads are very good, and the miles short; but advise him to stay a little longer, till the weather clears up, for he is afraid there will be rain, and he will be time enough after dinner.

Let your master mount before you, out of good manners. As he is leaving the inn, drop a good word in favour of the ostler, what care he took of the cattle; and add that you never saw civiller servants. Let your master ride on before, and do you stay until your

landlord has given you a dram; then gallop after him through the town or village with full speed, for fear he should want you, and to show your horsemanship.

If you are a piece of a farrier, as every good groom ought to be, get sack, brandy, or strong beer, to rub your horses' heels every night, and be not sparing, for (if any be spent) what is left, you know how to dispose of it.

Consider your master's health, and rather than let him take long journeys, say the cattle are weak, and fallen in their flesh with hard riding; tell him of a very good inn five miles nearer than he intended to go; or leave one of his horse's fore-shoes loose in the morning; or contrive that the saddle may pinch the beast in his withers; or keep him without corn all night and morning, so that he may tire on the road; or wedge a thin plate of iron between the hoof and the shoe, to make him halt: and all this in perfect tenderness to your master.

When you are going to be hired, and the gentleman asks you, Whether you are apt to be drunk? own freely that you love a cup of good ale; but that it is your way, drunk or sober, never to neglect your horses.

When your master has a mind to ride out for the air, or for pleasure, if any private business of your own makes it inconvenient for you to attend him, give him to understand that the horses want bleeding or purging; that his own pad has got a surfeit; or that the saddle wants stuffing, and his bridle is gone to be mended; this you may honestly do, because it will be no injury to the horses or your master, and at the same time shows the great care you have of the poor dumb creatures.

If there be a particular inn in the town whither you are going, and where you are well acquainted with the ostler or tapster, and the people of the house, find fault with the other inns, and recommend your master thither; it may probably be a pot and a dram or two more in your way, and to your master's honour.

If your master sends you to buy hay, deal with those who will be the most liberal to you; for service being no inheritance, you ought not to let slip any lawful and customary perquisite. If your master buys it himself, he wrongs you; and, to teach him his duty, be sure to find fault with the hay as long as it lasts; and, if the horses thrive with it, the fault is yours.

Hay and oats, in the management of a skilful groom, will make excellent ale, as well as brandy; but this I only hint.

When your master dines or lies at a gentleman's house in the country, although there be no groom, or he be gone abroad, or that the horses have been quite neglected, be sure to employ some of the servants to hold the horse when your master mounts. This I would have you do when your master only alights to call in for a few minutes: for brother-servants must always befriend one another, and that also concerns your master's honour; because he cannot do less than give a piece of money to him who holds his horse.

In long journeys, ask your master leave to give ale to the horses; carry two quartsful to the stable, pour half a pint into a bowl, and if they will not drink it, you and the ostler must do the best you can; perhaps they may be in a better humour at the next inn; for I would have you never fail to make the experiment.

When you go to air your horses in the park, or the fields, give them to a horse-boy, or one of the black-guards, who, being lighter than you, may be trusted to run races with less damage to the horses, and teach them to leap over hedges and ditches, while you are drinking a friendly pot with your brother grooms; but sometimes you and they may run races yourselves, for the honour of your horses, and of your masters.

Never stint your horses at home in hay and oats, but fill the rack to the top, and the manger to the brim, for you would take it ill to be stinted yourself; although, perhaps they may not have the stomach to eat, consider they have no tongues to ask. If the hay be thrown down, there is no loss, for it will make litter, and save straw.

When your master is leaving a gentleman's house in the country, where he has lain a night, then consider his honour; let him know how many servants there are of both sexes, who expect vails; and give them their cue to attend in two lines, as he leaves the house; but desire him not to trust the money with the butler, for fear he should cheat the rest; this will force your master to be more generous; and then you may take occasion to tell your master, that squire such a one, whom you lived with last, always gave so much a-piece to the common servants, and so much to the housekeeper, and the rest, naming at least double to what he intended to give; but be sure to tell the servants what a good office you did them; this will gain you love, and your master honour.

You may venture to be drunk much oftener than the coachman, whatever he pretends to allege in his own behalf, because you hazard nobody's neck but your own; for the horse will probably take so much care of himself, as to come off with only a strain or a shoulder-slip.

When you carry your master's riding-coat in a journey, wrap your own in it, and buckle them up close with a strap, but turn your master's inside out, to preserve the outside from wet and dirt: thus, when it begins to rain, your master's coat will be first ready to be given him; and if it get more hurt than yours, he can afford it better, for your livery must always serve its year's apprenticeship.

When you come to your inn with the horses wet and dirty after hard riding, and are very hot, make the ostler immediately plunge them into water up to their bellies, and allow them to drink as much as they please; but be sure to gallop them full speed a mile at least, to dry their skins, and warm the water in their bellies. The ostler understands his business; leave all to his discretion, while you get a pot of ale and some brandy at the kitchen fire, to comfort your heart.

If your horse drop a fore-shoe, be so careful as to alight and take it up; then ride with all the speed you can, with the shoe in your hand, (that every traveller may observe your care,) to the next smith on the road, make him put it on immediately, that your master may not wait for you, and that the poor horse may be as short a time as possible without a shoe.

When your master lies at a gentleman's house, if you find the hay and oats are good, complain aloud of their badness; this will get you the name of a diligent servant; and be sure to cram the horses with as much oats as they can eat, while you are there, and you may give them so much the less for some days at the inns, and turn the oats into ale. When you leave the gentleman's house, tell your master what a covetous hunks that gentleman was; that you got nothing but buttermilk or water to drink; this will make your master, out of pity, allow you a pot of ale the more at the next inn; but if you happen to get drunk in a gentleman's house, your master cannot be angry, because it cost him nothing; and so you ought to tell him as well as you can in your present condition, and let him know it is both for his and the gentleman's honour to make a friend's servant welcome.

A master ought always to love his groom, to put him in a handsome livery, and to allow him a silver-laced hat. When you are in this equipage, all the honours he receives on the road are owing to you alone: that he is not turned out of the way by every carrier, is caused by the civility he receives at second-hand from the respect paid to your livery.

You may now and then lend your master's pad to

a brother-servant, or your favourite maid, for a short jaunt, or hire him for a day, because the horse is spoiled for want of exercise; and if your master happens to want his horse, or has a mind to see the stable, curse that rogue the helper, who has gone out with the key.

When you want to spend an hour or two with your companions at the ale-house, and that you stand in need of a reasonable excuse for your stay, go out of the stable door, or the back way, with an old bridle, girth, or stirrup-leather in your pocket; and on your return, come home by the street door, with the same bridle, girth, or stirrup-leather dangling in your hand, as if you came from the saddler's, where you were getting the same mended: if you were not missed, all is well; but if you are met by your master, you will have the reputation of a careful servant. This I have known practised with good success.

CHAPTER VI.

Directions to the House Steward and Land Steward.

Lord Peterborough's steward that pulled down his house, sold the materials, and charged my lord with repairs. Take money for forbearance from tenants. Renew leases, and get by them, and sell woods. Lend my lord his own money. Gil Blas said much of this, to whom I refer.

CHAPTER VII.

Directions to the Porter.

If your master be a minister of state, let him be at home to none but his pimp, or chief flatterer, or one of his pensionary writers, or his hired spy and informer, or his printer in ordinary, or his city solicitor, or a land-jobber, or his inventor of new funds, or a stock-jobber.

CHAPTER VIII.

Directions to the Chambermaid.

The nature of your employment differs according to the quality, the pride, or the wealth of the lady you serve; and this treatise is to be applied to all sorts of families; so that I find myself under great difficulty to adjust the best business for which you are hired. In a family where there is a tolerable estate, you differ from the housemaid, and in that view I give my directions. Your particular province is your lady's chamber, where you make the bed, and put things in order; and if you live in the country, you take care of rooms where ladies lie who come into the house, which brings in all the vails that fall to your share. Your usual lover, as I take it, is the coachman; but, if you are under twenty, and tolerably handsome, perhaps a footman may cast his eyes on you.

Get your favorite footman to help you in making your lady's bed; and if you serve a young couple, the footman and you, as you are turning up the bed-clothes, will make the prettiest observations in the world; which, whispered about, will be very entertaining to the whole family, and get among the neighbourhood.

Do not carry down the necessary-vessels for the fellows to see, but empty them out of the window, for your lady's credit. It is highly improper for men-servants to know that fine ladies have occasion for such utensils; and do not scour the chamber-pot, because the smell is wholesome.

If you happen to break any china with the top of the whisk, on the mantle-tree or the cabinet, gather up the fragments, put them together as well as you can, and place them behind the rest, so that when your lady comes to discover them, you may safely say they were broke long ago, before you came to the service. This will save your lady many an hour's vexation.

It sometimes happens that a looking-glass is broken by the same means: while you are looking another way as you sweep the chamber, the long end of the brush strikes against the glass, and breaks it to shivers. This is the extremest of all misfortunes, and all remedy desperate in appearance, because it is impossible to be concealed. Such a fatal accident once happened in a great family where I had the honour to be a footman; and I will relate the particulars, to show the ingenuity of the poor chamber-maid on so sudden and dreadful an emergency, which perhaps may help to sharpen your invention, if your evil star should ever give you the like occasion. The poor girl had broken a large japan glass, of great value, with a stroke of her brush: she had not considered long, when, by a prodigious presence of mind, she locked the door, stole into the yard, brought a stone of three pounds weight into the chamber, laid it on the hearth, just under the looking-glass, then broke a pane in the sash window that looked into the same yard, so shut the door, and went about her other affairs. Two hours after, the lady goes into the chamber, sees the glass broken, the stone lying under, and a whole pane in the window destroyed; from all which circumstances she concluded just as the maid could have wished, that some idle straggler in the neighbourhood, or perhaps one of the out-servants, had, through malice, accident, or carelessness, flung in the stone, and done the mischief. Thus far all things went well, and the girl concluded herself out of danger; but it was her ill fortune, that a few hours after in came the parson of the parish, and the lady naturally told him the accident, which you may believe had much discomposed her; but the minister, who happened to understand mathematics, after examining the situation of the yard, the window, and the chimney, soon convinced the lady that the stone could never reach the looking-glass without taking three turns in its flight from the hand that threw it; and the maid, being proved to have swept the room the same morning, was strictly examined, but constantly denied that she was guilty, upon her salvation, offering to take her oath upon the Bible, before his reverence, that she was as innocent as the child unborn; yet the poor wench was turned off, which I take to have been hard treatment, considering her ingenuity: however, this may be a direction to you in the like case, to contrive a story that will better hang together. For instance, you might say, that while you were at work with a mop or brush, a flash of lightning came suddenly in at the window, which almost blinded you; that you immediately heard the ringing of broken glass on the hearth; that as soon as you recovered your eyes, you saw the looking-glass all broken to pieces: or you may allege, that, observing the glass a little covered with dust, and going very gently to wipe it, you suppose the moisture of the air had dissolved the glue or cement, which made it fall to the ground: or, as soon as the mischief is done, you may cut the cords that fastened the glass to the wainscot, and so let it fall flat on the ground; run out in a fright, tell your lady, curse the upholsterer, and declare how narrowly you escaped that it did not fall upon your head. I offer these expedients from a desire I have to defend the innocent; for innocent you certainly must be, if you did not break the glass on purpose, which I would by no means excuse, except upon great provocations.

Oil the tongs, poker, and fire-shovel, up to the top, not only to keep them from rusting, but likewise to prevent meddling people from wasting your master's coals with stirring the fire.

When you are in haste, sweep the dust into a corner of the room, but leave your brush upon it, that it may not be seen, for that would disgrace you.

Never wash your hands, or put on a clean apron, till you have made your lady's bed, for fear of rumpling your apron, or fouling your hands again.

When you bar the window-shuts of your lady's bed-chamber at nights, leave open the sashes, to let in the fresh air, and sweeten the room against morning.

In the time when you leave the windows open for air, leave books, or something else, on the window-seat, that they may get air too.

When you sweep your lady's room, never stay to pick up foul smocks, handkerchiefs, pinners, pincushions, teaspoons, ribbons, slippers, or whatever lies in your way; but sweep all into a corner, and then you may take them up in a lump, and save time.

Making beds in hot weather is a very laborious work, and you will be apt to sweat; therefore, when you find the drops running down from your forehead, wipe them off with a corner of the sheet, that they may not be seen on the bed.

When your lady sends you to wash a china cup, and it happen to fall, bring it up, and swear you did but just touch it with your hand, when it broke into three halves; and here I must inform you, as well as your fellow-servants, that you ought never to be without an excuse; it does no harm to your master, and it lessens your fault; as in this instance, I do not commend you for breaking the cup: but it is certain you did not break it on purpose; and the thing is possible that it might break in your hand.

You are sometimes desirous to see a funeral, a quarrel, a man going to be hanged, a wedding, a bawd carted, or the like. As they pass by in the street, you lift up the sash suddenly, there, by misfortune, it sticks; this was no fault of yours; young women are curious by nature; you have no remedy but to cut the cord, and lay the fault upon the carpenter, unless nobody saw you, and then you are as innocent as any servant in the house.

Wear your lady [illegible]k when she has thrown it off; it will do you credit, sav[illegible]r own linen, and be not a pin the worse.

When you put a clean p[illegible]low-case on your lady's pillow, be sure to fasten it well with corking-pins, that it may not fall off in t[illegible]e night.

When you spread br[illegible]ad and butter for tea, be sure that all the holes in the loaf be left full of butter, to keep the bread moist against dinner; and let the mark of your thumb be seen only upon one end of every slice, to show your cleanliness.

When you are ordered to open or lock any door, trunk, or cabinet, and miss the proper key, or cannot distinguish it in the bunch, try the first key that you can thrust in, and turn it with all your strength till you open the lock, or break the key, for your lady will reckon you a fool to come back and do nothing.

CHAPTER IX.

Directions to the Waiting-maid.

Two accidents have happened to lessen the comforts and profits of your employment; first, that execrable custom got among ladies of trucking their old clothes for china, or turning them to cover easy chairs, or making them into patch-work for screens, stools, cushions, and the like. The second is the invention of small chests and trunks with lock and key, wherein they keep the tea and sugar, without which it is impossible for a waiting-maid to live; for, by this means, you are forced to buy brown sugar, and pour water upon the leaves, when they have lost all their spirit and taste. I cannot contrive any perfect remedy against either of these two evils. As to the former, I think there should be a general confederacy of all the servants in every family, for the public good, to drive those china hucksters from the doors; and as to the latter, there is no other method to relieve yourselves but by a false key, which is a point both difficult and dangerous to compass; but, as to the circumstance of honesty in procuring one, I am under no doubt, when your mistress gives you so just a provocation, by refusing you an ancient and legal perquisite. The mistress of the tea-shop may now and then give you half an ounce; but that will be only a drop in the bucket: therefore I fear you must be forced, like the rest of your sisters, to run in trust, and pay for it out of your wages, as far as they will go, which you can easily make up other ways, if your lady be handsome, or her daughters have good fortunes.

If you are in a great family, and my lady's woman, my lord may probably like you, although you are not half so handsome as his own lady. In this case, take care to get as much out of him as you can; and never allow him the smallest liberty, not the squeezing of your hand, unless he puts a guinea into it; so, by degrees, make him pay accordingly for every new attempt, doubling upon him in proportion to the concessions you allow, and always struggling, and threatening to cry out, or tell your lady, although you receive his money: five guineas for handling your breast is a cheap pennyworth, although you seem to resist with all your might; but never allow him the last favour under 100 guineas, or a settlement of 20*l.* a-year for life.

In such a family, if you are handsome, you will have the choice of three lovers, the chaplain, the steward, and my lord's gentleman. I would first advise you to choose the steward; but if you happen to be young with child by my lord, you must take up with the chaplain. I like my lord's gentleman the least of the three: for he is usually vain and saucy from the time he throws off his livery; and if he misses a pair of colours, or a tide-waiter's place, he has no remedy but the highway.

I must caution you particularly against my lord's eldest son. If you are dexterous enough, it is odds that you may draw him to marry you, and make you a lady; if he be a common rake, (and he must be one or t'other,) avoid him like Satan; for he stands less in awe of a mother than my lord does of a wife; and after ten thousand promises, you will get nothing from him but a big belly or a clap, and probably both together.

When your lady is ill, and, after a very bad night, is getting a little nap in the morning, if a footman comes with a message to inquire how she does, do not let the compliment be lost, but shake her gently until she wakes; then deliver the message, receive her answer, and leave her to sleep.

If you are so happy as to wait on a young lady with a great fortune, you must be an ill-manager if you cannot get 500*l.* or 600*l.* for disposing of her. Put her often in mind that she is rich enough to make any man happy; that there is no real happiness but in love; that she has liberty to choose wherever she pleases, and not by the directions of parents, who never give allowances for an innocent passion; that there are a world of handsome, fine, sweet young gentlemen in Town, who would be glad to die at her feet; that the conversation of two lovers is a heaven upon earth; that love, like death, equals all conditions; that if she should cast her eyes upon a young fellow below her in birth and estate, his marrying her would make him a gentleman; that you saw yesterday on the Mall the prettiest ensign, and that if you had 40,000*l.*, it should be at his service. Take care that everybody should know what lady you live with; how great a favourite you are; and that she always takes your advice. Go often to St. James's Park; the fine fellows will soon discover you, and contrive to slip a letter into your sleeve or your bosom: pull it out in a fury,

and throw it on the ground, unless you find at least two guineas along with it; but in that case seem not to find it, and to think he was only playing the wag with you. When you come home, drop the letter carelessly in your lady's chamber; she finds it, is angry; protest you know nothing of it, only you remember that a gentleman in the Park struggled to kiss you, and you believe it was he that put the letter into your sleeve or petticoat; and, indeed, he was as pretty a man as ever you saw: that she may burn the letter if she pleases. If your lady be wise, she will burn some other paper before you, and read the letter when you are gone down. You must follow this practice as often as you safely can; but let him who pays you best with every letter be the handsomest man. If a footman presumes to bring a letter to the house to be delivered to you for your lady, although it come from your best customer, throw it at his head, call him impudent rogue and villain, and shut the door in his face; run up to your lady, and, as a proof of your fidelity, tell her what you have done.

I could enlarge very much upon this subject, but I trust to your own discretion.

If you serve a lady who is a little disposed to gallantries, you will find it a point of great prudence how to manage. Three things are necessary: First, how to please your lady; secondly, how to prevent suspicion in the husband, or among the family; and lastly, but principally, how to make it most for your own advantage. To give you full directions in this important affair would require a large volume. All assignations at home are dangerous, both to your lady and yourself; and therefore contrive, as much as possible, to have them in a third place; especially if your lady, as it is a hundred odds, entertains more lovers than one, each of whom is often more jealous than a thousand husbands; and very unlucky rencontres may often happen under the best management. I need not warn you to employ your good offices chiefly in favour of those whom you find most liberal: yet, if your lady should happen to cast an eye upon a handsome footman, you should be generous enough to bear with her humour, which is no singularity, but a very natural appetite: it is still the safest of all home intrigues, and was formerly the least suspected, until of late years it has grown more common. The great danger is, lest this kind of gentry, dealing too often in bad ware, may happen not to be sound; and then your lady and you are in a very bad way, although not altogether desperate.

But, to say the truth, I confess it is a great presumption in me to offer you any instructions in the conduct of your lady's amours, wherein your whole sisterhood is already so expert and deeply learned; although it be much more difficult to compass than that assistance which my brother-footmen give their masters on the like occasion; and therefore I leave this affair to be treated by some abler pen.

When you lock up a silk mantua, or laced head, in a trunk or chest, leave a piece out, that when you open the trunk again, you may know where to find it.

CHAPTER X.

Directions to the Housemaid.

If your master and lady go into the country for a week or more, never wash the bed-chamber or dining-room until just the hour before you expect them to return; thus the rooms will be perfectly clean to receive them, and you will not be at the trouble to wash them so soon again.

I am very much offended with those ladies who are so proud and lazy that they will not be at the pains of stepping into the garden to pluck a rose, but keep an odious implement, sometimes in the bed-chamber itself, or at least in a dark closet adjoining, which they make use of to ease their worst necessities; and you are the usual carriers away of the pan, which makes not only the chamber, but even their clothes, offensive to all who come near. Now, to cure them of this odious practice, let me advise you, on whom the office lies to convey away this utensil, that you will do it openly down the great stairs, and in the presence of the footman; and if anybody knocks, to open the street-door while you have the vessel filled in your hands; this, if anything can, will make your lady take the pains of evacuating her person in the proper place, rather than expose her filthiness to all the men-servants in the house.

Leave a pail of dirty water, with a mop in it, a coal-box, a bottle, a broom, a chamber-pot, and such other unsightly things, either in a blind entry, or upon the darkest part of the back-stairs, that they may not be seen; and if people break their shins by trampling on them, it is their own fault.

Never empty the chamber-pots until they are quite full; if that happens in the night, empty them into the street; if in the morning, into the garden; for it would be an endless work to go a dozen times from garret and upper rooms down to the backside; but never wash them in any other liquor except their own: what cleanly girl would be dabbling in other folk's urine? and, besides, the smell of stale, as I observed before, is admirable against the vapours, which, a hundred to one, may be your lady's case.

Brush down the cobwebs with a broom that is wet and dirty, which will make them stick the faster to it, and bring them down more effectually.

When you rid up the parlour hearth in a morning, throw the last night's ashes into a sieve; and what falls through, as you carry it down, will serve instead of sand for the rooms and the stairs.

When you have scoured the brasses and irons in the parlour chimney, lay the foul wet clout upon the next chair, that your lady may see you have not neglected your work: observe the same rule when you clean the brass locks, only with this addition, to leave the marks of your fingers on the doors, to show you have no forgot.

Leave your lady's chamber-pot in her bed-chamber window all day to air.

Bring up none but large coals to the dining-room and your lady's chamber: they make the best fires, and if you find them too big, it is easy to break them on the marble hearth.

When you go to bed, be sure take care of the fire; and therefore blow the candle out with your breath, and then thrust it under your bed. Note, the smell of the snuff is very good against vapours.

Persuade the footman who got you with child to marry you before you are six months gone; and if your lady asks you why you would take a fellow who was not worth a groat? let your answer be, That service is no inheritance.

When your lady's bed is made, put the chamber-pot under it, but in such a manner as to thrust the valance along with it, that it may be full in sight, and ready for your lady when she has occasion to use it.

Lock up a cat or a dog in some room or closet, so as to make such a noise all over the house as may frighten away the thieves, if any should attempt to break or steal in.

When you wash any of the rooms toward the street over night, throw the foul water out of the street-door; but be sure not to look before you, for fear those on whom the water light might think you uncivil, and that you did it on purpose. If he who suffers breaks the windows in revenge, and your lady chides you, and gives positive orders that you should carry the pail down, and empty it into the sink, you have an easy

remedy: when you wash an upper room, carry down the pail so as to let the water dribble on the stairs all the way down to the kitchen, by which not only your labour will be lighter, but you will convince your lady that it is better to throw the water out of the windows, or down the street-door steps; besides, this latter practice will be very diverting to you and the family in a frosty night, to see a hundred people on their noses or backsides before your door when the water is frozen.

Polish and brighten the marble hearths and chimney-pieces with a clout dipped in grease; nothing makes them shine so well; and it is the business of the ladies to take care of their petticoats.

If your lady be so nice that she will have the room scoured with freestone, be sure to leave the marks of the freestone six inches deep round the bottom of the wainscot, that your lady may see your obedience to her orders.

CHAPTER XI.

Directions to the Dairymaid.

FATIGUE of making butter: put scalding water in your churn, although in summer, and churn close to the kitchen fire, and with cream of a week old. Keep cream for your sweetheart.

CHAPTER XII.

Directions to the Children's Maid.

IF a child be sick, give it whatever it wants to eat or drink, although particularly forbid by the doctor; for what we long for in sickness will do us good; and throw the physic out of the window: the child will love you the better; but bid it not tell. Do the same for your lady when she longs for anything in sickness, and engage it will do her good.

If your mistress comes to the nursery, and offers to whip a child, snatch it out of her hands in a rage, and tell her she is the cruellest mother you ever saw: she will chide, but love you the better. Tell the children stories of spirits when they offer to cry, &c.

Be sure to wean the children, &c.

CHAPTER XIII.

Directions to the Nurse.

IF you happen to let the child fall, and lame it, be sure never to confess it; and if it dies, all is safe.

Contrive to be with child as soon as you can, while you are giving suck, that you may be ready for another service when the child you nurse dies, or is weaned.

CHAPTER XIV.

Directions to the Laundress.

IF you singe the linen with the iron, rub the place with flour, chalk, or white powder: and if nothing will do, wash it so long till it be either not to be seen, or torn to rags.

About tearing linen in washing:—

When your linen is pinned on the line, or on a hedge, and it rains, whip it off, although you tear it, &c. But the place for hanging them is on young fruit-trees, especially in blossom; the linen cannot be torn, and the trees give them a fine smell.

CHAPTER XV.

Directions to the Housekeeper.

You must always have a favourite footman whom you can depend upon; and order him to be very watchful when the second course is taken off, that it may be brought safely to your office, that you and the steward may have a tit-bit together.

CHAPTER XVI.

Directions to the Tutoress, or Governess.

SAY the children have sore eyes; Miss Betty won't take to her book, &c.

Make the misses read French and English novels, and French romances, all the comedies writ in king Charles II. and king William's reigns, to soften their nature, and make them tender-hearted, &c

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To the preceding Directions to servants, the following may be added, as they were both written with the same design, though in a very different manner. It will easily be perceived that these are to be understood literally, and the others ironically.

The Duty of Servants at Inns.

BE mounted before your master. When you see him mounted, ride out before him. When he baits at noon, enter the inn gate before him, and call the ostler to hold your master's horse while he alights. Leave your master to the servants of the inn; go you with the horses into the stable; choose a place furthest from the stable-door; see the standing be dry; send immediately for fresh straw; see all the old hay out of the rack, and get fresh put in; see your horses girths be loosed and stuffed; take not off the bridles till they are cool, nor saddles in an hour; see their hoofs be well picked; try if the heads of the nails be fast, and whether they be well clenched; if not, send presently for a smith; always stand by while the smith is employed. Give the oats the last thing. Water your horses when you are within a mile of the inn. Never keep above forty yards before or behind your master, unless he commands you. Try the oats by smelling and weighing them; see you have good measure; stand by while your horses are eating their oats.

When you enter your evening inn, let your horses' feet be stuffed with cow-dung every night. Observe the same rules, only be sure if anything be wanting for a smith, let it be done overnight.

Know the time your master will set out in the morning: allow him a full hour to get himself ready. Contrive, both at morn and noon, to eat so that your master need not stay for you. Do not let the drawer carry the bill to your master, but examine it first carefully and honestly, and then bring it yourself, and be able to account for every article. If the servants have not been civil, tell your master, before their faces, when he is going to give them money.

Duty of the other Servant where there are two.

RIDE forty yards behind your master; but be mounted before him. Observe now and then whether his horses' shoes be right. When you come to an inn at noon, give your horse to the ostler; bestir yourself to get a convenient room for your master; bring all his things into his room, full in his sight; inquire what is in the house, see it yourself, and tell your master how you like it. Step yourself now and then into the kitchen to hasten dinner or supper, and observe whether they be cleanly. Taste the ale, and tell your master whether it be good or bad. If he want wine, go you with the drawer and choose a bottle well filled and stopped. If the wine be in hogsheads, desire to taste and and smell it; if it be sour, or not clear, or ill-tasted, let your master know it, that he may not be at the charge of wine not fit to be drunk. See the salt be dry and powdered, the bread new and clean, the knives sharp. At night observe the same rules; but first choose him a warm room, with a lock and key in order; then call immediately for the sheets, see them well aired, and at a large fire; feel the blankets, bed, bolster, pillow, whether they be dry, and whether the floor under the bed be damp. Let the chamber be that

which has been last laid in · inquire about it. If the bed itself be damp, let it be brought before a large fire, and air it on both sides. That you may forget nothing in the inn, have a fair list of what you want to take out, and when you put them up, compare them with your list

You are to step now and then into the stable, to see whether the groom performs his duty

For packing up your things have a list of linen, &c. In packing, take care that no hard things be together, and that they be wrapped up in a paper, and other waste paper Remember to put everything in their proper places in the portmanteau Stuff the shoes and slippers at the toes with a small lock of hay, fold up the clothes so as that they may not be rumpled When your master is in his room at night, put all his things in such a manner as he has them at home Learn to have some skill in cookery, that at a pinch you may be able to make your master easy

The Groom.—Carry with you a stirrup leather, an awl, twelve horse-nails, and a horse's fore shoes, pick, and a hammer, for fear of an accident, and some ends and pack thread, a bottle screw, knife, and pen-knife, needles, pins, thread, silk, worsted, &c , some plasters and scissars

Item.—The servants to carry their own things have a pocket-book, keep all their bills, date the time and place, and indorse the numbers

Inquire in every town if there be anything worth seeing Observe the country seats, and ask whom they belong to, and enter them, and the counties where they are

Search under your master's bed when he is gone up, lest a cat or something else may be under it

When your master's bed is made and his things ready, lock the chamber door and keep the key till he goes to bed, then keep it in your pocket till morn

Let the servants of the inn be sure to wake you above an hour before your master is to go, that he may have an hour to prepare himself

If the ostler has been knavish or negligent do not let him hold your master's horse Observe the same rule at a gentleman's house, if the groom has not taken care of your horses, do not let him hold your master's

Inquire at every inn where you stay what is the best inn in the next town you are to come to, yet do not rely on that but likewise as you enter into any town to stay ask the people which is the best inn, and go to that which most people commend

See that your master's boots be dried, and well liquored over night.

LAWS FOR THE DEAN'S SERVANTS.

If either of the two men-servants be drunk, he shall pay an English crown out of his wages for the said offence, by giving the dean a receipt for so much wages received

When the dean is at home, no servant shall presume to be absent without giving notice to the dean, and asking leave, upon the forfeiture of sixpence for every half hour that he is absent, to be stopped out of his or her board wages

When the dean is abroad, no servant except the woman shall presume to leave the house for above one half hour, after which, for every half hour's absence, he shall forfeit sixpence and if the other servant goes out before the first returns, he shall pay five shillings out of his wages as above

Whatever servant shall be taken in a manifest lie, shall forfeit one shilling out of his or her board-wages

When the dean goes about the house, or out houses, or garden, or to Naboth's vineyard, whatever things he finds out of order, by neglect of any servant under whose care it was, that servant shall forfeit sixpence, and see to get it mended as soon as possible, or suffer more forfeitures at the dean's discretion

If two servants be abroad together when the dean is from home and the fact be concealed from the dean, the concealer shall forfeit two crowns out of his or her wages as above

If, in waiting at table, the two servants be out of the room together, without orders the last who went out shall forfeit threepence out of his board wages

The woman may go out when the dean is abroad for one hour but no longer under the same penalty with the men but provided the two men servants keep the house until she returns otherwise either of the servants who goes out before her return, shall forfeit a crown out of his wages as above

Whatever other laws the dean shall think fit to make at any time to come, for the government of his servants and forfeitures for neglect or disobedience, all the servants are bound to submit to

Whatever other servant except the woman, shall presume to be drunk, the other two servants shall inform the dean thereof under pain of forfeiting two crowns out of his or her wages, besides the forfeiture of a crown from the said servant who was drunk

DR. SWIFT'S REMARKS

ON "THE FIRST FIFTEEN PSALMS OF DAVID, TRANSLATED INTO LYRIC VERSE

Proposed as an essay supplying the perspicuity and coherence according to the modern art of poetry not known to have been attempted before[b] in any language With a preface, containing some observations of the great and general defectives of[c] the present version in Greek, Latin, and English, by Dr [James] Gibbs[d] London printed by J Mathews, for J Bartley, over against Gray's Inn in Holborn, 1701 "

"The following manuscript was literally copied from the printed original, found in the library of Dr J Swift, Dean of St Patrick's Dublin The marginal notes and parodies were written by the dean's own hand except such as are distinguished with this mark (φ,) with which I am only chargeable Witness my hand this [illegible]th day of February 1745 WILLIAM DUNKIN.

N B The original was by me presented to his excellency Philip Dormer Stanhope Earl of Chesterfield, lord lieutenant general and general governor of Ireland —W D

DR GIBBS.

PSALM OF DAVID (1)

Comparing the different state of the righteous and the wicked, both in this and the next world

THRICE happy he that doth refuse
 With *impious* (2) *sinners* to combine,
Who ne'er their wicked way pursues,
 And does the sinners *seat* (3) *decline.*

SWIFT'S REMARKS.

(1) I warn the reader that this is a lie both here and all over this book, for these are not the Psalms of David, but of Dr Gibbs

(2) But I suppose with pious sinners a man may combine safely enough

(3) What part of speech is it?

[a] B[illegible] [b] Nor, I hope ever will again [c] this and [d] Sternholdides.—SWIFT

DR. GIBBS.

But still to learn and to obey
  The law of God is his delight,
He that employs himself all day
  Reads and thinks thereon at (1) night.

For as a tree, whose spreading root
  By some prolific stream is fed,
Produces (2) fair and lively fruit,
  And numerous boughs adorn its head;

Whose very (3) leaves, though storms descend,
  In lively verdure still appear:
Such blessings always shall attend
  The man that does the Lord revere.

SWIFT'S REMARKS.

(1) A man must have some time to sleep; so that I will change this verse thus:
" And thinks and dreams thereon all night."

(2) Look ye, you must thin the boughs at the top, or your fruit will be neither fair nor timely.

(3) Why, what other part of a tree appears in a lively verdure, beside the leaves? Read—
These very leaves on which you spend
  Your woful stuff, may serve for squibs:
Such blessings always shall attend
  The madrigals of Dr. Gibbs.

The above may serve for a tolerable specimen of Swift's remarks. The whole should be given, if it were possible to make them intelligible, without copying the version which is ridiculed; a labour for which our readers would scarcely thank us. A few detached stanzas, however, with the dean's notes on them, shall be transcribed.

Why do the heathen nations rise,
  And in mad tumults join?
Confederate kings vain *plots* (1) devise
  Against the Almighty's reign!

(1) I don't believe that ever kings entered into plots and confederacies against the reign of God Almighty.

But those that do thy laws refuse,
  In pieces thou shalt break;
(2) And with an iron sceptre bruise
  The disobedient (3) *neck*.

(2) After a man is broken in pieces, it is no great matter to have his neck bruised.
(3) Neak.

Ye earthly kings, the caution *hear*,
  Ye rulers *learn* the same (4);
Serve God with reverence, and with *fear* (5)
  His joyful praise proclaim.

(4) Rulers must *learn* it, but kings may only *hear* it.
(5) Very proper, to make a joyful proclamation with fear.

(6) For should the madness of his foes
  Th' avenging God incense,
Happy are they that can repose
  In him their confidence. (7)

(6) For should the foes of David's ape
  Provoke his gray-goose quills,
Happy are they that can escape
  The vengeance of his pills.
(7) Admirably reasoned and connected!

No fears shall then my soul depress,*
Though thus my enemies increase:
(8) And therefore, now arise, O Lord,*
And graciously thy help afford.

* Depraese, Loard, Scoticè.

(8) He desires God's help, because he is not afraid of his enemies; others, I think, usually desire it when they *are* afraid.

And *thus* (9) to grant a sure defence
Belongs to God's (10) omnipotence.

(9) The doctor has a mighty affection for the particle *thus*: he uses it four times in this (the 3rd) Psalm, and 100 times in other places and always wrong.
(10) That is as much as to say, that he that can do all things can defend a man; which I take to be an undoubted truth.

But you, my frail, (11) malicious foes,
  Who do my power despise,
Vainly how long will ye oppose,
  And (12) falsely calumnize!

(11) Are they malicious out of frailty, or frail out of malice?
(12) That is, they say *false* things *falsely*. I will discover the doctor's secret of making coherence and connexions in the Psalms, that he brags of in his title and preface: he lays violent hands on certain particles (such as, *and*, *when*, *since*, *for*, *but*, *thus*, *so*, &c.), and presses them to his service on all occasions, sore against their wills, and without any regard whether the sense will admit them or not.

Since those alone the Lord has blest
  Who do from sin refrain,
He therefore grants what I request, (13)
  And hears when I (14) complain.

(13) It is plain the doctor never requested to be a poet.
(14) If your requests be granted, why do you complain?

Then shall my soul with more divine
  And solid joys abound,
Than they with stores of corn and wine,
  Those earthly riches, crown'd. (15)

(15) I have heard of a crown or garland of corn; but a crown of wine is new, and can hardly be explained, unless we suppose the wine to be in icicles.

And thus confiding, Lord, in thee,
  I take my calm repose; (16)
For thou each night protectest me,
  From all my (17) treacherous foes.

(16) And yet, to show I tell no fibs,
  Thou hast left me in thrall
To Hopkins eke, and doctor Gibbs,
  The vilest rogue of all.
(17) Ay, and *open* foes too, or his repose would not be very calm.

Thy heavy hand restrain;
  (18) With mercy, Lord, correct;
Do not (19) (as if in high disdain)
  My helpless soul reject.

(18) Thy heavy hand restrain;
  Have mercy, Dr. Gibbs:
Do not, I pray thee, paper stain
  With rhymes retail'd in dribbs.
(19) That bit is a most glorious botch.

DR. GIBBS.

For how shall I sustain
  (1) Those ills which now I bear?
My vitals are consumed with pain,
  (2) My soul oppress'd with care!

Lord, I have pray'd in (3) vain,
  So long, so much oppress'd;
My very (4) cries increase my pain,
  And tears prevent my rest:

These do my sight impair,
  And flowing eyes decay:
While to my enemies I fear
  Thus (5) to become a prey.

If I've not spared him though he's grown
  My causeless (6) enemy:
Then let my life and fortune (7) crown
  Become to him a prey.

But, Lord, thy kind assistance (8) lend;
  Arise in my defence:
According to thy laws (9) contend
  For injured innocence.

That all the nations that oppose,
  May then confess thy power;
Therefore assist my righteous cause,
  That they may thee adore:

For equal judgment, Lord, to thee
  The nations (10) all submit;
Be therefore (11) merciful to me,
  And my just soul acquit. (12)

Thus, by God's gracious providence, (13)
  I'm still preserved secure,
Who all the good and just defends
  With a resistless (14) power.

All men he does with justice view,
  And their iniquity
With direful vengeance can pursue,
  Or patiently (15) pass by.

Lo! now th' inflictions (16) they design'd
  By others to be borne,
Even all the mischiefs (17) in their mind,
  Do on themselves return.

O'er all the birds that mount the air,
And fish that in the floods appear (18).

Confounded at the sight of thee,
  My foes are put to flight (19).
Thus thou, great God of equity,
  Dost still assert my right (20).

But God eternally remains
  (21) Fix'd in his throne on high,
And to the world from thence ordains
  (22) Impartial equity.

And thus consider still, O Lord,
  The justice of my cause;
Who often hast my life (23) restor'd
  From death's devouring jaws.

And from the barbarous (24) paths they tread,
  No acts of Providence
Can e'er oblige them to recede,
  Or stop (25) their bold offence.

And on their impious heads will pour
Of snares (26) and flames a dismal shower;
And this their bitter cup shall be,
(27) To drink to all eternity.

SWIFT'S REMARKS.

(1) The squeaking of a hoggrel.

(2) To listen to thy doggrel.

(3) The doctor must mean himself; for I hope David never thought so.

(4) Then he is a dunce for crying.

(5) That is, he is afraid of becoming a prey to his enemies while his eyes are sore.

(6) If he be grown his *causeless* enemy, he is no longer *guiltless*.

(7) He gives a thing before he has it, and gives it to him that has it already; for Saul is the person meant.

(8) But why *lend?* Does he design to return it back when he has done with it?

(9) Profane rascal! he makes it a struggle and contention between God and the wicked.

(10) Yet, in the very verse before, he talks of nations that *oppose*.

(11) Because all nations submit to God, therefore God must be merciful to Dr. Gibbs.

(12) Of what?

  Poor David never could acquit
    A criminal like thee,
  Against his Psalms who could commit
    Such wicked poetry.

(13) Observe the connexion.

(14) That's right, doctor; but there will be no contending, as you desired a while ago.

  'Tis wonderful that Providence
    Should save thee from the halter,
  Who hast in numbers without sense
    Burlesqued the holy Psalter

(15) That is no great mark of viewing them with justice. God has wiser ends for passing by his vengeance on the wicked, you profane dunce!

(16) Ay, but what sort of things are these inflictions?

(17) If the mischiefs be in their mind, what need they return on themselves? are they not there already?

(18) Those, I think are not very many: they are good fish when they are caught, but till then we have no great sway over them.

(19) The doctor is mistaken; for, when people are confounded they cannot fly.

(20) Against Sternhold and Hopkins.

(21) That is false and profane; God is not fixed anywhere.

(22) Did anybody ever hear of *partial* equity?

(23) Nothing is restored but what has been taken away; so that he has been often raised from the dead, if this be true.

(24) The author should first have premised what sort of paths were properly barbarous. I suppose they must be very deep or dirty, or very rugged and stony; both which I myself have heard travellers call barbarous roads.

(25) Which is the way to stop an offence? Would you have it stopped like a bottle, or a thief?

(26) A shower of snares on a man's head would do wonderful execution. However, I grant it is a scurvy thing enough to swallow them.

(27) To taste the doctor's poetry.

DR. GIBBS.	SWIFT'S REMARKS
(1) But they were all perverted grown, Polluted all with blood, And other impious crimes; not one either just (2) or good.	(1) But they were all perverted grown, In spite of Dr. Gibbs's blood: Of all his impious strains not one Was either just or good. (2) For a man, it seems, may be good, and not just.
Are they so stupid (3), then, said (4) God, Who thus my (5) saints devour? These (6) crimes have they not understood, Nor thought upon my power.	(3) The fault was not that they devoured saints, but that they were stupid. *Qy.* Whether stupidity makes men devour saints, or devouring saints makes a man stupid? I believe the latter, because they may be apt to lie heavy on one's stomach. (4) Clod (5) Strains. (6) Chimes.
(7) O, that his aid we now might have From Sion's holy hill, That God the captive just would save, And glad all Israel! All those that lead a life like this Shall reign in everlasting bliss (8).	(7) And O that every parish clerk, Who hums what Brady crib From Hopkins, would attend this work, And glad the heart with Gibbs. (8) And so the doctor now may kiss— ——!

F I N I S.

Fiddling Impudent Nauseous Illiterate Scoundrel Scot
Foolish. Idle. Nonsensical Ignorant Sot.

At the end of the MS. is the following note:—

"The above was written from the manuscript mentioned in the first page, now in the hands of Nicholas Coyne, Esq., being the only copy in the kingdom of Ireland; he having purchased the original, and afterward generously given it to his friend Dr. Dunkin, finding the doctor extremely uneasy at the disappointment the earl of Chesterfield was like to meet with, as he had promised the earl to attend the auction and procure it for him at any price; and is now transcribed by Neale Molloy, Esq., of Dublin, by the favour of the said Nicholas Coyne, his brother-in-law, and sent by him to his kinsman and dear friend, Charles Molloy, of London, Esquire.

"Dublin, May 26, 1748."

LAW IS A BOTTOMLESS PIT;

THE HISTORY OF JOHN BULL.

PUBLISHED FROM A MANUSCRIPT FOUND IN THE CABINET OF THE FAMOUS SIR H. POLESWORTH, IN THE YEAR 1712.

"You must buy a small twopenny pamphlet called *Law is a Bottomless Pit*. It is very prettily written; and there will be a second part."—JOURNAL TO STELLA, *March* 10, 1711-12.

"The second Part of *Law is a Bottomless Pit* is just now printed; and better, I think, than the first."—IBID. *March* 16, 1711-12.

The Appendix to the third Part of *John Bull* was published yesterday; it is equal to the last. I hope you read John Bull. It was a Scotch gentleman, a friend of mine, that wrote it; but they put it upon me."—IBID. *May* 10, 1712.

"*John Bull* is not wrote by the person you imagine. It is too good for another to own. Had it been Grub street, I would have let people think as they please; and I think that's right."—IBID. *June* 17.

"Have you seen the fourth part of *John Bull?* It is equal to the first, and extremely good."—IBID. *August* 7.

CHAPTER I.

The Occasion of the Lawsuit.

I NEED not tell you of the great quarrels that have happened in our neighbourhood since the death of the late lord Strutt [Charles II. of Spain]; how the parson, and a cunning attorney, got him to settle his estate upon his cousin Philip Baboon[a] to the great disappointment of his cousin esquire South. Some stick not to say, that the parson and the attorney forged a will, for which they were well paid by the family of the Baboons: let that be as it will, it is matter of fact, that the honour and estate have continued ever since in the person of Philip Baboon.

You know that the lord Strutts have for many years been possessed of a very great landed estate, well-conditioned, wooded, watered; with coal, salt, tin, copper, iron, &c., all within themselves; that it has been the misfortune of that family to be the property of their stewards, tradesmen, and inferior servants, which has brought great incumbrances upon them; at the same time, their not abating of their expensive way of living has forced them to mortgage their best manors: it is credibly reported, that the butchers' and bakers' bills of a lord Strutt, that lived two hundred years ago, are not yet paid.

When Philip Baboon came first to the possession of lord Strutt's [illegible] his trade [illegible] al up[illegible] such occasions, waited upon him to wish him joy and bespeak his custom: the two chief were John Bull [English] the clothier, and Nic. Frog [Dutch] the linen-draper: they told him, that the Bulls and Frogs had served the lord Strutts with drapery-ware for many years; that they were honest and fair dealers; that their bills had never been questioned; that the lord Strutts lived generously, and never used to dirty their fingers with pen, ink, and counters; that his lordship might depend upon their honesty; that they would use him as kindly as they had done his predecessors. The young lord seemed to take all in good part, and dismissed them with a deal of seeming content, assuring them he did not intend to change any of the honourable maxims of his predecessors.

CHAPTER II.

How Bull and Frog grew jealous, that the Lord Strutt intended to give all his Custom to his Grandfather Lewis Baboon [Louis XIV.]

IT happened, unfortunately for the peace of our neighbourhood, that this young lord had an old cunning

[a] Cardinal Portocarero and the marshal of Harcourt, employed, as is supposed, by the house of Bourbon, prevailed upon him to make a will, by which he settled the succession of the Spanish monarchy upon Philip of Bourbon, duke of Anjou, though his right had by solemn renunciation been barred in favour of the archduke Charles of Austria.

rogue, or (as the Scots call it) a *false loon*, of a grandfather, that one might justly call a jack of all trades; sometimes you would see him behind his counter selling broad-cloth, sometimes measuring linen; next day he would be dealing in mercery-ware: high heads, ribbons, gloves, fans, and lace he understood to a nicety; Charles Mather could not bubble a young beau better with a toy; nay, he would descend even to the selling of tape, garters, and shoebuckles; when shop was shut up, he would go about the neighbourhood, and earn half-a-crown by teaching the young men and maids to dance. By these methods he had acquired immense riches, which he used to squander away at back-sword, quarter-staff, and cudgel-play, in which he took great pleasure, and challenged all the country. You will say, it is no wonder if Bull and Frog should be jealous of this fellow. "It is not impossible," says Frog to Bull, "but this old rogue will take the management of the young lord's business into his hands; besides the rascal has good ware, and will serve him as cheap as anybody. In that case, I leave you to judge what must become of us and our families: we must starve, or turn journeymen to old Lewis Baboon; therefore, neighbour, I hold it advisable that we write to young lord Strutt to know the bottom of this matter."

CHAPTER III.

A Copy of Bull and Frog's Letter to Lord Strutt

My Lord, I suppose your lordship knows that the Bulls and the Frogs have served the lord Strutts with all sorts of drapery-ware time out of mind: and whereas we are jealous, not without reason, that your lordship intends henceforth to buy of your grandsire old Lewis Baboon; this is to inform your lordship, that this proceeding does not suit with the circumstances of our families, who have lived and made a good figure in the world by the generosity of the lord Strutts. Therefore we think fit to acquaint your lordship, that you must find sufficient security to us, our heirs and assigns, that you will not employ Lewis Baboon; or else we will take our remedy at law, clap an action upon you of 20,000*l.* for old debts, seize and distrain your goods and chattels, which, considering your lordship's circumstances, will plunge you into difficulties, from which it will not be easy to extricate yourself: therefore we hope, when your lordship has better considered on it, you will comply with the desire of your loving friends,

JOHN BULL,
NIC. FROG.

Some of Bull's friends advised him to take gentler methods with the young lord; but John naturally loved rough play. It is impossible to express the surprise of the lord Strutt upon the receipt of this letter; he was not flush in ready, either to go to law or clear old debts; neither could he find good bail: he offered to bring matters to a friendly accommodation; and promised, upon his word of honour, that he would not change his drapers; but all to no purpose, for Bull and Frog saw clearly that old Lewis would have the cheating of him.

CHAPTER IV.

How Bull and Frog went to law with lord Strutt about the Premises, and were joined by the rest of the tradesmen.

All endeavours of accommodation between lord Strutt and his drapers proved vain; jealousies increased, and indeed it was rumoured abroad, that lord Strutt had bespoke his new liveries of old Lewis Baboon. This coming to Mrs. Bull's ears, when John Bull came home, he found all his family in an uproar. Mrs. Bull, you must know, was very apt to be choleric. "You sot," says she, "you loiter about alehouses and taverns, spend your time at billiards, nine-pins, or puppet-shows, or flaunt about the streets in your new gilt chariot, never minding me nor your numerous family. Don't you hear how lord Strutt has bespoke his liveries at Lewis Baboon's shop? Don't you see how that old fox steals away your customers, and turns you out of your business every day, and you sit like an idle drone with your hands in your pockets? Fie upon it! up, man, rouse thyself; I'll sell to my shift, before I'll be so used by that knave." You must think Mrs. Bull had been pretty well tuned up by Frog, who chimed in with her learned harangue. No further delay now, but to counsel learned in the law they go, who unanimously assured them both of the justice and infallible success of their lawsuit.

I told you before that old Lewis Baboon was a sort of a jack of all trades, which made the rest of the tradesmen jealous, as well as Bull and Frog; they, hearing of the quarrel, were glad of an opportunity of joining against old Lewis Baboon, provided that Bull and Frog would bear the charges of the suit; even lying Ned, the chimney-sweeper of Savoy [duke of Savoy], and Tom, the Portugal dustman [king of Portugal], put in their claims; and the cause was put into the hands of Humphry Hocus the attorney [duke of Marlborough].

A declaration was drawn up to show, "that Bull and Frog had undoubted right by prescription to be drapers to the lord Strutts; that there were several old contracts to that purpose; that Lewis Baboon had taken up the trade of clothier and draper without serving his time or purchasing his freedom; that he sold goods that were not marketable, without the stamp; that he himself was more fit for a bully than a tradesman, and went about through all the country fairs, challenging people to fight prizes, wrestling, and cudgel-play; and abundance more to this purpose.

CHAPTER V.

The true character of John Bull, Nic. Frog, and Hocus.

For the better understanding the following history, the reader ought to know that Bull, in the main, was an honest plain-dealing fellow, choleric, bold, and of a very unconstant temper; he dreaded not old Lewis, either at back-sword, single falchion, or cudgel-play; but then he was very apt to quarrel with his best friends, especially if they pretended to govern him: if you flattered him, you might lead him like a child. John's temper depended very much upon the air; his spirits rose and fell with the weather-glass. John was quick, and understood his business very well; but no man alive was more careless in looking into his accounts, or more cheated by partners, apprentices, and servants. This was occasioned by his being a boon companion, loving his bottle and his diversion; for, to say truth, no man kept a better house than John, nor spent his money more generously. By plain and fair dealing, John had acquired some plums, and might have kept them had it not been for his unhappy lawsuit.

Nic. Frog was a cunning, sly whoreson, quite the reverse of John in many particulars; covetous, frugal; minded domestic affairs; would pinch his belly to save his pocket; never lost a farthing by careless servants, or bad debtors. He did not care much for any sort of diversions, except tricks of high German artists, and legerdemain: no man exceeded Nic. in these; yet it must be owned, that Nic. was a fair dealer, and in that way acquired immense riches.

Hocus was an old cunning attorney; and though this was the first considerable suit that ever he was engaged in, he showed himself superior in his address to most of his profession: he kept always good clerks, he loved money, was smooth-tongued, gave good words, and

seldom lost his temper: he was not worse than an infidel, for he provided plentifully for his family; but he loved himself better than them all; the neighbours reported that he was henpecked; which was impossible by such a mild-spirited woman as his wife was.

CHAPTER VI.

Of the various success of the lawsuit.

LAW is a bottomless pit; it is a cormorant—a harpy that devours everything. John Bull was flattered by the lawyers that his suit would not last above a year or two at most; that before that time he would be in quiet possession of his business: yet ten long years did Hocus steer his cause through all the meanders of the law, and all the courts. No skill, no address was wanting; and, to say truth, John did not starve his cause: there wanted not yellow-boys to fee counsel, hire witnesses, and bribe juries: lord Strutt was generally cast, never had one verdict in his favour; and John was promised that the next, and the next, would be the final determination:[a] but, alas! that final determination and happy conclusion was like an enchanted island, the nearer John came to it, the further it went from him: new trials upon new points still arose; new doubts, new matters to be cleared; in short, lawyers seldom part with so good a cause till they have got the oyster, and the clients the shell. John's ready money, book-debts, bonds, mortgages, all went into the lawyers' pockets: then John began to borrow money upon bank-stock and East-India bonds: now and then a farm went to pot: at last it was thought a good expedient to set up esquire South's title, to prove the will forged, and dispossess Philip lord Strutt at once.[b] Here again was a new field for the lawyers, and the cause grew more intricate than ever. John grew madder and madder; wherever he met any of lord Strutt's servants, he tore off their clothes: now and then you would see them come home naked, without shoes, stockings, and linen. As for old Lewis Baboon, he was reduced to his last shift, though he had as many as any other: his children were reduced from rich silks to doily stuffs, his servants in rags, and barefooted: instead of good victuals, they now lived upon neck-beef, and bullock's liver: in short, nobody got much by the matter, but the men of law.

CHAPTER VII.

How John Bull was so mightily p[illegible]d with his success, that he was going to leave off his [illegible] and turn lawyer.

IT is wisely observed by a great philosopher, that habit is a second nature; this was verified in the case of John Bull, who, from an honest and plain tradesman, had got such a haunt about the courts of justice, and such a jargon of law words, that he concluded himself as able a lawyer as any that pleaded at the bar or sat on the bench; he was overheard one day talking to himself after this manner:[c] "How capriciously does fate or chance dispose of mankind! How seldom is that business allotted to a man for which he is fitted by nature! It is plain I was intended for a man of law; how did my guardians mistake my genius, in placing me, like a mean slave, behind the counter! Bless me! what immense estates these fellows raise by the law! Besides, it is the profession of a gentleman. What a pleasure is it to be victorious in a cause! to swagger at the bar! What a fool am I to drudge any more in this woollen trade! for a lawyer I was born,

[a] The war was carried on against France and Spain with great success, and a peace might have been concluded upon the principles of the alliance.

[b] It was insisted that the will in favour of Philip was contrary to treaty.

[c] The manners and sentiments of the nation became extravagant and chimerical

and a lawyer I will be; one is never too old to learn." All this while John had conned over such a catalogue of hard words as were enough to conjure up the devil; this he used to babble indifferently in all companies, especially at coffee-houses; so that his neighbour tradesmen began to shun his company as a man that was cracked. Instead of the affairs of Blackwell-hall, and the price of broad cloth, wool, and baizes, he talks of nothing but actions upon the case, returns, capias, alias capias, demurrers, venire facias, replevins, supersedeases, certioraris, writs of error, actions of trover and conversion, trespasses, precipes and dedimus. This was matter of jest to the learned in law; however, Hocus and the rest of the tribe encouraged John in his fancy, assuring him that he had a great genius for law; that they questioned not but in time he might raise money enough by it to reimburse him all his charges; that if he studied, he would undoubtedly arrive to the dignity of a lord chief-justice: as for the advice of honest friends and neighbours, John despised it; he looked upon them as fellows of a low genius, poor grovelling mechanics; John reckoned it more honour to have got one favourable verdict than to have sold a bale of broad cloth. As for Nic. Frog, to say the truth, he was more prudent; for though he followed his lawsuit closely, he neglected not his ordinary business, but was both in court and in his shop at the proper hours.

CHAPTER VIII.

How John discovered that Hocus had an intrigue with his wife; and what followed thereupon.

JOHN had not run on a madding so long, had it not been for an extravagant bitch of a wife, whom Hocus, perceiving John to be fond of, was resolved to win over to his side. It is a true saying, "that the last man of the parish that knows of his cuckoldom is himself." It was observed by all the neighbourhood that Hocus had dealings with John's wife,[a] that were not so much for his honour; but this was perceived by John a little too late; she was a luxurious jade, loved splendid equipages, plays, treats, and balls, differing very much from the sober manners of her ancestors, and by no means fit for a tradesman's wife. Hocus fed her extravagancy (what was still more shameful) with John's own money. Everybody said that Hocus had a month's mind to her body; be that as it will, it is matter of fact, that upon all occasions she run out extravagantly on the praise of Hocus. When John used to be finding fault with his bills, she used to reproach him as ungrateful to his greatest benefactor; one that had taken so much pains in his lawsuit, and retrieved his family from the oppression of old Lewis Baboon. A good swingeing sum of John's readiest cash went toward building of Hocus's country-house.[b] This affair between Hocus and Mrs. Bull was now so open that all the world were scandalized at it; John was not so clod-pated but at last he took the hint. The parson of the parish, preaching one day with more zeal than sense against adultery,[c] Mrs. Bull told her husband, that he was a very uncivil fellow to use such coarse language before people of condition; that Hocus was of the same mind; and that they would join to have him turned out of his living, for using personal reflections.[d] "How do you mean," says John, "by personal

[a] It was believed that the general tampered with the parliament

[b] Parliament voted repeated thanks to the duke, and settled upon him the manor of Woodstock, with 5000*l*. per annum, and an immense sum of the nation's money was expended in building Blenheim-house.

[c] Dr Henry Sacheverel preached a sermon against popular resistance of regal authority.

[d] The house of commons voted this sermon a libel on her majesty and her government, the Revolution, the Protestant

reflections? I hope in God, wife, he did not reflect upon you?" "No, thank God, my reputation is too well established in the world to receive any hurt from such a foul-mouthed scoundrel as he; his doctrine tends only to make husbands tyrants, and wives slaves; must we be shut up, and husbands left to their liberty? Very pretty indeed! A wife must never go abroad with a Platonic to see a play or a ball; she must never stir without her husband, nor walk in Spring-garden with a cousin. I do say, husband, and I will stand by it, that without the innocent freedoms of life, matrimony would be a most intolerable state; and that a wife's virtue ought to be the result of her own reason, and not of her husband's government; for my part, I would scorn a husband that would be jealous if he saw a fellow a-bed with me."[a] All this while John's blood boiled in his veins; he was now confirmed in all his suspicions; jade, bitch, and whore were the best words that John gave her.[b] Things went from better to worse, till Mrs. Bull aimed a knife[c] at John, though John threw a bottle[d] at her head, very brutally indeed; and after this there was nothing but confusion; bottles, glasses, spoons, plates, knives, forks, and dishes flew about like dust;[e] the result of which was, that Mrs. Bull received a bruise[f] in her right side, of which she died half a year after. The bruise imposthumated, and afterwards turned to a stinking ulcer, which made everybody shy to come near her: yet she wanted not the help of many able physicians, who attended very diligently, and did what men of skill could do; but all to no purpose, for her condition was now quite desperate, all regular physicians and her nearest relations having given her over.

CHAPTER IX.

How some quacks undertook to cure Mrs. Bull of her ulcer.

THERE is nothing so impossible in nature but mountebanks will undertake; nothing so incredible but they will affirm: Mrs. Bull's condition was looked upon as desperate by all the men of art; but there were those that bragged they had an infallible ointment and plaster which, being applied to the sore, would cure it in a few days; at the same time, they would give her a pill that would purge off all her bad humours, sweeten her blood, and rectify her disturbed imaginations. In spite of all applications, the patient grew worse every day; she stunk so nobody durst come within a stone's throw of her, except those quacks who attended her close, and apprehended no danger. If one asked them, how Mrs. Bull did? Better and better, said they; the parts heal, and her constitution mends; if she submits to our government, she will be abroad in a little time. Nay, it is reported, that they wrote to her friends in the country, that she would dance a jig next October in Westminster-hall, and that her illness had chiefly been owing to bad physicians. As last, one of them [lord Chancellor] was sent for in great haste, his patient grew worse and worse: when he came, he affirmed that it was a gross mistake, and that she was never in a fairer way: Bring hither the salve, says he, and give her a plentiful draught of my cordial. As he was applying his ointments and administering the cordial, the patient gave up the ghost, to the great confusion of the quack, and the great joy of Bull and his friends. The quack flung away out of the house in great disorder, and swore there was foul play, for he was sure his medicines were infallible. Mrs. Bull having died without any signs of repentance or devotion, the clergy would hardly allow her a Christian burial. The relations had once resolved to sue John for the murder; but considering better of it, and that such a trial would rip up old sores, and discover things not so much to the reputation of the deceased, they dropped their design. She left no will, only there was found in her strong box, the following words wrote on a scrip of paper: "My curse on John Bull and all my posterity if ever they come to any composition with the lord Strutt."

She left him three daughters, whose names were Polemia, Discordia, and Usuria [War, Faction, and Usury].

CHAPTER X.

Of John Bull's second wife, and the good advice that she gave him.

JOHN quickly got the better of his grief, and seeing that neither his constitution nor the affairs of his family could permit him to live in an unmarried state, he resolved to get him another wife: a cousin of his last wife's was proposed, but John would have no more of the breed: in short, he wedded a sober country gentlewoman, of a good family, and a plentiful fortune, the reverse of the other in her temper;[a] not but that she loved money, for she was saving, and applied her fortune to pay John's clamorous debts, that the unfrugal methods of his last wife and this ruinous lawsuit had brought him into. One day, as she had got her husband in a good humour, she talked to him after the following manner:[b] "My dear, since I have been your wife, I have observed great abuses and disorders in your family; your servants are mutinous and quarrelsome, and cheat you most abominably; your cook-maid is in a combination with your butcher, poulterer, and fishmonger; your butler purloins your liquor, and the brewer sells you hogwash; your baker cheats both in weight and in tale; even your milk-woman and your nursery-maid have a fellow-feeling; your tailor, instead of shreds, cabbages whole yards of cloth; besides, leaving such long scores, and not going to market with ready money, forces us to take bad ware of the tradesmen at their own price. You have not posted your books these ten years; how is it possible for a man of business to keep his affairs even in the world at this rate? Pray God this Hocus be honest: would to God you would look over his bills, and see how matters stand between Frog and you:[c] prodigious sums are spent in this lawsuit, and more must be borrowed of scriveners and usurers at heavy interest. Besides, my dear, let me beg of you to lay aside that wild project of leaving your business to turn lawyer, for which, let me tell you, nature never designed you. Believe me, these rogues do but flatter that they may pick your pocket; observe what a parcel of hungry ragged fellows live by your cause; to be sure they will never make an end on't: I foresee this haunt you have got about the courts will one day or other bring your family to beggary. Consider, my dear, how indecent it is to abandon your shop and follow pettifoggers; the habit is so strong upon you, that there is hardly a plea between two country esquires, about a barren acre upon a common, but you draw yourself in as bail, surety, or solicitor."[d] John heard

succession, and the parliament: they impeached the author of high crimes and misdemeanours; he was silenced for three years, and the sermon burnt by the hangman

[a] These proceedings caused a great ferment in the public mind.

[b] The house complained of being aspersed and villified; opprobrious terms were used by both parties

[c] The ministry had recourse to the military power.

[d] Various mobs and tumults were excited by the high church party

[e] The Whig or low church party in the house of commons began to decline.

[f] Parliament was prorogued.

[a] The new parliament was averse to the war.

[b] The house of commons made a representation of the mismanagement in the several offices.

[c] The amount of money that had been expended on the war.

[d] The war was then a great favourite with the people.

her all this while with patience, till she pricked his maggot, and touched him in the tender point; then he broke out into a violent passion, "What, I not fit for a lawyer! Let me tell you, my clod-pated relations spoiled the greatest genius in the world when they bred me a mechanic. Lord Strutt and his old rogue of a grandsire have found to their cost that I can manage a lawsuit as well as another." "I don't deny what you say," replied Mrs. Bull, "nor do I call in question your parts; but I say it does not suit with your circumstances: you and your predecessors have lived in good reputation among your neighbours by this same clothing trade, and it were madness to leave it off. Besides, there are few that know all the tricks and cheats of these lawyers: does not your own experience teach you how they have drawn you on from one term to another, and how you have danced the round of all the courts, still flattering you with a final issue, and, for aught I can see, your cause is not a bit clearer than it was seven years ago." "I will be damned," says John, "if I accept of any composition from Strutt or his grandfather; I'll rather wheel about the streets an engine to grind knives and scissars; however, I'll take your advice, and look over my accompts."

CHAPTER XI.

How John looked over his attorney's bill

When John first brought out the bills, the surprise of all the family was inexpressible at the prodigious dimensions of them; they would have measured with the best bale of cloth in John's shop. Fees to judges, puisne judges, clerks, prothonotaries, filacers, chirographers, under-clerks, proclamators, council, witnesses, jurymen, marshals, tipstaffs, criers, porters; for enrollings, exemplifications, bails, vouchers, returns, caveats, examinations, filing of writs, entries, declarations, replications, recordats, noli prosequis, certioraris, mittimuses, demurrers, special verdicts, informations, scire facias, supersedeas, habeas corpus, coach hire, treating of witnesses, &c. "Verily," says John, "there are a prodigious number of learned words in this law; what a pretty science it is!" "Ay, but husband, you have paid for every syllable and letter of these fine words; bless me, what immense sums are at the bottom of the accompt!" John spent several weeks in looking over his bills; and by comparing and stating his accompts, he discovered that, beside the extravagance of every article, he had been egregiously cheated; that he had paid for council that were never feed, for writs that were never drawn, for dinners that were never dressed, and journeys that were never made; in short, that the tradesmen, lawyers, and Frog, had agreed to throw the burden of the lawsuit upon his shoulders.

CHAPTER XII.

How John grew angry, and resolved to accept a composition;[a] and what methods were practised by the lawyers for keeping him from it.

Well might the learned Daniel Burgess say, that a lawsuit is a suit for life. He that sows his grain upon marble will have many a hungry belly before harvest. This John felt by woful experience. John's cause was a good milch-cow, and many a man subsisted his family out of it. However, John began to think it high time to look about him. He had a cousin in the country, one sir Roger Bold,[b] whose predecessors had been bred up to the law, and knew as much of it as anybody; but having left off the profession for some time, they took great pleasure in compounding lawsuits among their neighbours, for which they were the aversion of the gentlemen of the long robe, and at perpetual war with all the country attorneys. John put his cause in sir Roger's hands, desiring him to make the best of it: the news had no sooner reached the ears of the lawyers but they were all in an uproar. They brought all the rest of the tradesmen upon John: squire South swore he was betrayed, that he would starve before he compounded; Frog said he was highly wronged; even lying Ned the chimney-sweeper, and Tom the dustman, complained that their interest was sacrificed.[a] The lawyers, solicitors, Hocus, and his clerks, were all up in arms at the news of the composition; they abused him and his wife most shamefully.[b] "You silly, awkward, ill-bred, country sow," quoth one, "have you no more manners than to rail at Hocus that has saved that clod-pated numskull'd ninnyhammer of yours from ruin, and all his family? It is well known how he has risen early and sat up late to make him easy when he was sotting at every alehouse in town. I knew his last wife; she was a woman of breeding, good humour, and complaisance; knew how to live in the world: as for you, you look like a puppet moved by clockwork: your clothes hang upon you as they were upon tenterhooks, and you come into a room as you were going to steal away a p—s-pot: get you gone into the country to look after your mother's poultry, to milk the cows, churn the butter, and dress up nosegays for a holiday, and not meddle with matters which you know no more of than the sign-post before your door: it is well known that Hocus had an established reputation; he never swore an oath, nor told a lie in all his life; he is grateful to his benefactors, faithful to his friends, liberal to his dependents, and dutiful to his superiors; he values not your money more than the dust under his feet, but he hates to be abused. Once for all, Mrs. Mynx, leave off talking of Hocus, or I will pull out those saucer eyes of yours, and make that red-streak country face look as raw as an ox cheek upon a butcher's stall: remember, I say, that there are pillories and ducking-stools." With this away they flung, leaving Mrs. Bull no time to reply. No stone was left unturned to fright John from his composition: sometimes they spread reports at coffeehouses that John and his wife were run mad; that they intended to give up house, and make over all their estate to Lewis Baboon; that John had been often heard talking to himself, and seen in the streets without shoes or stockings; that he did nothing from morning till night but beat his servants, after having been the best master alive: as for his wife, she was a mere natural. Sometimes John's house was beset with a whole regiment of attorneys' clerks, bailiffs, and bailiffs' followers, and other small retainers of the law, who threw stones at his windows, and dirt at himself as he went along the street. When John complained of want of ready money to carry on his suit, they advised him to pawn his plate and jewels, and that Mrs. Bull should sell her linen and wearing-clothes.

And the lawyers agreed to send Don Diego Dismallo, the conjurer, to John Bull, to dissuade him from making an end of his lawsuit, and this is what passed between them.

Bull. How does my good friend Don Diego?

Don. Never worse. Who can be easy when their friends are playing the fool?

Bull. But then you may be easy, for I am resolved to play the fool no longer: I wish I had hearkened to your advice, and compounded this lawsuit sooner.

Don. It is true; I was then against the ruinous ways of this lawsuit, but, looking over my scheme since, I find there is an error in my calculation. Sol and

[a] [illegible] eace was thought to be eligible, a treaty was entered into

[b] Robert Harley, tre[illegible]rer instead of lord Godolphin.

[a] The measure was opposed by the Allies.

[b] The house of commons was censured for ignorance of public business.

Jupiter were in a wrong house, but I have now discovered their true places; I find that the stars are unanimously of opinion that you will be successful in this cause: that Lewis will come to an untimely end, and Strutt will be turned out of doors by his wife and children.

Then he went on with a torrent of ecliptics, cycles, epicycles, ascendants, trines, quadrants, conjunctions, bulls, bears, goats, and rams, and abundance of hard words, which, being put together, signified nothing. John all this while stood gaping and staring like a man in a trance.

CHAPTER XIII.

Mrs. Bull's vindication of the indispensable duty of cuckoldom, incumbent upon wives in case of the tyranny, infidelity, or insufficiency of husbands: being a full answer to the doctor's sermon against adultery.[a]

JOHN found daily fresh proofs of the infidelity and bad designs of his deceased wife; among other things, one day looking over his cabinet, he found the following paper:—

It is evident that matrimony is founded upon an original contract, whereby the wife makes over the right she has by the law of nature to the *concubitus vagus* in favour of the husband; by which he acquires the property of all her posterity. But then the obligation is mutual: and where the contract is broken on one side, it ceases to bind on the other. Where there is a right, there must be a power to maintain it, and to punish the offending party. The power I affirm to be that original right, or rather that indispensable duty of cuckoldom, lodged in all wives in the cases above mentioned. No wife is bound by any law to which herself has not consented: all economical government is lodged originally in the husband and wife, the executive part being in the husband; both have their privileges secured to them by law and reason: but will any man infer from the husband's being invested with the executive power that the wife is deprived of her share, and that, which is the principal branch of it, the original right of cuckoldom? and that she has no remedy left but *preces et lachrymæ*, or an appeal to a supreme court of judicature? No less frivolous are the arguments that are drawn from the general appellations and terms of husband and wife. A husband denotes several different sorts of magistracy, according to the usages and customs of different climates and countries. In some Eastern nations it signifies a tyrant, with the absolute power of life and death: in Turkey it denotes an arbitrary governor, with power of perpetual imprisonment: in Italy it gives the husband power of poison and padlocks: in the countries of England, France, and Holland it has quite a different meaning, implying a free and equal government, securing to the wife, in certain cases, the liberty of cuckoldom, and the property of pin-money, and separate maintenance. So that the arguments drawn from the terms of husband and wife are fallacious, and by no means fit to support a tyrannical doctrine, as that of absolute unlimited chastity and conjugal fidelity.

The general exhortations to chastity in wives are meant only for rules in ordinary cases; but they naturally suppose three conditions, of ability, justice, and fidelity in the husband: such an unlimited, unconditional fidelity in the wife could never be supposed by reasonable men: it seems a reflection upon the church to charge her with doctrines that countenance oppression.

This doctrine of the original right of cuckoldom is congruous to the law of nature, which is superior to all human laws, and for that I dare appeal to all wives: it is much to the honour of our English wives that they have never given up that fundamental point; and that though in former ages they were muffled up in darkness and superstition, yet that notion seemed engraven on their minds, and the impression so strong, that nothing could impair it.

To assert the illegality of cuckoldom upon any pretence whatsoever were to cast odious colours upon the married state, to blacken the necessary means of perpetuating families: such laws can never be supposed to have been designed to defeat the very end of matrimony, the propagation of mankind. I call them necessary means; for in many cases what other means are left? Such a doctrine wounds the honour of families; unsettles the titles to kingdoms, honours, and estates; for if the actions from which such settlements spring were illegal, all that is built upon them must be so too; but the last is absurd, therefore the first must be so likewise. What is the cause that Europe groans at present under the heavy load of a cruel and expensive war, but the tyrannical custom of a certain nation, and the scrupulous nicety of a silly queen, [consort of Charles II. of Spain.] in not exercising this indispensable duty of cuckoldom, whereby the kingdom might have had an heir, and a controverted succession might have been avoided? These are the effects of the narrow maxims of your clergy, That one must not do evil that good may come of it.

The assertors of this indefeasible right, and *jus divinum* of matrimony, do all, in their hearts, favour gallants, and the pretenders to married women: for if the true legal foundation of the married state be once sapped, and instead thereof tyrannical maxims introduced, what must follow but elopements, instead of secret and peaceable cuckoldom?

From all that has been said, one may clearly perceive the absurdity of the doctrine of this seditious, discontented, hot-headed, ungifted, unedifying preacher, asserting, That the grand security of the matrimonial state, and the pillar upon which it stands, is founded upon the wife's belief of an absolute unconditional fidelity to the husband's bed; by which bold assertion he strikes at the root, digs the foundation, and removes the basis upon which the happiness of a married state is built. As for his personal reflections, I would gladly know who are those wanton wives he speaks of? who are those ladies of high station that he so boldly traduces in his sermon? It is pretty plain whom these aspersions are aimed at, for which he deserves the pillory, or something worse.

In confirmation of this doctrine of the indispensable duty of cuckoldom, I could bring the example of the wisest wives in all ages, who by these means have preserved their husbands' families from ruin and oblivion by want of posterity; but what has been said is a sufficient ground for punishing this pragmatical parson.

CHAPTER XIV.

The two great parties of wives, the Devotoes and the Hitts.[a]

THE doctrine of unlimited chastity and fidelity in wives was universally espoused by all husbands, who went about the country and made the wives sign papers, signifying their utter detestation and abhorrence of Mrs. Bull's wicked doctrine of the indispensable duty of cuckoldom. Some yielded, others refused to part with their native liberty; which gave rise to two great parties among the wives, the devotoes and the hitts. Though it must be owned, the distinction was more nominal than real; for the devotoes would abuse freedoms sometimes: and those who were distinguished by the name of hitts, were often very honest. At the

[a] The Tories' representation of the speeches at Sacheverell's trial.

[a] Those who were for or against the doctrine of non-resistance.

same time there came out an ingenious treatise, with the title of "Good Advice to Husbands;" in which they are counselled not to trust too much to their wives owning the doctrine of unlimited conjugal fidelity, and so to neglect family duty, and a due watchfulness over the manners of their wives; that the greatest security to husbands was a vigorous constitution, good usage of their wives, and keeping them from temptation; many husbands having been sufferers by their trusting too much to general professions, as was exemplified in the case of a foolish and negligent husband, who, trusting to the efficacy of this principle, was undone by his wife's elopement from him.[a]

CHAPTER XV.

An account of the Conference between Mrs. Bull and Don Diego.

THE lawyers, as their last effort to put off the composition, sent Don Diego[b] to John. Don Diego was a very worthy gentleman, a friend to John, his mother, and present wife; and therefore supposed to have some influence over her: he had been ill-used himself by John's lawyers: but, because of some animosity to sir Roger,[c] was against the composition;[d] the conference between him and Mrs. Bull was word for word as follows:—

Don D. Is it possible, cousin Bull, that you can forget the honourable maxims of the family you are come of, and break your word with three of the honestest, best meaning persons in the world, esquire South, Frog, and Hocus, that have sacrificed their interests to yours? It is base to take advantage of their simplicity and credulity, and leave them in the lurch at last.

Mrs. B. I am sure they have left my family in a bad condition; we have hardly money to go to market, and nobody will take our word for sixpence. A very fine spark this esquire South! My husband took him in, a dirty snotty-nosed boy; it was the business of half the servants to attend him, the rogue did bawl and make such a noise: sometimes he fell in the fire and burnt his face, sometimes broke his shins clambering over the benches, often p—d a-bed, and always came in so dirty as if he had been dragged through the kennel at a boarding-school. He lost his money at chuck-farthing, shuffle-cap, and all-fours; sold his books, pawned his linen, which we were always forced to redeem. Then the whole generation of him are so in love with bagpipes and puppetshows! I wish you knew what my husband has paid at the pastry-cook's and confectioner's for Naples biscuits, tarts, custards, and sweetmeats.[e] All this while my husband considered him as a gentleman of a good family that had fallen into decay, gave him good education, and has settled him in a good creditable way of living, having procured him, by his interest, one of the best places of the country; and what return, think you, does this fine gentleman make us? He will hardly give me or my husband a good word, or a civil expression: instead of sir and madam, (which, though I say it, is our due,) he calls us goody and gaffer such a one: says he did us a great deal of honour to board with us: huffs and dings at such a rate because we will not spend the little we have left to get him the title and estate of lord Strutt: and then, forsooth, we shall have the honour to be his woollen-drapers. Besides, esquire South will be esquire South still; fickle, proud, and ungrateful. If he behaves himself so, when he depends on us for his daily bread, can any man say what he will do when he is got above the world?

Don D. And would you lose the honour of so noble and generous an undertaking? Would you rather accept this scandalous composition, and trust that old rogue Lewis Baboon?

Mrs. B. Look you, friend Diego, if we law it on till Lewis turns honest, I am afraid our credit will run low at Blackwell-hall. I wish every one had his own; but I still say that lord Strutt's money shines as bright, and chinks as well, as esquire South's. I don't know any other hold, that we tradesmen have of these great folks but their interest; buy dear and sell cheap, and I'll warrant ye you will keep your customer. The worst is, that lord Strutt's servants have got such a haunt about that old rogue's shop, that it will cost us many a firkin of strong beer to bring them back again; and the longer they are in a bad road, the harder it will be to get them out of it.

Don D. But poor Frog! what has he done? On my conscience, if there be an honest sincere man in the world it is that Frog.

Mrs. B. I think I need not tell you how much Frog has been obliged to our family from his childhood; he carries his head high now, but he had never been the man he is without our help. Ever since the commencement of this lawsuit, it has been the business of Hocus, in sharing our expenses, to plead for Frog. "Poor Frog," says he, "is in hard circumstances; he has a numerous family, and lives from hand to mouth; his children don't eat a bit of good victuals from one year's end to the other, but live upon salt herring, sour curd, and borecole; he does his utmost, poor fellow, to keep things even in the world, and has exerted himself beyond his ability in this lawsuit; but he really has not wherewithal to go on. What signifies this hundred pounds? place it upon your side of the account; it is a great deal to poor Frog, and a trifle to you." This has been Hocus's constant language, and I am sure he has had obligations enough to us to have acted another part.

Don D. No doubt Hocus meant all this for the best, but he is a tender-hearted, charitable man; Frog is indeed in hard circumstances.

Mrs. B. Hard circumstances! I swear this is provoking to the last degree. All the time of the lawsuit, as fast as I have mortgaged, Frog has purchased: from a plain tradesman, with a shop, warehouse, and a country hut, with a dirty fish-pond at the end of it, he is now grown a very rich country gentleman, with a noble landed estate, noble palaces, manors, parks, gardens, and farms, finer than any we were ever master of. Is it not strange, when my husband disbursed great sums every term, Frog should be purchasing some new farm or manor? So that if this lawsuit lasts, he will be far the richest man in his country. What is worse than all this, he steals away my customers every day; twelve of the richest and the best have left my shop by his persuasion, and whom, to my certain knowledge, he has under bonds never to return again: judge you if this be neighbourly dealing.

Don D. Frog is indeed pretty close in his dealings, but very honest: you are so touchy, and take things so hotly, I am sure there must be some mistake in this.

Mrs. B. A plaguy one indeed! You know, and have often told me of it, how Hocus and those rogues kept my husband John Bull drunk for five years together with punch and strong waters; I am sure he never went one night sober to bed till they got him to sign the strangest deed that ever you saw in your life. The methods they took to manage him I'll tell you another time; at present I'll read only the writing.

[a] Alluding to the Revolution, when James II. lost his kingdom.

[b] Among other obstacles to the treaty, was the opposition of the earl of Nottingham, a Tory nobleman, who possessed very great influence in the house of commons.

[c] The cause of this animosity was Mr. Harley's being chosen to succeed Nottingham as principal secretary-of-state.

[d] He expostulated against the peace when the queen was present *incognito*.

[e] Something relating to the manners of a great prince.

ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT BETWEEN JOHN BULL, CLOTHIER, AND NICHOLAS FROG, LINEN-DRAPER.[a]

I. THAT for maintaining the ancient good correspondence and friendship between the said parties, I, Nicholas Frog, do solemnly engage and promise to keep peace in John Bull's family; that neither his wife, children, nor servants, give him any trouble, disturbance, or molestation whatsoever, but to oblige them all to do their duty quietly in their respective stations; and whereas the said John Bull, from the assured confidence that he has in my friendship, has appointed me executor of his last will and testament and guardian to his children, I do undertake for me, my heirs and assigns, to see the same duly executed and performed, and that it shall be unalterable in all its parts by John Bull, or anybody else; for that purpose it shall be lawful and allowable for me to enter his house at any hour of the day or night; to break open bars, bolts, and doors, chests of drawers, and strong boxes, in order to secure the peace of my friend John Bull's family, and to see his will duly executed.

II. In consideration of which kind neighbourly office of Nicholas Frog, in that he has been pleased to accept of the aforesaid trust, I, John Bull, having duly considered that my friend Nicholas Frog at this time lives in a marshy soil and unwholesome air, infested with fogs and damps destructive of the health of himself, wife and children, do bind and oblige me, my heirs and assigns, to purchase for the said Nicholas Frog, with the best and readiest of my cash, bonds, mortgages, goods and chattels, a landed estate, with parks, gardens, palaces, rivers, fields, and outlets, consisting of as large extent as the said Nicholas Frog shall think fit. And whereas the said Nicholas Frog is at present hemmed in too close by the grounds of Lewis Baboon, master of the science of defence, I, the said John Bull, do oblige myself, with the readiest of my cash, to purchase and enclose the said grounds for as many fields and acres as the said Nicholas shall think fit, to the intent that the said Nicholas may have free egress and regress, without let or molestation, suitable to the demands of himself and family.

III. Furthermore, the said John Bull obliges himself to make the country neighbours of Nicholas Frog allot a certain part of their yearly rents to pay for the repairs of the said landed estate, to the intent that his good friend Nicholas Frog may be eased of all charges.

IV. And whereas the said Nicholas Frog did contract with the deceased lord Strutt about certain liberties, privileges, and immunities, formerly in the possession of the said John Bull, I, the said John Bull, do freely by these presents renounce, quit, and make over to the said Nicholas the liberties, privileges, and immunities contracted for, in as full a manner as if they never had belonged to me.

V. The said John Bull obliges himself, his heirs and assigns, not to sell one rag of broad or coarse cloth to any gentleman within the neighbourhood of the said Nicholas, except in such quantities and such rates as the said Nicholas shall think fit.

(*Signed and Sealed*) JOHN BULL, NIC. FROG.

[The reading of this paper put Mrs. Bull in such a passion that she fell down right into a fit, and they were forced to give her a good quantity of the spirit of hartshorn before she recovered.]

Don D. Why in such a passion, cousin? considering your circumstances at that time, I don't think this such an unreasonable contract. You see Frog, for all this, is religiously true to his bargain; he scorns to hearken to any composition without your privacy.

Mrs. B. You know the contrary.[a] Read that letter.

[Reads the superscription.]

For Lewis Baboon, Master of the Noble Science of Defence.

SIR,—I understand that you are at this time treating with my friend John Bull about restoring the lord Strutt's custom, and besides, allowing him certain privileges of parks and fish-ponds; I wonder how you, that are a man that knows the world, can talk with that simple fellow. He has been my bubble these twenty years, and to my certain knowledge understands no more of his own affairs than a child in swaddling-clothes. I know he has got a sort of a pragmatical silly jade of a wife, that pretends to take him out of my hands; but you and she both will find yourselves mistaken; I'll find those that shall manage her; and for him, he dares as well be hanged as take one step in his affairs without my consent. If you will give me what you promised him, I will make all things easy, and stop the deeds of ejectment against lord Strutt; if you will not, take what follows: I shall have a good action against you, for pretending to rob me of my bubble. Take this warning from your loving friend, NIC. FROG.

I am told, cousin Diego, you are one of those that have undertaken to manage me, and that you have said you will carry a green bag yourself rather than we shall make an end of our lawsuit: I'll teach them and you too to manage.

Don D. For God's sake, madam, why so choleric? I say this letter is some forgery; it never entered into the head of that honest man Nic. Frog to do any such thing.

Mrs. B. I can't abide you; you have been railing these twenty years at esquire South, Frog, and Hocus, calling them rogues and pickpockets, and now they are turned the honestest fellows in the world. What is the meaning of all this?

Don D. Pray tell me how you came to employ this sir Roger in your affairs, and not to think of your old friend Diego?

Mrs. B. So, so, there it pinches. To tell you truth, I have employed sir Roger in several weighty affairs, and have found him trusty and honest; and the poor man always scorned to take a farthing of me. I have abundance that profess great zeal, but they are damnable greedy of the pence. My husband and I are now in such circumstances that we must be served upon cheaper terms than we have been.

Don D. Well, cousin, I find I can do no good with you; I am sorry that you will ruin yourself by trusting this sir Roger.

CHAPTER XVI.

How the guardians of the deceased Mrs. Bull's three daughters came to John, and what advice they gave him; wherein are briefly treated the characters of the three daughters, also John Bull's answer to the three guardians.[b]

I TOLD you in a former chapter, that Mrs. Bull, before she departed this life, had blessed John with three daughters. I need not here repeat their names, neither would I willingly use any scandalous reflections upon young ladies, whose reputations ought to be very tenderly handled; but the characters of these were so well known in the neighbourhood, that it is

[a] A treaty which had been concluded by the lord Townshend at the Hague between the queen and the States in 1709, for securing the Protestant succession, and for settling a barrier for Holland against France.

[a] The Dutch were negotiating with France.

[b] The debates in parliament were still continued.

doing them no injury to make a short descripti of them.

The eldest was a termagant, imperious, prodigal, lewd, profligate wench, as ever breathed [*Polemia*, War]; she used to rantipole about the house, pinch the children, kick the servants, and torture the cats and the dogs; she would rob her father's strong-box for money to give the young fellows that she was fond of; she had a noble air, and something great in her mien, but such a noisome infectious breath, as threw all the servants that dressed her into consumptions; if she smelt to the freshest nosegay, it would shrivel and wither as it had been blighted; she used to come home in her cups and break the china and the looking-glasses; and was of such an irregular temper, and so entirely given up to her passion, that you might argue as well with the north wind as with her ladyship; so expensive that the income of three dukedoms was not enough to supply her extravagance. Hocus loved her best, believing her to be his own, got upon the body of Mrs. Bull.

The second daughter, [*Discordia*, Faction,] born a year after her sister, was a peevish, froward, ill-conditioned creature as ever was; ugly as the devil, lean, haggard, pale, with saucer eyes, a sharp nose, and hunchbacked; but active, sprightly, and diligent about her affairs. Her ill complexion was occasioned by her bad diet, which was coffee, morning, noon, and night; she never rested quietly a-bed; but used to disturb the whole family with shrieking out in her dreams, and plague them next day with interpreting them, for she took them all for gospel; she would cry out murder, and disturb the whole neighbourhood; and when John came running down stairs, to inquire what the matter was; nothing, forsooth, only her maid had stuck a pin wrong in her gown: she turned away one servant for putting too much oil in her sallad, and another for putting too little salt in her watergruel; but such, as by flattery had procured her esteem, she would indulge in the greatest crime. Her father had two coachmen; when one was on the coach-box, if the coach swung but the least to one side, she used to shriek so loud that all the street concluded she was overturned; but though the other was eternally drunk, and had overturned the whole family, she was very angry with her father for turning him away. Then she used to carry tales and stories from one to another, till she had set the whole neighbourhood together by the ears; and this was the only diversion she took pleasure in. She never went abroad but she brought home such a bundle of monstrous lies as would have amazed any mortal but such as knew her; of a whale that had swallowed a fleet of ships; of the lions being let out of the Tower to destroy the Protestant religion; of the pope's being seen in a brandy-shop at Wapping; and of a prodigious strong man, that was going to shove down the cupola of St. Paul's; of three millions of five pound pieces that esquire South had found under an old wall; of blazing stars, flying dragons, and abundance of such stuff. All the servants in the family made high court to her, for she domineered there, and turned out and in whom she pleased; only there was an old grudge between her and sir Roger, whom she mortally hated, and used to hire fellows to squirt kennel-water upon him as he passed along the streets; so that he was forced constantly to wear a surtout of oiled cloth, by which means he came home pretty clean, except where the surtout was a little scanty.

As for the third, [*Usura*, Usury,] she was a thief, and a common mercenary prostitute, and that without any solicitation from nature, for she owned that she had no enjoyment. She had no respect of persons; a prince or a porter was all one, according as they paid; yea, she would leave the finest gentleman in the world to go to an ugly pocky fellow for sixpence more. In the practice of her profession she had amassed vast magazines of all sorts of things; she had above five hundred suits of fine clothes, and yet went abroad like a cinder-wench: she robbed and starved all the servants, so that nobody could live near her.

So much for John's three daughters, which you will say were rarities to be fond of: yet nature will show itself; nobody could blame their relations for taking care of them: and therefore it was that Hocus, with two other of the guardians, thought it their duty to take care of the interest of the three girls, and gave John their best advice before he compounded the lawsuit.

Hocus. What makes you so shy of late, my good friend? There's nobody loves you better than I, nor has taken more pains in your affairs: as I hope to be saved, I would do anything to serve you; I would crawl upon all four to serve you; I have spent my health and paternal estate in your service. I have indeed a small pittance left, with which I might retire, and with as good a conscience as any man; but the thought of this disgraceful composition so touches me to the quick, that I cannot sleep; after I had brought the cause to the last stroke, that one verdict more had quite ruined old Lewis and lord Strutt, and put you in the quiet possession of everything; then to compound! I cannot bear it. This cause was my favourite, I had set my heart upon it; it is like an only child; I cannot endure it should miscarry; for God's sake consider only to what a dismal condition old Lewis is brought. He is at an end of all his cash; his attorneys have hardly one trick left; they are at an end of all their chicane; besides, he has both his law and his daily bread now upon trust. Hold out only one term longer, and I'll warrant you, before the next, we shall have him in the Fleet. I'll bring him to the pillory; his ears shall pay for his perjuries. For the love of God don't compound: let me be damned if you have a friend in the world that loves you better than I: there is nobody can say I am covetous, or that I have any interest to pursue but yours.

2nd Guardian. There is nothing so plain as that this Lewis has a design to ruin all his neighbouring tradesmen; and at this time he has such a prodigious income by his trade of all kinds, that if there is not some stop put to his exorbitant riches, he will monopolize everything: nobody will be able to sell a yard of drapery or mercery-ware but himself. I then hold it advisable, that you continue the lawsuit and burst him at once. My concern for the three poor motherless children obliges me to give you this advice; for their estates, poor girls! depend upon the success of this cause.

3rd Guardian. I own this writ of ejectment has cost dear; but then consider it is a jewel well worth the purchasing at the price of all you have. None but Mr. Bull's declared enemies can say he has any other security for his clothing trade but the ejectment of lord Strutt. The only question then that remains to be decided is, who shall stand the expenses of the suit? To which the answer is as plain; who but he that is to have the advantage of the sentence! When esquire South has got possession of his title and honour, is not John Bull to be his clothier? Who, then, but John ought to put him in possession? Ask but any indifferent gentleman who ought to bear his charges at law? and he will readily answer, his tradesmen. I do therefore affirm, and I will go to death with it, that, being his clothier, you ought to put him in quiet possession of his estate, and, with the same generous spirit you have begun it, complete the good work. If you persist in the bad measures you are now in, what must

become of the three poor orphans? My heart bleeds for the poor girls.

John B. You are all very eloquent persons; but give me leave to tell you, you express a great deal more concern for the three girls than for me; I think my interest ought to be considered in the first place. As for you, Hocus, I can't but say you have managed my lawsuit with great address, and much to my honour; and, though I say it, you have been paid well for it. Why must the burden be taken off Frog's back, and laid upon my shoulders? He can drive about his own parks and fields in his gilt chariot, when I have been forced to mortgage my estate; his note will go further than my bond. Is it not matter of fact that, from the richest tradesman in all the country, I am reduced to beg and borrow from scriveners and usurers, that suck the heart, blood, and guts out of me? and what is all this for? Did you like Frog's countenance better than mine? Was not I your old friend and relation? Have I not presented you nobly? Have I not clad your whole family? Have you not had a hundred yards at a time of the finest cloth in my shop? Why must the rest of the tradesmen be not only indemnified from charges, but forbid to go on with their own business, and what is more their concern than mine? As to holding out this term, I appeal to your own conscience, has not that been your constant discourse these six years, "one term more, and old Lewis goes to pot?" If thou art so fond of my cause, be generous for once, and lend me a brace of thousands. Ah, Hocus! Hocus! I know thee; not a sous to save me from gaol, I trow. Look ye, gentlemen, I have lived with credit in the world, and it grieves my heart never to stir out of my doors but to be pulled by the sleeve by some rascally dun or other: "Sir, remember my bill: there's a small concern of a thousand pounds, I hope you think on't, sir." And to have these usurers transact my debts at coffeehouses, and alehouses, as if I were going to break up shop. Lord! that ever the rich, the generous John Bull, clothier, the envy of all his neighbours, should be brought to compound his debts for five shillings in the pound: and to have his name in an advertisement for a statute of bankrupt. The thought of it makes me mad. I have read somewhere in the Apocrypha, that one should "not consult with a woman touching her of whom she is jealous; nor with a merchant, concerning exchange; nor with a buyer, of selling; nor with an unmerciful man, of kindness," &c. I could have added one thing more, "nor with an attorney, about compounding a lawsuit." The ejectment of lord Strutt will never do. The evidence is crimp; the witnesses swear backward and forward, and contradict themselves; and his tenants stick by him. One tells me that I must carry on my suit because Lewis is poor; another, because he is still too rich: whom shall I believe? I am sure of one thing, that a penny in the purse is the best friend John can have at last; and who can say that this will be the last suit I shall be engaged in? Besides, if this ejectment were practicable, is it reasonable, that when esquire South is losing his money to sharpers and pickpockets, going about the country with fiddlers and buffoons, and squandering his income with hawks and dogs, I should lay out the fruits of my honest industry in a lawsuit for him only upon the hopes of being his clothier? And when the cause is over, I shall not have the benefit of my project for want of money to go to market. Look ye, gentlemen, John Bull is but a plain man; but John Bull knows when he is ill used. I know the infirmity of our family; we are apt to play the boon companion, and throw away our money in our cups; but it was an unfair thing in you, gentlemen, to take advantage of my weakness, to keep a parcel of roaring bullies about me day and night, with huzzas and hunting-horns, and ringing the changes on butchers' cleavers, never let me cool, and make me set my hand to papers when I could hardly hold my pen. There will come a day of reckoning for all that proceeding. In the mean time, gentlemen, I beg you will let me into my affairs a little, and that you would not grudge me the small remainder of a very great estate.

CHAPTER XVII.

Esquire South's message and letter to Mrs. Bull.

The arguments used by Hocus and the rest of the guardians had hitherto proved insufficient:[a] John and his wife could not be persuaded to bear the expense of esquire South's lawsuit. They thought it reasonable, that since he was to have the honour and advantage, he should bear the greatest share of the charges; and retrench what he lost to sharpers, and spent upon country dances and puppet-plays, to apply it to that use. This was not very grateful to the esquire: therefore, as the last experiment, he resolved to send signior Benenato,[b] master of his fox-hounds, to Mrs. Bull, to try what good he could do with her. This signior Benenato had all the qualities of a fine gentleman that were fit to charm a lady's heart; and if any person in the world could have persuaded her, it was he. But such was her unshaken fidelity to her husband, and the constant purpose of her mind to pursue his interest, that the most refined arts of gallantry that were practised could not seduce her heart. The necklaces, diamond crosses, and rich bracelets that were offered, she rejected with the utmost scorn and disdain. The music and serenades that were given her, sounded more ungrateful in her ears than the noise of a screech-owl; however, she recieved esquire South's letter by the hands of signior Benenato with that respect which became his quality. The copy of the letter is as follows, in which you will observe he changes a little his usual style:—

Madam,—The writ of ejectment against Philip Baboon (pretended lord Strutt) is just ready to pass; there want but a few necessary forms, and a verdict or two more, to put me in quiet possession of my honour and estate. I question not but that, according to your wonted generosity and goodness, you will give it the finishing stroke—an honour that I would grudge anybody but yourself. In order to ease you of some part of the charges, I promise to furnish pen, ink, and paper, provided you pay for the stamps. Besides, I have ordered my stewards to pay, out of the readiest and best of my rents, 5*l.* 10*s.* a-year, till my suit is finished. I wish you health and happiness, being, with due respect, madam, your assured friend, South.

What answer Mrs. Bull returned to his letter you shall know in my second part, only they were at a pretty good distance in their proposals; for as esquire South only offered to be at the charges of pen, ink, and paper, Mrs. Bull refused any more than to lend her barge,[c] to carry his counsel to Westminster-hall.

THE SECOND PART.

PUBLISHER'S PREFACE

The world is much indebted to the famous sir Humphry Polesworth for his ingenious and impartial account of John Bull's lawsuit; yet there is just cause of complaint against him, in that he relates it only by parcels,

[a] But as all attempts of the party to preclude the treaty were ineffectual, and complaints were made of the deficiencies of the house of Austria, the archduke sent a message and letter.

[b] By prince Eugene, urging the continuance of the war, and offering to bear a proportion of the expense.

[c] This proportion was however thought to be so inconsiderable that the letter produced no other effect than the convoy of the forces by the English fleet to Barcelona.

and won't give us the whole work: this forces me, who am only the publisher, to bespeak the assistance of his friends and acquaintance to engage him to lay aside that stingy humour and gratify the curiosity of the public at once. He pleads, in excuse, that they are only private memoirs, written for his own use, in a loose style, to serve as a help to his ordinary conversation. I represented to him the good reception the first part had met with; that, though calculated only for the meridian of Grub-street, it was yet taken notice of by the better sort; that the world was now sufficiently acquainted with John Bull, and interested itself in his concerns. He answered, with a smile, that he had indeed some trifling things to impart, that concerned John Bull's relations and domestic affairs; if these would satisfy me, he gave me free leave to make use of them, because they would serve to make the history of the lawsuit more intelligible. When I had looked over the manuscript, I found likewise some further account of the composition, which perhaps may not be unacceptable to such as have read the former part.

CHAPTER I.

The Character of John Bull's Mother.

JOHN had a mother [the Church of England] whom he loved and honoured extremely, a discreet, grave, sober, good-conditioned, cleanly old gentlewoman as ever lived; she was none of your cross-grained, termagant, scolding jades, that one had as good be hanged as live in the house with, such as are always censuring the conduct, and telling scandalous stories of their neighbours, extolling their own good qualities, and undervaluing those of others. On the contrary, she was of a meek spirit, and as she was strictly virtuous herself, so she always put the best construction upon the words and actions of her neighbours, except where they were irreconcileable to the rules of honesty and decency. She was neither one of your precise prudes, nor one of your fantastical old belles, that dress themselves like girls of fifteen; as she neither wore a ruff, forehead-cloth, nor high-crowned hat, so she had laid aside feathers, flowers, and crimped ribbons, in her head-dress, furbelow-scarfs, and hoop petticoats. She scorned to patch and paint, yet she loved to keep her hands and her face clean. Though she wore no flaunting laced ruffles, she would not keep herself in a constant sweat with greasy flannel; though her hair was not stuck with jewels, she was not ashamed of a diamond cross; she was not, like some ladies, hung about with toys and trinkets, tweezer-cases, pocket glasses, and essence-bottles; she used only a gold watch and an almanac, to mark the hours and the holidays.

Her furniture was neat and genteel, well fancied, with a *bon goust*. As she affected not the grandeur of a state with a canopy, she thought there was no offence in an elbow-chair; she had laid aside your carving, gilding, and japan-work, as being too apt to gather dirt; but she never could be prevailed upon to part with plain wainscot and clean hangings. There are some ladies that affect to smell a stink in everything; they are always highly perfumed, and continually burning frankincense in their rooms; she was above such affectation, yet she never would lay aside the use of brooms and scrubbing-brushes, and scrupled not to lay her linen in fresh lavender.

She was no less genteel in her behaviour, well-bred, without affectation, in the due mean between one of your affected curt'sying pieces of formality, and your romps that have no regard to the common rules of civility. There are some ladies that affect a mighty regard for their relations: We must not eat to-day, for my uncle Tom, or my cousin Betty, died this time ten years: Let's have a ball to-night, it is my neighbour such-a-one's birth-day. She looked upon all this as grimace; yet she constantly observed her husband's birth-day, her wedding-day, and some few more.

Though she was a truly good woman, and had a sincere motherly love for her son John, yet there wanted not those who endeavoured to create a misunderstanding between them; and they had so far prevailed with him once, that he turned her out of doors, to his great sorrow, as he found afterwards, for his affairs went on at sixes and sevens.

She was no less judicious in the turn of her conversation and choice of her studies, in which she far exceeded all her sex: your rakes that hate the company of all sober, grave gentlewomen, would bear hers; and she would, by her handsome manner of proceeding, sooner reclaim them than some that were more sour and reserved; she was a zealous preacher up of chastity, and conjugal fidelity in wives, and by no means a friend to the new-fangled doctrine of the indispensable duty of cuckoldom; though she advanced her opinions with a becoming assurance, yet she never ushered them in, as some positive creatures will do, with dogmatical assertions, This is infallible; I cannot be mistaken; none but a rogue can deny it. It has been observed, that such people are oftener in the wrong than anybody.

Though she had a thousand good qualities, she was not without her faults; among which one might perhaps reckon too great lenity to her servants, to whom she always gave good counsel, but often too gentle correction. I thought I could not say less of John Bull's mother, because she bears a part in the following transactions.

CHAPTER II.

The Character of John Bull's Sister Peg, [the Nation and Scotch Church,] with the Quarrels that happened between Master and Miss in their childhood.

JOHN had a sister, a poor girl that had been starved at nurse; anybody would have guessed miss to have been bred up under the influence of a cruel step-dame, and John to be the fondling of a tender mother. John looked ruddy and plump, with a pair of cheeks like a trumpeter; miss looked pale and wan, as if she had the green-sickness; and no wonder, for John was the darling, he had all the good bits, was crammed with good pullet, chicken, pig, goose, and capon; while miss had only a little oatmeal and water, or a dry crust without butter. John had his golden pippins, peaches, and nectarines; poor miss, a crab-apple, sloe, or blackberry. Master lay in the best apartment, with his bedchamber toward the south sun. Miss lodged in a garret, exposed to the north wind, which shrivelled her countenance; however, this usage, though it stunted the girl in her growth, gave her a hardy constitution; she had life and spirit in abundance, and knew when she was ill used: now and then she would seize upon John's commons, snatch a leg of a pullet, or a bit of good beef, for which they were sure to go to fisty-cuffs. Master was indeed too strong for her; but miss would not yield in the least point, but even when master had got her down, she would scratch and bite like a tiger; when he gave her a cuff on the ear, she would prick him with her knitting-needle. John brought a great chain one day to tie her to the bed-post, for which affront miss aimed a penknife at his heart.[a] In short, these quarrels grew up to rooted aversions; they gave one another nicknames; she called him Gundyguts, and he called her Lousy Peg; though the girl was a tight clever wench as any was, and through her pale looks you might discern spirit and vivacity, which made her not, indeed, a perfect beauty, but something that was agreeable. It was barbarous in parents not to take notice of these early quarrels, and make them

[a] Henry VIII., to unite the two kingdoms under one sovereign, offered his daughter Mary to James V. of Scotland.

live better together, such domestic feuds proving after ward the occasion of misfortunes to them both. Peg had, indeed, some odd humours, and comical antipathies, for which John would jeer her. "What think you of my sister Peg," says he, "that faints at the sound of an organ, and yet will dance and frisk at the noise of a bagpipe?"—"What's that to you, Gundyguts?" quoth Peg; "every one's to choose their own music." Then Peg had taken a fancy not to say her *Pater noster*, which made people imagine strange things of her. Of the three brothers, that have made such a clutter in the world, lord Peter, Martin, and Jack, Jack had of late been her inclinations, [Presbytery,] lord Peter she detested; nor did Martin stand much better in her good graces; but Jack had found the way to her heart. I have often admired what charms she discovered in that awkward booby, till I talked with a person that was acquainted with the intrigue, who gave me the following account of it.

CHAPTER III.

Jack's Charms, or the method by which he gained Peg's Heart.[a]

In the first place, Jack was a very young fellow, by much the youngest of the three brothers, and people, indeed, wondered how such a young upstart jackanapes should grow so pert and saucy, and take so much upon him.

Jack bragged of greater abilities than other men; he was well gifted as he pretended; I need not tell you what secret influence that has upon the ladies.

Jack had a most scandalous tongue, and persuaded Peg that all mankind, beside himself, were poxed by that scarlet-faced whore signiora Bubonia.[b] "As for his brother, lord Peter, the tokens were evident on him, blotches, scabs, and the corona; his brother Martin, though he was not quite so bad, had some nocturnal pains, which his friends pretended were only scorbutical; but he was sure it proceeded from a worse cause." By such malicious insinuations, he had possessed the lady that he was the only man in the world of a sound, pure, and untainted constitution; though there were some that stuck not to say, that signiora Bubonia and Jack railed at one another, only the better to hide an intrigue; and that Jack had been found with signiora under his cloak, carrying her home in a dark stormy night.

Jack was a prodigious ogler; he would ogle you the outside of his eye inward, and the white upward.

Jack gave himself out for a man of great estate in the Fortunate Islands; of which the sole property was vested in his person: by this trick he cheated abundance of poor people of small sums, pretending to make over plantations in the said islands; but when the poor wretches came there with Jack's grant, they were beat, mocked, and turned out of doors.

I told you that Peg was whimsical, and loved anything that was particular: in that way, Jack was her man, for he neither thought, spoke, dressed, nor acted like other mortals: he was for your bold strokes; he railed at fops, though he was himself the most affected in the world; instead of the common fashion, he would visit his mistress in a mourning cloak, band, short cuffs, and a peaked beard. He invented a way of coming into a room backward, which, he said, showed more humility, and less affectation: where other people stood, he sat; where they sat, he stood; when he went to court, he used to kick away the state, and sit down by his prince cheek-by-jole: confound these states, says he, they are a modern invention: when he spoke to his prince, he always turned his br—ch upon him: if he was advised to fast for his health, he would eat roast beef; if he was allowed a more plentiful diet, then he would be sure that day to live upon water-gruel; he would cry at a wedding, laugh and make jests at a funeral.

He was no less singular in his opinions; you would have burst your sides to hear him talk of politics: "All government," says he, "is founded upon the right distribution of punishments; decent executions keep the world in awe; for that reason the majority of mankind ought to be hanged every year. For example, I suppose, the magistrates ought to pass an irretrievable sentence upon all blue-eyed children from the cradle [Absolute predestination]; but that there may be some show of justice in this proceeding, these children ought to be trained up by masters appointed for that purpose, to all sorts of villainy [Reprobation]; that they may deserve their fate, and the execution of them may serve as an object of terror to the rest of mankind." As to the giving of pardons, he had this singular method, that when these wretches had the rope about their necks, it should be inquired, who believed they should be hanged, and who not?[a] the first were to be pardoned, the last hanged outright. Such as were once pardoned, were never to be hanged afterward for any crime whatsoever [Election]. He had such skill in physiognomy, that he would pronounce peremptorily upon a man's face, That fellow, says he, do what he will, can't avoid hanging; he has a hanging look. By the same art he would prognosticate a principality to a scoundrel.

He was no less particular in the choice of his studies; they were generally bent toward exploded chimeras, the *perpetuum mobile*, the circular shot, philosopher's stone, silent gunpowder, making chains for fleas, nets for flies, and instruments to unravel cobwebs, and split hairs.[b]

Thus, I think, I have given a distinct account of the methods he practised upon Peg. Her brother would now and then ask her, "What a devil do'st thou see in that pragmatical coxcomb to make thee so in love with him? he is a fit match for a tailor or a shoemaker's daughter, but not for you, that are a gentlewoman."—"Fancy is free," quoth Peg: "I'll take my own way, do you take yours. I do not care for your flaunting beaus, that gang with their breasts open and their sarks over their waistcoats; that accost me with set speeches out of Sidney's Arcadia, or the Academy of Compliments. Jack is a sober, grave, young man: though he has none of your studied harangues, his meaning is sincere: he has a great regard to his father's will, and he that shows himself a good son, will make a good husband; besides, I know he has the original deed of conveyance to the Fortunate Islands; the others are counterfeits." There is nothing so obstinate as a young lady in her amours; the more you cross her, the worse she is.

CHAPTER IV.

How the relations reconciled John and his sister Peg, and what return Peg made to John's message.[c]

John Bull, otherwise a good-natured man, was very hard-hearted to his sister Peg, chiefly from an aversion he had conceived in his infancy. While he flourished, kept a warm house, and drove a plentiful trade, poor Peg was forced to go hawking and peddling about the streets, selling knives, scissars, and shoe-buckles: now and then carried a basket of fish to the market; sewed, spun, and knit for a livelihood, till her finger-ends were sore; and when she could not get bread for her family, she was forced to hire them out at journey-work to her neighbours. Yet in these her poor circumstances she still preserved the air and mien of a gentlewoman, a certain decent pride, that extorted respect from the

[a] Character of the Presbyterians.
[b] The whore of Babylon, or the pope

[a] Saving faith; a belief that one shall certainly be saved.
[b] The learning of the Presbyterians.
[c] The treaty of Union between England and Scotland.

haughtiest of her neighbours; when she came into any full assembly she would not yield the *pas* to the best of them. If one asked her, are you not related to John Bull? "Yes," says she, "he has the honour to be my brother." So Peg's affairs went, till all the relations cried out shame upon John for his barbarous usage of his own flesh and blood; that it was an easy matter for him to put her in a creditable way of living, not only without hurt, but with advantage to himself, being she was an industrious person, and might be serviceable to him in his way of business. "Hang her, jade," quoth John, "I can't endure her, as long as she keeps that rascal Jack's company." They told him, the way to reclaim her was to take her into his house; that by conversation the childish humours of their younger days might be worn out. These arguments were enforced by a certain incident. It happened that John was at that time about making his will and entailing his estate, the very same in which Nic. Frog is named executor. Now, his sister Peg's name being in the entail, he could not make a thorough settlement without her consent. There was, indeed, a malicious story went about, as if John's last wife had fallen in love with Jack, as he was eating custard on horseback:[a] that she persuaded John to take his sister into the house, the better to drive on the intrigue with Jack, concluding he would follow his mistress Peg. All I can infer from this story is, that when one has got a bad character in the world, people will report and believe anything of one, true or false. But to return to my story: when Peg received John's message, she huffed and stormed like the devil:[b] "My brother John," quoth she, "is grown wondrous kind-hearted all of a sudden, but I meikle doubt whether it be not mair for their own conveniency than for my good; he draws up his writs and his deeds, forsooth, and I must set my hand to them, unsight, unseen. I like the young man [George I.] he has settled upon well enough, but I think I ought to have a valuable consideration for my consent. He wants my poor little farm, because it makes a nook in his park-wall; ye may e'en tell him, he has mair than he makes good use of; he gangs up and down drinking, roaring, and quarrelling through all the country markets, making foolish bargains in his cups, which he repents when he is sober; like a thriftless wretch, spending the goods and gear that his forefathers won with the sweat of their brows; light come, light go, he care's not a farthing. But why should I stand surety for his contracts? the little I have is free, and I can call it my awn; hame's hame, let it be never so hamely. I ken him weel enough, he could never abide me, and when he has his ends, he'll e'en use me as he did before. I am sure I shall be treated like a poor drudge; I shall be set to tend the bairns, dearn the hose, and mend the linen. Then there's no living with that old carline his mother; she rails at Jack, and Jack's an honester man than any of her kin: I shall be plagued with her spells and her *Pater-nosters*, and silly old-world ceremonies; I mun never pair my nails on a Friday, nor begin a journey on Childermas-day, and I mun stand becking and binging, as I gang out and in to the hall. Tell him he may e'en gang his gate; I'll have nothing to do with him; I'll stay, like the poor country mouse, in my ain habitation." So Peg talked; but for all that, by the interposition of good friends, and by many a bonny thing that was sent, and many more that were promised Peg, the matter was concluded, and Peg taken into the house upon certain articles; one of which was, that she might have the freedom of Jack's conversation [Act of Toleration]; and might take him for better and for worse if she pleased, provided always he did not come into the house at unseasonable hours, and disturb the rest of the old woman, John's mother.

[a] A Presbyterian lord Mayor of London, sir H. Edwin.

[b] The Scots expressed their fears for the Presbyterian government.

CHAPTER V.

Of some Quarrels that happened after Peg was taken into the family.

It is an old observation, that the quarrels of relations are harder to reconcile than any other; injuries from friends fret and gall more, and the memory of them is not so easily obliterated. This is cunningly represented by one of your old sages, called Æsop, in the story of the bird, that was grieved extremely at being wounded with an arrow feathered with his own wing; as also of the oak, that let many a heavy groan, when he was cleft with a wedge of his own timber.

There was no man in the world less subject to rancour than John Bull, considering how often his good-nature had been abused; yet I don't know how, but he was too apt to hearken to tattling people that carried tales between him and his sister Peg,[a] on purpose to sow jealousies, and set them together by the ears. They say that there were some hardships put upon Peg, which had been better let alone; but it was the business of good people to restrain the injuries on one side, and moderate the resentments on the other; a good friend acts both parts; the one without the other will not do.

The purchase-money of Peg's farm was ill paid;[b] then Peg loved a little good liquor, and the servants shut up the wine-cellar; for that Peg found a trick, for she made a false key. Peg's servants complained that they were debarred from all manner of business, and never suffered to touch the least thing within the house; if they offered to come into the warehouse, then straight went the yard over their noddle; if they ventured into the counting-room, a fellow would throw an inkbottle at their head; if they came into the best apartment, to set anything there in order, they were saluted with a broom; if they meddled with anything in the kitchen, it was odds but the cook laid them over the pate with a ladle; one that would have got into the stables, was met by two rascals, who fell to work with him with a brush and a currycomb, some, climbing up into the coach-box, were told that one of their companions had been there before that could not drive—then slap went the long whip about their ears.

On the other hand, it was complained, that Peg's servants were always asking for drink-money; that they had more than their share of the Christmas box; to say the truth, Peg's lads bustled pretty hard for that; for when they were endeavouring to lock it up, they got in their great fists, and pulled out handfuls of half-crowns, shillings, and sixpences. Others, in the scramble, picked up guineas, and broad-pieces. But there happened a worse thing than all this; it was complained that Peg's servants had great stomachs, and brought so many of their friends and acquaintance to the table, that John's family was like to be eat out of house and home. Instead of regulating this matter as it ought to be, Peg's young men were thrust away from the table; then there was the devil and all to do; spoons, plates, and dishes, flew about the room like mad; and sir Roger, who was now *major domo*, had enough to do to quiet them. Peg said, this was contrary to agreement, whereby she was in all things to be treated like a child of the family; then she called upon those, that had made her such fair promises, and

[a] Quarrels about some of the articles of Union, particularly the peerage.

[b] By the Treaty of Union, it was agreed that Scotland should have an equivalent for several customs and excises, to which she would become liable.

undertook for her brother John's good behaviour; but, alas! to her cost, she found, that they were the first and readiest to do her the injury. John at last agreed to this regulation; that Peg's footmen might sit with his book-keeper, journeymen, and apprentices; and Peg's better sort of servants might sit with his footmen, if they pleased.[a]

Then they began to order plum-porridge, and mince-pies for Peg's dinner: Peg told them she had an aversion to that sort of food: that upon forcing down a mess of it some years ago,[b] it threw her into a fit, till she brought it up again. Some alleged it was nothing but humour, that the same mess should be served up again for supper, and breakfast next morning; others would have made use of a horn; but the wiser sort bid let her alone, and she might take to it of her own accord.

CHAPTER VI.

The Conversation between John Bull and his Wife.

Mrs. B. THOUGH our affairs, honey, are in a bad condition, I have a better opinion of them, since you seemed to be convinced of the ill course you have been in, and are resolved to submit to proper remedies. But when I consider your immense debts, your foolish bargains, and the general disorder of your business, I have a curiosity to know what fate or chance has brought you into this condition.

John B. I wish you would talk of some other subject; the thoughts of it make me mad; our family must have their run.

Mrs. B. But such a strange thing as this never happened to any of your family before. they have had lawsuits, but though they spent the income, they never mortgaged the stock. Sure you must have some of the Norman or the Norfolk blood in you. Prithee give me some account of these matters.

John B. Who could help it? There lives not such a fellow by bread as that old Lewis Baboon: he is the most cheating contentious rogue upon the face of the earth. You must know, one day, as Nic. Frog and I were over a bottle, making up an old quarrel, the old fellow would needs have us drink a bottle of his champagne, and so one after another, till my friend Nic. and I, not being used to such heady stuff, got b——y drunk. Lewis, all the while, either by the strength of his brain, or flinching his glass, kept himself sober as a judge. "My worthy friends," quoth Lewis, "henceforth let us live neighbourly: I am as peaceable and quiet as a lamb, of my own temper, but it has been my misfortune to live among quarrelsome neighbours. There is but one thing can make us fall out, and that is the inheritance of lord Strutt's estate; I am content, for peace sake, to wave my right, and submit to any expedient to prevent a lawsuit; I think an equal division will be the fairest way."[c] "Well moved, old Lewis," quoth Frog; "and I hope my friend John here will not be refractory." At the same time, he clapped me on the back, and slabbered me all over from cheek to cheek, with his great tongue. "Do as you please, gentlemen," quoth I, "'tis all one to John Bull." We agreed to part that night, and next morning to meet at the corner of lord Strutt's park-wall with our surveying instruments, which accordingly we did. Old Lewis carried a chain and a semicircle; Nic. paper, rulers, and a lead pencil; and I followed at some distance with a long pole. We began first with surveying the meadow-grounds; afterwards we measured the corn-fields, close by close; then we proceeded to the woodlands, the copper and tin mines. [The West Indies.] All this while, Nic. laid down everything exactly upon paper, calculated the acres and roods to a great nicety. When we had finished the land, we were going to break into the house and gardens, to take an inventory of his plate, pictures, and other furniture.

Mrs. B. What said lord Strutt to all this?

John B. As we had almost finished our concern, we were accosted by some of lord Strutt's servants: "Hey-day! What's here? What a devil's the meaning of all these trangrams and gimcracks, gentlemen? what, in the name of wonder, are you going about, jumping over my master's hedges, and running your lines across his grounds? If you are at any field pastime, you might have asked leave; my master is a civil, well-bred person as any is."

Mrs. B. What could you answer to this?

John B. Why, truly, my neighbour Frog and I were still hot-headed; we told him his master was an old doating puppy, that minded nothing of his own business; that we were surveying his estate, and settling it for him, since he would not do it himself. Upon this there happened a quarrel; but we, being stronger than they, sent them away with a flea in their ear. They went home and told their master:[a] "My lord," said they, "there are three odd sort of fellows going about your grounds with the strangest machines that ever we beheld in our life: I suppose they are going to rob your orchard, fell your trees, or drive away your cattle: they told us strange things of settling your estate: one is a lusty old fellow, in a black wig, with a black beard, without teeth: there's another thick, squat fellow, in trunk-hose: the third is a little, long-nosed, thin man. (I was then lean, being just come out of a fit of sickness.) I suppose it is fit to send after them lest they carry something away."

Mrs. B. I fancy this put the old fellow in a rare tweague.

John B. Weak as he was, he called for his long toledo, swore and bounced about the room, "'Sdeath! what am I come to, to be affronted so by my tradesmen? I know the rascals: my barber, clothier, and linen-draper, dispose of my estate! bring hither my blunderbuss. I'll warrant ye you shall see daylight through them. Scoundrels! dogs! the scum of the earth! Frog, that was my father's kitchen-boy! he pretend to meddle with my estate! with my will! Ah, poor Strutt! what art thou come to at last? Thou hast lived too long in the world, to see thy age and infirmity so despised: how will the ghosts of my noble ancestors receive these tidings? They cannot, they must not sleep quietly in their graves." In short, the old gentleman was carried off in a fainting fit; and, after bleeding in both arms, hardly recovered.

Mrs. B. Really this was a very extraordinary way of proceeding: I long to hear the rest of it.

John B. After we had come back to the tavern, and taken t'other bottle of champagne, we quarrelled a little about the division of the estate. Lewis hauled and pulled the map on one side, and Frog and I on the other, till we had like to have torn the parchment to pieces. At last Lewis pulled out a pair of great tailor's sheers, and clipped a corner for himself, which he said was a manor that lay convenient for him, and left Frog and me the rest to dispose of as we pleased. We were overjoyed to think Lewis was contented with so little, not smelling what was at the bottom of the plot. There happened, indeed, an incident that gave us some disturbance: a cunning fellow, one of my servants, two days after, peeping through the key-hole, observed that old Lewis had stole away our part of the map, and saw him fiddling and turning the map from one corner

[a] Articles of Union, whereby a Scots commoner might be made a peer.

[b] Introducing Episcopacy into Scotland.

[c] A Treaty for preserving the balance of power in Europe by a partition of the Spanish dominions.

[a] This partition of the king of Spain's dominions was made without his knowledge.

to the other, trying to join the two pieces together again: he was muttering something to himself, which we did not well hear, only these words, "'Tis great pity, 'tis great pity;" My servant added, that he believed this had some ill meaning. I told him he was a coxcomb, always pretending to be wiser than his companions: Lewis and I are good friends, he's an honest fellow, and I dare say will stand to his bargain. The sequel of the story proved this fellow's suspicion to be too well grounded; for Lewis revealed our whole secret to the deceased lord Strutt,[a] who, in reward to his treachery, and revenge to Frog and me, settled his whole estate upon the present Philip Baboon. Then we understood what he meant by piecing the map.

Mrs. B. And was you surprised at this? Had not lord Strutt reason to be angry? Would you have been contented to have been so used yourself?

John B. Why, truly, wife, it was not easily reconciled to the common methods; but then it was the fashion to do such things. I have read of your golden age, your silver age, &c.: one might justly call this the age of lawyers. There was hardly a man of substance in all the country, but had a counterfeit that pretended to his estate. As the philosophers say, that there is a duplicate of every terrestrial animal at sea, so it was in this age of the lawyers, there was at least two of everything; nay, on my conscience, I think there were three esquire Hackums [Kings of Poland] at one time. In short, it was usual for a parcel of fellows to meet, and dispose of the whole estates in the country: "This lies convenient for me, Tom, thou wouldst do more good with that, Dick, than the old fellow that has it." So to law they went with the true owners; the lawyers got well by it; everybody else was undone. It was common thing for an honest man, when he came home at night, to find another fellow domineering in his family, hectoring his servants, calling for supper, and pretending to go to bed to his wife. In every house you might observe two Sosias quarrelling who was master. For my own part, I am still afraid of the same treatment, and that I should find somebody behind my counter, selling my broad cloth.

Mrs. B. There is a sort of fellows they ball banterers and bamboozlers that play such tricks; but it seems those fellows were in earnest.

John B. I begin to think, that justice is a better rule than conveniency, for all some people make so slight of it.

CHAPTER VII.

Of the hard shifts Mrs. Bull was put to to preserve the manor of Bullock's Hatch; with sir Roger's method to keep off importunate Duns.[b]

As John Bull and his wife were talking together, they were surprised with a sudden knocking at the door. "Those wicked scriveners and lawyers, no doubt," quoth John; and so it was: some asking for the money he owed, and others warning to prepare for the approaching term. "What a cursed life do I lead!" quoth John. "Debt is like deadly sin; for God's sake, sir Roger, get me rid of the fellows." "I'll warrant you," quoth sir Roger; "leave them to me." And, indeed, it was pleasant enough to observe sir Roger's method with these importunate duns; his sincere friendship for John Bull made him submit to many things for his service, which he would have scorned to have done for himself. Sometimes he would stand at the door with his long staff to keep off the duns till John got out at the back-door.[a] When the lawyers and tradesmen brought extravagant bills, sir Roger used to bargain beforehand for leave to cut off a quarter of a yard in any part of the bill he pleased: he wore a pair of scissors in his pocket for this purpose, and would snip it off so nicely as you cannot imagine. Like a true goldsmith, he kept all your holidays; there was not one wanting in his calendar: when ready money was scarce, he would set them a telling a thousand pounds in sixpences, groats, and threepenny pieces. It would have done your heart good to have seen him charge through an army of lawyers, attorneys, clerks, and tradesmen; sometimes with sword in hand, at other times nuzzling like an eel in the mud. When a fellow stuck like a bur, that there was no shaking him off, he used to be mighty inquisitive about the health of his uncles and aunts in the country; he could call them all by their names, for he knew everybody, and could talk to them in their own way. The extremely impertinent he would send away to see some strange sight, as the dragon of Hockley in the Hole; or bid him call the thirtieth of next February. Now and then you would see him in the kitchen, weighing the beef and butter;[b] paying ready money, that the maids might not run a tick at the market; and the butchers, by bribing them, sell damaged and light meat. Another time he would slip into the cellar and gauge the casks. In his leisure minutes, he was posting his books, and gathering in his debts. Such frugal methods were necessary where money was so scarce, and duns so numerous. All this while, John kept his credit, could show his head both at Change and Westminster-hall; no man protested his bill, nor refused his bond; only the sharpers and the scriveners, the lawyers, and their clerks, pelted sir Roger as he went along. The squirters were at it with their kennel-water, for they were mad for the loss of their bubble, and that they could not get him to mortgage the manor of Bullock's Hatch. Sir Roger shook his ears, and nuzzled along, well satisfied within himself that he was doing a charitable work in rescuing an honest man from the claws of harpies and bloodsuckers. Mrs. Bull did all that an affectionate wife and a good housewife could do; yet the boundaries of virtues are indivisible lines; it is impossible to march up close to the frontiers of frugality without entering the territories of parsimony. Your good housewives are apt to look into the minutest things; therefore some blamed Mrs. Bull for new heel-piecing of her shoes, grudging a quarter of a pound of soap and sand to scour the rooms;[c] but, especially, that she would not allow her maids and apprentices the benefit of "John Bunyan," the "London Apprentice," or the "Seven Champions" in the black letter.[d]

CHAPTER VIII.

A continuation of the Conversation between John Bull and his Wife.

Mrs. B. It is a most sad life we lead, my dear, to be so teazed, paying interest for old debts, and still contracting new ones. However, I don't blame you for vindicating your honour, and chastising old Lewis: to curb the insolent, protect the oppressed, recover one's own, and defend what one has, are good effects of the law; the only thing I want to know is, how you came to make an end of your money before you finished your suit.

John B. I was told by the learned in the law, that my suit stood upon three firm pillars: more money for

a It is suspected that the French king intended to take the whole, and that he revealed the secret to the court of Spain, upon which the will was made in favour of his grandson.

b After the dissolution of the parliament, the sinking ministry endeavoured to support themselves by propagating a notion, that the public credit would suffer if the lord treasurer Godolphin was removed. The dread of this event produced it: the monied men began to sell their shares in the Bank; the governor, deputy-governor, and two directors, applied to the queen to prevent the change: the alarm became general, and all the public funds gradually sunk. Perhaps, by Bullock's Hatch, the author meant the crown lands.

a Manners of the earl of Oxford.

b Some regulations as to the purveyance in the queen's family.

c Too great savings in the house of commons.

d Restraining the liberty of the press by act of parliament.

more law; more law for more money; and no composition. More money for more law was plain to a demonstration; for who can go to law without money? and it was plain that any man that has money may have law for it. The third was as evident as the other two; for what composition could be made with a rogue that never kept a word he said?

Mrs. B. I think you are most likely to get out of this labyrinth by the second door, by want of ready money to purchase this precious commodity: but you seem not only to have bought too much of it, but have paid too dear for what you bought; else, how was it possible to run so much in debt, when at this very time the yearly income of what is mortgaged to those usurers would discharge Hocus's bills, and give you your bellyful of law for all your life, without running one sixpence in debt? You have been bred up to business; I suppose you can cipher: I wonder you never used your pen and ink.

John B. Now you urge me too far; prithee, dear wife, hold thy tongue. Suppose a young heir, heedless, raw, and unexperienced, full of spirit and vigour, with a favourite passion, in the hands of money-scriveners: such fellows are like your wiredrawing mills, if they get hold of a man's finger, they will pull in his whole body at last, till they squeeze the heart, blood, and guts out of him.[a] When I wanted money, half-a-dozen of these fellows were always waiting in my antechamber with their securities ready drawn. I was tempted with the ready; some farm or other went to pot. I received with one hand, and paid it away with the other to lawyers, that, like so many hell-hounds, were ready to devour me. Then the rogues would plead poverty, and scarcity of money, which always ended in receiving ninety for the hundred. After they had got possession of my best rents, they were able to supply me with my own money. But what was worse, when I looked into the securities, there was no clause of redemption.

Mrs. B. No clause of redemption, say you? that's hard.

John B. No great matter, for I cannot pay them. They had got a worse trick than that: the same man bought and sold to himself, paid the money, and gave the acquittance; the same man was butcher and grazier, brewer and butler, cook and poulterer. There is something still worse than all this; there came twenty bills upon me at once, which I had given money to discharge; I was like to be pulled to pieces by brewer, butcher, and baker; even my herb-woman dunned me as I went along the streets. (Thanks to my friend sir Roger, else I must have gone to gaol.) When I asked the meaning of this, I was told the money went to the lawyers; counsel won't tick, sir; Hocus was urging; my bookkeeper sat sotting all day, playing at put and all-fours: in short, by griping usurers, devouring lawyers, and negligent servants, I am brought to this pass.

Mrs. B. This was hard usage! but, methinks, the least reflection might have retrieved you.

John B. It is true: yet consider my circumstances; my honour was engaged, and I did not know how to get out; besides, I was for five years often drunk, always muddled; they carried me from tavern to tavern, to alehouses and brandy-shops, and brought me acquainted with such strange dogs [foreign troops]. "There goes the prettiest fellow in the world," says one, "for managing a jury; make him yours. There's another can pick you up witnesses; serjeant such-a-one has a silver tongue at the bar." I believe, in time, I should have retained every single person within the inns of court. The night after a trial I treated the lawyers, their wives, and daughters, with fiddles, hautboys, drums, and trumpets. I was always hot-headed; then they placed me in the middle, the attorneys and their clerks dancing about me, whooping and hallooing, "Long live John Bull, the glory and support of the law!"

Mrs. B. Really, husband, you went through a very notable course.

John B. One of the things that first alarmed me was, that they showed a spite against my poor old mother.[a] "Lord," quoth I, "what makes you so jealous of a poor, old, innocent gentlewoman, that minds only her prayers and her Practice of Piety; she never meddles in any of your concerns?"—"Foh," say they, "to see a handsome, brisk, genteel young fellow so much governed by a doating old woman! why don't you go and suck the bubby? Do you consider she keeps you out of a good jointure? She has the best of your estate settled upon her for a rent-charge: hang her, old thief, turn her out of doors, seize her land, and let her go to law if she dares!"—"Soft and fair, gentlemen," quoth I, "my mother's my mother; our family are not of an unnatural temper. Though I don't take all her advice, I won't seize her jointure; long may she enjoy it, good woman; I don't grudge it her; she allows me now and then a brace of hundreds for my lawsuit; that's pretty fair." About this time the old gentlewoman fell ill of an odd sort of a distemper;[b] it began with a coldness and numbness in her limbs, which by degrees affected the nerves, (I think the physicians called them,) seized the brain, and at last ended in a lethargy. It betrayed itself at first in a sort of indifference and carelessness in all her actions, coldness to her best friends, and an aversion to stir or go about the common offices of life. She, that was the cleanliest creature in the world, never shrunk now if you set a close-stool under her nose. She, that would sometimes rattle off her servants pretty sharply, now, if she saw them drink, or heard them talk profanely, never took any notice of it. Instead of her usual charities to deserving persons, she threw away her money upon roaring, swearing bullies and beggars, that went about the streets.[c] "What is the matter with the old gentlewoman," said everybody, "she never used to do in this manner?" At last the distemper grew more violent, and threw her downright into raving fits;[d] in which she shrieked out so loud, that she disturbed the whole neighbourhood. In her fits she called upon one sir William:[e] "O! sir William, thou hast betrayed me! killed me! stabbed me! sold me to the cuckold of Dover-street! See, see Clum with his bloody knife! Seize him, seize him, stop him! Behold the fury with her hissing snakes! Where's my son John? Is he well, is he well? poor man! I pity him;"—and abundance more of such strange stuff, that nobody could make anything of. I knew little of the matter; for when I inquired about her health, the answer was, "that she was in a good moderate way." Physicians were sent for in haste: sir Roger, with great difficulty, brought Ratcliff; Garth came upon the first message. There were several others called in; but, as usual upon such occasions, they differed strangely at the consultation. At last they divided into two parties, one sided with Garth, the other with Ratcliff.[f] Dr. Garth: "This case seems to me to be plainly hysterical; the old woman is whimsical; it is a common thing for your old women to be so; I'll pawn my life, blisters, with the steel diet, will recover her." Others suggested strong purging, and letting of blood, because she was plethoric. Some went so far as to say the old woman

[a] Methods of preying upon the necessities of the government.

[a] Railing against the church.

[b] Carelessness in forms and discipline.

[c] Disposing of some preferments to unprincipled persons.

[d] The violent clamour about the church.

[e] Sir William, a cant name of sir Humphry's for lord-treasurer Godolphin.

[f] Garth, the low-church party; Ratcliff, the high-church party.

was mad, and nothing would be better than a little corporal correction. RATCLIFF: "Gentlemen, you are mistaken in this case; it is plainly an acute distemper, and she cannot hold out three days unless she is supported with strong cordials." I came into the room with a good deal of concern, and asked them what they thought of my mother? "In no manner of danger, I vow to Gad," quoth Garth; "the old woman is hysterical, fanciful, sir, I vow to Gad."—"I tell you, sir," says Ratcliff, "she cannot live three days to an end, unless there is some very effectual course taken with her; she has a malignant fever." Then fool, puppy, and blockhead were the best words they gave. I could hardly restrain them from throwing the ink-bottles at one another's heads. I forgot to tell you that one party of the physicians desired I would take my sister Peg into the house to nurse her, but the old gentlewoman would not hear of that. At last, one physician asked, if the lady had ever been used to take laudanum? Her maid answered, not that she knew; but indeed there was a High-German liveryman of hers, one Yan Ptschirnsooker,[a] that gave her a sort of quack powder. The physician desired to see it: "Nay," says he, "there is *opium* in this, I am sure."

Mrs. B. I hope you examined a little into this matter.

John B. I did, indeed, and discovered a great mystery of iniquity. The witnesses made oath that they had heard some of the liverymen [clergy] frequently railing at their mistress. They said, "she was a *troublesome, fiddlefaddle* old woman, and so ceremonious that there was no bearing of her. They were so plagued with bowing and cringing as they went in and out of the room that their backs ached. She used to scold at one for his dirty shoes, at another for his greasy hair, and not combing his head: that she was so passionate and fiery in her temper that there was no living with her; she wanted something to sweeten her blood: that they never had a quiet night's rest, for getting up in the morning to early sacraments; they wished they could find some way or another to keep the old woman quiet in her bed." Such discourses were often overheard among the liverymen, while the said Yan Ptschirnsooker had undertaken this matter. A maid made affidavit, "That she had seen the said Yan Ptschirnsooker, one of the liverymen, frequently making up of medicines, and administering them to all the neighbours; that she saw him one morning make up the powder which her mistress took; that she had the curiosity to ask him whence he had the ingredients? 'They come,' says he, 'from several parts of de world; dis I have from Geneva, dat from Rome, dis white powder from Amsterdam, and de red from Edinburgh; but de chief ingredient of all come from Turkey.' It was likewise proved that the same Yan Ptschirnsooker had been frequently seen at the Rose with Jack, who was known to bear an inveterate spite to his mistress: that he brought a certain powder to his mistress, which the examinant believes to be the same, and spoke the following words: 'Madam, here is grand secret van de world, my sweetning powder, it does temperate de humour, despel de wint, and cure de vapour; it lullet and quietet de animal spirits, procuring rest and pleasant dreams: it is de infallible receipt for de scurvy, all heats in de bloot, and breaking out upon de skin: it is de true bloot-stancher, stopping all fluxes of de bloot; if you do take dis, you will never ail any ding; it will cure you of all diseases:' and abundance more to this purpose, which the examinant does not remember."

John Bull was interrupted in his story by a porter, that brought him a letter from Nicholas Frog, which is as follows:—

[a] A bishop, and great dealer in politics and physic.

CHAPTER IX.

A Copy of Nic. Frog's Letter [from the States-general] to John Bull.

[John Bull reads.]

FRIEND JOHN,—"What Schellum is this that makes thee jealous of thy old friend Nicholas? Hast thou forgot how some years ago he took thee out of the spunging-house?" [Alluding to the Revolution.] ['Tis true my friend Nic. did so, and I thank him; but he made me pay a swinging reckoning.] "Thou beginn'st now to repent thy bargain that thou wast so fond of; and if thou durst, would'st forswear thy own hand and seal. Thou say'st that thou hast purchased me too great an estate already; when at the same time thou know'st I have only a mortgage; 'tis true I have possession, and the tenants own me for master; but has not esquire South the equity of redemption?" [No doubt, and will redeem it very speedily; poor Nic. has only possession, eleven points of the law.] "As for the turnpikes[a] I have set up, they are for other people, not for my friend John; I have ordered my servant constantly to attend to let thy carriages through without paying anything; only I hope thou wilt not come too heavy laden to spoil my ways. Certainly I have just cause of offence against thee, my friend, for supposing it possible that thou and I should ever quarrel: what 'oundsfoot is it that puts these whims in thy head? Ten thousand last of devils haul me, if I don't love thee as I love my life." [No question, as the devil loves holy water!] "Does not thy own hand and seal oblige thee to purchase for me, till I say it is enough? Are not these words plain? I say, it is not enough. Dost thou think thy friend Nicholas Frog made a child's bargain? Mark the words of thy contract, *tota pecunia*, with all thy money." [Very well! I have purchased with my own money, my children's, and my grandchildren's money, is not that enough? Well, *tota pecunia* let it be, for at present I have none at all; he would not have me purchase with other people's money, sure? Since *tota pecunia* is the bargain, I think it is plain, no more money, no more purchase.] "And whatever the world may say, Nicholas Frog is but a poor man in comparison of the rich, the opulent John Bull, great clothier of the world. I have had many losses, six of my best sheep were drowned, and the water has come into my cellar, and spoiled a pipe of my best brandy; it would be a more friendly act in thee to carry a brief about the country to repair the losses of thy poor friend. Is it not evident to all the world that I am still hemmed in by Lewis Baboon? Is he not just upon my borders?" [And so he will be, if I purchase a thousand acres more, unless he gets somebody between them.] "I tell thee, friend John, thou hast flatterers that persuade thee that thou art a man of business; do not believe them; if thou would'st still leave thy affairs in my hands, thou should'st see how handsomely I would deal by thee. That ever thou should'st be dazzled with the enchanted islands, and mountains of gold, that old Lewis promises thee! 'Dswounds! why dost thou not lay out thy money to purchase a place at court, of honest Israel? I tell thee thou must not so much as think of a composition." [Not think of a composition, that's hard indeed; I can't help thinking of it, if I would.] "Thou complain'st of want of money; let thy wife and daughters burn the gold lace off their petticoats; sell thy fat cattle; retrench but a sirloin of beef and peck-loaf in a week from thy gormandizing guts." [Retrench my beef, a dog! Retrench my beef! then it is plain the rascal has an ill design upon me, he would starve me.] "Mortgage thy manor of Bullock's Hatch, or pawn thy crop for ten years." [A

[a] The Dutch prohibition of trade.

rogue! part with my country-seat, my patrimony, all that I have left in the world; I'll see him hanged first.] "Why hast thou changed thy attorney? Can any man manage thy cause better for thee?" [Very pleasant! because a man has a good attorney, he must never make an end of his lawsuit.] "Ah John! John! I wish thou knew'st thy own mind; thou art as fickle as the wind. I tell thee, thou hadst better let this composition alone, or leave it to thy loving friend,

"NIC. FROG."

CHAPTER X.

Of some extraordinary things[a] that passed at the Salutation Tavern, in the conference between Bull, Frog, esquire South, and Lewis Baboon

FROG had given his word that he would meet the above-mentioned company at the Salutation to talk of this agreement. Though he durst not directly break his appointment, he made many a shuffling excuse; one time he pretended to be seized with the gout in his right knee; then he got a great cold, that had struck him deaf of one ear; afterward two of his coach-horses fell sick, and he durst not go by water for fear of catching an ague. John would take no excuse, but hurried him away: "Come, Nic," says he, "let's go and hear at least what this old fellow has to propose. I hope there's no hurt in that."—"Be it so," quoth Nic.; "but if I catch any harm, woe be to you; my wife and children will curse you as long as they live." When they were come to the Salutation, John concluded all was sure then, and that he should be troubled no more with law affairs; he thought everybody as plain and sincere as he was. "Well, neighbours," quoth he, "let's now make an end of all matters, and live peaceably together for the time to come; if everybody is as well inclined as I, we shall quickly come to the upshot of our affair." And so pointing to Frog to say something, to the great surprise of all the company, Frog was seized with the dead palsy in the tongue. John began to ask him some plain questions, and whooped and hallooed in his ear. "Let's come to the point, Nic.! Who wouldest thou have to be lord Strutt? Wouldest thou have Philip Baboon?" Nic. shook his head, and said nothing. "Wilt thou then have esquire South to be lord Strutt?" Nic. shook his head a second time. "Then who the devil wilt thou have? Say something or another." Nic. opened his mouth, and pointed to his tongue, and cried, "A, a, a, a!" which was as much as to say, he could not speak. John Bull.—"Shall I serve Philip Baboon with broad-cloth, and accept of the composition that he offers, with the liberty of his parks and fish-ponds?" Then Nic. roared like a bull, "O, o, o, o!" John Bull.—"If thou wilt not let me have them, wilt thou take them thyself?" Then Nic. grinned, cackled, and laughed till he was like to kill himself, and seemed to be so pleased, that he fell a frisking and dancing about the room. John Bull.—"Shall I leave all this matter to thy management, Nic., and go about my business?" Then Nic. got up a glass and drank to John, shaking him by the hand, till he had like to have shook his shoulder out of joint. John Bull.—"I understand thee, Nic.. But I shall make thee speak before I go." Then Nic. put his finger in his cheek, and made it cry buck; which was as much as to say, I care not a farthing for thee. John Bull.—"I have done, Nic., if thou wilt not speak, I will make my own terms with old Lewis here." Then Nic. lolled out his tongue, and turned up his bum to him; which was as much as to say, kiss—

John, perceiving that Frog would not speak, turns to old Lewis: Since we cannot make this obstinate fellow speak, Lewis, pray condescend a little to his humour, and set down thy meaning upon paper, that he may answer it in another scrap."

"I am infinitely sorry," quoth Lewis, "that it happens so unfortunately; for playing a little at cudgels t'other day, a fellow has given me such a rap over the right arm, that I am quite lame: I have lost the use of my forefinger and my thumb, so that I cannot hold my pen."

John B. "That's all one, let me write for you."

Lewis. "But I have a misfortune, that I cannot read anybody's hand but my own."

John B. Try what you can do with your left hand.

Lewis. "That's impossible; it will make such a scrawl, that it will not be legible."

As they were talking of this matter, in came esquire South, all dressed up in feathers and ribbons, stark staring mad, brandishing his sword, as if he would have cut off their heads; crying, "Room, room, boys, for the grand esquire of the world! the flower of esquires![a] What! covered in my presence? I'll crush your souls, and crack you like lice!" With that he had like to have struck John Bull's hat into the fire; but John, who was pretty strong-fisted, gave him such a squeeze as made his eyes water. He went on still in his mad pranks; "When I am lord of the universe, the sun shall prostrate and adore me! Thou, Frog, shalt be my bailiff; Lewis my tailor; and thou, John Bull, shalt be my fool!"

All this while Frog laughed in his sleeve, gave the esquire t'other noggin of brandy; and clapped him on the back, which made him ten times madder.

Poor John stood in amaze, talking thus to himself: "Well, John, thou art got into rare company! One has a dumb devil, t'other a mad devil, and the third a spirit of infirmity. An honest man has a fine time on't among such rogues. What art thou asking of them, after all? Some mighty boon one would think! only to sit quietly at thy own fireside. 'Sdeath, what have I to do with such fellows! John Bull, after all his losses and crosses, can live better without them than they can without him. Would to God I lived a thousand leagues off them! but the devil's in't, John Bull is in, and John Bull must get out as well as he can."

As he was talking to himself, he observed Frog and old Lewis edging toward one another to whisper;[b] so that John was forced to sit with his arms a kimbo to keep them asunder.

Some people advised John to blood Frog under the tongue, or take away his bread and butter, which would certainly make him speak; to give esquire South hellebore; as for Lewis, some were for emollient poultices, others for opening his arm with an incision-knife.

CHAPTER XI.

The Apprehending, Examination, and Imprisonment of Jack for suspicion of Poisoning.

THE attentive reader cannot have forgot that the story of Yan Ptschirnsooker's powder was interrupted by a message from Frog. I have a natural compassion for curiosity, being much troubled with the distemper myself; therefore, to gratify that uneasy itching sensation in my reader, I have procured the following account of that matter.

Yan Ptschirnsooker came off (as rogues usually do upon such occasions) by peaching his partner; and being extremely forward to bring him to the gallows, Jack was accused as the contriver of all the roguery.

[a] The treaty of Utrecht: the difficulty to get them to meet.

[a] Some attempts of secret negotiation between the French and the Dutch.

[b] The archduke now become emperor of Germany, being unanimously elected upon the death of Joseph I

And indeed it happened unfortunately for the poor fellow, that he was known to bear a most inveterate spite against the old gentlewoman; and, consequently, that never any ill accident happened to her but he was suspected to be at the bottom of it. If she pricked her finger, Jack, to be sure, laid the pin in the way; if some noise in the street disturbed her rest, who could it be but Jack in some of his nocturnal rambles? If a servant ran away, Jack had debauched him: every idle tittle-tattle that went about, Jack was always suspected for the author of it: however, all was nothing to this last affair of the temperating, moderating powder.

The hue and cry went after Jack to apprehend him, dead or alive, wherever he could be found. The constables looked out for him in all his usual haunts; but to no purpose. Where d'ye think they found him at last? Even smoking his pipe very quietly at his brother Martin's! from whence he was carried with a vast mob at his heels before the worshipful Mr. Justice Overdo. Several of his neighbours made oath, that of late the prisoner had been observed to lead a very dissolute life, renouncing even his usual hypocrisy, and pretences to sobriety: that he frequented taverns and eating-houses, and had been often guilty of drunkenness and gluttony at my lord mayor's table: that he had been seen in the company of lewd women: that he had transferred his usual care of the engrossed copy of his father's will to bank-bills, orders for tallies, and debentures: these he now affirmed, with more literal truth, to be meat, drink, and cloth, the philosopher's stone, and the universal medicine: that he was so far from allowing his customary reverence to the will, that he kept company with those that called his father a cheating rogue, and his will a forgery: that he not only sat quietly and heard his father railed at, but often chimed in with the discourse, and hugged the authors as his bosom friends: that instead of asking for blows at the corners of the streets, he now bestowed them as plentifully as he begged them before. In short that he was grown a mere rake; and had nothing left in him of old Jack, except his spite to John Bull's mother.

Another witness made oath, that Jack had been overheard bragging of a trick[a] he had found out to manage the old formal jade, as he used to call her. "Damn this numskull of mine," quoth he, "that I could not light on it sooner. As long as I go in this ragged tattered coat, I am so well known that I am hunted away from the old woman's door by every barking cur about the house; they bid me defiance. There's no doing mischief as an open enemy; I must find some way or other of getting within doors, and then I shall have better opportunities of playing my pranks, beside the benefit of good keeping."

Two witnesses swore[b] that several years ago, there came to their mistress's door a young fellow in a tattered coat, that went by the name of Timothy Trim, whom they did in their conscience believe to be the very prisoner, resembling him in shape, stature, and the features of his countenance; that the said Timothy Trim being taken into the family, clapped their mistress's livery over his own tattered coat: that the said Timothy was extremely officious about their mistress's person, endeavouring by flattery and tale-bearing to set her against the rest of her servants; nobody was so ready to fetch anything that was wanted, to reach what was dropped; that he used to shove and elbow his fellow-servants to get near his mistress, especially when money was a paying or receiving; then he was never out of the way; that he was extremely diligent about everybody's business but his own: that the said Timothy, while he was in the family, used to be playing roguish tricks; when his mistress's back was turned, he would loll out his tongue, make mouths, and laugh at her, walking behind her like harlequin, ridiculing her motions and gestures; but if his mistress looked about, he put on a grave demure countenance, as if he had been in a fit of devotion: that he used often to trip up stairs so smoothly that you could not hear him tread, and put all things out of order: that he would pinch the children and servants, when he met them in the dark, so hard that he left the print of his forefinger and his thumb in black and blue, and then slink into a corner as if nobody had done it: out of the same malicious design he used to lay chairs and jointstools in their way, that they might break their noses, by falling over them: the more young and unexperienced he used to teach to talk saucily, and call names: during his stay in the family, there was much plate missing; being caught with a couple of silver spoons in his pocket, with their handles wrenched off, he said he was only going to carry them to the goldsmith's to be mended: that the said Timothy was hated by all the honest servants for his ill-conditioned, splenetic tricks, but especially for his slanderous tongue; traducing them to their mistress, as drunkards, thieves, and whoremasters; that the said Timothy, by lying stories, used to set all the family together by the ears, taking delight to make them fight and quarrel; particularly one day sitting at table, he spoke words to this effect: "I am of opinion," quoth he, "that little short fellows, such as we are, have better hearts, and could beat the tall fellows: I wish it came to a fair trial; I believe these long fellows, as sightly as they are, should find their jackets well thwacked."[a]

A parcel of tall fellows, who thought themselves affronted by the discourse, took up the quarrel, and to't they went, the tall men and the low men, which continues still a faction in the family to the great disorder of our mistress's affairs: the said Timothy carried this frolic so far, that he proposed to his mistress, that she should entertain no servant that was above four foot ten inches high; and for that purpose had prepared a gauge, by which they were to be measured. The good old gentlewoman was not so simple as to go into his project; she began to smell a rat. "This Trim," quoth she, "is an odd sort of a fellow; methinks he makes a strange figure with that ragged, tattered coat, appearing under his livery; can't he go spruce and clean like the rest of the servants? the fellow has a roguish leer with him, which I don't like by any means; besides, he has such a twang in his discourse, and an ungraceful way of speaking through his nose, that one can hardly understand him; I wish the fellow be not tainted with some bad disease." The witnesses further made oath, that the said Timothy lay out a-nights, and went abroad often at unseasonable hours; and it was credibly reported he did business in another family; that he pretended to have a squeamish stomach, and could not eat at table with the rest of the servants, though this was but a pretence to provide some nice bit for himself; that he refused to dine upon salt fish, only to have an opportunity to eat a calf's head (his favourite dish) in private; that for all his tender stomach, when he was got by himself, he could devour capons, turkeys, and sirloins of beef like a cormorant.

Two other witnesses gave the following evidence: That in his officious attendance upon his mistress, he had tried to slip a powder into her drink; and that he was once caught endeavouring to stifle her with a pillow as she was asleep: that he and Ptschirnsooker were often in close conference, and that they used to

[a] Getting into church preferments by occasional conformity.
[b] Betraying the interests of the church when in preferments.

[a] The distinction in the names of Low-church and High-churchmen.

drink together at the Rose, where it seems he was well enough known by his true name of Jack.

The prisoner had little to say in his defence; he endeavoured to prove himself *alibi;* so that the trial turned upon this single question, whether the said Timothy Trim and Jack were the same person? which was proved by such plain tokens, and particularly by a mole under the left pap, that there was no withstanding the evidence; therefore the worshipful Mr. Justice committed him, in order to his trial.

CHAPTER XII.

How Jack's Friends came to visit him in Prison, and what Advice they gave him.

Jack hitherto had passed in the world for a poor, simple, well-meaning, half-witted, crack-brained fellow. People were strangely surprised to find him in such a roguery; that he should disguise himself under a false name, hire himself out for a servant to an old gentlewoman only for an opportunity to poison her. They said that it was more generous to profess open enmity than, under a profound dissimulation, to be guilty of such a scandalous breach of trust, and of the sacred rites of hospitality. In short, the action was universally condemned by his best friends; they told him, in plain terms, that this was come as a judgment upon him for his loose life, his gluttony, drunkenness, and avarice; for laying aside his father's will in an old mouldy trunk, and turning stockjobber, newsmonger, and busybody, meddling with other people's affairs, shaking off his old serious friends, and keeping company with buffoons and pickpockets, his father's sworn enemies: that he had best throw himself upon the mercy of the court; repent, and change his manners. To say truth, Jack heard these discourses with some compunction; however, he resolved to try what his new acquaintance would do for him: they sent Habakkuk Slyboots,[a] who delivered him the following message, at the peremptory commands of his trusty companions.

Habakkuk. Dear Jack, I am sorry for thy misfortune: matters have not been carried on with due secrecy; however, we must make the best of a bad bargain: thou art in the utmost jeopardy, that's certain; hang, draw, and quarter are the gentlest things they talk of. However, thy faithful friends, ever watchful for thy security, bid me tell thee, that they have one infallible expedient left to save thy life: thou must know, we have got into some understanding with the enemy, by the means of Don Diego; he assures us there is no mercy for thee, and that there is only one way left to escape; it is indeed somewhat out of the common road; however, be assured it is the result of most mature deliberation.

Jack. Prithee tell me quickly, for my heart is sunk down into the very bottom of my belly.

Hab. It is the unanimous opinion of your friends, that you make as if you hanged yourself;[b] they will give it out that you are quite dead, and convey your body out of prison in a bier; and John Bull, being busied with his lawsuit, will not inquire further into the matter.

Jack. How d'ye mean, make as if I hanged myself?

Hab. Nay, you must really hang yourself up, in a true genuine rope, that there may appear no trick in it, and leave the rest to your friends.

Jack. Truly this is a matter of some concern; and my friends, I hope, won't take it ill if I inquire a little into the means by which they intend to deliver me: a rope and a noose are no jesting matters!

Hab. Why so mistrustful? hast thou ever found us false to thee? I tell thee, there is one ready to cut thee down.

Jack. May I presume to ask who it is that is intrusted with so important an office?

Hab. Is there no end of thy hows and thy whys? That's a secret.

Jack. A secret, perhaps, that I may be safely trusted with, for I am not likely to tell it again. I tell you plainly, it is no strange thing for a man, before he hangs himself up, to inquire who is to cut him down.

Hab. Thou suspicious creature! if thou must needs know it, I tell thee it is sir Roger:[a] he has been in tears ever since thy misfortune. Don Diego and we have laid it so, that he is to be in the next room; and before the rope is well about thy neck, rest satisfied, he will break in and cut thee down: fear not, old boy; we'll do it, I'll warrant thee.

Jack. So I must hang myself up upon hopes that sir Roger will cut me down, and all this upon the credit of Don Diego? a fine stratagem indeed to save my life, that depends upon hanging, Don Diego and sir Roger!

Hab. I tell thee there is a mystery in all this, my friend, a piece of profound policy; if thou knewest what good this will do to the common cause, thy heart would leap for joy: I am sure thou wouldst not delay the experiment one moment.

Jack. That is to the tune of, All for the better. What's your cause to me when I am hanged?

Hab. Refractory mortal! if thou wilt not trust thy friends, take what follows: know assuredly, before next full moon, that thou wilt be hung up in chains, or thy quarters perching upon the most conspicuous places in the kingdom. Nay I don't believe they will be contented with hanging; they talk of impaling, or breaking on the wheel; and thou choosest that before a gentle suspending of thyself for one minute. Hanging is not so painful a thing as thou imaginest. I have spoke with several that have undergone it; they all agree it is no manner of uneasiness; be sure thou take good notice of the symptoms, the relation will be curious. It is but a kick or two with thy heels and a wry mouth or so: sir Roger will be with thee in the twinkling of an eye.

Jack. But what if sir Roger should not come, will my friends be there to succour me?

Hab. Doubt it not; I will provide every thing against to-morrow morning; do thou keep thy own secret; say nothing: I tell thee it is absolutely necessary for the common good that thou should'st go through this operation.

CHAPTER XIII.

How Jack hanged himself up by the persuasion of his Friends, who broke their Words, and left his Neck in the Noose.

Jack was a professed enemy to implicit faith, and yet, I dare say, it was never more strongly exerted, nor more basely abused, than upon this occasion. He was now with his old friends, in the state of a poor disbanded officer after a peace, or rather a wounded soldier after a battle; like an old favourite of a cunning minister after the job is over: or a decayed beauty to a cloyed lover in quest of new game; or like a hundred such things that one sees every day. There were new intrigues, new views, new projects on foot; Jack's life was the purchase of Diego's friendship,[b] much good may it do them. The interest of Hocus and sir Wil-

[a] Habakkuk Slyboots, a great man who persuaded the dissenters to consent to the bill against conformity.
[b] Consent to the bill against occasional conformity.

[a] It was given out that the earl of Oxford would oppose the bill, and lose his credit with the Tories.
[b] The earl of Nottingham.

liam Crawley, which was now more at heart, made this operation upon poor Jack absolutely necessary. You may easily guess, that his rest that night was but small and much disturbed; however, the remaining part of his time he did not employ (as his custom was formerly) in prayer, meditation, or singing a double verse of a psalm; but amused himself with disposing of his bank-stock. Many a doubt, many a qualm, overspread his clouded imagination: "Must I then," quoth he, "hang up my own personal, natural, individual self, with these two hands? *Durus sermo!* What if I should be cut down, as my friends tell me? There is something infamous in the very attempt; the world will conclude I had a guilty conscience. Is it possible that good man, sir Roger, can have so much pity upon an unfortunate scoundrel that has persecuted him so many years? No, it cannot be; I don't love favours that pass through Don Diego's hands. On the other side, my blood chills about my heart at the thought of these rogues, with their bloody hands grabbing in my guts, and pulling out my very entrails: hang it, for once I'll trust my friends." So Jack resolved; but he had done more wisely to have put himself upon the trial of his country, and made his defence in form; many things happen between the cup and the lip; witnesses might have been bribed, juries managed, or prosecution stopped. But so it was, Jack for this time had a sufficient stock of implicit faith, which led him to his ruin, as the sequel of the story shows.

And now the fatal day was come, in which he was to try this hanging experiment. His friends did not fail him at the appointed hour, to see it put in practice. Habakkuk brought him a smooth, strong, tough rope, made of many a ply of wholesome Scandinavian hemp, compactly twisted together, with a noose that slipt as glib as a birdcatcher's gin. Jack shrunk and grew pale at first sight of it; he handled it, measured it, stretched it, fixed it against the iron bar of the window to try its strength; but no familiarity could reconcile him to it. He found fault with the length, the thickness, and the twist; nay, the very colour did not please him. "Will nothing less than hanging serve?" quoth Jack. "Won't my enemies take bail for my good behaviour? Will they accept of a fine, or be satisfied with the pillory and imprisonment, a good round whipping, or burning in the cheek?"

Hab. Nothing but your blood will appease their rage; make haste, else we shall be discovered. There's nothing like surprising the rogues; how they will be disappointed when they hear that thou hast prevented their revenge, and hanged thine own self!

Jack. That's true; but what if I should do it in effigies? Is there never an old pope or pretender to hang up in my stead? we are not so unlike, but it may pass.

Hab. That can never be put upon sir Roger.

Jack. Are you sure he is in the next room? Have you provided a very sharp knife, in case of the worst?

Hab. Dost take me for a common liar? be satisfied, no damage can happen to your person; your friends will take care of that.

Jack. Mayn't I quilt my rope? it galls my neck strangely: besides, I don't like this running knot, it holds too tight; I may be stifled all of a sudden.

Hab. Thou hast so many ifs and ands; prithee despatch; it might have been over before this time.

Jack. But now I think on't, I would fain settle some affairs, for fear of the worst; have a little patience.

Hab. There's no having patience, thou art such a faintling, silly creature.

Jack. O thou most detestable, abominable passive obedience! did I ever imagine I should become thy votary in so pregnant an instance? How will my brother Martin laugh at this story, to see himself outdone in his own calling? He has taken the doctrine, and left me the practice.

No sooner had he uttered these words, but, like a man of true courage, he tied the fatal cord to the beam, fitted the noose, and mounted upon the bottom of a tub, the inside of which he had often graced in his prosperous days. This footstool Habakkuk kicked away, and left poor Jack swinging, like the pendulum of Paul's clock. The fatal noose performed its office, and with most strict ligature squeezed the blood into his face, till it assumed a purple dye. While the poor man heaved from the very bottom of his belly for breath, Habakkuk walked with great deliberation into both the upper and lower room to acquaint his friends, who received the news with great temper, and with jeers and scoffs, instead of pity. "Jack has hanged himself!" quoth they; "let us go and see how the poor rogue swings." Then they called sir Roger. "Sir Roger," quoth Habakkuk, "Jack has hanged himself; make haste and cut him down." Sir Roger turned first one ear, and then t'other, not understanding what he said.

Hab. I tell you, Jack has hanged himself up.

Sir R. Who's hanged?

Hab. Jack.

Sir R. I thought this had not been hanging day.

Hab. But the poor fellow has hanged himself.

Sir R. Then let him hang; I don't wonder at it, the fellow has been mad these twenty years. With this he slunk away.

Then Jack's friends began to hunch and push one another. "Why don't you go and cut the poor fellow down? Why don't you? And why don't you?" "Not I," quoth one; "Not I," quoth another; "Not I," quoth a third; "he may hang 'till doomsday before I relieve him."—Nay, it is credibly reported, that they were so far from succouring their poor friend in this his dismal circumstance, that Ptschirnsooker and several of his companions went in and pulled him by the legs, and thumped him on the breast.—Then they began to rail at him for the very thing which they had advised and justified before, viz., his getting into the old gentlewoman's family, and putting on her livery. The keeper, who performed the last office, coming up, found Jack swinging, with no life in him; he took down the body gently, and laid it on a bulk, and brought out the rope to the company. "This, gentlemen, is the rope that hanged Jack; what must be done with it?" Upon which they ordered it to be laid among the curiosities of Gresham College, and it is called Jack's rope to this very day. However, Jack, after all, had some small tokens of life in him, but lies at this time past hope of a total recovery, with his head hanging on one shoulder, without speech or motion. The coroner's inquest, supposing him to be dead, brought him in *Non Compos*.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Conference between Don Diego and John Bull.

During the time of the foregoing transactions, Don Diego was entertaining John Bull.

Diego. I hope, sir, this day's proceeding will convince you of the sincerity of your old friend Diego, and the treachery of sir Roger.

Bull. What's the matter now?

Diego. You have been endeavouring, for several years, to have justice done upon that rogue Jack; but what through the remissness of constables, justices, and packed juries, he has always found the means to escape.

Bull. What then?

Diego. Consider, then, who is your best friend; he that would have brought him to condign punishment, or he that has saved him. By my persuasion Jack had hanged himself if sir Roger had not cut him down.

Bull. Who told you that sir Roger has done so?

Diego. You seem to receive me coldly; methinks my services deserve a better return.

Bull. Since you value yourself upon hanging this poor scoundrel, I tell you, when I have any more hanging work, I'll send for thee; I have some better employment for sir Roger; in the mean time, I desire the poor fellow may be looked after. When he first came out of the north country into my family, under the pretended name of Timothy Trim, the fellow seemed to mind his loom and his spinning wheel, till somebody turned his head; then he grew so pragmatical, that he took upon him the government of my whole family. I could never order anything within or without doors, but he must be always giving his counsel, forsooth; nevertheless, tell him I will forgive what is past; and if he would mind his business for the future, and not meddle out of his own sphere, he will find that John Bull is not of a cruel disposition.

Diego. Yet all your skilful physicians say that nothing can recover your mother, but a piece of Jack's liver boiled in her soup.

Bull. Those are quacks; my mother abhors such cannibal's food; she is in perfect health at present; I would have given many a good pound to have had her so well some time ago. There are, indeed, two or three old troublesome nurses,[a] that, because they believe I am tender-hearted, will never let me have a quiet night's rest with knocking me up: "Oh, sir, your mother is taken extremely ill! she is falling into a fainting fit! she has a great emptiness, wants sustenance!"—This is only to recommend themselves for their great care; John Bull, as simple as he is, understands a little of a pulse.

CHAPTER XV.

The Sequel of the Meeting at the Salutation.[b]

WHERE, I think, I left John Bull, sitting between Nic. Frog and Lewis Baboon, with his arms a-kimbo, in great concern to keep Lewis and Nic. asunder. As watchful as he was, Nic. found the means now and then to steal a whisper, and by a cleanly conveyance under the table, to slip a short note into Lewis's hand; which Lewis as slyly put into John's pocket, with a pinch or a jog, to warn him what he was about. John had the curiosity to retire into a corner to peruse these billets doux[c] of Nic.'s; wherein he found, that Nic. had used great freedoms both with his interest and reputation. One contained these words: "Dear Lewis, thou see'st clearly that this blockhead can never bring his matters to bear: let thee and me talk to-night by ourselves at the Rose, and I'll give thee satisfaction." Another was thus expressed: "Friend Lewis, has thy sense quite forsaken thee, to make Bull such offers? Hold fast, part with nothing, and I will give thee a better bargain, I'll warrant thee."

In some of his billets he told Lewis, "That John Bull was under his guardianship; that the best part of his servants were at his command; that he could have John gagged and bound whenever he pleased by the people of his own family." In all these epistles, blockhead, dunce, ass, coxcomb, were the best epithets he gave poor John. In others he threatened,[d] "That he, squire South, and the rest of the tradesmen, would lay Lewis down upon his back, and beat out his teeth, if he did not retire immediately and break up the meeting."

I fancy I need not tell my reader, that John often changed colour as he read, and that his fingers itched to give Nic. a good slap on the chops; but he wisely moderated his choleric temper. "I saved this fellow," quoth he, "from the gallows, when he ran away from his last master,[a] because I thought he was harshly treated; but the rogue was no sooner safe, under my protection, than he began to lie, pilfer, and steal, like the devil.[b] When I first set him up in a warm house he had hardly put up his sign, when he began to debauch my best customers from me: then it was his constant practice to rob my fish-ponds, not only to feed his family, but to trade with the fishmongers; I connived at the fellow, till he began to tell me that they were his as much as mine. In my manor of Eastcheap, because it lay at some distance from my constant inspection, he broke down my fences, robbed my orchards, and beat my servants. When I used to reprimand him for his tricks, he would talk saucily, lie, and brazen it out as if he had done nothing amiss. Will nothing cure thee of thy pranks, Nic.? quoth I. I shall be forced some time or other to chastise thee. The rogue got up his cane, and threatened me, and was well thwacked for his pains. But I think his behaviour at this time worst of all; after I have almost drowned myself to keep his head above water, he would leave me sticking in the mud, trusting to his goodness to help me out. After I have beggared myself with his troublesome lawsuit, with a pox to him, he takes it in mighty dudgeon because I have brought him here to end matters amicably, and because I won't let him make me over by deed and indenture as his lawful cully; which, to my certain knowledge, he has attempted several times. But, after all, canst thou gather grapes from thorns? Nic. does not pretend to be a gentleman; he is a tradesman, a self-seeking wretch; but how camest thou to bear all this, John? The reason is plain; thou conferrest the benefits, and he receives them; the first produces love, and the last ingratitude. Ah! Nic., Nic., thou art a damned dog, that's certain; thou knowest too well that I will take care of thee, else thou wouldst not use me thus. I won't give thee up, it is true; but as true as it is, thou shalt not sell me, according to thy laudable custom." While John was deep in this soliloquy, Nic. broke out into the following protestation:—

"Gentlemen, I believe everybody here present will allow me to be a very just and disinterested person. My friend, John Bull here, is very angry with me, forsooth, because I won't agree to his foolish bargains. Now I declare to all mankind, I should be ready to sacrifice my own concerns to his quiet: but the care of his interest, and that of the honest tradesmen [the allies] that are embarked with us, keeps me from entering into this composition. What shall become of those poor creatures? The thought of their impending ruin disturbs my night's rest, therefore I desire they may speak for themselves. If they are willing to give up this affair, I shan't make two words of it."

John Bull begged him to lay aside that immoderate concern for him; and withal put him in mind, that the interest of those tradesmen had not sat quite so heavy upon him some years ago, on a like occasion. Nic. answered little to that, but immediately pulled out a boatswain's whistle. Upon the first whiff, the tradesmen came jumping into the room, and began to surround Lewis, like so many yelping curs about a great boar; or, to use a modester simile, like duns at a great lord's levee the morning he goes into the country. One pulled him by his sleeve, another by the skirt, a third hallooed in his ear; they began to ask him for all that had been taken from their forefathers

[a] New clamours about the danger of the Church.
[b] At the Congress of Utrecht.
[c] Some offers of the Dutch at that time, in order to get the negotiation into their hands.
[d] Threatening that the allies would carry on the war.

[a] The king of Spain, whose yoke the Dutch threw off.
[b] Complaints against the Dutch for encroachment in trade, fishery, East Indies, &c.

by stealth, fraud, force, or lawful purchase; some asked for manors, others for acres, that lay convenient for them; that he would pull down his fences, level his ditches; all agreed in one common demand, that he should be purged, sweated, vomited and starved, till he came to a sizeable bulk, like that of his neighbours; one modestly asked him leave to call him brother; Nic. Frog demanded two things, to be his porter and his fishmonger, to keep the keys of his gates, and furnish the kitchen. John's sister Peg only desired that he would let his servants sing psalms a-Sundays. Some descended even to the asking of old clothes, shoes, and boots, broken bottles, tobacco-pipes, and ends of candles.

"Monsieur Bull," quoth Lewis, "you seem to be a man of some breeding; for God's sake, use your interest with these messieurs, that they would speak but one at once; for if one had a hundred pair of hands, and as many tongues, he cannot satisfy them all at this rate." John begged they might proceed with some method; then they stopped all of a sudden, and would not say a word. "If this be your play," quoth John, "that we may not be like a Quakers' dumb meeting, let us begin some diversion; what d'ye think of rolly-polly, or a country-dance? What if we should have a match at football? I am sure we shall never end matters at this rate."

CHAPTER XVI.

How John Bull and Nic. Frog settled their accounts.

Bull. During this general cessation of talk, what if you and I, Nic., should inquire how money-matters stand between us.

Frog. With all my heart, I love exact dealing; and let Hocus audit; he knows how the money was disbursed.

Bull. I am not much for that, at present; we'll settle it between ourselves; fair and square, Nic., keeps friends together. There have been laid out in this lawsuit, at one time, 36,000*l.* and 40,000 crowns; in some cases I, in others you, bear the greatest proportion.

Frog. Right: I pay three-fifths of the greatest number and you pay two-thirds of the lesser number; I think this is fair and square, as you call it.

Bull. Well, go on.

Frog. Two-thirds of 36,000*l.* are 21,000*l.* for your share, and there remains 12,000 for mine. Again, of the 40,000 crowns, I pay 24,000, which is three-fifths, and you pay only 16,000, which is two-fifths; 24,000 crowns, make 6000*l.*; and 16,000 crowns make 4000*l.*; 12,000 and 6000 make 18,000; 24,000 and 4000 make 28,000. So there are 18,000*l.* to my share of the expenses, and 28,000 to yours.

[After Nic. had bamboozled John awhile about the 18,000 and the 28,000, John called for counters; but what with slight of hand, and taking from his own score and adding to John's, Nic. brought the balance always on his own side.]

Bull. Nay, good friend Nic., though I am not quite so nimble in the fingers, I understand ciphering as well as you. I will produce you my accounts one by one, fairly writ out of my own books; and here I begin with the first. You must excuse me if I don't pronounce the law-terms right.

[John reads.]

For the expenses ordinary of the suits, fees to judges, puisne judges, lawyers innumerable of all sorts.
Of extraordinaries, as follows per account:—
To esquire South's account for post terminums
To ditto for non est factums - - -
To ditto for noli prosequis, discontinuance, and retraxit - - - - -
For writs of error - - - - -
Suits of conditions unperformed - - -
To Hocus for dedimus potestatem - - -
To ditto for a capias ad computandum - -
To Frog's new tenants per account to Hocus, for audita querelas - - - -
On the said account for writs of ejectment and distringas - - - - -
To esquire South's quota for a return of a non est invent. and nulla habet bona - - -
To ——— for a pardon *in forma pauperis* - -
To Jack for a melius inquirendum upon a felo de se.
To coach-hire - - - - -
For treats to juries and witnesses - - -

John having read over his articles, with the respective sums, brought in Frog debtor to him upon the balance - - - 3382 12 00

Then Nic. Frog pulled his bill out of his pocket, and began to read:—

NICHOLAS FROG'S ACCOUNT.

Remains to be deducted out of the former account.
Paid by Nic. Frog, for his share of the ordinary expenses of the suit - - - - - -
To Hocus for entries of a rege inconsulto - -
To John Bull's nephew for a venire facias, the money not yet all laid out - - - -
The coach-hire for my wife and family, and the carriage of my goods during the time of this lawsuit -
For the extraordinary expenses of feeding my family during this lawsuit - - - -
To major Ab. - - - - -
To major Will. - - - - -

And summing all up, found due upon the balance by John Bull to Nic. Frog - - 09 04 06

Bull. As for your venire facias, I have paid you for one already; in the other, I believe you will be nonsuited: I'll take care of my nephew myself. Your coach-hire and family charges are most unreasonable deductions; at that rate, I can bring in any man in the world my debtor. But who the devil are these two majors, that consume all my money? I find they always run away with the balance in all accompts.

Frog. Two very honest gentlemen, I assure you, that have done me some service. To tell you plainly, major Ab. denotes thy greater ability, and major Will. thy greater willingness to carry on this lawsuit. It was but reasonable that thou should'st pay both for thy power and thy positiveness.

Bull. I believe I shall have those two honest majors discount on my side in a little time.

Frog. Why all this higgling with thy friend about such a paltry sum? Does this become the generosity of the noble and rich John Bull? I wonder thou art not ashamed. O Hocus, Hocus! where art thou? It used to go another guise manner in thy time. When a poor man has almost undone himself for thy sake, thou art for fleecing him, and fleecing him: is that thy conscience, John?

Bull. Very pleasant, indeed! It is well known thou retainest thy lawyers by the year, so a fresh lawsuit adds but little to thy expenses; they are thy customers; I hardly ever sell them a farthing's worth of anything: nay thou hast set up an eating-house, where the whole tribe of them spend all they can rap or run.[a] If it were well reckoned, I believe thou gettest more of my money than thou spendest of thy own; however, if thou wilt needs plead poverty, own, at least, that thy accompts are false.

Frog. No, marry, won't I; I refer myself to these honest gentlemen; let them judge between us. Let

[a] The money spent in Holland and Flanders.

esquire South speak his mind, whether my accompts are not right, and whether we ought not to go on with our lawsuit.

Bull. Consult the butchers about keeping of Lent. Dost think that John Bull will be tried by Piepowders?[a] I tell you once for all, John Bull knows where his shoe pinches: none of your esquires shall give him the law, as long as he wears his trusty weapon by his side, or has an inch of broad cloth in his shop.

Frog. Why there it is; you will be both judge and party; I am sorry thou discoverest so much of thy headstrong humour before these strange gentlemen; I have often told thee it would prove thy ruin some time or other; let it never be said that the famous John Bull has departed in despite of court.

Bull. And will it not reflect as much on thy character, Nic., to turn barrator in thy old days; a stirrer up of quarrels among thy neighbours? I tell thee, Nic., some time or other thou wilt repent this.

[But John saw clearly he should have nothing but wrangling, and that he should have as little success in settling his accompts as ending the composition. "Since they will needs overload my shoulders," quoth John, "I shall throw down the burden with a squash among them, take it up who dares; a man has a fine time of it, among a combination of sharpers, that vouch for one another's honesty! John, look to thyself; old Lewis makes reasonable offers; when thou hast spent the small pittance that is left, thou wilt make a glorious figure, when thou art brought to live upon Nic. Frog's and esquire South's generosity and gratitude; if they use thee thus when they want thee, what will they do when thou wantest them? I say again, John, look to thyself."

John wisely stifled his resentment, and told the company, that in a little time he should give them law, or something better.]

All. Law! law! sir, by all means. What is twenty-two poor years towards the finishing a lawsuit? For the love of God, more law, sir.[b]

Bull. Prepare your demands; how many years more of law do you want, that I may order my affairs accordingly? In the mean while, farewell.

CHAPTER XVII.

How John Bull found all his Family in an uproar at Home.[c]

Nic. Frog, who thought of nothing but carrying John to the market, and there disposing of him as his own proper goods, was mad to find that John thought himself now of age to look after his own affairs. He resolved to traverse this new project, and make him uneasy in his own family. He had corrupted or deluded most of his servants into the most extravagant conceits in the world; that their master was run mad, and wore a dagger in one pocket and poison in the other; that he had sold his wife and children to Lewis, disinherited his heir, and was going to settle his estate upon a parish-boy; that if they did not look after their master, he would do some very mischievous thing. When John came home, he found a more surprising scene than any he had yet met with, and that you will say was somewhat extraordinary.

He called his cook-maid Betty to bespeak his dinner: Betty told him, "That she begged his pardon, she could not dress dinner till she knew what he intended to do with his will."—"Why, Betty," quoth John, "thou art not run mad, art thou? My will at present is to have dinner."—"That may be," quoth Betty, "but my conscience won't allow me to dress it till I know whether you intend to do righteous things by your heir?"—"I am sorry for that, Betty," quoth John, "I must find somebody else, then." Then he called John the barber. "Before I begin," quoth John, "I hope your honour won't be offended, if I ask you whether you intend to alter your will? If you won't give me a positive answer, your beard may grow down to your middle for me."—"'Igad so it shall," quoth Bull, "for I will never trust my throat in such a mad fellow's hands. Where's Dick the butler?"—"Look ye," quoth Dick, "I am very willing to serve you in my calling, d'ye see: but there are strange reports, and plain dealing is best, d'ye see; I must be satisfied if you intend to leave all to your nephew, and if Nic. Frog is still your executor, d'ye see; if you will not satisfy me as to these points, you may drink with the ducks."—"And so I will," quoth John, "rather than keep a butler that loves my heir better than myself." Hob the shoemaker, and Pricket the tailor, told him, "They would most willingly serve him in their several stations, if he would promise them never to talk with Lewis Baboon, and let Nicholas Frog, linen-draper, manage his concerns: that they could neither make shoes nor clothes to any that were not in good correspondence with their worthy friend Nicholas."

Bull. Call Andrew, my journeyman.—How go affairs, Andrew? I hope the devil has not taken possession of thy body too.

Andrew. No, sir; I only desire to know what you would do if you were dead?

Bull. Just as other dead folks do, Andrew.—This is amazing! [*Aside.*

Andrew. I mean if your nephew shall inherit your estate?

Bull. That depends upon himself. I shall do nothing to hinder him.

Andrew. But will you make it sure?

Bull. Thou meanest that I should put him in possession, for I can make it no surer without that; he has all the law can give him.

Andrew. Indeed possession, as you say, would make it much surer; they say, it is eleven points of the law.

[John began now to think that they were all enchanted; he inquired about the age of the moon; if Nic. had not given them some intoxicating potion, or if old mother Jenisa was still alive? "No, o' my faith," quoth Harry, "I believe there is no potion in the case, but a little *aurum potabile.* You will have more of this by and by." He had scarce spoke the word, when another friend of John's accosted him after the following manner:—

"Since those worthy persons, who are as much concerned for your safety as I am, have employed me as their orator, I desire to know whether you will have it by way of syllogism, enthymem, dilemma, or sorites."

John now began to be diverted with their extravagance.]

Bull. Let's have a sorites by all means; though they are all new to me.

Friend. It is evident to all, who are versed in history, that there were two sisters that played the whore two thousand years ago: therefore, it plainly follows, that it is not lawful for John Bull to have any manner of intercourse with Lewis Baboon: if it is not lawful for John Bull to have any manner of intercourse, (correspondence if you will, that is much the same thing,) then, *à fortiori,* it is much more unlawful for the said John to make over his wife and children to the said Lewis: if his wife and children are not to be made over, he is not to wear a dagger and ratsbane in his

[a] Court of Piepowder (*Curia pedis pulverizati*) is a court of record incident to every fair; whereof the steward is judge, and the trial is by merchants and traders in the fair. It is so called, because it is most usual in the summer; and because of the expedition in hearing causes, for the matter is to be done, complained of, heard, and determined the same day, that is, before the dust goes off the feet of the plaintiffs and defendants.

[b] Clamours of the allied powers for continuing the war.

[c] Clamours about the danger of the succession.

pockets; if he wears a dagger and ratsbane, it must be to do mischief to himself or somebody else: if he intends to do mischief, he ought to be under guardians, and there is none so fit as myself, and some other worthy persons, who have a commission for that purpose from Nic. Frog, the executor of his will and testament.

Bull. And this is your sorites, you say?—With that he snatched a good tough oaken cudgel, and began to brandish it; then happy was the man that was first at the door; crowding to get out, they tumbled down stairs; and it is credibly reported some of them dropped very valuable things in the hurry, which were picked up by others of the family.

"That any of these rogues," quoth John, "should imagine I am not as much concerned as they about having my affairs in a settled condition, or that I would wrong my heir for I know not what! Well, Nic., I really cannot but applaud thy diligence; I must own this is really a pretty sort of a trick, but it shan't do thy business for all that."

CHAPTER XVIII.

How Lewis Baboon came to visit John Bull, and what passed between them.*

[I think it is but ingenuous to acquaint the reader that this chapter was not written by sir Humphry himself, but by another very able pen of the university of Grub Street.]

John had (by some good instructions given him by sir Roger) got the better of his choleric temper, and wrought himself up to a great steadiness of mind, to pursue his own interest through all impediments that were thrown in the way: he began to leave off some of his old acquaintance, his roaring and bullying about the streets; he put on a serious air, knit his brows, and, for the time, had made a very considerable progress in politics, considering that he had been kept a stranger to his own affairs. However, he could not help discovering some remains of his nature, when he happened to meet with a football, or a match at cricket; for which sir Roger was sure to take him to task. John was walking about his room with folded arms, and a most thoughtful countenance: his servant brought him word that one Lewis Baboon below wanted to speak with him. John had got an impression that Lewis was so deadly cunning a man, that he was afraid to venture himself alone with him: at last he took heart of grace: "Let him come up," quoth he; "it is but sticking to my point, and he can never overreach me."

Baboon. Monsieur Bull, I will frankly acknowledge that my behaviour to my neighbours has been somewhat uncivil, and I believe you will readily grant me that I have met with usage accordingly. I was fond of backsword and cudgel-play from my youth, and I now bear in my body many a black and blue gash and scar, God knows. I had as good a warehouse and as fair possessions as any of my neighbours, though I say it; but a contentious temper, flattering servants, and unfortunate stars have brought me into circumstances that are not unknown to you. These, my misfortunes, are heightened by domestic calamities. That I need not relate. I am a poor battered old fellow, and I would willingly end my days in peace: but, alas! I see but small hopes of that; for every new circumstance affords an argument to my enemies to pursue their revenge; formerly I was to be banged because I was too strong, and now because I am too weak to resist; I am to be brought down when too rich, and oppressed when too poor. Nic. Frog has used me like a scoundrel; you are a gentleman, and I freely put myself in your hands, to dispose of me as you think fit.

Bull. Look you, Master Baboon, as to your usage of your neighbours, you had best not dwell too much upon that chapter; let it suffice, at present, that you have been met with: you have been rolling a great stone up hill all your life, and at last it has come tumbling down till it is like to crush you to pieces: plain dealing is best. If you have any particular mark, Mr. Baboon, whereby one may know when you fib and when you speak truth, you had best tell it me, that one may proceed accordingly; but since at present I know of none such, it is better that you should trust me than that I shall trust you.

Baboon. I know of no particular mark of veracity among us tradesmen but interest; and it is manifestly mine not to deceive you at this time; you may safely trust me, I can assure you.

Bull. The trust I give is in short this; I must have something in hand before I make the bargain, and the rest before it is concluded.

Baboon. To show you I deal fairly, name your something.

Bull. I need not tell you, old boy; thou canst guess.

Baboon. Ecclesdown Castle, [Dunkirk,] I'll warrant you, because it has been formerly in your family! Say no more, you shall have it.

Bull. I shall have it to m'own self?

Baboon. To thy n'own self.

Bull. Every wall, gate, room, and inch of Ecclesdown Castle, you say?

Baboon. Just so.

Bull. Every single stone of Ecclesdown Castle to m'own self, speedily?

Baboon. When you please; what needs more words?

Bull. But tell me, old boy, hast thou laid aside all thy equivocals and mentals in this case?

Baboon. There's nothing like matter of fact; seeing is believing.

Bull. Now thou talkest to the purpose; let us shake hands, old boy. Let me ask thee one question more: What hast thou to do, to meddle with the affairs of my family? to dispose of my estate, old boy?

Baboon. Just as much as you have to do with the affairs of lord Strutt.

Bull. Ay, but my trade, my very being, was concerned in that.

Baboon. And my interest was concerned in the other: but let us both drop our pretences; for I believe it is a moot point, whether I am more likely to make a master Bull, or you a lord Strutt.

Bull. Agreed, old boy; but then I must have security that I shall carry my broad-cloth to market, old boy.

Baboon. That you shall: Ecclesdown Castle! Ecclesdown! remember that: why would'st thou not take it, when it was offered thee some years ago?

Bull. I would not take it, because they told me thou would'st not give it me.

Baboon. How could Monsieur Bull be so grossly abused by downright nonsense? they that advised you to refuse must have believed I intended to give, else why would they not make the experiment? but I can tell you more of that matter than perhaps you know at present.

Bull. But what say'st thou as to the esquire, Nic. Frog, and the rest of the tradesmen? I must take care of them.

Baboon. Thou hast but small obligations to Nic., to my certain knowledge: he has not used thee like a gentleman.

Bull. Nic., indeed, is not very nice in your punctilios of ceremony; he is clownish, as a man may say: belching and calling of names have been allowed him, time out of mind, by prescription: but, however, we are engaged in one common cause, and I must look after him.

Baboon. All matters that relate to him, and the rest of the plaintiffs in this lawsuit, I will refer to your justice.

* Private negotiations about Dunkirk.

CHAPTER XIX.

Nic. Frog's letter to John Bull; wherein he endeavoured to vindicate all his conduct with relation to John Bull and the Lawsuit.

NIC. perceived now that his cully had eloped, that John intended henceforth to deal without a broker; but he was resolved to leave no stone unturned to recover his bubble: among other artifices, he wrote a most obliging letter, which he sent him printed in a fair character.

"DEAR FRIEND.[a]—When I considered the late ill usuage I have met with from you, I was reflecting what it was that could provoke you to it; but upon a narrow inspection into my conduct, I can find nothing to reproach myself with, but too partial a concern for your interest. You no sooner set this composition a-foot, but I was ready to comply, and prevented your very wishes; and the affair might have been ended before now, had it not been for the greater concerns of esquire South, and the other poor creatures embarked in the same common cause, whose safety touches me to the quick. You seemed a little jealous that I had dealt unfairly with you in money matters, till it appeared by your own accounts that there was something due to me upon the balance. Having nothing to answer to so plain a demonstration, you began to complain, as if I had been familiar with your reputation; when it is well known, not only I, but the meanest servants in my family, talk of you with the utmost respect. I have always, as far as in me lies, exhorted your servants and tenants to be dutiful: not that I anyway meddle in your domestic affairs, which were very unbecoming for me to do. If some of your servants express their great concern for you, in a manner that is not so very polite, you ought to impute it to their extraordinary zeal, which deserves a reward rather than a reproof. You cannot reproach me for want of success at the Salutation, since I am not master of the passions and interests of other folks. I have beggared myself with this lawsuit, undertaken merely in complaisance to you; and if you would have had but a little patience, I had still greater things in reserve, that I intended to have done for you.—I hope what I have said will prevail with you to lay aside your unreasonable jealousies, and that we may have no more meetings at the Salutation, spending our time and money to no purpose. My concern for your welfare and prosperity almost makes me mad. You may be assured I will continue to be your affectionate friend and servant,

"NIC. FROG."

John received this with a good deal of *sang froid: "Transeat,"* quoth John, *"cum cæteris erroribus."* He was now at his ease; he saw he could now make a very good bargain for himself, and a very safe one for other folks. "My shirt," quoth he, "is near me, but my skin is nearer: while I take care of the welfare of other folks, no body can blame me to apply a little balsam to my own sores. It's a pretty thing, after all, for a man to do his own business; a man has such a tender concern for himself, there's nothing like it. This is something better, I trow, than for John Bull to be standing in the market, like a great dray-horse, with Frog's paws upon his head. What will you give me for this beast?—Serviteur, Nic. Frog, you may kiss my backside if you please. Though John Bull has not read your Aristotles, Platoes, and Machiavels, he can see as far into a mill-stone as another." With that John began to chuckle and laugh, till he was like to have burst his sides.

[a] Substance of the States' Letter.

CHAPTER XX.

The Discourse that passed between Nic. Frog and esquire South, which John Bull overheard.[a]

JOHN thought every minute a year till he got into Ecclesdown Castle; he repairs to the Salutation, with a design to break the matter gently to his partners; before he entered, he overheard Nic. and the esquire in a very pleasant conference.

South. O the ingratitude and injustice of mankind! that John Bull, whom I have honoured with my friendship and protection so long, should flinch at last, and pretend that he can disburse no more money for me! that the family of the Souths, by his sneaking temper, should be kept out of their own.

Frog. An't like your worship, I am in amaze at it; I think the rogue should be compelled to his duty.

South. That he should prefer his scandalous pelf, the dust and dregs of the earth, to the prosperity and grandeur of my family!

Frog. Nay, he is mistaken there too; for he would quickly lick himself whole again by his vails. It's strange he should prefer Philip Baboon's custom to esquire South's.

South. As you say that my clothier, that is to get so much by the purchase, should refuse to put me in possession; did you ever know any man's tradesmen serve him so before?

Frog. No, indeed, an't please your worship, it is a very unusual proceeding; and I would not have been guilty of it for the world. If your honour had not a great stock of moderation and patience, you would not bear it so well as you do.

South. It is most intolerable, that's certain, Nic., and I will be revenged.

Frog. Methinks it is strange, that Philip Baboon's tenants do not all take your honour's part, considering how good and gentle a master you are.

South. True, Nic., but few are sensible of merit in this world: it is a great comfort to have so faithful a friend as thyself in so critical a juncture.

Frog. If all the world should forsake you, be assured Nic. Frog never will; let us stick to our point, and we'll manage Bull, I'll warrant ye,

South. Let me kiss thee, dear Nic.; I have found one honest man among a thousand at last.

Frog. If it were possible, your honour has it in your power to wed me still closer to your interest.

South. Tell me quickly, dear Nic.

Frog. You know I am your tenant; the difference between my lease and an inheritance is such a trifle as I am sure you will not grudge your poor friend; that will be an encouragement to go on; besides, it will make Bull as mad as the devil; you and I shall be able to manage him then to some purpose.

South. Say no more, it shall be done, Nic., to thy heart's content.

John all this while was listening to this comical dialogue, and laughed heartily in his sleeve at the pride and simplicity of the esquire, and the sly roguery of his friend Nic. Then, of a sudden, bolting into the room, he began to tell them, that he believed he had brought Lewis to reasonable terms, if they would please to hear them.

Then they all bawled out aloud, "No composition! Long live esquire South and the law!" As John was going to proceed, some roared, some stamped with their feet, others stopped their ears with their fingers.

Nay, gentlemen, quoth John, if you will but stop proceeding for awhile, you shall judge yourselves whether Lewis's proposals are reasonable.[b]

[a] Negotiations between the emperor and the Dutch for continuing the war, and getting the property of Flanders.

[b] Proposals for cessation of arms and delivery of Dunkirk.

All. Very fine, indeed, stop proceeding, and so lose a term!

Bull. Not so, neither, we have something by way of advance; he will put us in possession of his manor and Castle of Ecclesdown.

Frog. What dost thou talk of us? thou meanest thyself.

Bull. When Frog took possession of any thing, it was always said to be for us, and why may not John Bull be us, as well as Nic. Frog was us? I hope John Bull is no more confined to singularity than Nic. Frog? Or, take it so, the constant doctrine that thou hast preached up for many years, was, that thou and I are one; and why must we be supposed two in this case, that were always one before? It's impossible that thou and I can fall out, Nic.; we must trust one another; I have trusted thee with a great many things, prithee trust me with this one trifle.

Frog. That principle is true in the main, but there is some specialty in this case that makes it highly inconvenient for us both.

Bull. Those are your jealousies, that the common enemies sow between us; how often hast thou warned me of those rogues, Nic., that would make us mistrustful of one another?

Frog. This Ecclesdown Castle is only a bone of contention.

Bull. It depends upon you to make it so, for my part I am as peaceable as a lamb.

Frog. But do you consider the unwholesomeness of the air and soil, the expenses of reparations and servants? I would scorn to accept of such a quagmire.

Bull. You are a great man, Nic., but, in my circumstances, I must be e'en content to take it as it is.

Frog. And you are really so silly as to believe the old cheating rogue will give it you?

Bull. I believe nothing but matter of fact, I stand and fall by that; I am resolved to put him to it.

Frog. And so relinquish the hopefulest cause in the world, a claim that will certainly in the end make thy fortune for ever!

Bull. Wilt thou purchase it, Nic.? Thou shalt have a lumping pennyworth; nay, rather than we should differ, I'll give thee something to take it off my hands.

Frog. If thou would'st but moderate that hasty, impatient temper of thine, thou should'st quickly see a better thing than all that. What should'st thou think to find old Lewis turned out of his paternal estates, and the mansion-house of Claypool?[a] Would not that do thy heart good to see thy old friend Nic. Frog lord of Claypool? that thou and thy wife and children should walk in my gardens, buy toys, drink lemonade, and now and then we should have a country-dance.

Bull. I love to be plain; I'd as lieve see myself in Ecclesdown Castle, as thee in Claypool. I tell you again, Lewis gives this as a pledge of his sincerity; if you won't stop proceeding to hear him, I will.

CHAPTER XXI.

The rest of Nic.'s Fetches to keep John out of Ecclesdown Castle.[b]

When Nic. could not dissuade John by argument, he tried to move his pity; he pretended to be sick and like to die, that he should leave his wife and children in a starving condition if John did abandon him; that he was hardly able to crawl about the room, far less capable to look after such a troublesome business as this lawsuit, and therefore begged that his good friend would not leave him. When he saw that John was still inexorable, he pulled out a case-knife, with which he used to snick and snee, and threatened to cut his own throat. Thrice he aimed the knife to his windpipe, with a most determined threatening air. "What signifies life," quoth he, "in this languishing condition? It will be some pleasure that my friends will revenge my death upon this barbarous man, that has been the cause of it." All this while John looked sedate and calm, neither offering in the least to snatch the knife nor stop his blow, trusting to the tenderness Nic. had for his own person; when he perceived that John was immovable in his purpose, he applied himself to Lewis.

"Art thou," quoth he, "turned bubble in thy old age, from being a sharper in thy youth? What occasion hast thou to give up Ecclesdown Castle to John Bull? his friendship is not worth a rush; give it me, and I'll make it worth thy while. If thou dislikest that proposition, keep it thyself; I'd rather thou should'st have it than he. If thou hearkenest not to my advice, take what follows; esquire South and I will go on with our lawsuit in spite of John Bull's teeth."

Baboon. Monsieur Bull has used me like a gentleman, and I am resolved to make good my promise, and trust him for the consequences.

Frog. Then I tell thee, thou art an old doting fool.—With that, Nic. bounced up with a spring equal to that of one of your nimblest tumblers or rope-dancers, and fell foul upon John Bull, to snatch the cudgel [the allied army] he had in his hand, that he might thwack Lewis with it: John held it fast, so that there was no wrenching it from him. At last 'squire South buckled to, to assist his friend Nic.; John hauled on one side, and they two on the other; sometimes they were like to pull John over; then it went all of a sudden again on John's side; so they went see-sawing up and down, from one end of the room to the other. Down tumbled the tables, bottles, glasses, and tobacco-pipes; the wine and the tobacco were all spilt about the room, and the little fellows were almost trod under foot, till more of the tradesmen, joining with Nic. and the 'squire, John was hardly able to pull against them all, yet would he never quit hold of his trusty cudgel; which, by the contrary force of two so great powers, broke short in his hands.[a] Nic. seized the longer end, and with it began to bastinado old Lewis, who had slunk into a corner, waiting the event of this squabble. Nic. came up to him with an insolent menacing air, so that the old fellow was forced to scuttle out of the room, and retire behind a dung-cart. He called to Nic.: "Thou insolent jackanapes! Time was when thou durst not have used me so; thou now takest me unprovided; but, old and infirm as I am, I shall find a weapon by and by to chastise thy impudence."

When John Bull had recovered his breath, he began to parley with Nic.: "Friend Nic., I am glad to find thee so strong after thy great complaints: really thy motions, Nic., are pretty vigorous for a consumptive man. As for thy worldly affairs, Nic., if it can do thee any service, I freely make over to thee this profitable lawsuit, and I desire all these gentlemen to bear witness to this my act and deed. Yours be all the gain, as mine has been the charges; I have brought it to bear finely: however, all I have laid out upon it goes for nothing: thou shalt have it with all its appurtenances; I ask nothing but leave to go home."

Frog. The counsel are feed, and all things prepared for a trial; thou shalt be forced to stand the issue; it shall be pleaded in thy name as well as mine; go home if thou canst; the gates are shut, the turnpikes locked, and the roads barricadoed.[b]

Bull. Even these very ways, Nic., that thou toldest me were as open to me as thyself? If I can't pass with my own equipage, what can I expect for my goods and wagons? I am denied passage through those very

a Claypool.—Paris – Lutetia.

b Attempts to hinder the cessation, and taking possession of Dunkirk.

a The separation of the army.

b Difficulty of the march of part of the army to Dunkirk.

grounds that I have purchased with my own money; however, I am glad I have made the experiment, it may serve me in some stead.

[John Bull was so overjoyed that he was going to take possesson of Ecclesdown that nothing could vex him. "Nic.," quoth he, "I am just a-going to leave thee; cast a kind look upon me at parting."

Nic. looked sour and grum, and would not open his mouth.]

Bull. I wish thee all the success that thy heart can desire, and that these honest gentlemen of the long robe may have their bellyful of law.

[Nic. could stand it no longer; but flung out of the room with disdain, and beckoned the lawyers to follow him.]

Bull. B'uy, b'uy, Nic.; not one poor smile at parting? won't you shake your day-day, Nic.? b'uy, Nic.—With that, John marched out of the common road, 'cross the country, to take possession of Ecclesdown.

CHAPTER XXII.

Of the great Joy that John expressed when he got Possession of Ecclesdown. [Dunkirk.]

When John had got into his castle, he seemed like Ulysses upon his plank, after he had been well soused in salt water; who (as Homer says) was as glad as a judge going to sit down to dinner, after hearing a long cause upon the bench. I dare say John Bull's joy was equal to that of either of the two; he skipped from room to room; ran up stairs and down stairs, from the kitchen to the garrets, and from the garrets to the kitchen; he peeped into every cranny; sometimes he admired the beauty of the architecture, and the vast solidity of the mason's work; at other times he commended the symmetry and proportion of the rooms. He walked about the gardens; he bathed himself in the canal, swimming, diving, and beating the liquid element, like a milk-white swan. The hall resounded with the sprightly violin, and the martial hautboy. The family tripped it about and capered, like hailstones bounding from a marble floor. Wine, ale, and October flew about as plentifully as kennel-water: then a frolic took John in the head to call up some of Nic. Frog's pensioners that had been so mutinous in his family.

Bull. Are you glad to see your master in Ecclesdown Castle?

All. Yes, indeed, sir.

Bull. Extremely glad?

All. Extremely glad, sir.

Bull. Swear to me that you are so.

Then they began to damn and sink their souls to the lowest pit of hell if any person in the world rejoiced more than they did.

Bull. Now hang me if I don't believe you are a parcel of perjured rascals; however, take this bumper of October to your master's health.

Then John got upon the battlements, and, looking over, he called to Nic. Frog.

"How d'ye do, Nic.? D'ye see where I am, Nic.? I hope the cause goes on swimmingly, Nic. When dost thou intend to go to Claypool, Nic.? Wilt thou buy there some high heads of the newest cut for my daughters? How comest thou to go with thy arm tied up? Has old Lewis given thee a rap over the finger-ends? Thy weapon was a good one when I wielded it, but the butt-end remains in my hands. I am so busy in packing up my goods that I have no time to talk with thee any longer. It would do thy heart good to see what waggon-loads I am preparing for market. If thou wantest any good office of mine, for all that has happened, I will use thee well, Nic. B'uy, Nic."

POSTSCRIPT.

It has been disputed among the literati of Grub Street whether sir Humphry proceeded any further into the history of John Bull. By diligent inquiry we have found the titles of some chapters which appear to be a continuation of it; and are as follow:—

Chap. I. How John was made angry with the articles of agreement. How he kicked the parchment through the house, up stairs, and down stairs, and put himself in a great heat thereby.

Chap. II. How in his passion he was going to cut off sir Roger's head with a cleaver. Of the strange manner of sir Roger's escaping the blow, by laying his head upon the dresser.

Chap. III. How some of John's servants attempted to scale his house with rope-ladders; and how many unfortunately dangled in the same.

Chap. IV. Of the methods by which John endeavoured to preserve peace among his neighbours; how he kept a pair of steelyards to weigh them; and by diet, purging, vomiting, and bleeding, tried to bring them to equal bulk and strength.

Chap. V. Of false accounts of the weights given in by some of the journeymen; and of the Newmarket tricks that were practised at the steelyards.

Chap. VI. How John's new journeymen brought him other guise accounts of the steelyards.

Chap. VII. How sir Swain Northy [king of Sweden] was, by bleeding, purging, and a steel diet, brought into a consumption; and how John was forced afterwards to give him the gold cordial.

Chap. VIII. How Peter Bear [czar of Muscovy] was overfed, and afterwards refused to submit to the course of physic.

Chap. IX. How John pampered esquire South with titbits till he grew wanton: how he got drunk with Calabrian wine, and longed for Sicilian beef, and how John carried him thither in his barge.

Chap. X. How the esquire, from a foul feeder, grew dainty; how he longed for mangoes, spices, and Indian bird-nests, &c., and could not sleep but in a chintz bed.

Chap. XI. The esquire turned tradesman; how he set up a china-shop [the Ostend Company] over against Nic. Frog.

Chap. XII. How he procured Spanish flies to blister his neighbours, and as a provocative to himself. As likewise how he ravished Nic. Frog's favourite daughter.

Chap. XIII. How Nic. Frog, hearing the girl squeak, went to call John Bull as a constable; calling of a constable no preventive of a rape.

Chap. XIV. How John rose out of his bed in a cold morning to prevent a duel between esquire South and lord Strutt; how, to his great surprise, he found the combatants drinking Geneva in a brandy-shop, with Nic.'s favourite daughter between them. How they both fell upon John, so that he was forced to fight his way out.

Chap. XV. How John came with his constable's staff to rescue Nic.'s daughter, and break the esquire's chinaware.

Chap. XVI. Commentary upon the Spanish proverb, *Time and I against any two;* or advice to dogmatical politicians, exemplified in some new affairs between John Bull and Lewis Baboon.

Chap. XVII. A discourse of the delightful game of quadrille. How Lewis Baboon attempted to play a game *solo* in clubs, and was beasted; how John called Lewis for his king, and was afraid that his own partner should have too many tricks; and how the success and skill of quadrille depends upon calling a right king.

ing, (which had been their true and certain way of opposing him,) and therefore rather chose to fall on the author, and to call out for help to all good Christians, by assuring them, again and again, that they were the first, original, true, and undisputed Isaac Bickerstaff.

Meanwhile, the "Spectator," whom we regard as our shelter from that cloud of false wit and impertinence which was breaking in upon us, is in every one's hand, and a constant topic for our morning conversation at tea-tables and coffee-houses. We had at first, indeed, no manner of notion how a diurnal paper could be continued in the spirit and style of our present "Spectators;" but, to our no small surprise, we find them still rising upon us, and can only wonder from whence so prodigious a run of wit and learning can proceed; since some of our best judges seem to think that they have hitherto, in general, outshone even the squire's first "Tatlers." Most people fancy, from their frequency, that they must be composed by a society. I, with all, assign the first place to Mr. Steele and his friend.

I have often thought that the conjunction of those two great geniuses (who seem to stand in a class by themselves, so high above all our other wits) resembles that of two famous statesmen in a late reign, whose characters are very well expressed in their two mottos, PRODESSE QUAM CONSPICI, [Lord Somers,] and OTIUM CUM DIGNITATE, [Earl of Halifax.] Accordingly, the first was continually at work behind the curtain; drew up and prepared all those schemes and designs, which the latter still drove on; and stood out exposed to the world, to receive its praises or censures.

Meantime all our unbiassed well-wishers to learning are in hopes that the known temper and prudence of one of these gentlemen will hinder the other from ever launching out into party, and rendering that wit, which is at present a common good, odious and ungrateful to the better part of the nation.

If this piece of imprudence does not spoil so excellent a paper, I propose to myself the highest satisfaction in reading it with you over a dish of tea every morning next winter.

As we have yet had nothing new since the "Spectator," it only remains for me to assure you that I am yours, &c. J. G.

P.S.—Upon a review of my letter, I find I have quite forgotten the "British Apollo;"[a] which might possibly happen from its having of late retreated out of this end of the town into the city; where I am informed, however, that it still recommends itself by deciding wagers at cards, and giving good advice to the shopkeepers and their apprentices.

PROPOSALS FOR PRINTING A VERY CURIOUS DISCOURSE,

ENTITLED

ΨΕΥΔΟΛΟΓΙΑ ΠΟΛΙΤΙΚΗ;

OR,

THE ART OF POLITICAL LYING.

Though stated to have been sent to him by Dr. Arbuthnot, it is probable that Swift had a considerable share in this humorous little piece, it having passed through his hands to the press. He thus speaks of it in his "Journal to Stella" of Oct. 9, and Dec. 12, 1712:—

"Arbuthnot has sent me, from Windsor, a pretty discourse upon lying; and I have ordered the printer to come for it. It is a proposal for publishing a curious piece, called, 'The Art of Political Lying,' in two volumes, &c., and then there is an abstract of the first volume, just like those pamphlets which they call 'The Works of the Learned.'"

"The pamphlet of Political Lying is written by Dr. Arbuthnot, the author of 'John Bull.' It is very pretty, but not so obvious to be understood."

There is now in the press a curious piece, entitled Ψευδολογία Πολιτική; or, "The Art of Political Lying," consisting of two volumes in quarto.

THE PROPOSALS ARE,

I. That if the author meets with suitable encouragement, he intends to deliver the first volume to the subscribers by Hilary Term next.

II. The price of both volumes will be, to the subscribers, 14s., 7s. whereof are to be paid down, and the other 7s. at the delivery of the second volume.

III. Those that subscribe for six, shall have a seventh gratis; which reduces the price to less than 6s. a volume.

IV. That the subscribers shall have their names and places of abode printed at length.

For the encouragement of so useful a work, it is thought fit the public should be informed of the contents of the first volume, by one who has with great care perused the manuscript.

"THE ART OF POLITICAL LYING."

The author, in his preface, makes some very judicious reflections upon the original of arts and sciences: that at first they consist of scattered theorems and practices, which are handed about among the masters, and only revealed to the *filii artis*, till such time as some great genius appears, who collects these disjointed propositions, and reduces them into a regular system. That this is the case of that noble and useful art of political lying, which in this last age having been enriched with several new discoveries, ought not to lie any longer in rubbish and confusion, but may justly claim a place in the "Encyclopedia," especially such as serves for a model of education for an able politician. That he proposes to himself no small stock of fame in future ages, in being the first who has undertaken this design; and for the same reason he hopes the imperfection of his work will be excused. He invites all persons who have any talents that way, or any new discovery, to communicate their thoughts, assuring them that honourable mention shall be made of them in his work.

THE FIRST VOLUME CONSISTS OF ELEVEN CHAPTERS.

In the first chapter of his excellent treatise he reasons philosophically concerning the nature of the soul of man, and those qualities which render it susceptible of lies. He supposes the soul to be of the nature of a plano-cylindrical speculum, or looking-glass; that the plain side was made by God Almighty, but that the devil afterwards wrought the other side into a cylindrical figure. The plain side represents objects just as they are; and the cylindrical side, by the rules of catoptrics, must needs represent true objects false, and false objects true; but the cylindrical side being much the larger surface, takes in a greater compass of visual rays. That upon the cylindrical side of the soul of man depends the whole art and success of political lying. The author, in this chapter, proceeds to reason upon the qualities of the mind: as its peculiar fondness of the malicious and the miraculous. The tendency of the soul toward the malicious, springs from self-love, or a pleasure to find mankind more wicked, base, or unfortunate than ourselves. The design of the miraculous proceeds from the inactivity of the soul, or its incapacity to be moved or delighted with anything that is vulgar or common. The author having established the qualities of the mind, upon which his art is founded, he proceeds,

In his second chapter, to treat of the nature of political lying; which he defines to be, the art of con-

[a] "The British Apollo, or Curious Amusements for the Ingenious; to which are added the most Material Occurrences, Foreign and Domestic. Performed by a Society of Gentlemen."

vincing the people of salutary falsehoods for some good end." He calls it an art to distinguish it from that of telling truth, which does not seem to want art; but then he would hav[illegible]rstood only as to the invention, because there is indeed more art necessary [illegible] the people of a salutary truth than a salutary falsehood. Then he proceeds to prove that there are salutary falsehoods, of which he gives a great many instances, both before and after the Revolution; and demonstrates plainly, that we could not have carried on the war so long without several of those salutary falsehoods. He gives rules to calculate the value of a political lie, in pounds, shillings, and pence. By good, he does not mean that which is absolutely so, but what appears so to the artist, which is a sufficient ground for him to proceed upon; and he distinguishes the good, as it commonly is, into *bonum utile*, *dulce et honestum*. He shows you that there are political lie of a mixed nature, which include all the three in different respects; that the *utile* reigns generally about the exchange, the *dulce* and *honestum* at the Westminster end of the town. One man spreads a lie to se or buy stock to greater advantage; a second, because it is honourable to serve his party; and a third, because it is sweet to gratify his revenge. Having explained the several terms of his definition, he proceeds,

In his third chapter, to treat of the lawfulness of political lying; which he deduces from its true and genuine principles, by inquiring into the several rights that mankind have to truth. He shows that people have a right to private truth from their neighbours, and economical truth from their own family: that they should not be abused by their wives, children, and servants; but that they have no right at all to political truth; that the people may as well all pretend to be lords of manors, and possess great estates, as to have truth told them in matters of government. The author, with great judgment, states the several shares of mankind in this matter of truth, according to their several capacities, dignities, and professions; and shows you that children have hardly any share at all; in consequence of which, they have very seldom any truth told them. It must be owned that the author, in this chapter, has some seeming difficulties to answer, and texts of scripture to explain.

The fourth chapter is wholly employed in this question, "Whether the right of coinage of political lies be wholly in the government?" The author, who is a true friend to English liberty, determines in the negative, and answers all the arguments of the opposite party with great acuteness: that, as the government of England has a mixture of democratical in it, so the right of inventing and spreading political lies is partly in the people; and their obstinate adherence to this just privilege has been most conspicuous, and shined with great lustre of late years: that it happens very often that there are no other means left to the good people of England to pull down a ministry and government they are weary of but by exercising this their undoubted right: that abundance of political lying is a sure sign of true English liberty: that as ministers do sometimes use tools to support their power, it is but reasonable that the people should employ the same weapon to defend themselves, and pull them down.

In his fifth chapter, he divides political lies into several species and classes, and gives precepts about the inventing, spreading, and propagating the several sorts of them: he begins with the *rumores* and *libelli famosi*, such as concern the reputation of men in power; where he finds fault with the common mistake, that takes notice only of one sort, viz., the detractory or defamatory; whereas in truth there are three sorts, the detractory, the additory, and the translatory. The additory gives to a great man a larger share of reputation than belongs to him, to enable him to serve some good end or purpose. The detractory, or defamatory, is a lie which takes from a great man the reputation that justly belongs to him, for fear he should use it to the detriment of the public. The translatory is a lie, that transfers the merit of a man's good action to another, who is in himself more deserving; or transfers the demerit of a bad action from the true author to a person who is in himself less deserving. He gives several instances of very great strokes in all the three kinds, especially in the last, when it was necessary, for the good of the public, to bestow the valour and conduct of one man upon another, and that of many to one man: nay even, upon a good occasion, a man may be robbed of his victory by a person that did not command in the action.[a] The restoring and destroying the public may be ascribed to persons who had no hand in either. The author exhorts all gentlemen practitioners to exercise themselves in the translatory, because the existence of the things themselves being visible, and not demanding any proof, there wants nothing to be put upon the public, but a false author, or a false cause; which is no great presumption upon the credulity of mankind, to whom the secret springs of things are for the most part unknown.

The author proceeds to give some precepts as to the additory; that when one ascribes anything to a person which does not belong to him, the lie ought to be calculated not quite contradictory to his known qualities; for example, one would not make the French king present at a Protestant conventicle; nor, like queen Elizabeth, restore the overplus of taxes to his subjects. One would not bring in the Emperor giving two months' pay in advance to his troops; nor the Dutch paying more than their quota. One would not make the same person zealous for a standing army, and public liberty; nor an atheist support the church; nor a lewd fellow a reformer of manners; not a hot-headed, crack-brained coxcomb forward for a scheme of moderation. But, if it is absolutely necessary that a person is to have some good adventitious quality given him, the author's precept is, that it should not be done at first *in extremo gradu*. For example, hey should not make a covetous man give away all at once 5000*l.* in a charitable, generous way; 20*l.* or 30*l.* may suffice at first. They should not introduce a person of remarkable ingratitude to his benefactors, rewarding a poor man for [illegible] good office that was done him thirty years ago; but they may allow him to acknowledge a service to a pers[illegible] who is capable still to do him another. A man, whose personal courage is suspected, is not at first to drive whole squadrons before him; but he may be allowed the merit of some squabble, or throwing a bottle at his adversary's head.

It will not be allowed to make a great man that is a known despiser of religion spend whole days in his closet at his devotion; but you may with safety make him sit out public prayers with decency. A great

a Major-general Webb obtained a glorious victory over the French, near Wynedale, in the year 1708. He was sent with 6000 of the confederate troops to guard a great convoy to the allied army, besieging Lisle. Count de la Motte came out from Ghent, with nearly 24,000 men, to intercept them; but major-general Webb disposed his men with such admirable skill that, notwithstanding the vast superiority of numbers, by the pure force of order and disposition, the French were driven back in two or three successive attempts; and after having lost 6000 or 7000 men, could be brought to charge no more. This may justly be reckoned among the greatest actions of that war. but the duke of Marlborough's secretary, in his letter written to England, gave all the honour of it to general Cadogan, the duke's favourite, who did not come up till after the engagement. This was so resented by general Webb, that he left the army in disgust; and coming into England to do himself justice, received the unanimous thanks of the [illegible] of commons for his eminent services by that great action; wh[illegible]h was also acknowledged, in a distinguishing manner by the king of Prussia, who bestowed on him the Order of Generosity.

man, who has never been known willingly to pay a just debt, ought not all of a sudden to be introduced making restitution of thousands he has cheated; let it suffice at first to pay 20*l.* to a friend who has lost his note.

He lays down the same rules in the detractory or defamatory kind; that they should not be quite opposite to the qualities the persons are supposed to have. Thus it will not be found according to the sound rules of pseudology to report of a pious and religious prince that he neglects his devotion, and would introduce heresy; but you may report of a merciful prince, that he has pardoned a criminal who did not deserve it. You will be unsuccessful if you give out of a great man, who is remarkable for his frugality for the public, that he squanders away the nation's money; but you may safely relate that he hoards it: you must not affirm he took a bribe, but you may freely censure him for being tardy in his payments; because, though neither may be true, yet the last is credible, the first not. Of an open-hearted, generous minister, you are not to say that he was in an intrigue to betray his country; but you may affirm, with some probability, that he was in an intrigue with a lady. He warns all practitioners to take good heed to these precepts; for want of which many of their lies of late have proved abortive or short-lived.

In the sixth chapter, he treats of the miraculous; by which he understands anything that exceeds the common degrees of probability. In respect to the people, it is divided into two sorts, the τὸ φοβερὸν or the τὸ θυμοειδὲς, terrifying lies, and animating or encouraging lies; both being extremely useful on their proper occasions. Concerning the τὸ φοβερὸν he gives several rules; one of which is, that terrible objects should not be too frequently shown to the people lest they grow familiar. He says, it is absolutely necessary that the people of England should be frighted with the French king and the pretender once a-year; but that the bears should be chained up again till that time twelvemonth. The want of observing this so necessary a precept, in bringing out the raw head and bloody bones upon every trifling occasion, has produced great indifference in the vulgar of late years. As to the animating or encouraging lies, he gives the following rules: that they shall not far exceed the common degrees of probability; that there should be variety of them; and the same lie not obstinately insisted upon: that the promissory or prognosticating lies should not be upon short days, for fear the authors should have the shame and confusion to see themselves speedily contradicted. He examines, by these rules, that well-meant, but unfortunate lie of the conquest of France which continued near twenty years together;[a] but at last, by being too obstinately insisted upon, it was worn threadbare, and became unsuccessful.

As to the τὸ τερατῶδες, or the prodigious, he has little to advise. but that their comets, whales, and dragons should be sizeable; their storms, tempests, and earthquakes, without the reach of a day's journey of a man and horse.

The seventh chapter is wholly taken up in an inquiry, which of the two parties are the greatest artists in political lying? He owns, that sometimes the one party, and sometimes the other, is better believed; but that they have both very good geniuses among them. He attributes the ill success of either party to their glutting the market, and retailing too much of a bad commodity at once: when there is too great a quantity of worms it is hard to catch gudgeons. He proposes a scheme for the recovery of the credit of any party, which indeed seems to be somewhat chimerical, and does not savour of that sound judgment the author has shown in the rest of the work. It amounts to this, that the party should agree to vent nothing but truth for three months together, which will give them credit for six months lying afterwards. He owns, that he believes it almost impossible to find fit persons to execute this scheme. Towards the end of the chapter he inveighs severely against the folly of parties, in retaining scoundrels and men of low genius to retail their lies; such as most of the present news-writers are; who, except a strong bent and inclination towards the profession, seem to be wholly ignorant in the rules of pseudology, and not at all qualified for so weighty a trust.

In his next chapter he treats of some extraordinary geniuses, who have appeared of late years, especially in their disposition towards the miraculous. He advises those hopeful young men to turn their invention to the service of their country; it being inglorious, at this time, to employ their talent in prodigious fox-chases, horse-courses, feats of activity in driving of coaches, jumping, running, swallowing of peaches, pulling out whole sets of teeth to clean, &c., when their country stands in so much need of their assistance.

The eighth chapter is a project for uniting the several smaller corporations of liars into one society. It is too tedious to give a full account of the whole scheme: what is most remarkable is, that this society ought to consist of the heads of each party; that no lie is to pass current without their approbation, they being the best judges of the present exigencies, and what sorts of lies are demanded; that in such a corporation there ought to be men of all professions, that τὸ πρέπον, and the τὸ εὔλογον, that is, decency and probability, may be observed as much as possible; that, besides the persons above mentioned, this society ought to consist of the hopeful geniuses about the town (of which there are great plenty to be picked up in the several coffeehouses), travellers, virtuosoes, fox-hunters, jockeys, attorneys, old seamen and soldiers out of the hospitals of Greenwich and Chelsea; to this society, so constituted, ought to be committed the sole management of lying; that in their outer room there ought always to attend some persons endowed with a great stock of credulity, a generation that thrives mightily in this soil and climate: he thinks a sufficient number of them may be picked up anywhere about the Exchange: these are to circulate what the others coin; for no man spreads a lie with so good a grace as he that believes it: that the rule of the society be to invent a lie, and sometimes two, for every day; in the choice of which great regard ought to be had to the weather and the season of the year: your φοβερά, or terrifying lies, do mighty well in November and December, but not so well in May and June, unless the easterly winds reign: that it ought to be penal for anybody to talk of anything but the lie of the day: that the society is to maintain a sufficient number of spies at court, and other places, to furnish hints and topics for invention, and a general correspondence of all the market-towns for circulating their lies: that if any one of the society were observed to blush, or look out of countenance, or want a necessary circumstance in telling the lie, he ought to be expelled, and declared incapable: besides the roaring lies, there ought to be a private committee for whisperers, constituted of the ablest men of the society. Here the author makes a digression in praise of the Whig party, for the right understanding and use of proof-lies. A proof-lie is like a proof-charge for a piece of ordnance, to try a standard credulity. Of such a nature he takes transubstantiation to be in the Church of Rome, a proof-article, which if any one swallows, they are sure he will digest everything else; therefore the Whig party do wisely, to try the credulity of the people sometimes by swingers, that they may be able to judge to what height they may charge them

[a] During the reigns of king William and queen Anne.

afterwards. Towards the end of this chapter, he warns the heads of parties against believing their own lies, which has proved of pernicious consequences of late; both a wise party, and a wise nation, having regulated their affairs upon lies of their own invention. The causes of this he supposed to be, too great a zeal and intenseness in the practice of this art, and a vehement heat in mutual conversation, whereby they persuade one another, that what they wish, and report to be true, is really so: that all parties have been subject to this misfortune. The Jacobites have been constantly infested with it; but the Whigs of late seemed even to exceed them in this ill habit and weakness. To this chapter the author subjoins a calendar of lies, proper for the several months of the year.

The ninth chapter treats of the celerity and duration of lies. As to the celerity of their motion, the author says it is almost incredible: he gives several instances of lies that have gone faster than a man can ride post: your terrifying lies travel at a prodigious rate, above ten miles an hour: your whispers move in a narrow vortex, but very swiftly. The author says, it is impossible to explain several phænomena in relation to the celerity of lies, without the supposition of synchronism and combination. As to the duration of lies, he says there are of all sorts, from hours and days to ages: that there are some which, like insects, die and revive again in a different form; that good artists, like people who build upon a short lease, will calculate the duration of a lie surely to answer their purpose; to last just as long, and no longer, than the turn is served.

The tenth chapter treats of the characteristics of lies; how to know when, where, and by whom invented. Your Dutch, English and French ware are amply distinguished from one another; an Exchange lie from one coined at the other end of the town: great judgment is to be shown as to the place where the species is intended to circulate: very low and base coin will serve for Wapping: there are several coffeehouses that have their particular stamps, which a judicious practitioner may easily know. All your great men have their proper phantateustics. The author says he has attained, by study and application, to so great skill in this matter that, bring him any lie, he can tell whose image it bears so truly, as the great man himself shall not have the face to deny it. The promissory lies of great men are known by shouldering, hugging, squeezing, smiling, bowing; and their lies in matter of fact, by immoderate swearing.

He spends the whole eleventh chapter on one simple question, whether a lie is best contradicted by truth, or by another lie? The author says that, considering the large extent of the cylindrical surface of the soul, and the great propensity to believe lies in the generality of mankind of late years, he thinks the properest contradiction to a lie is another lie. For example, if it should be reported that the pretender was in London, one would not contradict it by saying, he never was in England; but you must prove by eye-witnesses that he came no further than Greenwich, and then went back again. Thus if it be spread about that a great person were dying of some disease, you must not say the truth, that they are in health, and never had such a disease, but that they are slowly recovering of it. So there was not long ago a gentleman, who affirmed, that the treaty with France, for bringing popery and slavery into England, was signed the 15th of September; to which another answered very judiciously, not, by opposing truth to his lie, that there was no such treaty; but that, to his certain knowledge, there were many things in that treaty not yet adjusted.

[The account of the second volume of this excellent treatise is reserved for another time.]

THE ADDRESS OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS TO THE QUEEN. APRIL 9, 1713.

DRAWN UP BY DR. SWIFT, AT THE COMMAND OF THE LORD TREASURER; AND DELIVERED BY THE DUKE OF GRAFTON.

"Lord Treasurer showed me some of the queen's speech which I corrected in several places; and penned the vote of address of thanks for the speech."—*Journal to Stella*, March 8, 1712-13.

"Lord Treasurer engaged me to dine with him to-day, and I had ready what he wanted."—*Ibid.* March 15.

"I dined again with lord treasurer; but, the parliament being prorogued, I must keep what I have till next week; for I believe he will not see it till the evening before the session."—*Ibid* March 17.

"I dined again with the lord treasurer; and though the business I had with him is something against Thursday, when the parliament is to meet, and this is Tuesday, he put it off till to-morrow."—*Ibid.* April 7, 1713

We, your Majesty's most dutiful and loyal subjects, the lords spiritual and temporal in parliament assembled, do, with the greatest joy and satisfaction, return our humble thanks to your majesty, for your most gracious speech from the throne; and for communicating to this house that peace is agreed on, so honourable to your majesty, and safe and advantageous to your kingdoms; by which we hope, with the blessing of God, that your people will in a few years recover themselves, after so long and expensive a war. We likewise beg leave to congratulate with your majesty upon the success of your endeavours for a general peace; whereby the tranquillity and welfare of Europe will be owing (next to the Divine Providence) to your majesty's wisdom and goodness. We never had the least doubt that your majesty, who is the greatest ornament and protector of the Protestant religion, would do everything for securing the Protestant succession; towards which nothing can be more necessary than the perfect harmony there is between your majesty and the house of Hanover. And we do humbly assure your majesty, that, as you are pleased to express your dependence, (next under God,) upon the duty and affection of your people we think ourselves bound, by the greatest ties of religion, loyalty, and gratitude, to make all returns that can be due from the most obedient subjects to the most indulgent sovereign.

A MODEST INQUIRY INTO THE REASONS OF THE JOY

EXPRESSED BY A CERTAIN SET OF PEOPLE, UPON THE SPREADING OF A REPORT OF HER MAJESTY'S DEATH.

The following account of the queen's illness, and its effect upon the state of parties, is from Swift's own pen. "In the midst of these dispositions at court, the queen fell dangerously sick at Windsor, about 1713. It was confidently reported in town that she was dead, and the heads of the expecting party were said to have various meetings thereupon, and a great hurrying of chairs and coaches to and from the earl of Wharton's house. Whether this were true or not, yet this much is certain, that the expressions of joy appeared very frequent and loud among many of that party, which proceeding, men of form did not allow to be altogether decent."—"The queen had early notice of this behaviour among the discontented leaders during her illness. It was, indeed, an affair of such a nature as required no aggravation, which, however, would not have been wanting; the women of both parties,[a] who then attended her majesty, being well disposed to represent it in the strongest light. The result was, that the queen immediately laid aside all her schemes and visions of reconciling the two opposite interests, and entered upon a firm resolution of adhering to the old English principles, from an opinion that the adverse party waited impatiently for her death, upon views little consisting (as the language and opinion went then) with the safety of the Constitution, either in church or state."—*An Inquiry into the Behaviour of the Queen's last Ministry.*

[a] Lady Masham and the duchess of Somerset

That this inquiry is made by a private person, and not by her majesty's attorney-general; and that such notorious offenders have met only with an expostulation, instead of an indictment, will at once be an everlasting proof of the lenity of the government and of the unprovoked and groundless barbarity of such a proceeding. Amid the pious intercessions of her majesty's dutiful subjects at the throne of grace for her health and recovery, that others of them should receive the news of her death with joy, and spread it with industry, will hardly appear probable to any except to those who have been witnesses of such vile practices, not only in her majesty's capital city, but in several other places in the kingdom; not only near Charing-cross, but at some market-crosses: that their passion on such an occasion should prove too unruly even for the caution demanded in the belief of news still uncertain, for the severity of the laws, and for the common decency that is due to the fall even of the greatest enemy: that not only those who were sharers of the common blessings of her mild government, but such as had been warmed by its kinder influences; not only those who owed their honours, their riches, and other superfluities, but even the necessaries of life, to her bounty; such as ate her bread, wore her raiment, and were protected under the shelter of her roof, should not be able for a moment to stifle their eager and impatient ingratitude: that this behaviour should not only appear in those vile and detestable places which are dedicated to faction and disorder; but that it should infect her majesty's palaces and chapels (where the accustomed devotion for her health and prosperity was derided): these, I say, are facts that might demand a full proof, could I not appeal to their own consciences, and the uncontestable evidence of credible persons.

I will for once suppose some foreigner, unacquainted with our temper and affairs, to be disturbed in his walks by some of the revels at Charing-cross upon this occasion, or by chance to stumble into a neighbouring coffeehouse: would not his curiosity prompt him to address himself to the company after the following manner?

"Gentlemen, Though I am no Englishman, I rejoice as much at the fall of a tyrant as any of you. Surely this queen Anne exceeded both Nero and Caligula in acts of cruelty. May I beg you to relate to me some particulars? As for you, gentlemen, who express such unusual joy, no doubt but there are at this time multitudes of your relations and friends in prison who were to be executed the next day if this lucky accident had not prevented it."

Give me leave to imagine some poor disconsolate honest gentlemen, at the same time, accidentally among them, thus answering this foreigner: "Alas! sir, this good queen, whom they now report to be dead, during a reign of twelve years, never shed one drop of blood for any misdemeanours against herself."

For. Well, sir, allowing what you have said to be true, may not the late administration have been rendered merciful by the indulgence of those entrusted with the execution of the laws; and yet, the queen, of whom we are speaking, have been in her own nature a wicked and cruel person?

Gent. Alas! sir, quite the contrary; this excellent queen was the greatest pattern of all princely and Christian virtues that ever adorned a throne; just, patient, firm, devout, charitable, affable, compassionate, the sincerest friend, the kindest mistress, the best wife!

For. Perhaps she was of a different religion; inclined to popery, which has been for many years held in the utmost detestation in this country.

Gent. Sir, this pious princess, as she was early educated in the religion of her country, so, amid a court corrupted both in principles and manners, she gave constant proofs of her unshaken perseverance in it; and, by her unblemished life, proved as great an ornament to the church of which she was a member as she was a steady professor of its doctrine and constant frequenter of its devotions. To the protestant religion she sacrificed her most tender interests. Where is that boasted patriot, who acted a more generous part for the good of his country in the most perilous times? And, since Providence set the crown upon her head, in what single instance has she departed from those maxims?

For. I confess, then, I am at a loss to find out the cause of so great an exultation for the death of so excellent a princess: but it has sometimes happened, by the connivance of good monarchs, that their people have been oppressed; and that perhaps might be your case in the late reign.

Gent. So much otherwise, that no annals can produce a reign freer from oppression. Our gracious queen "never accepted the persons of the wicked, nor overthrew the righteous in judgment. Whose ox or whose ass did she take? She was always ready to relieve, but never to oppress, the poor, the fatherless, and the afflicted. Her heart was not lifted up above her brethren; nor did she turn aside from the commandment, to the right or to the left." Her compassionate mind pitied even those countries which suffered by the power of her victorious arms. Where are the least effects of the pride and cruelty of queen Anne to be discovered? So impossible is it to brand her government with any instance of severity, that perhaps it may be more justly censured for excess of clemency; a clemency the continuance whereof had once brought her into the utmost distress, till that tender regard which she had always shown for the liberties of her subjects taught them in return to struggle as hard for the liberty of their sovereign; even for that common right of all mankind, the choosing her own servants.

For. Give me leave to make another supposition. Princes sometimes turn liberality into profusion, squander their treasure, and impoverish their people. May nothing of this kind be laid to the charge of the deceased queen?

Gent. You cannot but have heard, that, when she came to the crown, she found a dangerous war prepared for her, in which it pleased God to bless her with an unexpected success. When the purposes seemed to be answered for which it was undertaken, she thought fit to stop the vital streams of the blood and treasure of her people, and to put a period to a war that now served only to gratify the covetousness or ambition of those she was confederated with, as well as the vast designs of a faction at home; and, with peace, to endeavour to settle such a commerce as might in some measure reimburse her subjects of the vast treasure they had expended. Alas! here is her crime; touching those points she "is now called in question" by those gentlemen. As for her own expenses, I wish they had reached as far as the necessaries and conveniences of life, which, some can testify, she has often denied herself, that she might have to give to those who were in want. If ever her liberality exceeded its just bounds, it was to a set of men who would now use the riches they enjoy by her bounty to insult her. Devotion and business were all the pleasures of her life: when she had any relaxation from the latter, it was only by some painful attack of the gout. The cares of government, no doubt, had prejudiced her constitution: but monsters sure are they that can rejoice for the loss of a life worn out in their own service. I hope you will have the goodness to believe there are but few of us who deserve this infamous character. The bulk of her subjects, and many good Christians besides, in

other parts of the world, are, no doubt, daily offering up their ardent prayers and vows for the preservation of so precious a life.

For. From what you have said, I readily condemn the unseasonable joy of those gentlemen; but mankind are governed by their interest. You Englishmen seldom disguise your passions. A monarch may have a thousand good qualities; but particular men, who do not feel the benign influence of them, may be tempted, perhaps, to wish for a change.

Gent. Give me leave to whisper you: That man of quality, whom you see in such an exstacy, enjoys, by her majesty's bounty, one of the most advantageous places of the kingdom.—That other gentleman's coach, that stands there at the door, was bought with her majesty's money.—The laced coat, the hat and feather, that officer wears, were purchased with her pay; and you see her arms on his gorget.—This noble person's relations have been brought from the lowest degree of gentlemen, and surfeited with riches and honours by her majesty: so that she may truly complain, "She has nourished and brought up children, but they have rebelled against her."

For. Truly, sir, I am amazed at what you say; and yet there appears so much candour and confidence in your assertions, that I can hardly suspect the truth of them. I have travelled through many a desolate country, and heard the groans of many an afflicted people, who would have thought themselves blessed if the united virtues of this lady had been parcelled out among all their governors. Those virtues of princes that most dazzle the eyes of mankind are often dearly paid for by their people, who are forced to purchase them a place in the annals of fame at the dear price of their blood and treasure: and I believe they would seldom find fault with them for being peaceably inclined. I am a stranger; and in such a disorderly night as this, may meet with some affront: so must bid you farewell, hoping you will find this melancholy news contradicted.

I may appeal to any impartial reader, whether there is anything forced or unnatural in this dialogue; and then desire him to pass his judgment upon the proceedings of those who rejoiced at her death. But to return to my inquiry :—

The circumstances of queen Elizabeth much resemble those of her present majesty, with this difference, that queen Elizabeth was forced upon many great and remarkable pieces of severity from which it has pleased God to free her present majesty—I hope as a particular blessing upon her reign, and indulgence to her merciful temper. Though there were many factions at that time, both of the papists and puritans, to neither of which she gave much quarter, so that her very life was often conspired against by many sets of villains among the papists; though she had no posterity to revenge her quarrels, but, on the contrary, her ministry had most reason to be afraid of the vengeance of the successor; yet she carried the respect and duty of her subjects with her even to the grave. By the wise and close management of her ministry, her being sick of the small pox at Hampton Court was concealed from the people till she was almost well. Had they known it, it would have been the constant subject of their devotions, as every little disorder of hers was. Whether from the fear of punishment, a regard to decency, love to their country, or the sense of their duty and allegiance, which were not extinguished in those days; none of those multitudes, which had suffered great hardships, durst mutter, or ever dreamed of showing the least malice or insolence to her, even in her old age and the very last scene of her life; and yet she was a true friend to peace, it being her constant maxim, "That it was more glorious to prevent a war by wisdom, than to finish it by victories." When she had a mind to break off in the middle of a successful war, in which she was engaged against a more formidable power, and a more hopeful candidate for universal monarchy than any that has since appeared; a war that was managed without the help of destructive funds, and large issues of English treasures to foreign states; a war that was carried on with the proper force of the nation, viz., their fleets, and rather served to bring in great quantities of bullion than to carry it out: I say, when she had a mind to make peace, I do not hear that every little retailer of politics presumed to tell her that it was not yet time to lay down her arms; that Spain was not yet sufficiently reduced; that the balance of Europe was not perfectly settled. Indeed, her captain-general for that war seemed to reason at the council-board with too much warmth for the continuance of it; but I do not hear that her lord-treasurer was disgraced for advertising him at that time, "that the blood-thirsty man should not live half his days;" a prophecy but too truly verified. When she resolved to bring down the haughty spirit of that great man, I do not read that many people soothed him in his ambitious projects: except his flatterers, Blunt and Cuffe, to whom he spoke these remarkable words upon the scaffold: "Ask pardon of God and the queen, for you were the persons that chiefly provoked me to this disloyalty." And happy had it been for him had he hearkened to the lord-keeper, who advised him to submit to the queen his sovereign, and to remember that passage of Seneca: "If the law punish one who is guilty, he must submit to justice; if one who is innocent, he must submit to fortune."

I do not find one single address from either house of parliament, advising queen Elizabeth to vest her captain-general in the Low Countries with more power. On the contrary, it is recorded, to her lasting honour, that she wrote to him, "to allay his aspirings; that she admired how a man whom she had raised out of the dust should so contemptuously violate her commands;" desiring the States to divest him of that absolute authority to which she had set such bounds as he should not pass.

When this prudent queen had demanded and obtained from the Dutch the town of Flushing, castle of Ramekins, and the isle of Brill, to be surrendered to her as cautionary for repayment of the sums she might expend in their service, I do not find any Englishman at that time pleading the cause of the distressed provinces, (which then, indeed, was allowed to be a proper style,) complaining of the narrowness of their frontier, and remonstrating against this as a hard bargain: nor do I remember that her successor was thanked by the nation for giving up those cautionary towns, which she thought as safe in her own hands as in those of the best of her allies.

This excellent queen was sometimes, indeed, attacked with pamphlets: particularly by one, entitled, "The Gulf wherein England will be swallowed by the French Marriage:" for which Stubs[a] and Page (the one the author, the other the disperser) lost each their right hand. And to show that men in those days had both a sense of their duty and their guilt, when Stubs had his right hand cut off, he immediately uncovered his head with the other, and cried, "God save the Queen!" I never read that, during the time of the execution, they were protected by a mob of chimney-sweepers hired by their partisans.

[a] John Stubs of Lincoln's Inn, gent., a most rigid Puritan, author of "A Discovery of a Gaping Gulf for England, by another French Marriage, if the Lord forbid not the Banns, by letting her Majesty Queen Elizabeth see the Sin, &c. thereof;" printed 1579, 8vo. See Camden's "Annals of Queen Elizabeth," under the year 1581. Wood says, that Thomas Cartwright, the Coryphæus of the Puritans of his time, was supposed to have been concerned in writing this pamphlet.

What cause shall we then assign of this tumultuous and excessive joy of the party: their industry to spread, and their eagerness to believe, what they so much wished? Were all the glories and blessings of queen Anne's reign so soon to be forgotten? Were their protestations of loyalty and affection nothing else but petitions for preferment? or did they proceed only from the fear of Newgate and Tyburn? Might not all her cares and labours, that (in her circumstances) could have no other end but the welfare of her people, have deserved one pitying tear? Could not even (allowing their own supposition) her mistaken zeal for restoring the peace and commerce of her subjects, her tenderness to their exhausted purses, and her care to transmit their liberties safe to posterity, plead for one relenting thought? Might not some regard have been paid to her personal virtues, and to the rare example she has left behind her, of the constant practice of all Christian duties amid the grandeur and temptations of a court? No! All these things, it seems, were to be the subject of mirth, ridicule, and of the songs of drunkards; and the death of the noble, the pious, the fortunate queen Anne, our countrywoman, flesh of our flesh, and bone of our bone,[a] was to be celebrated as a festival of joy!

And is the death, then, of this excellent princess become so absolutely necessary at this time for the welfare of her people? I should rather imagine, even allowing their fears and jealousies to be well founded, that some degrees of prudence, temper, and tenderness for their fellow-subjects, might induce them to reason after the following manner:—

"That it is good to put an evil day far off; that none can be more terrible than that which brings confusion, disorder, and perhaps a civil war; that Providence may find a way to disappoint our fears. It is possible the spirit of faction may abate, and that even these formidable enemies of the succession may vanish, or return to a sense of their duty and danger: that France may fall under the government of a minor, and have business enough at home; nay, it is possible that the pretender himself may die before her present majesty; and, considering the changeable condition of British affairs, it is not improbable that the Whigs may recover their credit, both at court and in the country; and then to be sure all things must go well. Nay, who can tell but that the successors may think it their interest to be kings of Britain rather than kings of the Whigs?" All or any one of those things are fully as probable as that the queen, lords, and commons, should agree to alter the present establishment; and much more so than that her present majesty should divest herself of her crown and dignity in favour of a popish successor. Let her live, then; and let us still hope that Providence, which has honoured her to be the instrument of great blessings as well to Europe as her own people, may continue to do so still. How short and obscure are the views of mankind when they look into futurity! We are at least as often obliged to Providence for denying as for granting what we most earnestly desire. Out of respect to my country, I would fain believe the number of such miscreants to be but few. What would all the rest of the world think of us else? Would not they look upon us as the most ungrateful, factious, fickle race of mortals under the sun? Histories are full of the dismal effects of the government of tyrannical princes, and of their fatal ends; and they are justly set up as beacons to warn others of the same rank from the rocks and shelves whereon they have split. But are there no memoirs of the undutifulness of subjects, and the fatal consequences of their factious and ungovernable tempers? I am afraid the general current of history will inform us that tyrannical princes have been more punctually obeyed than the good and the merciful. Princes read history, as well as subjects. They are quick-sighted enough to make inferences to justify, what they are but too much inclined to, the undue exercise of their power. "Is it not plain," say they, "that monarchs too often suffer by their indulgence? that the rigorous exercise of power is the only foundation of obedience? To what purpose, then, is it to court the fallacious breath of the changeable multitude?" I am afraid too many of them reason after this manner; and that the tyranny of bad princes is often founded upon the misbehaviour of subjects to good ones. Let such, therefore, consider what misery their factious and disobedient temper may bring upon their posterity, not only from the direct influence and tendency of it, but also by the appointment of Divine Providence.

For shame, then, let us not verify the description which the ambassador made of us; who, being desired by his master to give a character of the English nation, as a full answer to his demand, presented him with a medal; on the one side of which the English monarch was pictured as a lion, and all his people about him like lambs; and, on the reverse, the monarch like a lamb, and all the people like lions.

Let us now proceed to guess at the source of this unseasonable exultation. I begin with the common cant of the whole party, the fear of a popish successor and popery. The loss of the duke of Gloucester, and the want of hopes of posterity from her present majesty, are misfortunes never enough to be lamented; but is it not a very ungenerous way of proceeding, instead of comforting and supporting their prince under this calamity, to insult and despise her for it? to multiply their affronts and indignities, because she wants posterity who might possibly revenge them? May such ignoble and base sentiments be far from the thoughts of every true-hearted Briton! and may He who has commanded us "not to add affliction to the afflicted" never avenge such inhuman and unjust dealings! But still I am to seek how the fear of a popish successor should operate in joy for the death of a Protestant possessor! This appears no less unaccountable than other parts of their system of politics, a short view of which seems to be this:

That the Protestant succession is in the utmost danger.

That, in order to strengthen it, a bad understanding must be kept up between the successor and her present majesty, the ministry, and all who are vested with power and authority in the nation.

For this end, the successor must be persuaded that those are his mortal enemies; and the ministry, on the other hand, must be told that he is coming to hang them all up.

That they hope the ministry are firm friends to the pretender; that they ought to be so, having no other game to play; and that they should be sorry to find them otherwise inclined.

That at this moment the queen is expiring; and the guards gone down as far as Dover to meet the pretender. Now rejoice, all true-hearted Whigs, at the happy prospect of the glorious scene that discloses itself for Great Britain!

From these premises I think it will be very hard for the most sagacious man alive to infer, which of three things is most in favour with these gentlemen who are so transported; viz., whether the Protestant successor, the pretender, or confusion? I think, so far is plain, that either their suspicion of the danger of the Protestant succession is counterfeit, or that they are for one or the other. And indeed what can one gather from their mad and extravagant discourse, but that it is all grimace? "Popery is breaking in like a torrent. Mass will be quickly said in churches. Clergymen's wives are taking their last leave of their husbands," &c. Good God! that ever I should live to see the Protestant

[a] An allusion to the foreign race which was to succeed her.

cause abandoned by a queen, (who has sacrificed for the sake of it what was perhaps dearer than her life,) by the nobility, clergy, and gentry of the nation; and the sole defence of it left to Redpath, Dick Steel, and their associates, with the apostles of Young Man's coffeehouse! Before I leave this head, I would desire these gentlemen, who are constantly making such malicious insinuations against men of honour and probity, to remember, the oath of abjuration (what they so often quote, and what every honest man will keep) contains faith and true allegiance to their present sovereign, in as strong terms as the renunciation of the pretender; and that he, who violates the first part of the oath, gives but a small security for his observation of the latter, unless they think that which was last swallowed must be always uppermost.

Another cause of their joy upon the spreading of this false news is, their discontent at the peace. And in this indeed the queen has reason to rejoice, that has no enemies but such as are enemies to peace. But is not the hopes of a new war an admirable subject for joy, a most endearing token of their love to the successor, and one of their new methods of keeping up his interest, to represent him to the people as bringing over war in his train! It is foreign to my present purpose to enter into a full discussion of this subject: but the quarrelling with the peace, because it is not exactly to our mind, seems as if one that had put out a great fire, should be sued by the neighbourhood for some lost goods, or damaged houses; which happened, say they, by his making too much haste. Let me advise them in general, not to disrelish blessings because they may want some ingredients which their extravagant and sickly appetites seem to demand; to leave some part of the government of the world to its Maker, and not to believe that he is confined to the narrow maxims of every whimsical politician; not to think it impossible that the same powers that have restored the balance of Europe, in opposition to so great a force, are able to preserve it; and that we have no reason to be in such mighty dread of a nation now impoverished and dispirited, (and probably on the eve of a long minority, with all the confusion that attends it,) whom we have humbled in all its pomp and glory.

May I presume to descend from those high topics, and to suppose that the sublime and public spirit of these patriots may have a little alloy of a baser passion; and that self-interest had some share in this extraordinary festival? Far be it from me to deny them the due use of so humane a passion! Let the hopes of seeing better days produce a secret satisfaction; but may they not be so affected, without being brutal and barbarous? They might have enjoyed the pleasant prospect of the approaching favours of the new monarch without insulting the ashes of the dead. May that reign be glorious and happy! But I shall always believe, that insulting the memory of her present majesty will be understood as an ill compliment to her successor. The fatal event of her death, it is true, put an end to their allegiance; but not to the obligations to decency and gratitude. I have heard that allegiance and protection are reciprocal; but never that allegiance and preferment were so. If this principle be admitted, we need go no further for the list of her majesty's good subjects, than Chamberlayne's "Present State of Britain." But even in this particular the rejoicing party have, of all mankind, the least reason to complain, whose present insolence and pride are the creatures of her majesty's bounty and indulgence; who have no other grievance, that I know of, than, when they have "taken our cloak, that we will not give them our coat also." And even under this ministry, the opposite party, who are loud in their complaints and reviling against it, may appear, upon a right computation, to have their quota of all the places of the kingdom. Let them for once show their modesty and not grudge the nation the little that is left; and since they have so great a share in possession, and think themselves sure of all in reversion, suffer the poor Tories to hold their part during the period of the queen's life.

There remains still another cause, which I am afraid operates as strongly as any of those already mentioned: it is a common observation, that the offended party often forgives; but the offending party seldom. It is one of the corrupt sentiments of the heart of man, to hate one the more for having used them ill; and to wish those out of the way, who, we believe, ought in justice to revenge the injuries we have done them. I leave the application to themselves.

Thus, I think, I have briefly enumerated the causes of their joy; viz.—

A prospect of a new foreign war;

A fair chance for a civil war;

The expectation of the monopoly of the government;

The hopes of having the Tories all hanged; and,

Their consciousness that they ought to be so themselves.

At the same time, far be it from me to charge all who are called by the name of Whigs with such villainous inclinations and designs; among whom, I know, there are many worthy and excellent persons. I would not willingly be guilty of a breach of charity, which I could wish all parties were possessed of in a greater measure. I would have everybody, who is conscious of his guilt in any of the forementioned particulars, to reflect seriously upon what I have hinted at; both those who "cursed the queen in their heart," and those who "cursed her" in the open streets; but, of all others, their guilt is of the deepest dye, who have personal obligations to her majesty. For my part, it was with the utmost detestation that I observed some, who owed much to his late majesty king William, treat his memory with scorn and indifference. Gratitude, as much despised and disused as it is, will ever continue to be a reputable virtue, as long as mankind live in society; nay, even if they should return to the woods.

The melancholy occasion of her majesty's sickness had this in common with all other accidents; that some advantage could be made of it, in discovering the impotent malice and factious purposes of some, who would otherwise have been more cautious in disguising their inclinations, till they believed they might discover them with safety, and thereby make a merit with the more abandoned part of the faction. God be thanked her majesty wants not those faithful subjects who will, defend both her person and reputation against the felonious attempts of such impious wretches, and who would serve her in the last moments of her life with as much fidelity and zeal as if she had twenty sons and daughters to inherit after her. Her times are in the hands of that Almighty Being whose minister she is, and in whom she comfortably puts her trust; who will not shorten the period of her life one moment for all the impatient curiosity of those people who are daily inquiring, "When will she die?" So long as they keep off their hands, let them wish as much as they think fit; and, when it shall please God to give her the happy change of an earthly for a heavenly crown, let this be written upon her tomb: "That, in compassion to the miseries of Europe, and the sufferings of her own subjects, after a bloody and expensive war, which had lasted twenty years, she concluded a peace; and that she might transmit the liberties of her people safe to posterity, she disbanded her army, by which glorious achievement she acquired the hatred of a faction, who were fond of war, that they might plunder their fellow-subjects at pleasure; and of an army, that they might do this with impunity."

MISCELLANIES IN PROSE, BY SWIFT AND SHERIDAN.

ARS PUN-ICA, SIVE FLOS LINGUARUM.

THE ART OF PUNNING; OR

THE FLOWER OF LANGUAGES:

IN SEVENTY-NINE RULES;

FOR THE FURTHER IMPROVEMENT OF CONVERSATION, AND HELP OF MEMORY.

BY THE LABOUR AND INDUSTRY OF TOM PUN SIBI.

"Ex ambiguâ dicta vel argutissima putantur; sed non semper in joco, sæpe etiam in gravitate versantur.—Ingeniosi enim videtur, vim verbi in aliud atque cæteri accipiant, posse ducere."
Cicero, de Oratore, Lib ii § 61, 2.

"The seeds of punning are in the minds of all men."
Addison, Spect. No. 61.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE SIR JOHN SCRUB, BT., AND MERCHANT, THIS DEDICATION IS HUMBLY PRESENTED BY THE AUTHOR.

Your honour's character is too well known in the world to stand in need of a dedication; but I can tell you that my fortune is not so well settled but I stand in need of a patron. And therefore, since I am to write a dedication, I must for decency proceed in the usual method.

First, I then proclaim to the world your high and illustrious birth: that you are, by the father's side, descended from the most ancient and celebrated family of Rome, the Cascas; by the mother's from earl Percy. Some indeed have been so malicious as to say, your grandmother *kill'd-her-kin:* but, I think, if the authors of the report were found out, they ought to be *hampered.* I will allow that the world exclaims deservedly against your *mother*, because she is *no friend to the bottle;* otherwise they would deserve a *firkin*, as having no *grounds* for what they say. However, I do not think it can sully your *fine* and *bright* reputation; for the *credit* you gained at the battle of *Hogshed* against the duke of *Burgundy*, who felt no *sham-pain* when you *forced* him to sink beneath your power, and gave his whole army a *brush*, may in time turn to your account; for, to my knowledge, it put his highness much upon the *fret.* This, indeed, was no less *racking* to the king his master, who found himself *gross-lee* mistaken, in catching a *tartar.* For the whole world allowed that you brought him a *peg* lower, by giving him the *parting-blow*, and making all his *rogues in buckram to run.* Not to mention your great *a-gillity*, though you are past your *prim-age;* and may you never *lack age*, with a *sparkling* wit, and *brisk* imagination! May your honour also *wear* long, beyond the common *scant-ling* of human life, and constantly proceed in your musical diversions of *pipe* and *sack-but*, hunting with *tarriers*, &c., and may your good humour in saying, "*I am-phor-a-bottle*," never be lost, to the joy of all them that drink your *wine* for nothing, and especially of your humble servant,

Tom Pun-sibi!

A SPECIMEN; *A SPICE I MEAN.*

PREFACE.[1]

Hæc nos, ab imis Pun-icorum annalibus
Prolata, longo tempore, edidimus tibi. Fest.

I've rake l the ashes of the dead, to show
Puns were in vogue five thousand years ago.

The great and singular advantages of Punning, and the lustre it gives to conversation, are commonly so little known in the world, that scarce one man of learning in fifty, to their shame be it spoken, appears to have the least tincture of it in his discourse. This I can impute to nothing, but that it has not been reduced to a *science;* and indeed Cicero seemed long ago to wish for it, as we may gather from his second book De Oratore, [Lib. ii. § 51.] where he has this remarkable passage:—"Suavis autem est et vehementer sæpe utilis jocus et facetiæ cum ambiguitate—in quibus tu longè aliis, meâ sententiâ, Cæsar, excellis: quo magis mihi etiam testis esse potes, aut nullam esse artem salis, aut, si qua est, eam nos tu potissimum docebis." "Punning is extremely delightful, and oftentimes very profitable; in which, as far as I can judge, Cæsar, you excel all mankind; for which reason you may inform me whether there be any art of punning; or, if there be, I beseech you above all things, to instruct me in it." So much was this great man affected with the art, and such a noble idea did he conceive of it, that he gave Cæsar the preference to all mankind, only on account of that accomplishment.

Let critics say what they will, I will venture to affirm that punning, of all arts and sciences, is the most extraordinary: for all others are circumscribed by certain bounds; but this alone is found to have no limits, because, to excel therein requires a more extensive knowledge of all things. A punner must be a man of the greatest natural abilities and of the best accomplishments: his wit must be poignant and fruitful, his understanding clear and distinct, his imagination delicate and cheerful; he must have an extraordinary elevation of soul, far above all mean and low conceptions: and these must be sustained with a vivacity fit to express his ideas, with that grace and beauty, that strength and sweetness, which become sentiments so truly noble and sublime.

And now, lest I should be suspected of imposing upon my reader, I must entreat him to consider how high Plato has carried his sentiments of this art (and Plato is allowed by all men to have seen further into heaven than any heathen either before or since). Does he not say positively, in his "Cratylus," "Jocos et dii amant"? the gods themselves love punning. Which I am apt to believe, from Homer's ἄσβεστος γέλως, unextinguished laughter; because there is no other motive could cause such continued merriment among the gods.

As to the antiquity of this art, Buxtorf proves it to be very early among the Chaldeans; which any one may see at large, who will read what he says upon the word פון pun, "Vocula est Chaldæis familiarissima," &c. "It is a word that is most frequently in use among the Chaldeans; who were first instructed in the methods of punning by their magi, and gained such reputation that Ptolemæus Philopunnæus sent for six of those learned priests to propagate their doctrine of puns in six of his principal cities; which they did with such success, that his majesty ordered, by public edict, to have a full collection of all the puns made within his dominions for three years past; and this collection filled one large apartment of his

[1] This treatise, first published in Dublin, (1719,) was immediately reprinted in London, where it went through five editions. It appears that in this work the dean was only an assistant, the author was Dr. Sheridan, with the coadjutorship of Dr. Delany and Mr Rochfort. See the second preface to this tract

library, having this following remarkable inscription over the door, 'Ιατρειον ψυχης, "The shop of the soul's physic."[a]

Some authors, but upon what grounds is uncertain, will have Pan, who in the Æolic dialect is called Pun, to be the author of puns; because, they say, Pan being the god of universal nature, and punning free of all languages, it is highly probable that it owes its first origin, as well as name, to this god: others again attribute it to Janus, and for this reason Janus had two faces; and of consequence they conjectured every word he spoke had a double meaning. But, however, I give little credit to these opinions, which I am apt to believe were broached in the dark and fabulous ages of the world; for I doubt before the first Olympiad there can be no great dependence upon profane history.

I am much more inclined to give credit to Buxtorf; nor is it improbable that Pythagoras, who spent twenty-eight years at Ægypt in his studies, brought this art, together with some arcana of philosophy, into Greece; the reason for which might be, that philosophy and punning were a mutual assistance to each other: "for," says he, "puns are like so many torch-lights in the head, that give the soul a very distinct view of those images, which she before seemed to grope after as if she had been imprisoned in a dungeon." From whence he looked upon puns to be so sacred, and had such a regard to them, that he left a precept to his disciples forbidding them to eat beans because they were called in Greek πύννοι. "Let not," says he, "one grain of the seeds be lost; but preserve and scatter them over all Greece, that both our gardens and our fields may flourish with a vegetable, which, on account of its name, not only brings an honour to our country, but, as it disperses its effluvia in the air, may also, by a secret impulse, prepare the soul for punning, which I esteem the first and great felicity of life."

This art being so very well recommended by so great a man, it was not long before it spread through all Greece, and at last was looked upon to be such a necessary accomplishment, that no person was admitted to a feast who was not first examined, and if he were found ignorant of punning, he was dismissed with 'Εκὰς ἐστε, βέβηλοι, "Hence, ye profane."

If any one doubts the truth of what I say, let him consult the apophthegms of Plutarch, who, after he had passed several encomiums upon this art, gives some account of persons eminent in it; among which (to shorten my preface) I choose one of the most illustrious examples, and will entertain the courteous reader with the following story:—"King Philip had his collar-bone broken in a battle; and his physician expecting money of him every visit, the king reproved him with a pun, saying, he had the key in his own hands." For the word κλεὶς in the original, signifies both a key and collar-bone. [Vide Plut. Apoph. p. 177.]

We have also several puns recorded in Diogenes Laërtius's "Lives of the Philosophers," and those made by the wisest and gravest men among them, even by Diogenes the cynic, who, although pretending to withstand the irresistible charms of punning, was cursed with the name of an Abhorrer, yet, in spite of all his ill-nature and affectation, (for he was a tub preacher,) he made so excellent a pun, that Scaliger said, "he would rather have been author of it than king of Navarre." The story is as follows:—Didymus (not Didymus the commentator upon Homer, but a famous rake among the ladies at Athens) having taken in hand to cure a virgin's eye that was sore, had this caution given him by Diogenes, "Take care you do not corrupt your pupil." The word κορα signifying both the pupil of the eye and a virgin. [See Laërtius.]

It would be endless to produce all the authorities that might be gathered from Diodorus Siculus, Herodotus, Proconosius, Bergæus, Dionysius Halicarnassensis, Lycophron, Pindar, Apollonius, Menander, Aristophanes, Corinthus Cous, Nonnus, Demosthenes, Euripides, Thucydides, Plato, Aristotle, &c.; from every one of which I should have produced some quotations, were it not that we are so unfortunate in this kingdom not to have Greek types sufficient for such an undertaking; for want of which I have been put to the necessity, in the word κορα, of writing an *alpha* for an *eta*.

However, I believe it will not be amiss to bring some few testimonies, to show in what great esteem the art of punning was among the most refined wits at Rome, and that in the most polite ages, as will appear from the following quotations:—

Quinctilian says, [Institut. Orator. lib. vi. p. 265] "Urbanitas est virtus quædam, in breve dictum, verum sensu duplici, coacta, et apta ad delectandos homines," &c. Thus translated, "Punning is a virtue, comprised in a short expression, with a double meaning, and fitted to delight the ladies."

Lucretius also,

> Quo magis æternum da dictis, Diva, leporem.
>
> Goddess, eternal puns on me bestow.

And elsewhere,

> Omnia enim lepidi magis admirantur, amantque,
> Germanis quæ sub verbis latitantia cernunt.
> Verbaque constituunt simili fucata sonore,
> Nec simili sensu, sed quæ mentita placerent.
>
> All men of mirth and sense admire and love
> Those words which like twin-brothers doubtful prove;
> When the same sounds a different sense disguise,
> In being deceived the greatest pleasure lies.

Thus Claudian,

> Vocibus alternant sensus, fraudisque jocosæ,
> Vim duplicem rident, lacrymosaque gaudia miscent.
>
> From word to word th' ambiguous sense is play'd;
> Laughing succeeds, and joyful tears are shed.

And Martial,

> Sit mihi, Cinna, comes, salibus dictisque facetus,
> Qui sapit ambiguos fundere ab ore sonos.
>
> Cinna, give me the man, when all is done,
> That wisely knows to crack a jest and pun.

Petronius likewise will tell you,

> Dicta, sales, risus, urbana crepundia vocum,
> Ingenii facilis quæ documenta dabant.
>
> Jokes, repartees, and laugh, and pun polite,
> Are the true test to prove a man is right.

And Lucan,

> Ille est imperium risus, qui fraude leporis
> Ambigua fallens, humeros quatit usque solutis
> Nexibus, ac tremuli trepidant curvamina dorsi,
> Et jecur, et cordis fibras, et pandit anhelas
> Pulmonis latebras——
>
> He's king of mirth, that slily cheats our sense
> With pun ambiguous, pleasing in suspense;
> The shoulders lax become, the bending back
> Upheaved with laughter, makes our ribs to crack;
> Ev'n to the liver he can joys impart,
> And play upon the fibres of the heart;
> Open the chambers of the longues,[a] and there
> Give longer life in laughing, and in air

But to come nearer home and our own times; we know that France, in the late reign, was the seat of learning and policy; and what made it so, but the great encouragement the king gave punners above any

[a] Vide Joseph. Bengor. Chronic. in Edit. Georg. Homedidæ. Seriem Godoliæ Tradit Hebrae. Copus Paradoseon Titulo Megill. c. i. § 8. Chronic. Samarit. Abulphectahi Megillat. Taanit.

[a] Potiùs *lungs*, as a Dutch commentator would observe. - *Original Note.*

other men; for, it is too notorious to quote any author for it, that Lewis le Grand gave a hundred pistoles for one single pun-motto, made upon an abbot, who died in a field, having a lily growing out of his a—:

Habe mortem præ oculis.
Abbé mort en prez au cu lis.

Nor was his bounty less to Monsieur de Ferry de Lageltre the painter, (though the pun and the picture turned against himself,) who drew his majesty shooting, and at some distance from him another man aiming at the same fowl, who was withheld by a third person pointing at the king, with these words from his mouth,

Ne voyez vous le roy tirant?

Having now, from the best authorities, plainly proved the antiquity and excellence of the art of punning, nothing remains but to give some general directions as to the manner how this science is to be taught.

1. Let the husband teach his wife to read it.
2. Let her be appointed to teach her children.
3. Let the head servant of the family instruct all the rest, and that every morning before the master and mistress are up.
4. The masters and misses are to repeat a rule every day, with the examples; and every visiting-day be brought up to show the company what fine memories they have.
5. They must go ten times through the book before they be allowed to aim at a pun.
6. They must, every day of their lives, repeat six synonymous words, or words alike in sound, before they be allowed to sit down to dinner. Such as,

Assent,	Ascent.	Alter,	Altar.
A lass	Alas.	A peer,	Appear.
Bark,	Barque.	Barbary,	Barberrie.

They are all to be found in metre, most laboriously compiled by the learned author of "The English Schoolmaster," printed anno 1611, London edit. p. 52.

7. If any eldest son has not a capacity to attain to this science, let him be disinherited as *non compos*, and the estate given to the next hopeful child.

——— Si quid novisti rectius istis
Candidus imperti; si non, his utere mecum
[Hor 1 Ep. vi. 67]

If any man can better rules impart,
I'll give him leave to do't with all my heart!

A PARAGRAPH OF THE FIRST PREFACE THAT WAS OMITTED;

WHICH THE READER (ACCORDING TO HIS JUDGMENT OR DISCRETION) MAY INSERT WHERE HE PLEASES.

There is a remarkable passage in Petronius Arbiter, which plainly proves, by a royal example, that punning was a necessary ingredient to make an entertainment agreeable. The words are these: "Ingerebat nihilominus Trimalchio lentissima voce, Carpe. Ego, suspicatus ad aliquam urbanitatem toties iteratam vocem pertinere, non erubui eum qui supra me accumbebat hoc ipsum interrogare. At ille qui sæpius ejusmodi ludos spectaverat, Vides, inquit, illum qui obsonium carpit, Carpus vocatur. Itaque quotiescunque dicit Carpe, eodem verbo et vocat et imperat." And it is further remarkable, that every day of his life he made the same pun at dinner and supper.

A SECOND PREFACE.

Lest my modesty should be called in question for venturing to appear in print, in an age so famous for politeness and ingenuity, I think I am bound to say this in my own defence, that these few sheets were not designed to be made public, as being written for my own private use; but what will not the importunity of friends conquer? They were no sooner discovered in my study, but my merry friend George Rochfort, my learned acquaintance Patrick Delany, and my much-honoured patron Jonathan Swift, all unanimously agreed, that I should do my own reputation and the world that justice, as to send "such a treasure of knowledge" (as they were pleased to express themselves) to the press. As for the work itself, I may venture to say, it is a work of time and experience, and entirely unattempted before. For which reason I hope the candid reader will be favourable in his judgment upon it, and consider that all sciences in their infancy have been weak and feeble. The next age may supply where I have been defective; and the next perhaps may produce a sir Isaac in punning. We know that logicians first spun out reason in categories, predicaments, and enunciations; and at last they came to wind up their bottoms in syllogisms, which is the completing of that science.

The Chaldeans began the mathematics, in which the Egyptians flourished. Then these, crossing the sea by the means of Thales the Milesian, came into Greece, where they were improved very much by Pythagoras, Anaxagoras, and Œnopides of Chios. These were followed by Briso, Antipho, Hippocrates, &c. But the excellence of the algebraic art was begun by Geber, an Arabian astronomer, (whence, as is conceived, the word *algebra* took its rise,) and was much since improved by Cardanus, Tartaglia, Clavius, Stevinus, Ghetaldus, Herigenius, Fran. Van Schooten, Florida de Beaune, &c.

But to return to the art of punning again; the progress and improvement of which, I hope, will be equal to the sciences I have mentioned, or to any superior to them, if there be such: reader, I must trespass a little longer on your patience, and tell you an old maxim, *Bonum, quo communius, eo melius.* "Good, the more common, the better it is." You see, I have, in imitation of the industrious bee, gathered my honey from various flowers; but yet I cannot say without some diminution and loss to the persons from whom I have taken the examples to my rules, who are likely never to use their puns again.

And here, to avoid the imputation of ingratitude, I must declare to the world, that my worthy friend Dr. R——, who is singularly remarkable for his unparalleled skill in punning, and a most industrious promoter of it, has been a very great instrument in bringing this work to light, as well by animating me to proceed in it as by endeavouring to procure a good letter for the impression.

The favourable acceptance that my puns have met with in some private companies makes me flatter myself that my labours therein will be candidly accepted, as they have been cordially intended to serve my native country. TOM PUN-SIBI.

From my Study, up one Pair of Stairs, ill contrived Streetwards, August 9th, 1719.

TO DR. SHERIDAN,

ON HIS ART OF PUNNING.

Had I ten thousand mouths and tongues,
Had I ten thousand pair of lungs,
Ten thousand skulls, with brains to think,
Ten thousand standishes of ink,
Ten thousand hands and pens to write,
Thy praise I'd study day and night.
O may thy work for ever live!
(Dear Tom a friendly zeal forgive.)
May no vile, miscreant, saucy cook
Presume to tear thy learned book,
To singe his fowl for nicer guest,
Or pin it on the turkey's breast.

Keep it from pasty, baked or flying,
From broiling steak, or fritters frying,
From lighting pipe, or making snuff,
Or casing up a feather muff,
From all the several ways the grocer
(Who to the learned world's a foe, sir)
Has found in twisting, folding, packing,
His brains and ours at once a-racking.
And may it never curl the head
Of either living block or dead!
Thus, when all dangers they have past,
Your leaves, like leaves of brass, shall last.
No blast shall from a critic's breath,
By vile infection cause their death,
Till they in flames at last expire,
And help to set the world on fire.

THE ORIGINAL OF PUNNING:
FROM PLATO'S SYMPOSIACKS.

BY DR. SHERIDAN.

Once on a time, in merry mood,
Jove made a PUN of flesh and blood;
A double *two-faced* living creature,
Androgynos, of two-fold nature;
For back to back, with single skin,
He bound the male and female in;
So much alike, so near the same,
They stuck as closely as their name.
Whatever words the male express'd
The female turn'd them to a jest;
Whatever words the female spoke,
The male converted to a joke:
So, in this form of man and wife
They led a merry PUNNING life.
The gods from heaven descend to earth,
Drawn down by their alluring mirth;
So well they seem'd to like the spot,
Jove could not get them back to court.
Th' infernal gods ascend as well,
Drawn up by magic puns from hell.
Judges and furies quit their post,
And not a soul to mind a ghost.
" Heyday!" says Jove; says Pluto too,
" I think the devil's here to do;
Here's hell broke loose and heaven's quite empty,
We scarce have left one god in twenty.
Pray, what has set them all a-running?"—
" Dear brother, nothing else but PUNNING,
Behold that double creature yonder
Delights them with a *double entendre*."
" Odds-fish," says Pluto, " where's your thunder?
Let drive, and split this thing asunder!"
" That's right," quoth Jove; with that he threw
A bolt, and split it into two;
And when the thing was split in twain,
Why then it PUNN'D as much again.
" 'Tis thus the diamonds we refine,
The more we cut, the more they shine:
And, ever since your men of wit,
Until they're *cut*, can't PUN a bit.
So take a starling when 'tis young,
And down the middle *slit the tongue*,
With groat or sixpence, 'tis no matter,
You'll find the bird will *doubly chatter*.
" Upon the whole, dear Pluto, you know,
'Tis well I did not slit my Juno!
For, had I done't, whene'er she'd scold me,
She'd make the heavens too hot to hold me.
The gods, upon this application,
Return'd each to his habitation,
Extremely pleased with this new joke,
The best, they swore, he ever spoke.

FROM
MY MUCH-HONOURED FRIEND
AT HELDELVILLE. [DR. DELANY.]

Hail to the sage, who, from his native store,
Produced a science never known before,
Science of words, once jargon of the schools,
The plague of wise men, and the boast of fools,
Made easy now and useful in your rules!
Where wit and humour equally combine,
Our mirth at once to raise and to refine,
Till now not half the worth of sounds we knew,
Their virtual value was reserved for you.
To trace their various mazes, and set forth
Their hidden force, and multiply their worth;
For if t'express one sense our words we choose,
A double meaning is of double use.
Hail, sacred Art! by what mysterious name
Shall I adore thee, various, and the same?
The Muses' Proteus, skilled with grateful change,
Through all the pleasing forms of wit to range
In quick succession, yet retain through all
Some faint resemblance of th' original.
Hail, fairest offspring of prodigious birth,
At once the parent and the child of Mirth!
With Chloe's charms thy airy form can vie,
And with thy smiles as many thousands die:
The pleasing pain through all their vitals thrills,
With subtle force, and tickles as it kills.
Thee too, like her, the dying swains pursue,
As gay, as careless, as inconstant too;
To raise yet more thy merit and thy fame,
The Cyprian goddess glories in thy name,
Pleased to be thought the laughter-loving dame.
Nor less thy praise, nor less thy power to wound,
Thou lovely, fleeting image of a sound.

THE ART OF PUNNING.

" PUNNATA dicuntur, id ipsum quod sunt, aliorum esse dicuntur, aut alio quovis modo ad aliud referuntur."

Puns, in their very nature and constitution, have a relation to something else; or, if they have not, any other reason why will serve as well.

THE PHYSICAL DEFINITION OF PUNNING, ACCORDING TO CARDAN.

Punning is an art of harmonious jingling upon words, which, passing in at the ears, and falling upon the diaphragma, excites a titillary motion in those parts; and this, being conveyed by the animal spirits into the muscles of the face, raises the cockles of the heart.

THE MORAL DEFINITION OF PUNNING.

Punning is a virtue that most effectually promotes the end of good fellowship, which is laughing.

N.B. I design to make the most celebrated punners in these kingdoms examples to the following rules:—

Rule 1. The Capital Rule. He that puns must have a head for it; that is, he must be a man of letters, of a sprightly and fine imagination, whatever men may think of his judgment; like Dr. Swift, who said, when a lady threw down a Cremona fiddle with the frisk of her mantua,

" Mantua, væ! miseræ nimium vicina Cremonæ!"

Or, if you would have a more obvious reason, St. Dennis never made a pun after his head was cut off. —*Vid. Popish Legend*, tom. lxxviii. p. 15,000.

Rule 2. The Rule of Forehead. He must have good assurance, like my lord ——, who puns in all com-

Rule 3. The Brazen Rule. He must have better assurance, like brigadier ——, who said, "That, as he was passing through a street, he made to a country fellow who had a hare swinging on a stick over his shoulder, and, giving it a shake, asked him whether it was his own *hair*, or a periwig?" Whereas it is a notorious Oxford jest.

Rule 4. The Rule of Impudence. He must have the best assurance, like Dr. ——, who, although I had in three fair combats worsted him, yet had the impudence to challenge me a fourth time.

Rule 5. Any person may pun upon another man's puns about half an hour after he has made them; as Dr. —— and Mr. —— frequently do.

I remember one day I was in company with them, and upon major —— saying, "That he would leave me the gout for a legacy;" I made answer, and told the company, "I should be sorry to have such a *leg as he*." They both snapped it up in their turns, and had as much applause for the pun as I had.

Rule 6. The Rule of Pun upon Pun. A puns made upon the word *pun* are to be esteemed as so much old gold; *ex. gr.* Suppose two famous *punsters* should contend for the superiority, and a man should wittily say, "This is a *Carthaginian* war."

Q. How, sir?—*A.* Why, sir, it is a *Pun-ick* war.

Rule 7. The Socratic Rule is to instruct others by way of question and answer.

Q. Who was the first drawer?—*A. Potifer.*

Q. Which is the seat of the spleen?—*A.* The *hips.*

Q. Who were the first bakers?—*A.* The *Crustumenians.* (Masters of the Rolls, quoth capt. Wolseley.)

Q. Where did the first hermaphrodites come from?—*A. Middle-sex.*

Q. What part of England has the most dogs?—*A. Bark-shire.*

Q. From whence came the first tumblers?—*A.* From *Somerset.*

Q. Who were the first mortgagers of land?—*A.* The people of *Cumber-land.*

Q. What men in the world are the best soldiers?—*A.* Your red-haired men, because they always carry their *firelocks* upon their shoulders.

Q. Why should a man in debt be called a diver?—*A.* Because he is dipped over head and ears.

Q. Why are ladies of late years well qualified for hunting?—*A.* Because they come with a *hoop* and a *hollow.*

Q. Why are Presbyterians, Independents, &c., said to be vermin?—*A.* Because they are *in sects.*

Q. Where were the first breeches made?—*A.* At *Thy-atira.*

Q. Who were the first gold-finders?—*A.* The *Turditani.*

Q. What part of the world is best to feed dogs in?—*A. Lapland.*

Q. What prince in the world should have a boar for his arms?—*A.* The duke of *Tusc-any.*

Q. Where do the best cornecutters live?—*A.* At *Leg-horn.*

Q. Why are horses with grease in their heels the best racers?—*A.* Because their heels are given to *running.*

Q. What is the reason that rats and mice are so much afraid of bass-violins and fiddles?—*A.* Because they are strung with *cat-gut.*

Q. If a lawyer is a Whig, and pretends to be a Tory, or *vice versâ*, why should his gown be stripped off?—*A.* Because he is guilty of *sham-party.*

Q. How many animals are concerned in the formation of the English tongue?—*A.* According to *Buckanan*, a great number, viz.:—*cat-egorical, dog-matical, crow-nological, flea-botomy, fish-ognomy, squirrel-ity, rat-ification, mouse-olæum, pus-ilanimity, hare-editary, ass-tronomy, jay-ography, stag-yrite, duck-tility.*

Q. Where were the first hams made?

A. They were made in the temple of Jupiter *Hammon*, by the *Hamadryades*; one of them (if we may depend upon "Baker's Chronicle") was sent as a present to a gentleman in *Ham-shire*, of the family of the *Ham-iltons*, who immediately sent it to *Hampton* Court, where it was hung up by a string in the hall, by way of rarity, whence we have the English phrase *ham-strung.*

> Thus did great Socrates improve the mind,
> By questions useful since to all mankind:
> For, when the purblind soul no further saw
> Than length of nose into dark Nature's law
> His method clear'd up all, enlarg'd the sight,
> And so he taught his pupils with day-light.

Rule 8. The Rule of Interruption. Although the company be engaged in a discourse of the most serious consequence, it is and may be lawful to interrupt them with a pun; *ex. gr.* Suppose them poring over a problem in the mathematics; you may without offence ask them, "How go *squares* with them?" You may say too, "That, being too intent upon those figures, they are become *cycloeid*, i. e. sickly-eyed; for which they are a pack of *logarithms*, i. e. loggerheads." Vide Rule 34.

Rule 9. The Rule of Risibility. A man must be the first that laughs at his own pun; as Martial advises:—

> Qui studet alterius risum captare lepore,
> Imprimis rictum contrahat ipse suum.
>
> "He that would move another man to laughter
> Must first begin, and t'other soon comes after."

Rule 10. The Rule of Retaliation obliges you, if a man make fifty puns, to return all, or the most of them, in the same kind. As for instance: Sir W—— sent me a catalogue of Mrs. Prudence's scholars, and desired my advice as to the management of them:—

Miss-Chief, the ringleader.

Miss-Advice, that spoils her face with paint.

Miss-Rule, that does everything she is forbid.

Miss-Application, who has not done one letter in her sampler.

Miss-Belief, who cannot say the Creed yet.

Miss-Call, a perfect Billingsgate.

Miss-Fortune, that lost her grandmother's needle.

Miss-Chance, that broke her leg by romping.

Miss-Guide, that led the young misses in the dirt.

Miss-Laid who left her porringer of flour and milk where the cat got it.

Miss-Management, that let all her stockings run out at heels for want of darning.

For which I sent the following Masters:—

Master-Stroke, to whip them.
Master-Workman, to dress them.
Master-Ship, to rig them.
Master-Lie, to excuse them.
Master-Wort, to purge them.
Master-Piece, to patch them.
Master-Key, to lock them up.
Master-Pock, to mortify them.

> If these can't keep your ladies quiet,
> Pull down their courage with low diet
> Perhaps, dear sir, you'll think it cruel
> To feed them on plain water gruel:
> But take my word, the best of breeding,
> As it is plain, requires plain feeding.
>
> Vide *Roscommon.*

Rule 11. The Rule of Repetition: you must never let a pun be lost, but repeat and comment upon it till every one in the company both hears and understands it; *ex. gr.* Sir, I have good wine to give you; excellent *pontack*, which I got *pon-tick*; but, sir, we must have a little *pun-talk* over it; you take me, sir, you and you, and you too, madam.—There is *pun-talk* upon *pon-tack*, and *pon-tick* too, hay!

Rule 12. The Elementary Rule. Keep to your elements, whether you have fish, fowl, or flesh for dinner: as, for instance, is not this fish, which Mr. *Pool* sent me, *ex-stream* sweet? I think it is *main* good, what say you? On my *soal*, I never tasted better, and I think it ought to take *plaice* of any that swims: though you may *carp* at me for saying so, I can assure you, that both Dr. *Sprat* and Dr. *Whaley* are of my mind.—This is an excellent fowl, and a fit dish for high-flyers. Pray, sir, what is your *o-pinion* of this wing? As for the leg, the cook ought to be *clap-per-clawed* for not roasting it enough. But, now I think of it, why should this be called the Bird of Bacchus? *A.* Because it was dressed by your drunken cook. Not at all. You mistake the matter. Pray is it not a *grape-lover*; *i. e.* gray plover?—Are you for any of this mutton, sir? If not, I can tell you that you ought to be *lamb-asted*; for you must know that I have the best in the country. My sheep bear away the *bell*, and I can assure you that, all *wethers*, I can treat my friends with as good mutton as this: he that cannot make a meal of it, ought to have it *ram-med* down his throat.

Rule 13. The Rule of Retrospection. By this you may recal a discourse that has been past two hours, and introduce it thus. "Sir, as you were saying two hours ago—you bought these stockings in Wales: I believe it, for they seem to be *well-chose*, *i. e.* Welsh-hose."—"Sir, you were saying, if I mistake not, an hour or two ago, that soldiers have the speediest justice. I agree with you in that; for they are never without *red-dress*."

Rule 14. The Rule of Transition; which will serve to introduce anything that has the most remote relation to the subject you are upon; *ex. gr.* If a man puns upon a *stable*, you may pun upon a *corn-field*, a *meadow*, a *horse-park*, a *smith's* or *saddler's shop*; *ex. gr.* One says, "his horses are gone to *rack*." Then you answer, I would turn *out* the rascal that looks after them. *Hay*, sir! don't you think I am right? I would *strike while the iron is hot*; and *pummel* the dog to some purpose."

Rule 15. The Rule of Alienation; which obliges you, when people are disputing hotly upon a subject, to pitch upon that word which gives the greatest disturbance, and to make a pun upon it. This has not only occasioned peace in private companies, but has put a stop to hot wranglings in parliaments and convocations, which otherwise would not so soon come to a resolution; for, as Horace says, *Ridiculum acri*, &c.; and very often it is found so. Sir ——— once, in parliament, brought in a bill which wanted some amendment; which being denied him by the house, he frequently repeated, "That he thirsted to mend his bill." Upon which a worthy member got up, and said, "Mr. Speaker, I humbly move, since that member *thirsts* so very much, that he may be allowed to mend his *draught*." This put the house into such a good humour that his petition was granted.

Rule 16. The Rule of Analogy is, when two persons pun upon different subjects after the same manner. As, says one, "I went to my *shoe-maker's* to-day for a pair of *shoes*, which I bespoke a month ago; and, when *all* came to *all*, the dog *bristles* up to me with a thousand excuses, that I thought there would never be an *end* of his discourse; but, upon my calling him a rascal, he began to *wax* warm, and had the impudence to bid me *vamp* off, for he had not leisure now to talk to me, because he was going to dinner; which vexed me indeed to the very *soal*. Upon this, I jumped out of his shop in a great rage, and wished that the next bit he ate might be his *last*." Says another, "I went to a *tanner's* that owed me some money: and (would you think it?) the *pitiful* fellow was *fleshed* at it, insomuch that, forsooth, he could not *hide* his resentment, but told me, that it was enough to set a man *horn* mad to be *dunned* so early in a morning: and as for his part, he would *curry* favour no longer with me, let me do my worst. Thus the unmannerly cur *barked* at me," &c.

Rule 17. The Sophistical Rule is, fixing upon a man a saying which he never spoke, and making a pun upon it, as, "Ay, sir, since you say he was born in *Bark shire*, I say he is a *son of a bitch*."

Rule 18. The Rule of Train, is a method of introducing puns which have been studied before; *ex. gr.* By talking of *Truelock* the *gun-smith*, his very name will provoke some person in the company to pun. Then you proceed: "Sir, I smell *powder*, but you are plaguy weak in your *main-spring* for punning; I would advise you to get a better *stock* before you pretend to *let off*; though you may think yourself *prime* in this art, you are much mistaken, for a very young beginner may be a *match* for you. Ay, sir, you may *cock* and look big; but *u-pan* my word, I take you to be no more than a *flash*; and Mrs. Skin-*flint*, my neighbour, shall pun with you for a *pistole* if I do not *lose my-aim*," &c.

Rule 19. The Rule of Challenge. As, for instance, when you have conned over in your mind a chain of puns, you surprise the best punner in company after this manner: "say *tampit*, if you dare."

Rule 20. The Sanguine Rule allows you to swear a man out of his pun, and prove yourself the author of it, as Dr. S——— served Captain W———, who was told how a slater, working at his house, fell through all the rafters from top to bottom, and that upon this accident he said, "He loved to see a man go cleverly *through his work*."—"That is mine, by —," said the doctor.

Rule 21. The Rule of Concatenation is making a string of puns as fast as you can, that nobody else can put in a word till you have exhausted the subject, *ex. gr.* There was one John *Appleby*, a *gardener*, fell in love with one Mrs. *Curran*, for her *cherry-cheeks* and her *lily*-white hand; and soon after he got her consent to *graft* upon her *stock*. Mr. *Link* the parson was sent for, who joined the loving *pair* together. Mr. *Rowntree* and Mr. *Holyoak* were bridemen. The company were, my lady *Joan Keel*, who *came-a-mile* a-foot to compliment them; and her maid *Sally*, remarkable for her *carrots*, that rid upon a *chesnut*. There was Dr. *Forrage*, too, a constant *medlar* in other people's affairs. He was lately *im-peach'd* for murdering Don *Quick-set*. Mrs. *Lettice Skirret* and Mrs. *Rose-merry* were the bridemaids; the latter sang a song to oblige the company, which an arch wag called a *funeral dirge*; but notwithstanding this, our friend John began to thrive upon matrimony like a *twig* in a *bush*. I forgot to tell you that the tailor had so much *cabbage* out of the wedding suit, there was none at all for supper.

Rule 22. The Rule of Inoculating is, when a person makes an excellent pun, and you immediately fix another upon it: as dean Swift one day said to a gentleman, who had a very little bob wig, "Sir, the *dam* of your wig is a *whisker*;" upon which I came in very *a-propos*, and said, "Sir, that cannot be, for it is but an *ear-wig*."

Rule 23. The Rule of Desertion allows you to bring a man into a pun, and leave him to work it out: as, suppose you should hear a man say the word *incomparable* ——Then you proceed, *in-com-in-com-par-par-rable-rable* ——So let the other make his best of it.

Rule 24. The Salick Rule is a pretence to a jumping of wits: that is, when a man has made a good pun, the other swears with a pun he was just coming out with it. One night, I remember, Mr. ——— served Dr. ——— so. The former saying, over a bottle,

"Will, I am for my mistress here."—"How so?" says Tom.—"Why, I am for *Wine-if-red*."—"By this crooked stick,"[a] said Tom, "I was coming out with it."

Rule 25. The Etymological Rule is, when a man hunts a pun through every letter and syllable of a word: as, for example, I am asked, "What is the best word to spend an evening with?" I answer, "*Potatoes;* for there is *po—pot—pota—potat—potatoe,* and the reverse *sot-a-top*."

Rule 26. The Rule of Mortification is, when a man, having got the thanks and laugh of a company for a good pun, an enemy to the art swears he read it in "Cambridge Jests." This is such an inversion of it that I think I may be allowed to make examples of these kind of people in verse:—

> Thus puppies, that adore the dark,
> Against bright Cynthia howl and bark;
> Although the regent of the night,
> Like us, is gay with borrowed light.

Rule 27. The Professionary Rule[b] is, to frame a story, and swear you were present at an event where every man talked in his own calling; *ex. gr.* Major —— swears he was present at the seizing of a pick-pocket, by a great rabble in Smithfield; and that he heard

A Tailor say, "Send the dog to *hell*."
The Cook, "Let me be at him, I'll *baste* him."
The Joiner, "It is *plain* the dog was caught in the fact: I *saw* him."
The Blacksmith, "He is a fine *spark* indeed!"
The Butcher, "*Knock down* the *shambling* cur."
The Glazier, "Make the *light shine through him*."
The Bookseller, "*Bind* him over."
The Saddler, "*Pummel* him."
The Farmer, "*Thrash* the dog."
A Popish priest going by, "I'll make the *devil fly out of him*."

Rule 28. The Brazen-head Rule is, when a punster stands his ground against a whole company, though there is not one to side with him, to the utter destruction of all conversation but his own. As, for instance, —says one, "I hate a *pun*."—Then he, "When a *pun is meant*, is it a *punishment*?"—"*Deuce* take your quibbling!"—"Sir, I will not bate you an *ace*, *cinque* me if I do; and I'll make you know that I am a *sice* above you."—"This fellow cannot talk out of his *element*."—"To divert you was *all I meant*."

Rule 29. The Hypothetic Rule is, when you suppose things hardly consistent to be united for the sake of a pun: as, for instance, suppose a person in the pillory had received a full discharge of eggs upon every part of his face but the handle of it; why would he make the longest verses in the world? Ans. *Versos Alexandrinos, i. e.* All-eggs-and-dry-nose.

Rule 30. The Rule of Naturalization is, that punning is free of all languages: as for the Latin *Romanos*, you may say "Roman nose"—*Temeraria*, "Tom, where are you?"—*Ozonæ prospectus*, "Pox on you, pray speak to us." For the French *quelque chose*, you may say in English, "kick shoes." When one says of a thief, "I wish he was transported;" answer, "he is already *fur* enough." Dr. Swift made an excellent advantage of this rule one night: when a certain peevish gentleman in his company had lost his *spectacles*, he bid him "have a good heart; for, if it continued *raining* all night, he would find them in the morning." —"Pray how so?"—"Why, sir,

> "Nocte pluit tota, redeunt *spectacula* manè."

Rule 31. The Rule of Random. When a man speaks anything that comes uppermost, and some good pun-finder discovers what he never meant in it; then he is to say, "You have hit it!" As Major —— did: complaining that he stayed at home by reason of an issue in a leg, which was just beginning to run, he was answered by Mr. ——, "I wonder that you should be confined who have such running legs." The Major replied, "You have hit it; for I meant *that*."

Rule 32. The Rule of Scandal. Never to speak well of another punster; *ex. gr.* "Who, he! Lord, sir, he has not sense enough to play at crambo;" or, "He does not know the meaning of synonymous words;" or, "He never rose so high as a conundrum or a carriwhichit."

Rule 33. The Rule of Catch is, when you hear a man coming a pun softly to himself, to whip it out of his mouth, and pass it upon the company for your own: as, for instance, mustard happened to be mentioned in company where I was; and a gentleman with his eyes fixed upon the ceiling, was at *Mus—mus, sinapi—snap eye—bite nose*—One in company, overhearing him, *bit* him, and *snapped* it up; and said, "Mustard is the stoutest seed in the world, for it takes the greatest man by the *nose*."

Rule 34. The Golden Rule allows you to change one syllable for another; by this you may either lop off, insert, or add to a word: *ex. gr.*

For { Church,—*Kirk*,
Bangor,—*Clangor*,
Presbyter,—*Has-biter*, *&c.* }

This Rule is of such consequence, that a man was once tried for his life by it. The case was thus: A certain man was brought before a judge of assize for murder: his lordship asked his name, and being answered *Spillman*, the judge said, "Take away *Sp*, and his name is *Ill-man;* put *K* to it, and it is *Kill-man:* away with him, gaoler; his very name has hanged him." This 34th rule, on this occasion, became a rule of court, and was so well liked that a justice of peace, who shall be nameless, applied every tittle of it to a man brought to him on the same account, after this manner: "Come, sir, I conjure you, as I am one of his majesty's justices of the peace, to tell me your name."—"My name, an't please you, is *Watson*."—"O ho, sir! *Watson!* mighty well! Take away *Sp* from it, and it is *Ill-man*, and put *K* to it, and it is *Kill-man:* away with him, constable; his very name will hang him."

Let us now consider a new case; as, for instance, "The Church of England, as by law established." Put a *T* before it, and it is *Test-ablished:* take away the *Test*, and put in *o*, and it is *Abolished*.

How much was [Tom Gordon] the late ingenious author of "Parson Alberoni" obliged to it, in that very natural story which he framed concerning the preacher, where he tells you, one of the congregation called the minister an *humbassandor* for an ambassador.

Give me leave, courteous reader, to recommend to your perusal and practice this most excellent rule, which is of such universal use and advantage to the learned world, that the most valuable discoveries, both as to antiquities and etymologies, are made by it; nay, further, I will venture to say, that all words which are introduced to enrich and make a language copious, beautiful, and harmonious, arise chiefly from this rule. Let any man but consult "Bentley's Horace," and he will see what useful discoveries that very learned gentleman has made by the help of this rule; or indeed poor Horace would have lain under the eternal reproach of making "a *fox* eat *oats*," had not the learned doctor, with great judgment and penetration, found out *nitedula* to be a blunder of the librarians for *vulpecula;* which *nitedula*, the doctor says, signifies a *grass-mouse*, and

[a] *Cane-a-wry, i. e.* Canary.
[b] An improvement on this rule was adopted by Dr. Swift, in his "Full and True Account of Wood's Procession to the Gallows."

this clears up the whole matter, because it makes the story hang well together; for all the world knows, that weasels have a most tender regard and affection to grass-mice, whereas they hate foxes as they do fire-brands. In short, all various lections are to be attributed to this rule: so are all the Greek dialects; or Homer would have wanted the sonorous beauty of his oio's. But the greatest and best masters of this rule, without dispute, were the Dorians, who made nothing of saying *tin* for *soi*, *tenos* for *ekeinos*, *surisdomes* for *surizomen*, &c. From this too we have our *quasi's* in lexicons. Was it not by rule the 34th that the Samaritan, Chaldee, Æthiopic, Syriac, Arabic, and Persian languages were formed from the original Hebrew? for which I appeal to the Polyglott. And among our modern languages are not the Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, and French derived and formed from the Latin by the same power? How much poets have been obliged to it we need no further proof than the figures *prothesis*, *epenthesis*, *apocope*, *paragoge*, and *ellipsis*, trimming and fitting of words to make them more agreeable to our ears, Dionysius Halicarnassensis has taken notice of, in his book "De Compositione Vocum," where he pleasantly compares your polite reformers of words to masons with hammers, who break off rugged corners of stone that they may become more even and firm in their places.

But after all, give me leave to lament that I cannot have the honour of being the sole inventor of this incomparable rule: though I solemnly protest, upon the word of an author, (if an author may have credit,) that I never had the least hint toward it, any more than the ladies' letters and young children's pronunciation, till a year after I had proposed this rule to Dr. ——, who was an excellent judge of the advantage it might be to the public; when, to my great surprise, tumbling over the third tome of Alstedius, p. 71, right loath to believe my eyes, I met with the following passage: "Ambigua multum faciunt ad hanc rem, cujusmodi exempla plurima reperiuntur apud Plautum, qui in ambiguis crebro ludit. Joci captantur ex permutatione syllabarum et vocum, ut pro *De*cretum, *Dis*cretum; pro *Me*dicus, *Men*dicus et *Mer*dicus: pro Poly*carpus*, Poly*copros*. Item ex Syllabarum ellipsi, ut ait Althusisus, cap. iii. civil. convers. pro Casimirus, *Prus;* pro Marcus, *Arcus;* pro Vinosus, *Osus;* pro Sacerdotium, *Otium*. Sic, additione literæ, pro Urbanus, *Turbanus*." Which exactly corresponded to every branch and circumstance of my rule. Then, indeed, I could not avoid breaking out into the following exclamations, and that after a most pathetic manner: "Wretched Tom Pun-Sibi! Wretched indeed! Are all thy nocturnal lucubrations come to this? Must another, for being a hundred years before thee in the world, run away with the glory of thy own invention? It is true, he must. Happy Alstedius! who, I thought, would have stood me in *all-stead*, upon consulting thy method of joking! *All's tedious* to me now, since thou hast robbed me of that honour which would have set me above all writers of the present age. And why not happy Tom Pun-Sibi? did we not jump together like true wits? But, alas, thou art on the safest side of the bush; my credit being liable to the suspicion of the world, because you wrote before me. Ill-natured critics, in spite of all my protestations, will condemn me, right or wrong, for a plagiary. Henceforward never write anything of thy own; but pillage and trespass upon all that ever wrote before thee; search among dust and moths for things new to the learned. Farewell, study; from this moment I abandon thee: for, wherever I can get a paragraph upon any subject whatsoever ready done to my hand, my head shall have no further trouble than to see it fairly transcribed!"—And this method, I hope, will help me to swell out the Second Part of this work.

THE END OF THE FIRST PART.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Second Part of this Work will be published with all convenient expedition; to which will be added, A small treatise of CONUNDRUMS, CARRWHICHITS, and LONG-PETITES; together with the WINTER-FIRE'S Diversion: The art of making REBUSES; The Antiquity of HOOP-PETTICOATS, proved from Adam's two Daughters, Calmaan and Delbora, &c. &c. &c.

EDMUND CURLL, TO THE READER.

THERE has not, as yet, been any second part of this work published, nor do I believe was ever intended. But my friend Anthony Hammond, esq., upon reading it over, sent me examples to three more rules of his own making, viz.:—

Rule 35. The Rule of Blunder is, when any one, under the notion of a mistake, makes a pun which he may take notice of himself if the company do not; *ex. gr.*

Captain J—— said to his kinsman, who was going to be married, "O, cousin, I hear you are about to *halter* your condition." The company not taking notice of it, the captain corrected himself, "alter," says he, "I should have said."

Rule 36. The Rule of Sound is when the pun consists in the sound of the words only, without any relation to the thing signified; *ex. gr.*

He who translated that ingenious poesy of a wedding ring, "Qui dedit, se dedit:" when "he did it, she did it."

Or, like that of the country parson, whom a Roundhead colonel thought to puzzle by asking him whether he could rhyme to "hydrops, nocthycorax, thorax, et ...ula vervex." He immediately answered, "land tax, and army tax, excise, and general Fairfax."

Rule 37. The Rule of Equivocation is the innocent use of this jesuitical art; *ex. gr.*

As the famous Daniel Purcell, a nonjuror, was dabbling along the streets in the dirt and rain, and a friend of his passing by asked him why he did not take a coach—"Alas," says he, "this is not a *reign* for me to take a coach in."

Another time, one of Daniel's friends telling him that when king George landed at Greenwich, he heard he had a full view of him, for that he stood next to him at his coming ashore. "Therefore," says he, "you must know him." "Ay," replied Daniel, "though I know him very well, yet I can't *swear* to him."

Lastly, Daniel knocking, on a 30th of January, at the Crown Tavern door, in the Strand, was answered by the drawer, through the wicket, that he could not let him in because it was fast-day, and his master and mistress were gone to church: "D—n your master and mistress," says he, "can't they be content to fast themselves, but they must make their doors *fast!*"

The learned Mr. Charles Bernard, serjeant-surgeon to queen Anne, being very severe upon parsons having pluralities, a reverend and worthy divine heard him a good while with patience; but at length took him up with this question, "Why do you, Mr. Serjeant Bernard, rail thus at pluralities who have always so many *sinecures* upon your own hands?"

Dr. Lloyd, bishop of Worcester, so eminent for his prophecies, when by his solicitation and compliance at court he got removed from a poor Welch bishopric to a rich English one, a reverend dean of the church said, "That he found his brother Lloyd spelt prophet with an *f*."

THE HISTORY OF POETRY,

IN A LETTER TO A FRIEND.

SIR,—In obedience to your commands, I here send you the following short essay toward a History of Poetry in England and Ireland. At first it was a science we only began to CHAW SIR. A hundred years after, we attempted to translate out of the Psalms, but could not our STERN-HOLD. In queen Elizabeth's reign, I think, there was but one DI-SPENSER of good verses; for his patron, though a great man, IS HID NIGH by the length of time. Yet a little before her death, we attempted to deal in tragedy, and began to SHAKE SPEARS; which was pursued under king James I. by three great poets, in one of them many a line so strong, that you might make a BEAM ONT; the second, indeed, gives us sometimes but FLAT CHEER, and the third is BEN-ding a little to stiffness.

In the reign of king Charles I. there was a new succession of poets, one of them, though seldom read, I am very fond of; he has so much salt in his compositions, that you would think he had been used to SUCK-LING: as to his friend the author of "Gondibert," I'D HAVE AN AUNT write better. I say nothing against your favourite, though some censure him for writing too COOLY; but he had a rival whose happier genius made him stand like a WALL OR a pillar against censure.

During the Usurpation, we fell into burlesque; and I think whoever reads Hudibras, cannot BUT LEER. I have GOT ONE more, who travestied Virgil, though not equal to the former.

After the Restoration, poets became very numerous; the chief, whose fame is louder than a MILL-TONE, must never be forgot. And here I must observe, that poets in those days loved retirement so much, that sometimes they lived in dens. One of them in a DRY-DEN: another called his den his village, or DEN-HAM; and I am informed that the sorry fellow, who is now laureat, affects to USE-DENS still; but to return from this digression, we were then famous for tragedy and comedy; the author of "Venice Preserved" is seldom O T AWAY; yet he who wrote the "Rival Queens," before he lost his senses, sometimes talked MAD-LEE. Another, who was of this kingdom, went into England, because it is more SOUTHERN: and he wrote tolerably well. I say nothing of the satirist, with his OLD DAM' verses. As for comedy, the "Plain Dealer," W'ICH 'EARLY came into credit, is allowed on all hands an excellent piece; he had a dull contemporary, who sometimes showed humour; but his colouring was bad, and he could not SHADE-WELL. Sir George, in my opinion, outdid them all, and was sharp at EITHER-EDGE. The duke is also excellent, who took a BOOK IN GAME, and turned it into ridicule, under the name of "The Rehearsal." It is, indeed, no wonder to find poetry thrive under the reign of that prince; when by one of his great favourites, who was likewise an excellent poet, there was a DORE-SET open for all men of wit. Perhaps you WILL-MUTT'ER, that I have left out the earl of Rochester; but I never was one of his admirers.

Upon the Revolution, poetry seemed to decline: however, I shall PRY O'R as many poets as I can remember. Mr. Montague affected to be a patron of wit, and his house was the poets' HALL-I-FAX for several years, which one of them used to STEP-NIGH every day. Another of them, who was my old acquaintance, succeeded well in comedy, but failed when he began to CON-GRAVE subjects. The rest came in a row.

The author of the "Dispensary" had written nothing else valuable, and therefore is too small in the GARTH. But may not a man be allowed to ADD IS OWN friend to the number? I mean the author of "Cato."

To mention those who are now alive, would be endless; I will therefore only venture to lay down one maxim, that a good poet, if he designs to TICKLE the world, must be GAY and YOUNG; but if he proposes to give us rational pleasure, he must be as grave as a POPE.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

DECREE

FOR CONCLUDING THE TREATY BETWEEN

DR. SWIFT AND MRS. LONG, 1709.

MISS ANNE LONG, sister to sir James Long of Draycot, in Wiltshire, a lady of great beauty, accomplishment, and fashion. Swift became acquainted with her at Mrs. Vanhomrigh's, and the following piece of humour is founded upon the respectful advances which, between jest and earnest, he demanded from the ladies who were ambitious of his acquaintance. The treaty thus whimsically concluded, occasioned a sincere though short friendship between the parties. Mrs Long was, from the derangement of her affairs, obliged to retire to Lynn, in Norfolk, where she died, under a borrowed name, in 1711.

WHEREAS it hath been signified to us, that there is now a treaty of acquaintance on foot between Dr. Swift, of Leicester Fields, on the one part, and Mrs. Long, of Albemarle-street, on the other part: And whereas the said Dr. Swift, upon the score of his merit and extraordinary qualities, doth claim the sole and undoubted right, that all persons whatsoever shall make such advances to him as he pleases to demand,[a] any law, claim, custom, privilege of sex, beauty, fortune, or quality, to the contrary notwithstanding: And whereas the said Mrs. Long, humbly acknowledging and allowing the right of the said doctor, doth yet insist upon certain privileges and exceptions, as a Lady of the Toast,[b] which privileges, she doth allege, are excepted out of the doctor's general claim, and which she cannot betray without injuring the whole body whereof she is a member; by which impediment the said treaty is not yet brought to a conclusion, to the great grievance and damage of Mrs. Vanhomrigh and her fair daughter Hessy:[c] and whereas the decision of this weighty cause is referred to us, in our judicial capacity, We, out of our tender regard to truth and justice, having heard and duly considered the allegations of both parties, do declare, adjudge, decree, and determine, That the said Mrs. Long, notwithstanding any privileges she may claim as aforesaid as a Lady of the Toast, shall, without essoine or demur, in two hours after the publishing of this our decree, make all advances to the said doctor that he shall demand; and that the said advances shall not be made to the said doctor as *un homme sans consequence*, but purely upon account of his great merit. And we do hereby strictly forbid the said Mrs. Vanhomrigh, and her fair daughter Hessy, to aid, abet, comfort, or encourage her, the said Mrs. Long, in her disobedience for the future. And in consideration of the said Mrs. Long's being a Toast, we think it just and reasonable that the said doctor should permit her, in all companies, to give herself the reputation of being one of his acquaintance, which no other lady shall presume to do,[d] upon any pretence whatsoever, without his especial leave and licence first had and obtained.

By especial command,

G. V. HOMRIGH.[e]

[a] "When I lived in England," says the dean to Miss Hoadly, June 4, 1734, "once every year I issued out an edict, commanding that all ladies of wit, sense, merit, and quality, who had an ambition to be acquainted with me, should make the first advances at their peril."

[b] The Kit-cat Club had regular toasts of the most fashionable and beautiful women, favourable to their political opinions.

[c] Esther Vanhomrigh, the unfortunate Vanessa.

[d] Swift expresses himself strongly against those who claimed his acquaintance on slight grounds.

[e] The signature of Mrs Vanhomrigh, mother of Vanessa.

A DISCOURSE

TO PROVE

THE ANTIQUITY OF THE ENGLISH TONGUE.

SHOWING FROM VARIOUS INSTANCES, THAT HEBREW, GREEK, AND LATIN WERE DERIVED FROM THE ENGLISH.

During the reign of parties for about forty years past, it is a melancholy consideration to observe how philology has been neglected, which was before the darling employment of the greatest authors, from the restoration of learning in Europe. Neither do I remember it to have been cultivated, since the Revolution, by any one person, with great success, except our illustrious modern star, doctor Richard Bentley, with whom the republic of learning must expire, as mathematics did with sir Isaac Newton. My ambition has been gradually attempting, from my early youth, to be the holder of a rush light before that great luminary; which, at least, might be of some little use during those short intervals while he was snuffing his candle, or peeping with it under a bushel.

My present attempt is to assert the antiquity of our English tongue: which, as I shall undertake to prove [illegible]y invincibl[illegible]gument, has varied [illegible] little for [illegible]wo thousand six hundred and thirty-four years past. And my proofs will be drawn from etymology; wherein I shall use my readers much fairer than Pezro, Skinner, Verstegan, Camden, and many other superficial pretenders, have done: for I will put no force upon the words, nor desire any more favour than to allow for the usual accidents of corruption, or the avoiding a cacophonia.

I think I can make it manifest to all impartial readers, that our language, as we now speak it, was originally the same with those of the Jews, the Greeks, and the Romans, however corrupted in succeeding times by a mixture of barbarisms. I shall only produce at present two instances among a thousand from the Latin tongue. *Cloaca*, which they interpret a *necessary-house*, is altogether an English word; the last letter *a* being, by the mistake of some scribe, transferred from the beginning to the end of the word. In the primitive orthography it is called *a cloac*, which had the same signification; and still continues so at Edinburgh, in Scotland, where a man in a *cloac*, or cloak, of large circumference and length, carrying a convenient vessel under it, calls out, as he goes through the streets, "Wha has need of me?" Whatever customer calls, the vessel is placed in the corner of the street; the *cloac*, or a cloak, surrounds and covers him; and thus he is eased with decency and secrecy.

The second instance is yet more remarkable. The Latin word *turpis* signifies *nasty*, or *filthy*. Now this word *turpis* is a plain composition of two English words: only, by a Syncope, the last letter of the first syllable, which is *d*, is taken out of the middle, to prevent the jarring of three consonants toget[illegible] and these two English words express th[illegible] most unseemly excrements that belong to man.

But although I could produce many other examples, equally convincing, that the Hebrews, the Greeks, and the Romans originally spoke the same language which we do at present, yet I have chosen to confine myself chiefly to the proper names of persons, because I conceive they will be of greater weight to confirm what I advance; the ground and reason of those names being certainly owing to the nature, or some distinguishing action or quality in those persons, and consequently expressed in the true ancient language of the several people.

I will begin with the Grecians, among whom the most ancient are the great leaders on both sides in the siege of Troy; for it is plain, from Homer, that the Trojans spoke Greek as well as the Grecians. Of these latter, *Achilles* was the most valiant. This hero was of a restless, unquiet nature, never giving himself any repose either in peace or war; and therefore as Guy of Warwick was called a *kill-cow*, and another terrible man a *kill-devil*, so this general was called *A-kill-ease*, or destroyer of ease; and, at length, by corruption, *Achilles*.

Hector, on the other side, was the bravest among the Trojans. He had destroyed so many of the Greeks by *hacking* and *tearing* them, that his soldiers, when they saw him fighting, would cry out, "Now the enemy will be *hack't*, now he will be *tore*." At last, by putting both words together, this appellation was given to their leader under the name of *Hacktore*; and, for the more commodious sounding, *Hector*.

Diomede, another Grecian captain, had the boldness to fight with Venus, and wound her; whereupon the goddess, in a rage, ordered her son Cupid to make this hero to be hated by all women, repeating it often that he should *die a maid*; from whence, by a small change in orthography, he was called *Diomede*. And it is to be observed, that the term *maiden-head* is frequently, at this very day, applied to persons of either sex.

Ajax was, in fame, the next Grecian general to Achilles. The derivation of his name from *A jakes*, however asserted by great authors, is, in my opinion, very unworthy both of them and of the hero himself. I have often wondered to see such learned men mistake in so clear a point. This hero is known to have been a most intemperate liver, as it is usual with soldiers; and, although he was not old, yet, by conversing with camp-strollers, he had got pains in his bones, which he pretended to his friends were only *age-aches*; but they telling the story about the army, as the vulgar always confound right pronunciation, he was afterwards known by no other name than *Ajax*.

The next I shall mention is *Andromache*, the famous wife of Hector. Her father was a Scotch gentleman, of a noble family still subsisting in that ancient kingdom. But, being a foreigner i[illegible] Troy, to which city he led some of his countrymen in the defence of Priam, as Dictys Cretensis learnedly observes, Hector fell in love with his daughter, and the father's name was [illegible]*drew Mackay*. The young lady was called by the [illegible]ne name, only a little softened to the Grecian ac-

Astyanax was the son of Hector and Andromache. When Troy was taken, this young prince had his head cut off, and his body thrown to swine. From this fatal accident he had his name, which has, by a peculiar good fortune, been preserved entire, *A sty, an ax*.

Mars may be mentioned among these, because he fought against the Greeks. He was called the god of war; and is described as a swearing, swaggering companion, and a great giver of rude language. For when he was angry, he would cry, "Kiss *my a—se*, *My a—se* in a bandbox, *My a—se* all over;" which he repeated so commonly, that he got the appellation of *My a—se*; and by a common abbreviation, *M'ars*, from whence, by leaving out the mark of elision, *Mars*. And this is a common practice among us at present; as in the words *D'anvers*, *D'avenport*, *D'anby*, which are now *Danvers*, *Davenport*, *Danby*, and many others.

The next is *Hercules*, otherwise called *Alcides*. Both these names are English, with little alteration, and describe the principal qualities of that hero, who was distinguished for being a slave to his mistresses, and at the same time for his great strength and courage. *Omphale*, his chief mistress, used to call her lovers *her*

cullies; and because this hero was more and longer subject to her than any other, he was in a particular manner called the chief of *her cullies:* which, by an easy change, made the word *Hercules.* His other name, *Alcides,* was given him on account of his prowess; for, in fight, he used to strike on *all sides;* and was allowed on *all sides* to be the chief hero of his age. For one of which reasons, he was called *All sides* or *Alcides;* but I am inclined to favour the former opinion.

A certain Grecian youth was a great imitator of Socrates; which that philosopher observing, with much pleasure said to his friends, "There is an *Ape o' mine own days.*" After which the young man was called *Epaminondas,* and proved to be the most virtuous person, as well as the greatest general, of his age.

Ucalegon was a very obliging inn-keeper of Troy. When a guest was going to take horse, the landlord took leave of him with this compliment, "Sir, I should be glad to see *you call again.*" Strangers, who knew not his right name, caught his last words: and thus, by degrees, that appellation prevailed, and he was known by no other name even among his neighbours.

Hydra was a great serpent, which Hercules slew. His usual outward garment was the *raw hide* of a lion, and this he had on when he attacked the serpent: which, therefore, took its name from the skin; the modesty of that hero devolving the honour of his victory upon the lion's skin, call that enormous snake the *Hyderaw* serpent.

Leda was the mother of Castor and Pollux; whom Jupiter embracing in the shape of a swan, she laid a couple of eggs; and was therefore called *Laid a,* or *Leda.*

As to Jupiter himself, it is well known that the statues and pictures of this heathen god, in Roman Catholic countries, resemble those of *St. Peter,* and are often taken the one for the other. The reason is manifest: for, when the emperors had established Christianity, the heathens were afraid of acknowledging their heathen idols of the chief God, and pretended it was only a statue of the *Jew Peter.* And thus the principal heathen god came to be called by the ancient Romans, with very little alteration, Jupiter.

The *Hamadryades* are represented by mistaken antiquity as nymphs of the groves. But the true account is this: they were women of Calabria, who dealt in bacon; and living near the sea-side, used to pickle their bacon in salt-water, and then set it up to dry in the sun. From whence they were properly called *Ham-a-dry-a-days,* and in process of time misspelt *Hamadryades.*

Neptune, the god of the sea, had his name from the *tunes* sung to him by the *Tritons,* upon their shells, every *neap* or *nep* tide. The word is come down to us almost uncorrupted, as well as that of *Tritons,* his servants; who, in order to please their master, used to *try* all *tones* till they could hit upon that he liked.

Aristotle was a peripatetic philosopher, who used to instruct his scholars while he was walking. When the lads were come, he would *arise to tell* them what he thought proper; and was therefore called *Arise to tell.* But succeeding ages, who understood not this etymology, have, by an absurd change, made it *Aristotle.*

Aristophanes was a *Greek* comedian, full of levity, and gave himself too much freedom; which made graver people not scruple to say, that he had a great deal of *airy stuff in his* writings: and these words, often repeated, made succeeding ages discriminate him *Aristophanes.* Vide *Rosin. Antiq.* l. iv.

Alexander the Great was very fond of eggs roasted in hot ashes. As soon as his cooks heard he was come home to dinner or supper, they called aloud to their under-officers, *All eggs under the grate;* which, repeated every day at noon and evening, made strangers think it was that prince's real name, and therefore gave him no other; and posterity has been ever since under the same delusion.

Pygmalion was a person of very low stature, but great valour; which made his townsmen call him *Pigmy lion:* and so it should be spelt, although the word has suffered less by transcribers than many others.

Archimedes was a most famous mathematician. His studies required much silence and quiet; but his wife having several maids, they were always disturbing him with their tattle or their business; which forced him to come out every now and then to the stair head, and cry, "*Hark, ye maids;* if you will not be quiet, I shall turn you out of doors." He repeated these words, *Hark, ye maids,* so often, that the unlucky jades, when they found he was at his study, would say, "There is *Hark, ye maids;* let us speak softly." Thus the name went through the neighbourhood; and at last grew so general, that we are ignorant of that great man's true name to this day.

Strabo was a famous geographer; and, to improve his knowledge, travelled over several countries, as the writers of his life inform us; who likewise add, that he affected great nicety and finery in his clothes; from whence people took occasion to call him the *Stray beau;* which future ages have pinned down upon him very much to his dishonour.

Peloponnesus, that famous Greek peninsula, got its name from a Greek colony in Asia the Less; many of whom going for traffic thither, and finding that the inhabitants had but one well in the town of * * * *, from whence certain porters used to carry the water through the city in great pails, so heavy that they were often forced to set them down for ease: the tired porters, after they had set down the pails, and wanted to take them up again, would call for assistance to those who were nearest, in these words, *Pail up, and ease us.* The stranger Greeks, hearing these words repeated a thousand times as they passed the street, thought the inhabitants were pronouncing the name of their country, which made the foreign Greeks call it *Peloponnesus,* a manifest corruption of *Pail up, and ease us.*

Having mentioned so many Grecians to prove my hypothesis, I shall not tire the reader with producing an equal number of Romans, as I might easily do. Some few will be sufficient.

Cæsar was the greatest captain of that empire. The word ought to be spelt *Seizer,* because he seized on not only most of the known world, but even the liberties of his own country: so that a more proper appellation could not have been given him.

Cicero was a poor scholar in the university of Athens, wherewith his enemies in Rome used to reproach him; and, as he passed the streets, would call out, *O Ciser, Ciser O!* A word still used in Cambridge, and answers to a servitor in Oxford.

Anibal was a sworn enemy to the Romans, and gained many glorious victories over them. This name appears, at first repeating, to be a metaphor drawn from tennis, expressing a skilful gamester, who can take *any ball;* and is very justly applied to so renowned a commander. Navigators are led into a strange mistake upon this article. We have usually in our fleet some large man-of-war, called the *Anibal* with great propriety, because it is so strong that it may defy *any ball* from a cannon. And such is the deplorable ignorance of our seamen, that they miscall it the *Honey-ball.*

Cartago was the most famous trading city in the world; where, in every street, there was many a *cart a going,* probably laden with merchant goods. See Alexander ab Alexandro, and Suidas upon the word *Cartago.*

The word *Roman* itself is perfectly English, like other words ending in *man* or *men,* as *hangman, dray man, huntsman,* and several others. It was formerly

spelt *Rowman*, which is the same with *Waterman*. And therefore when we read of *jesta* (or, as it is corruptly spelt, *gesta*) *Romanorum*, it is to be understood of the rough manner of *jesting* used by the watermen; who, upon the sides of rivers, would *row man o'r um*. This I think is clear enough to convince the most incredulous.

Misanthropus was the name of an ill-natured man, which he obtained by a custom of catching a great number of *mice*, then shutting them up in a room, and throwing a cat among them. Upon which his fellow-citizens called him *Mice an' throw puss*. The reader observes how much the orthography has been changed, without altering the sound: but such depravations we owe to the injury of time, and gross ignorance of transcribers.

Among the ancients, fortune-telling by the stars was a very beggarly trade. The professors lay upon straw, and their cabins were covered with the same materials: whence every one who followed that mystery was called *A straw lodger*, or a lodger in straw; but, in the new-fangled way of spelling, *Astrologer*.

It is remarkable, that the very word *diphthong* is wholly English. In former times, schoolboys were chastised with thongs fastened at the head of a stick. It was observed that young lads were much puzzled with spelling and pronouncing words where two vowels came together, and were often corrected for their mistakes in that point. Upon these occasions the master would *dip* his *thongs* (as we now do rods) in p—, which made that difficult union of vowels to be called *dipthong*.

Bucephalus, the famous horse of Alexander, was so called because there were many grooms employed about him, which *fellows* were always *busy* in their office; and because the horse had so many *busy fellows* about him, it was natural for those who went to the stable to say, "Let us go to the *busy fellows*;" by which they meant to see that prince's horse. And in process of time these words were absurdly applied to the animal itself, which was thenceforth styled *Busy fellows*, and very improperly *Bucephalus*.

I shall now bring a few proofs of the same kind, to convince my readers that our English was well known to the Jews.

Moses, the great leader of those people out of Egypt, was in propriety of speech called *mow seas*, because he *mowed* th[illegible] down in the middle, to make a path for the Israelite[illegible]

Abraham was a person of strong bones and sinews, and a firm walker, which made the people say, "He was a man (in the Scotch phrase, which comes nearest to the old Saxon) of *a bra ham*;" that is, of a brave strong ham, from whence he acquired his name.

The man whom the Jews called Balaam was a shepherd; who, by often crying *ba* to his *lambs*, was therefore called *Baalamb*, or *Balam*.

Isaac is nothing else but *Eyes ake*; because the Talmudists report that he had a pain in his eyes.—Vide *Ben Gouon and the Targum on Genesis*.

Thus I have manifestly proved, that the Greeks, the Romans, and the Jews, spoke the language we now do in England; which is an honour to our country that I thought proper to set in a true light, and yet has not been done, as I have heard, by any other writer.

And thus I have ventured (perhaps too temerariously) to contribute my mite to the learned world, from whose candour I may hope to receive some approbation. It may probably give me encouragement to proceed on some other speculations, if possible, of greater importance than what I now offer; and which have been the labour of many years, as well as of constant watchings, that I might be useful to mankind, and particularly to mine own country.

THE WONDERFUL WONDER OF WONDERS.

There is a certain person lately arrived at this city, of whom it is very proper the world should be informed. His character may perhaps be thought very inconsistent, improbable, and unnatural; however, I intend to draw it with the utmost regard to truth. This I am the better qualified to do because he is a sort of dependant upon our family, and almost of the same age though I cannot directly say I have ever seen him. He is a native of this country, and has lived long among us; but, what appears wonderful, and hardly credible, was never seen before by any mortal.

It is true, indeed, he always chooses the lowest place in company; and contrives it so, to keep out of sight. It is reported, however, that in his younger days he was frequently exposed to view, but always against his will, and was sure to smart for it.

As to his family, he came into the world a younger brother, being of six children the fourth in order of birth, of which the eldest is now head of the house; the second and third carry arms, but the two youngest are only footmen: some indeed add, that he has likewise a twin-brother, who lives over-against him, and keeps a victualling-house; he has the reputation to be a close, griping, squeezing fellow; and that when his bags are full, he is often needy; yet, when the fit takes him, as fast as he gets he lets it fly.

When in office, no one discharges himself, or does his business better. He has sometimes strained hard for an honest livelihood, and never got a bit till everybody else had done.

One practice appears very blameable in him: that every morning he privately frequents unclean houses, where any modest person would blush to be seen. And although this be generally known, yet the world, as censorious as it is, has been so kind as to overlook this infirmity in him. To deal impartially, it must be granted that he is too great a lover of himself, and very often consults his own ease at the expense of his best friends; but this is one of his blind sides; and the best of men I fear are not without them.

He has been constituted by the higher powers in the station of receiver-general, in which employment some have censured him for playing fast and loose. He is likewise overseer of the golden mines, which he daily inspects when his health will permit him.

He was long bred under a master of arts, who instilled good principles into him, but these were soon corrupted. I know not whether this deserves mention, that he is so very capricious as to take it for an equal affront to talk either of kissing or kicking him, which has occasioned a thousand quarrels; however, nobody was ever so great a sufferer for faults, which he neither was, nor possibly could be, guilty of.

In his religion he has thus much of the Quaker, that he stands always covered, even in the presence of the king; in most other points a perfect idolater, although he endeavours to conceal it; for he is known to offer daily sacrifices to certain subterraneous nymphs, whom he worships in an humble posture, prone on his face, and stripped stark naked; and so leaves his offerings behind him, which the priests of those goddesses are careful enough to remove, upon certain seasons, with the utmost privacy, at midnight, and from thence maintain themselves and families. In all urgent necessities and pressures, he applies himself to these deities, and sometimes even in the streets and highways, from an opinion that those powers have an influence in all places, although their peculiar residence be in caverns under ground. Upon these occasions, the fairest ladies will not refuse to lend their hands to assist him; for, although they are ashamed to have him seen in their

company, or even so much as to hear him named, y it is well known that he is one of their constan followers.

In politics, he always submits to what is uppermost but he peruses pamphlets on both sides with great im partiality, though seldom till everybody else has done with them.

His learning is of a mixed kind, and he may pro perly be called a *helluo librorum*, or another Jacobus de Voragine; though his studies are chiefly confined to schoolmen, commentators, and German divines, togethe with modern poetry and critics; and he is an atomic philosopher, strongly maintaining a void in nature which he seems to have fairly proved by many experi ments.

I shall now proceed to describe some peculiar qualities, which, in several instances, seem to dis tinguish this person from the common race of other mortals.

His grandfather was a member of the rump parliament, as the grandson is of the present, where he often rises, sometimes grumbles, but never speaks. However, he lets nothing pass willingly but what is well digested. His courage is indisputable, for he will take the boldest man alive by the nose.

He is generally the first a-bed in the family, and the last up; which is to be lamented, because when he happens to rise before the rest, it has been thought to forebode some good fortune to his superiors.

As wisdom is acquired by age, so, by every new wrinkle in his face, he is reported to gain some new knowledge.

In him we may observe the true effects and consequences of tyranny in a state; for, as he is a great oppressor of all below him, so there is nobody more oppressed by those above him; yet, in his time, he has been so highly in favour, that many illustrious persons have been entirely indebted to him for their preferments.

He has discovered, from his own experience, the true point wherein all human actions, projects, and designs do chiefly terminate; and how mean and sordid they are at the bottom.

It behoves the public to keep him quiet; for his frequent murmurs are a certain sign of intestine tumults.

No philosopher ever lamented more the luxury for which these nations are so justly taxed; it has been known to cost him tears of blood; for in his own nature he is far from being profuse: though indeed he never stays a night at a gentleman's house without leaving something behind him.

He receives with great submission whatever his patrons think fit to give him; and when they lay heavy burdens upon him, which is frequently enough, he gets rid of them as soon as he can; but not without some labour, and much grumbling.

He is a perpetual hanger on; yet nobody knows how to be without him. He patiently suffers himself to be kept under, but loves to be well used, and in that case will sacrifice his vitals to give you ease; and he has hardly one acquaintance for whom he has not been bound; yet, as far as we can find, was never known to lose anything by it.

He is observed to be very unquiet in the company of a Frenchman in new clothes, or a young coquette.

He is, in short, the subject of much mirth and raillery, which he seems to take well enough; though it has not been observed that ever any good thing came from himself.

There is so general an opinion of his justice, that sometimes very hard cases are left to his decision; and while he sits upon them, he carries himself exactly even between both sides, except where some knotty point arises; and then he is observed to lean a little to the right or left, as the matter inclines him; but his reasons for it are so manifest and convincing, that every man approves them.

POSTSCRIPT.

GENTLE READER,—Though I am not insensible how many thousand persons have been, and still are, with great dexterity handling this subject, and no less aware of what infinite reams of paper have been laid out upon it; however, in my opinion, no man living has touched it with greater nicety, and more delicate turns, than our author. But, because there is some intended obscurity in this relation, and curiosity, inquisitive of secrets, may possibly not enter into the bottom and depth of the subject, it was thought not improper to take off the veil, and gain the reader's favour by enlarging his insight. ARS *enim non habet inimicum, nisi ignorantem*. It is well known that it has been the policy of all times to deliver down important subjects by emblem and riddle, and not to uffe wledg of be de d to plain and simple terms, which are generally as soon forgotten as conceived. For this reason, the heathen religion is mostly couched under mythology. For the like reason (this being a FUNDAMENTAL in its kind) the author has thought fit to wrap up his treasure in lean linen, which it is our business to lay open, and set in a due light; for I have observed, upon any accidental discovery, the least glimpse has given a great diversion to the eager spectator, as many ladies could testify, were it proper, or the case would admit.

The politest companies have vouchsafed to smile at he bare name; and some people of fashion have been so little scrupulous of bringing it into play, that it was he usual saying of a knight and a man of good breeding, that whenever he rose, his a-se rose with him.

THE WONDER OF ALL THE WONDERS THAT EVER THE WORLD WONDERED AT.

FOR ALL PERSONS OF QUALITY AND OTHERS.

EWLY arrived at this city of Dublin, the famous rtist John Emanuel Schoitz, who, to the great surprise nd satisfaction of all spectators, is ready to do the ollowing wonderful performances; the like before ever seen in this kingdom.

He will heat a bar of iron red hot, and thrust it nto a barrel of gunpowder before all the company, and yet it shall not take fire.

He lets any gentleman charge a blunderbuss with the same gunpowder, and twelve leaden bullets, which blunderbuss the said artist discharges full in the face of the said company, without the least hurt, the bullets sticking in the wall behind them.

He takes any gentleman's own sword, and runs it through the said gentleman's body so that the point appears bloody at the back to all the spectators: then he takes out the sword, wipes it clean and returns it to the owner, who receives no manner of hurt.

He takes a pot of scalding oil and throws it by great ladlesful directly at the ladies, without spoiling their clothes or burning their skins.

He takes any person of quality's child, from two years old to six, and lets the child's own father or mother take a pike in their hands: then the artist takes the child in his arms, and tosses it upon the point of the pike, where it sticks, to the great satisfaction of all spectators; and is then taken off without so much as a hole in his coat.

He mounts upon a scaffold just over the spectators, and from thence throws down a great quantity of large tiles and stones, which fall like so many pillows, without so much as discomposing either perukes or head-dresses.

He takes any person of quality up to the said scaffold, which person pulls off his shoes, and leaps nine feet directly down on a board prepared on purpose, full of sharp spikes six inches long, without hurting his feet or damaging his stockings.

He places the said board on a chair, upon which a lady sits down with another lady in her lap, while the spikes, instead of entering into the under lady's flesh, will feel like a velvet cushion.

He takes any person of quality's footman, ties a rope about his bare neck, and draws him up by pulleys to the ceiling, and there keeps him hanging as long as his master or the company pleases, the said footman, to the wonder and delight of all beholders, having a pot of ale in one hand and a pipe in the other and when he is let down, there will not appear the least mark of the cord about his neck.

He bids a lady's maid put her finger into a cup of clear liquor like water, upon which her face and both her hands are immediately withered like an old woman of fourscore; her belly swells as if she were within a week of her time, and her legs are as thick as mill-posts; but upon putting her finger into another cup, she becomes as young and handsome as she was before.

He gives any gentleman leave to drive forty twelve-penny nails up to the head in a porter's backside, and then places the said porter in a loadstone chair, which draws out every nail, and the porter feels no pain.

He likewise draws the teeth of half a dozen gentlemen, mixes and jumbles them in a hat, gives any person leave to blindfold him, and returns each their own, and fixes them as well as ever.

With his forefinger and thumb, he thrusts several gentlemen's and ladies' eyes out of their heads without the least pain, at which time they see an unspeakable number of beautiful colours; and after they are entertained to the full, he places them again in their proper sockets, without any damage to the sight.

He lets any gentleman drink a quart of hot melted lead, and by a draught of prepared liquor, of which he takes part himself, he makes the said lead pass through the said gentleman, before all the spectators without any damage, after which it is produced in a cake to the company:

With many other wonderful performances of art too tedious here to mention.

The said artist has performed before most kings and princes in Europe with great applause.

He performs every day (except Sundays) from ten of the clock to one in the forenoon: and from four till seven in the evening, at the New Inn in Smithfield.

The first seat a British crown, the second a British half-crown, and the lowest a British shilling.

N.B. The best hands in town are to play at the said show.

A LETTER,

GIVING AN ACCOUNT OF A PESTILENT NEIGHBOUR.

Sir.—You must give me leave to complain of a *pestilent* fellow in my neighbourhood, who is always beating *mortar*, yet I cannot find he ever builds. In talking he useth such hard words, that I want a druggerman to interpret them. But all is not gold that *glisters*. *A pot he carries* to most houses where he visits. He makes his prentice his *galley*-slave. I wish our lane were *purged* of him. Yet he pretends to be a *cordial* man. Every *spring* his shop is crowded with country-folks; who by their *leaves*, in my opinion, help him to do a great deal of mischief. He is full of *scruples*; and so very litigious, that he *files bills* against all his acquaintances; and though he be much troubled with the *simples*, yet I assure you he is a *jesuitical dog*; as you may know by his *bark*. Of all poetry he loves the *dram-a-tick* best. I am, &c.

A LETTER TO THE EARL OF PEMBROKE.

1709, at a conjecture.

My Lord,—It is now a good while since I resolved to take some occasions of congratulating with your lordship, and condoling with the public, upon your lordship's leaving the Admiralty; and I thought I could never choose a better time than when I am in the country with my lord bishop of Clogher and his brother the doctor; for we pretend to a *triumvirate* of as humble servants and true admirers of your lordship as any you have in both islands. You may call them a *triumvirate*; for, if you please to *try-um*, they will *vie* with the best, and are of the first *rate*, though they are not *men of war*, but men of the church. To say the truth it was a pity your lordship should be confined to the *Fleet*, when you are not in debt. Though your lordship is *cast away*, you are not *sunk*; nor ever will be, since nothing is out of your lordship's *depth*. Dr. Ashe says, it is but justice that your lordship, who is a man of *letters*, should be placed upon the *post-office*; and my lord bishop adds, that he hopes to see your lordship tossed from that *post* to be a *pillar* of state again; which he desired I would put in by way of *postscript*. I am, my lord, &c.

A LETTER TO THE EARL OF PEMBROKE.

Pretended to be the dying speech of Tom Ashe, whose brother the reverend Dillon Ashe, was named Dilly.[a]

"Given to Dr Mousey by sir Andrew Fountaine, and communicated to Dr Deane Swift by that ingenious, learned, and very obliging gentleman."

Tom Ashe died last night. It is conceived he was so puffed up by my lord-lieutenant's *favour*, that it struck him into a *fever*. I here send you his dying speech, as it was exactly taken by a friend in short-hand. It is something long, and a little incoherent; but he was several hours in delivering it, and with several intervals. His friends were about the bed, and he spoke to them thus:—

[a] Thomas Ashe, esq., descended from an ancient family of that name in Wiltshire, was a gentleman of fortune in Ireland. He was a facetious, pleasant companion, but the most eternal, unwearied punster that ever lived. He was thick and short in his person, being not above five feet high at the most, and had something very droll in his appearance. He died about the year 1719, and left his whole estate, of about 1000*l.* a-year, to his intimate friend and kinsman, Richard Ashe of Ashfield, esq. There is a whimsical story, and a very true one, of Tom Ashe, which is well remembered to this day. It happened that, while he was travelling on horseback, and at a considerable distance from any town, there burst from the clouds such a torrent of rain as wetted him through. He galloped forward, and as soon as he came to an inn, he was met instantly by a drawer: "Here," said he to the fellow, stretching out one of his arms, "take off my coat immediately!"—"No, sir, I won't," said the drawer. "Pox confound you," said Ashe, "take off my coat this instant!"—"No, sir," replied the drawer, "I dare not take off your coat, for it is felony, to strip an Ash." Tom was delighted beyond measure, frequently told the story, and said he would have given fifty guineas to have been the author of that pun. This little tract of Dr. Swift's, entitled "The Dying Words of Tom Ashe," was written several years before the decease of Tom, and was merely designed to exhibit the manner in which such an eternal punster might have expressed himself on his death-bed.

MY FRIENDS,—It is time for a man to look *grave*, when he has one foot there. I once had only a *punnic* fear of death; but of late I have *pundered* it more seriously. Every fit of *coffing* hath put me in mind of my *coffin;* though *dissolute* men seldomest think of *dissolution*. This is a very great alteration: I, that supported myself with good *wine*, must now be myself supported by a *small-bier*. A fortune-teller once looked on my hand, and said, this man is to be a great traveller; he will soon be at the *diet* of *Worms*, and from thence go to *Ratisbone*. But now I understand his double meaning. I desire to be privately *buried*, for I think a public funeral looks like *Bury*-fair; and the *rites* of the dead too often prove *wrong* to the living. Methinks the word itself best expresses the number, neither *few nor all*. A dying man should not think of *obsequies*, but *ob se quies*. Little did I think you would so soon see poor *Tom stown* under a *tomb-stone*. But as the *mole* crumbles the *mold* about her, so a man of small *mold*, before I am *old*, may *molder* away. Sometime I've *rav'd* that I should *revive*; but physicians tell me, that when once the great *artery* has drawn the *heart awry*, we shall find the *cor di all*, in spite of all the highest *cordial*.—Brother, you are fond of *Daffy's* elixir; but when death comes, the world will see that, in spite of *Daffy, down Dilly*.[a] Whatever doctors *may design* by their *medicines*, a man in a *dropsy drops he* not, in spite of Goddard's *drops*, though none are reckoned such *high drops*?– I find death smells the blood of an Englishman: *a fee* faintly *fumbled* out will be a weak defence against his *fee-fa-fum*. P T are no letters in death's *alphabet;* he has not *half a bit* of either: he moves his *sithe*, but will not be moved by all our *sighs*. Everything ought to put us in mind of death: physicians affirm that our very food breeds it in us; so that, in our *dieting*, we may be said to *die eating*. There is something ominous, not only in the names of diseases, as *di*-arrhœa, *di*-abetes, *di*-sentery, but even in the drugs designed to preserve our lives; as *di*-acrodium, *di*-apente, *di*-ascordium. I perceive Dr. *Howard* (and I feel *how hard*) *lay thumb* on my *pulse*, then *pulls* it back, as if he saw *lethum* in my face. I see as bad in his; for sure there is no *physic* like a *sick phiz*. He thinks I shall decease before the *day cease;* but before I die, before the bell hath *toll'd*, and *Tom Tollman* is *told* that little *Tom*, though not *old*, has paid nature's *toll*, I do desire to give some advice to those that survive me. First, let gamesters consider that death is a *hazard* and *passage*, upon the turn of a *die*. Let lawyers consider it as a hard *case*. And let punners consider how hard it is to *die jesting*, when death is so hard in *digesting*.

As for my lord-lieutenant, the earl of *Mungomerry*, I am sure he *be-moans* my misfortune, and it would move him to stand by when the carpenter (while my friends grieve and make an *odd splutter*) *nails* up my coffin. I will make a short *affidavi-t* that, if he makes my *epitaph*, *I* will take it for a great honour, and it is a plentiful subject. His excellency may say that the art of punning is dead with *Tom: Tom* has taken all puns away with him, *Omne tulit pun-Tom*.—May his excellency long *live tenant* to the queen in Ireland! We never *Herberd* so good a governor before. Sure he *mun-go-merry* home, that has made a kingdom so happy. I hear my friends design to publish a collection of my puns. Now I do confess I have let many a *pun go*, which did never *pungo:* therefore, the world must read the bad as well as the good. Virgil has long foretold it: *Punica mala leges*. I have had several forebodings that I should soon die; I have late been often at committees, where I have sat de *die* in *diem*. I conversed much with the *usher* of the *black rod:* I saw his *medals;* and woe is *me dull* soul, not to consider they are but dead men's faces *stamped over* and *over* by the living, which will shortly be my condition.

Tell sir *Andrew Fountaine* I *ran* clear to the *bottom*, and wish he may be a late *a racer* where I am going. He used to *brook* compliments. May his sand be long a *running;* not *quick sand*, like mine! Bid him avoid *poring* upon monuments and books; which is in reality but *running* among *rocks* and *shelves* to *stop* his *course*. May his *waters* never be *troubled* with *mud* or *gravel*, nor *stopped* by any *grinding stone!* May his friends be all true *trouts*, and his enemies laid as flat as *flounders!* I look upon him as the most *fluent* of his *race;* therefore let him not *despond*. I foresee his black *rod* will advance to a *pike*, and destroy all our *ills*.

But I am going; my *wind in* lungs is turning to a *winding* sheet. The thoughts of *a pall* begin to *apall* me. Life is but a *vapour*, car elle *va pour* la moindre cause. Farewell: I have lived ad amicorum *fastidium*, and now behold how *fast I di um!*

Here his breath failed him, and he expired. There are some false spellings here and there; but they must be pardoned in a dying man.

[a] A nickname of Tom Ashe's brother.

A LETTER TO MRS. SUSANNAH NEVILLE.[a]

June 24, 1732.

MADAM,—I will not trouble you with any grave *tophicks*, lest I should *discurmode* you; but rather write in a *farmiliar* and *jocosious* way.

You must know then I was the other night at Mrs. Tattle's, and Mrs. Rattle came in to drink some *jocklit* with us, upon which they fell in a *nargument* about the best *musicioners* in town. At last Rattle told Tattle that she did not know the *difrence* between a song and a *tympany*. They were going to *defer* the matter to me; but I said that, when people disputed, it was my way always to stand *muter*. You full would have thought they were both *intostiruted* with liquor, if you had seen them so full of outrageousness. However, Mrs. Tattle, as being a very *timbersome* woman, yielded to Rattle, and there was an end of the *disputement*. I wonder you do not honour me sometimes with your company. If I myself be no *introducement*, my garden, which has a fine *rural* look, ought to be one. My Tommy would be glad to see you before he goes for England; and so would I, for I am resolved to take the *tower* of London before I return. We intend to go to Norfolk or Suffolk to see a clergyman, a near cousin of ours. They say that he is an *admiral* good man, and very *hospital* in his own house. I am *determ'd* when this *vege* is over, never to set my foot in a stage-coach again; for the jolting of it has put my blood into such a *firmament* that I have been in an *ego* ever since, and have lost my *nappetite* to such a degree that I have not eaten a *mansion* of bread put all together these six weeks past. They allow me to eat nothing at night but *blanchus manshus*, which has made a perfect *notomy* of me; and my spirits are so *extenuated* that I am in a perfect *liturgy;* for which I am resolved to take some *rubrick*, although the doctors davise me to drink *burgomy*. And what do you think? When I went to my cellar for a flask, I found that my servants had *imbellished* it all: for which I am resolved to give them some *hipporockeny* to bring it up again.—I fear that I have been too *turbulent* in this long and tedious *crawl;* which I hope you will excuse from your very humble servant,

MARY HOWE.

[a] This letter is fictitious, and was written by Dr. Sheridan.

CONSULTATION

OF FOUR PHYSICIANS UPON A LORD THAT WAS DYING.

As Swift did not partake of the usual amusements of the world for recreation, he indulged himself in various sports and whims of fancy. Among others he was fond of a new species of composition, which consisted all of Latin words, but by allowing for false spelling, and running the words into each other, the sentences would contain good sense in English. It was thought specimens of this singular mode of writing would not be unacceptable to the reader.

1st D. Is his honor sic? Præ lætus felis pulse. It do es beat veris loto de.	Is his honour sick? Pray let us feel his pulse. It does beat very slow to-day.
2nd D. No notis as qui cassi e ver feltu metri it. Inde edit is as fastas an alarum ora fire bellat nite.	No, no, 'tis as quick as I ever felt; you may try it. Indeed, it is as fast as an alarum, or a fire bell at night.
3rd D. It is veri hei!	It is very high.
4th D. Noto contra dictu in my juge mentitis veri loto de. Itis as orto maladi, sum callet.	Not to contradict you, in my judgment it is very slow to-day. It is a sort of malady, some call it.
(Here e ver ul octo reti resto a par lori na mel an coli post ure.)	*Here every doctor retires to a parlour in a melancholy posture.*
1st D. It is a me gri mas I opi ne.	It is a megrim as I opine.
2nd D. No docto rite quit fora quin si. Heris a plane sim tomo fit. Sorites Para celsus: Præ re adit.	No, doctor, I take it for a quinsy. Here is a plain symptom of it. So writes Paracelsus—Pray read it.
1st D. Nono doctor I ne ver quo te aqua casu do.	No, no, doctor, I never quote a quack as you do.
2nd D. Sum arso: mi autoris no ne.	Some are so; my author is none.
3rd D. No quare lingat pre senti de si re. His honor is sic offa colli casure as I sit here.	No quarrelling at present, I desire. His honour is sick of a colic, as sure as I sit here.
4th D. It is æther an atro phi or a colli casu sed: Ire membri re ad it in doctor me ades Esse, here itis.	It is either an atrophy or a colic, as you said. I remember I read it in doctor Mead's Essay: here it is.
3rd D. I ne ver re ad apage in it, no re ver in tendit.	I never read a page in it, nor ever intend it.
2nd D. Fer ne is offa qui te di ferent noti o nas i here.	Ferne is quite of a different notion, as I hear.
1st D. Notis ab ludi fluxit is vere plene.	No, 'tis a bloody flux, it is very plain.
2nd D. I fitis a fluxit me re qui re ac lis ter.	If it is a flux, it may require a glyster.
3rd D. I a ver his casis veneri alas i disco ver edit in as hanc cor; an da poli pus in his nosce. An di fit be as I cetis, ago no rea me en sue.	I aver his case is venereal, as I discovered it in a chancre and a polypus in his nose. And, if it be as I say 'tis, a gonorrhea may ensue.
1st D. It is ad ange rus casas ani.	It is a dangerous case as any.
4th D. I must tellure alitis ago uti humor in his Bel li. Hi sto macto is empti.	I must tell you really, 'tis a gouty humour in his belly. His stomach, too, is empty.
1st D. It me bea pluri si; avo metis veri pro per fora manat his age.	It may be a pleurisy; a vomit is very proper for a man at his age.
2nd D. Ure par donat præsenti des ire; His dis eas is a cata ride clare it.	Your pardon at present I desire. His disease is a catarrh, I declare it.
3rd D. Atlas tume findit as tone in his quid ni es.	At last you may find it a stone in his kidneys.
4th D. Itis ale pro si fora uti se. Præ hos his a poti cari; cantu tellus? Ab lis ter me bene cessa risum decens. Itis as ure medi in manicas es.	It is a leprosy for aught I see. Pray, who's his apothecary, can't you tell us? A blister may be necessary some days hence. It is a sure remedy in many cases.
3rd D. I findit isto late tot hinc offa reme di; fori here his Honor is De ad.	I find it is too late to think of a remedy; for I hear his honour is dead
2nd D. His ti meis cum.	His time is come
1st D. Is it trudo ut hinc?	Is it true, do you think?
4th D. It is veri certa in. His Paris his Belli sto ringo ut foris de partu re.	It is very certain. His parish's bell is to ring out for his departure
3rd D. Næ, i fis Ecce lens is de ad lætus en dum apri esto præ foris sole. His Honor has bina Cato liquor a de isti here.	Nay, if his excellency is dead, let us send 'em a priest to pray for his soul. His honour has been a Catholic or deist, I hear.
1st D. Alor dis sum times as tingi as an usu reris.	A lord is sometimes as stingy as a usurer is.
2nd D. Api stolis alligo time a verbi mi at endans for a forte nite.	A pistole is all I got, I may aver, by my attendance for a fortnight.
3rd D. O mei ne vera tendo na nil ordinis sic nes ani more!	Oh may I never attend on any lord in his sickness any more!
4th D. Api stolis ne a quin in a nil ordo fis qua liti; sum pes for times more. It istos mala fito a Doctor o fis hic.	A pistole is sneaking in any lord of his quality: some pay four times more. It is too small a fee to a doctor o' physic.
2nd D. Lætus paco fitis time.	Let us pack off; it is time.
1st D. Abigo ditis hi time, in de editis, forus alto fallas campe ringo fas fastas arato ut offa da iri; fori fera bea tinge veri minute: bimi solido. His lac quis, an das tudis aussi sto ut valet is re di forus.	Ah, by God, it is high time, indeed it is, for us all to fall a-scampering off as fast as a rat out of a dairy; for I fear a beating every minute: by my soul I do. His lacqueys and a sturdy saucy stout valet is ready for us.
2nd D. Ali feris ab ast in a do; fori here ano is at adis stans.	All I fear is a bastinado; for I hear a noise at a distance

A LOVE SONG.

Apud in is almi de si re,	A pudding is all my desire,
Mimis tres I ne ver re qui re,	My mistress I never require
Alo veri findit a gestis,	A lover I find it a jest is,
His miseri ne ver at restis.	His misery never at rest is.

AN EPIGRAM.

Dic, heris agro at, an da quar to fine ale,
Fora ringat ure nos, an da stringat ure tale.

Dick, here is a groat and a quart o' fine ale,
For a ring at your nose and a string at your tail.

TO SAMUEL BINDON, Esq.

Mollis abuti,
Has an acuti,
No lasso finis,
Molli divinis.

O mi de armis tres,
Imi na dis tres.
Cantu disco ver
Meas alo ver?

Moll is a beauty,
Has an acute eye,
No lass so fine is,
Molly divine is.

O my dear mistress,
I am in a distress.
Can't you discover
Me as a lover?

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

October 12, 1723.
Saturni die.

E RUDITISSIME DOMINI,

Mi Sana, Telo me Flaccus; odioso in mus rem. Tuba Dia pusilanimum: emit si erit mos minimo. Fecitne Latina Sal? I sub me? a robur os. Nantis potatis, Moto ima os illud a illuc? Ima os nega: I dama nam? Memoravi i nos; I ma eris nisi: sit parta.

Si paca eruca? voco Tite nemo! Emerit tono sit sola ni emit, na edit. Ima ni sum & dum. Ima nil ne ni erim! Tuba nisi no os tegi en parare.

HUMILIMUS, &c.

Excusatum me habeas si subjecti gravitate paululum aliquando emoveor.

When you have puzzled your brains with reading this, you will find it as bad sense as you would desire.

Where do you dine to-day?
To-morrow with me.

This gibberish resolves into what the dean's postscript calls "as bad sense as you would desire."

"I am an ass; O let me suck calf; O so I do in summer; O but I had mum in all I supt; Minim o' time is tiresome; writes of any tall lass; I buss 'em? O soberer. Nan, sit, sit a top. O Tom am I so dull, I a cully? I so agen? I a madman? I've a memory son. I'm a sinner. 'Tis a pat.

"Is a cap a cure? O covet it o' men, tire me not; 'tis a loss in time and tide. I'm in a musing mood; I am kneeling in mire. A, but I see none, so I get never a rap."

The Latin must be read backwards.

"Emoveor aliquando paululum gravitate subjecti si habeas me excusatum."

FROM DR. SHERIDAN.

June 28, 1734.

DE ARMIS TER DE AN.

I EXPECTURE anser an da fullone abo ut mi monito de. Times are veri de ad nota do it oras hi lingat almi e state. Mire se ver cannas vel res ad e villas a peni. Cursim I se fora prime minis ter. Cantu res a Sum at ab an cursu de an. Atri do. Uno mi de arde annuo me a gro at. It is hi time tot, hinc ope in it. I ama non est manicæ, ac nave is mi aversio ni de clare.

Ad unis at mi do ore fora Sum io on dannat urnæ, ab umbelicum in at his ars, as redi as ac at is at amo use, ora rati se, orabat.

Iambicum as mutas a Statu: as lænas ara que; as de a fas an ad aris; as hæ a vi as an assis: as quæras a duc: ast emas alam; as de ad as a do orna ilis; as insipidas de ad vi negaris; ora potato in me. I re membri vas o na time as qui casa fleat a ledis belli; as meri as a Filli? as fullo pleas ac id; as fullo meretrix as ac it en is, oras ab a bonni na capis. I rite si miles use e, cantu ritum? Udi ne at urse de at mi o use. I vah belli fullo meato en ter tenus fit fora nil ordinis equi page. Uva stomachi me ope. Here is ab illo fare. Ago use. A paro dux. Sum fis his, as a paro soles. A paro places. Apud in. Afri casei. Arabit astu in. Neu pes. Neu beans. Alam pij fit fora minis ter o state. Acus tardis ast it abit as at artis. Afri teris mi de lite. Mi liquor istoc que, it costus api Stola quarti a verrit. A quartos ac. Margo use claret as fine as a rubi. Graves. Lac rima Christi. Hoc. Cote rotæ. Sum Cyprus. As fine Sidera se ver Id runcat at averne.

Præbe specus a Superaturus. Summas par a gusto eat. Sum colli flo ures, ac ab age lætis fora Sal ad. Invita ledito ac cum pani ure verens, nota præter nota coquet. A grave matronis pro per fora grave de an, an da doctor, an das cole mas ter.

I ritu a verse o na molli o mi ne,
Asta lassa me pole, a ledis o fine,
I ne ver neu a niso ne at in mi ni is,
A manat a glans ora sito fer diis,
De armo lis abuti hos face an hos nos is
As fer a sal illi, as reddas aro sis.

DEAR MISTER DEAN,

I EXPECT your answer, and a full one, about my money to-day. Times are very dead, not a doit or a shilling at all my estate. My receiver can as well raise a devil as a penny. Curse him, I say, for a prime minister. Can't you raise a sum at a banker's, you dean? Ah, try do. You know, my dear dean, you owe me a groat. It is high time to think upon it. I am an honest man, I say; a knave's my aversion, I declare.

A dun is at my door, for a sum I owe one damned attorney; a bumbailiff come in at his arse, as ready as a cat is at a mouse, or a rat, I say, or a bat.

I am become as mute as a statue; as lean as a rake; as deaf as an adder is; as heavy as an ass is, as queer as a duck; as tame as a lamb; as dead as a door-nail is; as insipid as dead vinegar is; or a potatoe in me. I remember I was, on a time, as quick as a flea at a lady's belly; as merry as a filly; as full o' play as a kid; as full o' merry tricks as a kitten is, or as a baboon in a cap is. I write similes, you see; can't you write 'em? You dine o' Thursday at my house. I've a belly full o' meat to entertain us, fit for any lord in his equipage. You've a stomach, I may hope. Here is a bill o' fare: A goose, a pair o' ducks, some fishes, a pair o' soles, a pair o' plaices, a pudding, a fricassee, a rabbit a stewing, new peas, new beans, a lamb pie, fit for a minister o' state. A custard is as fit a bit as a tart is. A fritter is my delight. My liquor is Tokay; it cost us a pistole a quart. I aver it. A quart o' sack. Margoux claret, as fine as a ruby. Graves. Lacryma Christi. Hock. Cote-roti. Some Cyprus. As fine cyder as ever I drank at a tavern.

Pray bespeak us a supper at your house. Some asparagus to eat. Some cauliflowers, a cabbage, lettuce for a salad. Invite a lady to accompany your reverence; not a prater; not a coquette. A grave matron is proper for a grave dean, and a doctor, and a school-master.

I write you a verse on a Molly o' mine,
As tall as a May-pole, a lady so fine;
I never knew any so neat in mine eyes,
A man at a glance, or a sight of her, dies;
Dear Molly's a beauty, whose face and whose nose is
As fair as a lily, as red as a rose is.

Ac is o mi molli is almi de lite,
Illo verbi de, an illo verbi nite.

I figo imus te cato tum an dumus trans ac ure pense exceptive illuc. I fi ple in gestitis fora negat eas ter. Notabit fora cardami, norabit fora di se i, as migra num has sed forti times.

I nono nues offa ni momento ritu buttabata illis o ver at Dan sic. In Itali an in Germani merce nari es desertum e veri de. O ne gener alis de ad ac an non bullit huc offis hæ ad. A fle et is præ par in fora se fite. Me ni Si eges ara carri in o nat his time.

Mi Magis as meri as an apis. Hæ do es se a quæ cur a quæ cur a cur. Hæ is caper in in ac age me do Sali. Abit ob re ad is gener ali his super, ora livor offa lambis.

Miser visto alat o me, excuse mi has te; Fore ver an de ver ures TOMAS SER ID AN.

Afri de at en ac locat mi Studij.

A kiss o' my Molly is all my delight;
I love her by day, and I love her by night.

If I go I must take a totum, and you must ransack your pence, except I've ill-luck. If I play in jest, it is for an egg at Easter. Not a bit for a card am I, nor a bit for a dice am I, as my grannum has said forty times.

I know no news of any moment to write you: but a battle is over at Dantzic. In Italy and in Germany, mercenaries desert 'em every day. One general is dead; a cannon bullet took off his head. A fleet is preparing for a sea fight. Many sieges are a carrying on at this time.

My Mag is as merry as an ape is. He does say, a quaker, a quaker, a cur. He is capering in a cage made o' sallow. A bit o' bread is generally his supper, or a liver of a lamb is.

My service to all at home: excuse my haste. For ever and ever yours, THOMAS SHERIDAN.

O' Friday at ten o'clock, at my study.

On the other hand the dean, in way of reply, tried to write English words to be read into Latin, of which the following is an instance:—

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

Terse I ow I ane you are wry.

AM I SAY VAIN A RABBI E IS,

GAUDY o tea rue ry dy you sale you tye in service he: Said lynk way more Ass, eat red Eye, add nose sight O. Quipp ye knife all or tame Puss East. Tea Mary Tuck Sir: Tea may rent Family are ease. Anne lewd is cart is? Veal some no in dull jest I? Anne Jo Cuz ty by place eat? Meer Rum spare O Freak went her Bib is: Lack Tea compleat: Ay'd is, ride ease, Lock were is, do neck fat I gat us ease. A wry Debt nay, Rage in a eat may right us tye by? Do my Tea here I eggs peck't have I; said may day say pist I. Usque-bach come am Ass: Force an I buy ass he o buss East; Codd mark a Toryes nice Eye ass I dumb mine I may hay bent. Said post hose Dairy lick toes add noes vain I. You buy inn do mow Day can at us bon um Salt 'em by beam us, sign on Mealy o'r'em fall or no. Satyr nigh, dye ease nose ty feast us east. May come air is; Sigh mull seek ray to Carmen a Pan game us. Ride end 'um, buy, bend 'um e'r it come so dayly buss: nigh least carry us invite a.

Sick Dice it Whore ah see us;
Spare take um Sick way pot you it wag and Team
Fall e'er he taste a.
Et a lye by:
Back 'um in Ray mote is Carrmen areyou Pyebuss.
Said;
For tune a lay to save an egg o show.

Sate I sope I nor sight ha' shown um; add fine em proper and 'um East. Valiant a Mice I Vestry, eat you in Shoe pair vally Ass. Ah my Cuz vest are,

DAY CAN US.

Tertio Januarii.

AMICE VENERABILIS,

GAUDEO te ruri diu saluti inservisse; sed linque moras, et redi ad nos cito. Quippe ni fallor tempus est. Timeret uxor, timerent familiares. An ludis cartis? Vel somno indulges te? Anne jocus tibi placet? Merum spero frequenter bibis. Lac te complet. Edis, rides, loqueris, donec fatigatus es. Arridet ne regina et maritus tibi? Domi te heri expectavi, sed me decepisti. Usque Bacchum amas. Forsan ibi asse opus est. Quod mercatores ni scias idem minime habent. Sed post hos derelictos ad nos veni; ubi in domo Decanatus bonum saltem bibemus, si non meliorem Falerno. Saturni dies, nôsti, festus est. Mecum eris; simul secreto carmina pangemus. Ridendum, bibendum erit cum sodalibus, nil est carius in vitâ!

Sic dicit Horatius
Spartacum si qua potuit vagantem
Fallere testa.
Et alibi:
Bacchum in remotis carmina rupibus.
Sed:
Fortuna læto sæva negotio.

Satis opinor citationum, ad finem properandum est. Valeant amici vestri et tu insuper valeas.

Amicus vester,

DECANUS.

FROM DR. SHERIDAN.

Fy brew Hairy 25, 1734-5.

RAVE E'ER END DAY ANN,

EYE fan see they Rake order is a deel a tory jant ill man, bee cause he mite heave scent his o pin eye on beef o'er this. Yew no eye heave sum mow knee too pea miss tear Hen a wry, Ann damn inn hay east tub ring Matt Eyrs twack on clue'shun. Eye maid a nap point meant two Bee at they Dean a wry tun ey't, butt am pray vent head buy a ten ant in Jew red buy Ann at Urn I, buy home eye must and. Eye am ewer mow stob ay dy ant Ann dumb bell serve aunt, TOM ASS SHE RID ANN.

REVEREND DEAN, February 25, 1734-5.

I FANCY the recorder is a dilatory gentleman, because he might have sent his opinion before this. You know I have some money to pay Mister Henry, and am in haste to bring matters to a conclusion. I made an appointment to be at the Deanery to-night, but am prevented by a tenant injured by an attorney, by whom I must stand. I am your most obedient and humble servant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

FROM DR. SHERIDAN.

May 26, 1735.

YEW mare aim Ember, a bout Ann our Ah go, Ire it Sum Ann glow Ann Glee, I nim it ay shun off

DEAR DEAN, May 26, 1735.

You may remember, about an hour ago, I writ some Anglo-Angli, in imitation of yours; but I fear there are mis-

Ewers. Butt If here they rare mist eaks. I few fine day nigh, Eye may Kit mire eak quest Tom end dumb. They'll aid Eyes Name Lee Mad damn Harry Son, White Whey, Sigh Cann, air ray dye Two join new, Sow add Yew Too Ale even. Ewer Mow Stumble Add my rare,

THOUGH MASS SHE RID ANN

Meath ay two went he Sick'st,
Wan thou Sand Say vain Hun dread, &c.

Tooth ay Revere End Dock tore Jo Nathan Dray Peer Gull Liver, Inn They Dane a wry.

takes. If you find any, I make it my request to mend 'em. The ladies, namely, madam Harrison, Whitway, Sican, are ready to jo— — — So adieu to eleven.—Your most humble admirer,

THOMAS SH

May the twenty-sixth,
One thousand seven hundred, &c.
To the reverend doctor Jonathan Drapier Gulliver,
in the Deanery.

FROM DR. SHERIDAN.

DE ARMIS TER DE AN, Julij 15, 1735.

URIT tome sum time ago an diam redito anser it thus. A lac a de mi illinc, ducis in it, is notabit fit fora de an; it is more fit fora puppi. I lusit toti. Irritato ripam flet an Dicti toral e ver ibit. Dic is abest. Dic is a serpenti se. Dic is a turdi se. Dic is a fartor. Dic is pisti se. Dic is a vix en. Dic is as qui ter in nasti fusti musti cur. Dic is a rantur. Dic is ab a boni se. Sed Ito Dicti cantu cum in as a dans in mas ter an dans ab ori ora minuet. Da me I fido sed Dic. Quis mi ars se diu puppi. Ure as turdi rufi an sed I. Ure a tori villa in sed Dic. Ure fit fora gallus sed I; an dume dia dans in. Ure aras calli cur sed Dic. Dicti sed I ure regis a farta me.

Tanti vi sed I tanti vi
Hi fora Dic in apri vi.

Ime Dic as te mas amo use foralis angor. I re-collecta piper, sed I, an dat rumpetur, an da sume cur, an ad rumor, an das qui re, an ab lac a more in ure cum pani, an da de al more me ac in a gesto uti. It is li ad a me sed Dic, as suras istinc. Sensu cæso I cæno more.

I cum here formo ni. Itis apparent I canta ve mi marent, mi tenentis taidi. I cursim e veri de nota peni cani res. I ambit. Mi stomachis a cor morante ver re ad ito digesta me ale in a minute. I eat nolam, nōram, no dux. I generali eat a quale car-bone dedat super an da qualis as fine abit as arabit. I es ter de I eat atro ut at a bit. De vilis in mi a petite. A crustis mi de lite. (I nen Eumenides ago eat tuenti times more.) As unde I eat offa buccas fatas mi arsis. On nam unde I eat sum pes. A tu es de I eat apud in migra mum edit. A venis de I eat sum pasti. Post de notabit. Afri de abit ob re ad. A satur de sum tripes.

Luis is mus ter in an armi an de sines carri in it as far as I tali, sum se germani. It do es alarum mus; De vel partum. I fani nues is fito ritu me directo me at cava ni Virgini a. Miservice tomi da ter an, capta in Pari, doctor de lanij, major Folli ut; an mi complemento mi de amus tresses, especiali WRLL.

I amat ure re verens his cervice
fore ver an de ver.

DEAR MISTER DEAN, July 15, 1735.

You writ to me some time ago, and I am ready to answer it thus. Alack a-day, my ill ink; deuce is in it; it is not a bit fit for a dean; it is more fit for a puppy. I'll use it to Tighe. I writ a Tory pamphlet, and Dick Tighe tore all, every bit. Dick is a beast Dick is a serpent, I say. Dick is a turd, I say. Dick is a farter. Dick is pist, I say. Dick is a vixen. Dick is a squittering, nasty, fusty, musty cur. Dick is a ranter. Dick is a baboon, I say. Said I to Dick Tighe, can't you come in as a dancing-master, and dance a bory or a minuet? Damme if I do, said Dick. K—— my a——, said I, you puppy You're a sturdy ruffian, said I. You're a Tory villain, said Dick. You're fit for a gallows, said I, and you may die a dancing. You're a rascally cur, said Dick. Dick Tighe, said I, your rage is a fart to me.

Tantivy, said I, tantivy,
Hy! for a Dick in a privy.

I made Dick as tame as a mouse, for all his anger. I recollect a piper, said I, and a trumpeter, and a shoemaker, and a drummer, and a squire, and a blackamoor in your company, and a deal more making a jest o' you, Tighe It is all a lie, a damme, said Dick, as sure as I stink. Since you say so, I say

I come here for money. It is apparent I can't have my May-rent, my tenant is tardy. I curse him every day, not a penny can I raise. I am bit. My stomach is a cormorant, ever ready to digest a meal every minute. I eat no lamb, no ram, no ducks. I generally eat a quail carbonaded at supper, and a quail is as fine a bit as a rabbit Yesterday I ate a trout at a bit. Devil is in my appetite. A crust is my delight. (I knew you, many days ago, eat twenty times more.) A' Sunday I eat of a buck as fat as my arse is. On a Monday I eat some peas. A' Tuesday I eat a pudding; my grannum made it. A' Wednesday I eat some pasty. Post-day not a bit. A' Friday a bit of bread. A' Saturday some tripes.

Lewis is mustering an army, and designs carrying it as far as Italy, some say Germany. It does alarm us; devil part 'em. If any news is fit to write, you may direct to me at Cavan in Virginia. My service to my daughter Ann, captain Parry, doctor Delany, major Folliot; and my compliment to my dear mistresses, especially Worrall.

I am at your reverence his service for ever and ever.

A LETTER
TO
THE WRITER OF THE OCCASIONAL PAPER.

SEE THE "CRAFTSMAN," 1727.—This piece refers to the well-known struggles between Pulteney and Walpole, in which Swift assisted the former.

SIR,—Although in one of your papers you declare an intention of turning them, during the dead season of the year, into accounts of domestic and foreign intelligence; yet I think we, your correspondents, should not understand your meaning so literally as if you intended to reject inserting any other paper which might probably be useful for the public. Neither, indeed, am I fully convinced that this new course you resolve to take will render you more secure than your former laudable practice of inserting such speculations as were sent you by several well-wishers to the good of the kingdom, however grating such notices might be to some who wanted neither power nor inclination to resent them at your cost; for, since there is a direct law against spreading false news, if you should venture to tell us, in one of the "Craftsmen," that the dey of Algiers had got the tooth-ache, or the king of Bantam had taken a purge, and the facts should be contradicted in succeeding packets, I do not see what plea you could offer to avoid the utmost penalty of the law, because you are not supposed to be very gracious among those who are most able to hurt you.

Besides, as I take your intentions to be sincerely meant for the public service, so your original method of entertaining and instructing us will be more general and more useful in this season of the year, when people are retired to amusements more cool, more innocent, and much more reasonable than those they have left; when their passions are subsided or suspended; when they have no occasions of inflaming themselves or each other; where they will have opportunity of hearing common sense, every day in the week, from their tenants or neighbouring farmers; and thereby be qualified, in hours of rain or leisure, to read and consider the advice or information you shall send them.

Another weighty reason why you should not alter your manner of writing by dwindling to a newsmonger, is, because there is no suspension of arms agreed on between you and your adversaries, who fight with a sort of weapons which have two wonderful qualities,—that they are never to be worn out, and are best wielded by the weakest hands, and which the poverty of our language forces me to call by the trite appellations of scurrility, slander, and Billingsgate. I am far from thinking that these gentlemen, or rather their employers, (for the operators themselves are too obscure to be guessed at,) should be answered after their own way, although it were possible to drag them out of their obscurity; but I wish you would inquire what real use such a conduct is to the cause they have been so largely paid to defend. The author of the three first "Occasional Letters," a person altogether unknown, has been thought to glance (for what reason he best knows) at some public proceedings, as if they were not agreeable to his private opinions. In answer to this, the pamphleteers retained on the other side are instructed by their superiors to single out an adversary whose abilities they have most reason to apprehend, and to load himself, his family, and friends, with all the infamy that a perpetual conversation in Bridewell, Newgate, and the Stews, could furnish them; but at the same time, so very unluckily, that the most distinguishing parts of their characters strike directly in the face of their benefactor, whose idea, presenting itself along with his guineas perpetually to their imagination, occasioned this desperate blunder.

But, allowing this heap of slander to be truth, and applied to the proper person, what is to be the consequence? Are our public debts to be the sooner paid; the corruptions that author complains of to be the sooner cured; an honourable peace, or a glorious war, the more likely to ensue; trade to flourish; the Ostend Company to be demolished; Gibraltar and Port Mahon left entire in our possession; the balance of Europe to be preserved; the malignity of parties to be for ever at an end; none but persons of merit, virtue, genius, and learning to be encouraged? I ask, whether any of these effects will follow upon the publication of this author's libel, even supposing he could prove every syllable of it to be true?

At the same time, I am well assured that the only reason of ascribing those papers to a particular person is built upon the information of a certain pragmatical spy of quality, well known to act in that capacity by those into whose company he insinuates himself; a sort of persons who, although without much love, esteem, or dread of people in present power, yet have too much common prudence to speak their thoughts with freedom before such an intruder; who, therefore, imposes grossly upon his masters, if he makes them pay for anything but his own conjectures.

It is a grievous mistake in a great minister to neglect or despise, much more to irritate, men of genius and learning. I have heard one of the wisest persons in my time observe, that an administration was to be known and judged by the talents of those who appeared their advocates in print. This I must never allow to be a general rule; yet I cannot but think it prodigiously unfortunate, that, among the answerers, defenders, repliers and panegyrists, started up in defence of present persons and proceedings, there has not yet arisen one whose labours we can read with patience, however we may applaud their loyalty and good will; and all this with the advantages of constant ready pay, of natural and acquired venom, and a grant of the whole fund of slander, to range over and riot in as they please.

On the other side, a turbulent writer of "Occasional Letters," and other vexatious papers, in conjunction, perhaps, with one or two friends as bad as himself, is able to disconcert, tease, and sour us, whenever he thinks fit, merely by the strength of genius and truth; and, after so dexterous a manner, that when we are vexed to the soul, and well know the reasons why we are so, we are ashamed to own the first, and cannot tell how to express the other. In a word, it seems to me that all the writers are on one side, and all the railers on the other.

However, I do not pretend to assert that it is impossible for an ill minister to find men of wit, who may be drawn, by a very valuable consideration, to undertake his defence; but the misfortune is, that the heads of such writers rebel against their hearts; their genius forsakes them when they would offer to prostitute it to the service of injustice, corruption, party rage, and false representation of things and persons.

And this is the best argument I can offer in defence of great men, who have been of late so very unhappy in the choice of their paper-champions: although I cannot much commend their good husbandry in those exorbitant payments of twenty and sixty guineas at a time for a scurvy pamphlet; since the sort of work they require is what will all come within the talents of any one who has enjoyed the happiness of a very bad education, has kept the vilest company, is endued with a servile spirit, is master of an empty purse, and a heart full of malice.

But, to speak the truth in soberness; it should seem a little hard, since the old whiggish principle has been recalled, of standing up for the liberty of the press, to a degree that no man, for several years past, durst venture out a thought which did not square, to a point, with the maxims and practices that then prevailed: I say, it is a little hard that the vilest mercenaries should be countenanced, preferred, rewarded, for discharging their brutalities against men of honour only upon bare conjecture.

If it should happen that these profligates have attacked an innocent person, I ask, what satisfaction can their hirers give in return? Not all the wealth raked together by the most corrupt, rapacious ministers, in the longest course of unlimited power, would be sufficient to atone for the hundredth part of such an injury.

In the common way of thinking, it is a situation sufficient in all conscience to satisfy a reasonable ambition, for a private person to command the laws, the forces, the revenues of a great kingdom; to reward and advance his followers and flatterers as he pleases; and to keep his enemies (real or imaginary) in the dust. In such an exaltation, why should he be at the trouble to make use of fools to sound his praises, (because I always thought the lion was hard set when he chose the ass for his trumpeter,) or knaves to revenge his quarrel at the expense of innocent men's reputations?

With all those advantages, I cannot see why persons in the height of power should be under the least concern on account of their reputation, for which they have no manner of use; or to ruin that of others, which may perhaps be the only possession their enemies have left them. Supposing times of corruption, which I am very far from doing; if a writer displays them in their proper colours, does he do anything worse than sending customers to the shop? "Here only, at the sign of the

Brazen Head, are to be sold places and pensions: beware of counterfeits, and take care of mistaking the door."

For my own part, I think it very unnecessary to give the character of a great minister in the fulness of his power, because it is a thing that naturally does itself, and is obvious to the eyes of all mankind; for his personal qualities are all derived into the most minute parts of his administration. If this be just, prudent, regular, impartial, intent upon the public good, prepared for present exigencies, and provident of the future; such is the director himself, in his private capacity: if it be rapacious, insolent, partial, palliating long and deep diseases of the public with empirical remedies, false, disguised, impudent, malicious, revengeful; you shall infallibly find the private life of the conductor to answer in every point: nay, what is more, every twinge of the gout or gravel will be felt in their consequences by the community; as the thief-catcher, upon viewing a house broke open, could immediately distinguish, from the manner of the workmanship, by what hand it was done.

It is hard to form a maxim against which an exception is not ready to start up; so, in the present case, where the minister grows enormously rich, the public is proportionably poor: as in a private family, the steward always thrives the fattest when his lord is running out. * * * * * *

THE ANSWER OF THE RIGHT HON. WILLIAM PULTENEY TO THE RIGHT HON. SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.

(WRITTEN BY THE DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S.)

SIR,—A pamphlet was lately sent me, entitled "A Letter from the Right Honourable Sir R. W. to the Right Honourable W. P., occasioned by the late Invectives on the King, her Majesty, and all the Royal Family." By these initial letters of our names, the world is to understand that you and I must be meant. Although the letter seems to require an answer, yet because it appears to be written rather in the style and manner used by some of your pensioners than your own, I shall allow you the liberty to think the same of this answer, and leave the public to determine which of the two actors can better personate their principals. That frigid and fustian way of haranguing, wherewith your representer begins, continues, and ends his declamation, I shall leave to the critics in eloquence and propriety to descant on, because it adds nothing to the weight of your accusations, nor will my defence be one grain the better by exposing its puerilities.

I shall therefore only remark, upon this particular, that the frauds and corruptions in most other arts and sciences, as law, physic, (I shall proceed no further,) are usually much more plausibly defended than in that of politics; whether it be that, by a kind of fatality, the vindication of a corrupt minister is always left to the management of the meanest and most prostitute writers, or, whether it be that the effects of a wicked or unskilful administration are more public, visible, pernicious, and universal; whereas the mistakes in other sciences are often matters that affect only speculation;, or at worst, the bad consequences fall upon few and private persons. A nation is quickly sensible of the miseries it feels, and little comforted by knowing what account it turns to by the wealth, the power, the honours conferred on those who sit at the helm, or the salaries paid to their penmen, while the body of the people is sunk into poverty and despair. A Frenchman in his wooden shoes may, from the vanity of his nation and the constitution of that government, conceive some imaginary pleasure in boasting the grandeur of his monarch in the midst of his own slavery; but a freeborn Englishman, with all his loyalty, can find little satisfaction at a minister overgrown in wealth and power from the lowest degree of want and contempt, when that power or wealth is drawn from the bowels and blood of the nation, for which every fellow-subject is a sufferer, except the great man himself, his family, and his pensioners; I mean such a minister (if there has ever been such a one) whose whole management has been a continued link of ignorance, blunders, and mistakes in every article, besides that of enriching and aggrandizing himself.

For these reasons, the faults of men who are most trusted in public business are, of all others, the most difficult to be defended. A man may be persuaded into a wrong opinion, wherein he has small concern; but no oratory can have the power over a sober man against the conviction of his own senses; and therefore, as I take it, the money thrown away on such advocates might be more prudently spared, and kept in such a minister's own pocket, than lavished in hiring a corporation of pamphleteers to defend his conduct, and prove a kingdom to be flourishing in trade and wealth, which every particular subject (except those few already excepted) can lawfully swear, and by dear experience knows, to be a falsehood.

Give me leave, noble sir, in the way of argument, to suppose this to be your case: could you, in good conscience or moral justice, chide your paper-advocates for their ill success in persuading the world against manifest demonstration? Their miscarriage is owing, alas! to want of matter. Should we allow them to be masters of wit, raillery, or learning, yet the subject would not admit them to exercise their talents; and consequently they can have no recourse but to impudence, lying, and scurrility.

I must confess, that the author of your letter to me has carried this last qualification to a greater height than any of his fellows; but he has, in my opinion, failed a little in point of politeness, from the original, which he affects to imitate. If I should say to a prime-minister, "Sir, you have sufficiently provided that Dunkirk should be absolutely demolished and never repaired; you took the best advantages of a long and general peace to discharge the immense debts of the nation; you did wonders with the fleet; you made the Spaniards submit to our quiet possession of Gibraltar and Port Mahon; you never enriched yourself and family at the expense of the public."—Such is the style of your supposed letter; which, however, if I am well informed, by no means comes up to the refinements of a fishwife at Billingsgate. "You never had a bastard by Tom the waterman; you never stole a silver tankard; you were never whipped at the cart's tail."

In the title of your letter, it is said to be "occasioned by the late invectives on the king, her majesty, and all the royal family;" and the whole contents of the paper (stripped from your eloquence) go on upon a supposition affectedly serious, that their majesties and the whole royal family have been lately bitterly and publicly inveighed against, in the most enormous and treasonable manner. Now, being a man, as you well know, altogether out of business, I do sometimes lose an hour in reading a few of those controversial papers upon politics, which have succeeded for some years past to the polemical tracts between Whig and Tory; and in this kind of reading, (if it may deserve to be so called,) although I have been often but little edified or entertained, yet has it given me occasion to make some observations. First, I have observed, that however men may sincerely agree in all the branches of the Low Church principle, in a tenderness for dissenters of every

kind, in a perfect abhorrence of popery and the pretender, and in the most firm adherence to the Protestant succession in the royal house of Hanover, yet plenty of matter may arise to kindle their animosities against each other, from the various infirmities, follies, and vices inherent in mankind.

Secondly, I observed, that although the vulgar reproach, which charges the quarrels between ministers and their opposers to be only a contention for power between those who are in and those who would be in if they could; yet, as long as this proceeds no further than a scuffle of ambition among a few persons, it is only a matter of course, whereby the public is little affected. But, when corruptions are plain, open, and undisguised, both in their causes and effects, to the hazard of a nation's ruin, and so declared by all the principal persons and the bulk of the people, those only excepted who are gainers by those corruptions; and when such ministers are forced to fly for shelter to the throne, with a complaint of disaffection to majesty against all who durst dislike their administration; such a general disposition in the minds of men cannot, I think, by any rules of reason be called "the clamour of a few disaffected incendiaries" grasping after power. It is the true voice of the people, which must, and will at last, be heard, or produce consequences that I dare not mention.

I have observed, thirdly, that among all the offensive printed papers which have come to my hand, whether good or bad, the writers have taken particular pains to celebrate the virtues of our excellent king and queen, even where these were, strictly speaking, no part of the subject; nor can it be properly objected that such a proceeding was only a blind to cover their malice toward you and your assistants; because, to affront the king, queen, or the royal family, as it would be directly opposite to the principles that those kind of writers have always professed, so it would destroy the very end they have in pursuit. And it is somewhat remarkable, that those very writers against you and the regiment you command, are such as most distinguish themselves upon all, or upon no occasions, by their panegyries on their prince; and, as all of them do this without favour or hire, so some of them continue the same practice under the severest prosecution by you and your janizaries.

You seem to know, or at least very strongly to conjecture, who those persons are that give you so much weekly disquiet. Will you dare to assert that any of these are Jacobites, endeavour to alienate the hearts of the people, to defame the prince, and then dethrone him, (for these are your expressions,) and that I am their patron, their bulwark, their hope, and their refuge? Can you think I will descend to vindicate myself against an aspersion so absurd? God be thanked, we have had many a change of ministry without changing our prince; for, if it had been otherwise, perhaps revolutions might have been more frequent. Heaven forbid that the welfare of a great kingdom, and of a brave people, should be trusted with the thread of a single subject's life; for I suppose it is not yet in your view to entail the ministryship in your family. Thus I hope we may live to see different ministers and different measures, without any danger to the succession in the royal Protestant line of Hanover.

You are pleased to advance a topic which I could never heartily approve of in any party, although they have each in their turn advanced it, while they had the superiority. You tell us it is hard that, while every private man shall have the liberty to choose what servant he pleases, the same privilege should be refused to a king. This assertion, crudely understood, can hardly be supported. If by servants be only meant those who are purely menial, who provide for their master's food and clothing, or for the convenience and splendour of his family, the point is not worth debating. But, the bad or good choice of a chancellor, a secretary, an ambassador, a treasurer, and many other officers, is of very high consequence to the whole kingdom: so is likewise that amphibious race of courtiers between servants and ministers; such as the steward, chamberlain, treasurer of the household, and the like, being all of the privy council, and some of the cabinet; who, according to their talents, their principles, and their degree of favour, may be great instruments of good or evil, both to the subject and the prince; so that the parallel is by no means adequate between a prince's court and a private family. And yet, if an insolent footman be troublesome in the neighbourhood; if he breaks the people's windows, insults their servants, breaks into other folks' houses to pilfer what he can find, although he belong to a duke, and be a favourite in his station; yet those who are injured may, without just offence, complain to his lord, and, for want of redress, get a warrant to send him to the stocks, to Bridewell, or to Newgate, according to the nature and degree of his delinquencies. Thus the servants of the prince, whether menial or otherwise, if they be of his council, are subject to the inquiries and prosecutions of the great council of the nation, even as far as to capital punishment; and so must ever be in our constitution, till a minister can procure a majority even of that council to shelter him; which I am sure you will allow to be a desperate crisis, under any party of the most plausible denomination.

The only instance you produce, or rather insinuate, to prove the late invectives against the king, queen, and royal family, is drawn from that deduction of the English history published, in several papers, by the "Craftsman;" wherein are shown the bad consequences to the public, as well as to the prince, from the practices of evil ministers in most reigns, and at several periods, when the throne was filled by wise monarchs as well as by weak. This deduction, therefore, cannot reasonably give the least offence to a British king, when he shall observe that the greatest and ablest of his predecessors, by their own candour, by a particular juncture of affairs, or by the general infirmity of human nature, have sometimes put too much trust in confident, insinuating, and avaricious ministers.

Wisdom, attended by virtue and a generous nature, is not unapt to be imposed on. Thus Milton describes Uriel, "the sharpest-sighted spirit in heaven," and "regent of the sun," deceived by the dissimulation and flattery of the devil, for which the poet gives a philosophical reason, but needless here to quote. Is anything more common, or more useful, than to caution wise men in high stations against putting too much trust in undertaking servants, cringing flatterers, or designing friends? Since the Asiatic custom of governing by prime-ministers has prevailed in so many courts of Europe, how careful should every prince be in the choice of the person on whom so great a trust is devolved, whereon depend the safety and welfare of himself and all his subjects! Queen Elizabeth, whose administration is frequently quoted as the best pattern for English princes to follow, could not resist the artifices of the earl of Leicester; who, although universally allowed to be the most ambitious, insolent, and corrupt person of his age, was yet her greatest and almost her only favourite (his religion indeed being partly puritan, and partly infidel, might have better tallied with present times); yet this wise queen would never suffer the openest enemies of that overgrown lord to be sacrificed to his vengeance; nor durst he charge them with a design of introducing popery, or the Spanish pretender.

How many great families do we all know, whose

masters have passed for persons of good abilities during the whole course of their lives, and yet the greatest part of whose estates have sunk in the hands of their stewards and receivers; their revenues paid them in scanty portions, at large discount, and treble interest, though they did not know it; while the tenants were daily racked, and at the same time accused to their landlords of insolvency. Of this species are such managers, who, like honest Peter Waters, pretend to clear an estate, keep the owner pennyless, and after seven years leave him five times more in debt, while they sink half a plum into their own pockets.

Those who think themselves concerned, may give you thanks for that gracious liberty you are pleased to allow them of "taking vengeance on the ministers, and there shooting their envenomed arrows." As to myself, I neither owe you vengeance, nor make use of such weapons: but it is your weakness, or ill fortune, or perhaps the fault of your constitution, to convert wholesome remedies into poison; for you have received better and more frequent instructions than any minister of your age and country, if God had given you the grace to apply them.

I dare promise you the thanks of half the kingdom, if you please to perform the promise you have made of suffering the "Craftsman" and company, or whatever other infamous wretches and execrable villains you mean, to take their vengeance only on your own sacred ministerial person, without bringing any of your brethren, much less the most remote branch of the royal family, into the debate. This generous offer I suspected from the first, because there were never heard of so many, so unnecessary, and so severe prosecutions as you have promoted during your ministry, in a kingdom where the liberty of the press is so much pretended to be allowed. But in reading a page or two, I found you thought it proper to explain away your grant; for there you tell us, that "these miscreants" (meaning the writers against you) "are to remember, that the laws have ABUNDANTLY LESS generous, less mild and merciful sentiments," than yourself; and into their secular hands the poor authors must be delivered to fines, prisons, pillories, whippings, and the gallows. Thus your promise of impunity, which began somewhat jesuitically, concludes with the mercy of a Spanish inquisitor.

If it should so happen that I am neither abettor, patron, protector, nor supporter of these imaginary invectives "against the king, her majesty, or any of the royal family," I desire to know what satisfaction I am to get from you, or the creature you employed in writing the libel which I am now answering? It will be no excuse to say, that I differ from you in every particular of your political reason and practice; because that will be to load the best, the soundest, and most numerous part of the kingdom with the denominations you are pleased to bestow upon me, that they are "Jacobites, wicked miscreants, infamous wretches, execrable villains, and defamers of the king, queen, and all the royal family," and "guilty of high treason." You cannot know my style; but I can easily know your works, which are performed in the sight of the sun. Your good inclinations are visible; but I begin to doubt the strength of your credit even at court, that you have not power to make his majesty believe me the person which you represent in your libel; as most infallibly you have often attempted, and in vain, because I must otherwise have found it by the marks of his royal displeasure. However, to be angry with you, to whom I am indebted for the greatest obligation I could possibly receive, would be the highest ingratitude. It is to YOU I owe that reputation I have acquired for some years past of being a lover of my country and its constitution: to YOU I owe the libels and scurrilities conferred upon me by the worst of men, and consequently some degree of esteem and friendship from the best. From YOU I learned the skill of distinguishing between a patriot and plunderer of his country: and from YOU I hope in time to acquire the knowledge of being a loyal, faithful, and useful servant to the best of princes, King George II.; and therefore I can conclude, by your example, but with greater truth, that I am not only with humble submission and respect, but with infinite gratitude, sir, your most obedient and obliged servant, W. PULTENEY.

EPISTOLARY CORRESPONDENCE.

"IN a series of familiar letters between the same friends for thirty years, their whole life, as it were, passes in review before us; we live with th[illegible]
o[illegible]
j[illegible]

[illegible] that the sands of life which remain are few, and while we hear them regret the approach of the last, it falls, and we lose them in the grave. Such as they were we feel ourselves to be; we are conscious to sentiments, connections, and situations like theirs; we find ourselves in the same path, urged forward by the same necessity, and the parallel in what has been is carried on with such force to what shall be, that the future almost becomes present, and we wonder at the new power of those truths, of which we never doubted the reality and importance.

"These letters will therefore contribute to whatever good may be hoped from a just estimate of life; and for that reason, if for no other, are by no means unworthy the attention of the public." HAWKESWORTH.

TO THE REV. JOHN KENDALL.[a]

Moor park, February 11, 1691.

SIR,—If anything made me wonder at your letter, it was your almost inviting me to do so in the beginning, which, indeed, grew less upon knowing the occasion; since it is what I have heard from more than one in and about Leicester. And for the friendship between us, as I suppose yours to be real, so I think it would be proper to imagine mine, until you find any cause to believe it pretended; though I might have some quarrel at you in three or four lines, which are very ill bestowed in complimenting me. And as to that of my great prospects of making my fortune, on which as your kindness only looks on the best side, so my own cold temper and unconfined humour is a much greater hinderance than any fear of that which is the subject of your letter. I shall speak plainly to you, that the very ordinary observations I made with going half a mile beyond the university, have taught me experience enough not to think of marriage till I settle my fortune in the world, which I am sure will not be in some years; and even then itself, I am so hard to please, that I suppose I shall put it off to the other world. How all that suits with my behaviour to the woman in hand you may easily imagine, when you know that there is something in me which must be employed, and when I am alone turns all, for want of practice, into speculation and thought; insomuch, that these seven weeks I have been here, I have writ and burnt, and writ again upon all manner of subjects, more than perhaps any man in England. And this is

[a] Vicar of Thornton in Leicestershire.

it which a person of great honour in Ireland (who was pleased to stoop so low as to look into my mind) used to tell me, that my mind was like a conjured spirit, that would do mischief if I would not give it employment. It is this humour that makes me busy when I am in company, to turn all that way; and since it commonly ends in talk, whether it be love or common conversation, it is all alike. This is so common, that I could remember twenty women in my life to whom I have behaved myself just the same way; and, I profess, without any other design than that of entertaining myself when I am very idle, or when something goes amiss in my affairs. This I always have done as a man of the world, when I had no design for anything grave in it, and what I thought at worst a harmless impertinence; but, whenever I begin to take sober resolutions, or, as now, to think of entering into the church, I never found it would be hard to put off this kind of folly at the porch. Besides, perhaps in so general a conversation among that sex, I might pretend a little to understand where I am when I am going to choose for a wife; and though the cunning sharper of the town may have a cheat put on him, yet it must be cleanlier carried than this which you think I am going to top upon myself. And truly, if you knew how metaphysical I am that way, you would little fear I should venture on one who has given so much occasion to tongues: for, though the people is a lying sort of a beast, (and I think in Leicester above all parts that I ever was in,) yet they seldom talk without some glimpse of a reason, which I declare (so unpardonably jealous I am) to be a sufficient cause for me to hate any woman any further than a bare acquaintance. Among all the young gentlemen that I have known who have ruined themselves by marrying, (which I assure you is a great number,) I have made this general rule, that they are either young, raw, and ignorant scholars, who, for want of knowing company, believe every silk petticoat includes an angel; or else these have been a sort of honest young men, who perhaps are too literal in rather marrying than burning, and entail a misery on themselves and posterity by an overacting modesty. I think I am very far excluded from listing under either of these heads. I confess I have known one or two men of sense enough, who, inclined to frolics, have married and ruined themselves out of a maggot; but a thousand household thoughts, which always drive matrimony out of my mind whenever it chances to come there, will, I am sure, frighten me from that; besides that I am naturally temperate, and never engaged in the contrary, which usually produces those effects. Your hints at particular stories I do not understand; and having never heard them but so hinted, thought it proper to give you this, to show you how I thank you for your regard of me; and I hope my carriage will be so, as my friends need not be ashamed of the name. I should not have behaved myself after that manner I did in Leicester if I had not valued my own entertainment beyond the obloquy of a parcel of very wretched fools, which I solemnly pronounce the inhabitants of Leicester to be; and so I contented myself with retaliation. I hope you will forgive this trouble; and so, with my service to your good wife, I am, good cousin, your very affectionate friend and servant, JONATHAN SWIFT.

TO THE ATHENIAN SOCIETY.

[WRITTEN TO INTRODUCE THE ODE TO THE ATHENIAN SOCIETY.]

Moor-park, February, 14. 1691.

GENTLEMEN,—Since everybody pretends to trouble you with their follies, I thought I might claim the privilege of an Englishman, and put in my share among the rest. Being last year in Ireland, (from whence I returned about half a year ago,) I heard only a loose talk of your society, and believed the design to be only some new folly just suitable to the age, which, God knows, I little expected ever to produce anything extraordinary. Since my being in England, having still continued in the country, and much out of company, I had but little advantage of knowing any more, till about two months ago, passing through Oxford, a very learned gentleman there first showed me two or three of your volumes, and gave me his account and opinion of you. A while after I came to this place, upon a visit to sir William Temple, where I have been ever since, and have seen all the four volumes with their supplements; which answering my expectation, the perusal has produced what you find enclosed.

As I have been somewhat inclined to this folly, so I have seldom wanted somebody to flatter me in it. And for the ode enclosed, I have sent it to a person of very great learning and honour, and since to some others, the best of my acquaintance (to which I thought very proper to inure it for a greater light); and they have all been pleased to tell me that they are sure it will not be unwelcome, and that I should beg the honour of you to let it be printed before your next volume, (which I think is soon to be published,) it being so usual before most books of any great value among poets: and before its seeing the world, I submit it wholly to the correction of your pens.

I entreat, therefore, one of you would descend so far as to write two or three lines to me of your pleasure upon it; which, as I cannot but expect from gentlemen who have so well shown upon so many occasions, that greatest character of scholars in being favourable to the ignorant, so, I am sure, nothing at present can more highly oblige me, or make me happier. I am, gentlemen, your ever most humble and most admiring servant, JONATHAN SWIFT.

TO MR. WILLIAM SWIFT.[a]

Moor-Park, November 29, 1692.

SIR,—My sister told me you were pleased (when she was here) to wonder I did so seldom write to you. I hope you have been so kind to impute it neither to ill manners nor disrespect. I always have thought that sufficient from one who has always been but too troublesome to you. Besides, I know your aversion to impertinence; and, God knows, so very private a life as mine can furnish a letter with little else, for I often am two or three months without seeing anybody besides the family; and now my sister is gone, I am likely to be more solitary than before. I am still to thank you for your care in my *testimonium*;[b] and it is to very good purpose, for I never was more satisfied than in the behaviour of the university of Oxford to me. I had all the civilities I could wish for, and so many substantial favours, that I am ashamed to have been more obliged in a few weeks to strangers than ever I was in seven years to Dublin College. I am not to take orders[c] till the king gives me a prebend; and sir William Temple, though he promises me the certainty of it, yet is less forward than I could wish,[d] because (I suppose) he believes I shall leave him,[e] and, upon some accounts, he thinks me a little necessary to him.[f] If I were affording entertainment or doing you any satisfaction by my letters, I should be very glad to perform it that way, as I am bound to do it by all others. I am sorry my fortune

[a] Uncle of the author.

[b] For the certificate of his degree, in consequence of which he was admitted *ad eundem* at Oxford, June 14, 1692.

[c] It may be observed from this passage that he does not speak of going into the church as a point of news to his uncle.

[d] Here are the grounds of a quarrel which happened between him and sir William Temple in 1694.

[e] Which at last was the cause of much anger in sir William Temple.

[f] Dr Swift was at this time employed in revising sir W. Temple's works for the press.

should fling me so far from the best of my relations; but hope that I shall have the happiness to see you some time or other. Pray my humble service to my good aunt, and the rest of my relations, if you please.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

TO MR. DEANE SWIFT.[a]

Leicester, June 3, 1694.

I RECEIVED your kind letter to-day from your sister, and am very glad to find you will spare time from business so far as to write a long letter to one you have none at all with but friendship, which, as the world passes, is perhaps one of the idlest things in it. It is a pleasure to me to see you sally out of your road and take notice of curiosities, of which I am very glad to have part, and desire you to set by some idle minutes for a commerce which shall ever be dear to me, and, from so good an observer as you may easily be, cannot fail of being useful. I am sorry to see so much superstition in a country so given to trade; I half used to think those two to be incompatible. Not that I utterly dislike your processions for rain or fair weather, which, as trifling as they are, yet have good effects to quiet common heads, and infuse a gaping devotion among the rabble. But your burning the old woman, unless she were a duenna, I shall never be reconciled to; though it is easily observed that nations which have most gallantry to the young are ever the severest upon the old. I have not leisure to descant further upon your pleasing letter, nor anything to return you from so barren a scene as this, which I shall leave in four days toward my journey for Ireland. I had designed a letter to my cousin Willoughby;[b] and the last favour he has done me requires a great deal of acknowledgment; but the thought of my sending so many before has made me believe it better to trust you with delivering my best thanks to him, and that you will endeavour to persuade him how extremely sensible of his goodness and generosity I am. I wish and shall pray he may be as happy as he deserves, and he cannot be more. My mother desires her best love to him and to you, with both our services to my cousin his wife.

I forgot to tell you I left sir William Temple a month ago, just as I foretold it to you; and everything happened thereupon exactly as I guessed. He was extremely angry I left him; and yet would not oblige himself any further than upon my good behaviour, nor would promise anything firmly to me at all; so that everybody judged I did best to leave him. I design to be ordained in September next, and make what endeavours I can for something in the church. I wish it may ever lie in my cousin's way or yours to have interest to bring me in chaplain of the factory.

If anything offers from Dublin that may serve either to satisfy or divert you, I will not fail of contributing and giving you constant intelligence from thence of whatever you shall desire. I am your affectionate cousin and servant,

JONATHAN SWIFT.

TO SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE.[c]

Dublin, October 6, 1694.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HONOUR,—That I might not continue the many troubles I have given you, I have all this while avoided one which I fear proves necessary at last. I have taken all due methods to be ordained, and one time of ordination is already elapsed since my arrival for effecting it. Two or three bishops, acquaintance of our family, have signified to me and them that after so long standing in the University, it is admired I have not entered upon something or other (above half the clergy in this town being my juniors); and that, it being so many years since I left this kingdom, they could not admit me to the ministry without some certificate of my behaviour where I lived: and my lord archbishop of Dublin was pleased to say a great deal of this kind to me yesterday; concluding, against all I had to say, that he expected I should have a certificate from your honour of my conduct in your family. The *sence* I am in, how low I am fallen in your honour's thoughts, has *denied* me assurance enough to beg this favour, till I find it impossible to avoid: and I entreat your honour to understand, that no person is admitted here to a living without some knowledge of his abilities for it; which it being reckoned impossible to judge in those who are not ordained, the usual method is to admit men first to some small reader's place, till, by preaching upon occasions, they can *value* themselves for better preferment. This (without great friends) is so general, that if I were fourscore years old I must go the same way, and should at that age be told every one must have a beginning. I entreat that your honour will consider this, and will please to send me some certificate of my behaviour during almost three years in your family; wherein I shall stand in need of all your goodness to excuse my many weaknesses and oversights, much more to say anything to my advantage. The particulars expected of me are what relate to morals and learning, and the reasons of quitting your honour's family, that is, whether the last was occasioned by any ill actions. They are all left entirely to your honour's mercy, though in the first I think I cannot reproach myself any further than for *infirmities*.[a]

This is all I dare beg at present from your honour, under circumstances of life not worth your regard: what is left me to wish (next to the health and prosperity of your honour and family) is, that Heaven would one day allow me the opportunity of leaving my acknowledgments at your feet for so many favours I have received; which, whatever effect they have had upon my fortune, shall never fail to have the greatest upon my mind, in approving myself, upon all occasions, your honour's most obedient and most dutiful servant,

JONATHAN SWIFT.

P.S. I beg my most humble duty and service be presented to my ladies, your honour's lady and sister.—The ordination is appointed by the archbishop by the beginning of November; so that, if your honour will not grant this favour immediately, I fear it will come too late.

TO VARINA.[b]

April 29, 1696.

MADAM,—Impatience is the most inseparable quality of a lover, and indeed of every person who is in pursuit of a design whereon he conceives his greatest happiness or misery to depend. It is the same thing in war, in courts, and in common business. Every one who hunts after pleasure, or fame, or fortune, is still restless and uneasy till he has hunted down his game; and all this is not only very natural, but something reasonable too; for a violent desire is little better than a distemper, and therefore men are not to blame in looking after a cure. I find myself hugely infected with this malady, and am easily vain enough to believe it has some very good reasons to excuse it. For indeed, in my case, there are some circumstances which will admit pardon for more than ordinary disquiets. That dearest object upon which all my prospect of happiness entirely depends is in perpetual

[a] A cousin of Dr. Swift's then at Lisbon.
[b] A considerable merchant at Lisbon.
[c] This very curious letter was transcribed from the original; indorsed by Mrs. Temple, "Swift's penitential letter;" copied by Dr. Shipman, late fellow of All-Souls College, Oxford, and rector of Compton near Winchester, who was a relation to sir William Temple

[a] Perhaps deficiencies of temper.
[b] Sister to Mr. Waryng, Swift's chamber-fellow at college

danger to be removed for ever from my sight. Varina's life is daily wasting; and though one just and honourable action could furnish health to her, and unspeakable happiness to us both, yet some power that repines at human felicity has that influence to hold her continually doting upon her cruelty, and me on the cause of it. This fully convinces me of what we are told, that the miseries of man's life are all beaten out on his own anvil. Why was I so foolish to put my hopes and fears into the power or management of another? Liberty is doubtless the most valuable blessing of life; yet we are fond to fling it away on those who have been these 5000 years using us ill. Philosophy advises to keep our desires and prospects of happiness as much as we can in our own breasts, and independent of anything without. He that sends them abroad is likely to have as little quiet as a merchant whose stock depends upon winds, and waves, and pirates, or upon the words and faith of creditors, every whit as dangerous and inconstant as the other.

I am a villain if I have not been poring this half hour over the paper, merely for want of something to say to you: or is it rather that I have so much to say to you that I know not where to begin, though at last it's all very likely to be arrant repetition?

Two strangers, a poet and a beggar, went to cuffs yesterday in this town, which minded me heartily to curse both employments. However, I am glad to see those two trades fall out, because I always heard they had been constant cronies; but what was best of all, the poet got the better, and kicked the gentleman beggar out of doors. This was of great comfort to me, till I heard the victor himself was a most abominable bad rhymer, and as mere a vagabond beggar as the other, which is a very great offence to me; for starving is much too honourable for a blockhead. I read some of his verses printed in praise of my lady Donegal, by which he has plainly proved that Fortune has injured him, and that he is dunce enough to be worth 5000*l.* a-year. It is a pity he has not also the qualifications to recommend himself to your sex. I dare engage no ladies will hold him long in suspense with their unkindness: one settlement of separate maintenance, well engrossed, would have more charms than all the wit or passion of a thousand letters. And I will maintain it, any man had better have a poor angel to his rival than the devil himself if he was rich.

You have now had time enough to consider my last letter, and to form your own resolutions upon it. I wait your answer with a world of impatience; and if you think fit I should attend you before my journey, I am ready to do it. My lady Donegal tells me that it is feared my lord-deputy will not live many days; and if that be so, it is possible I may take shipping from hence, otherwise I shall set out on Monday fortnight for Dublin, and, after one visit of leave to his excellency, hasten to England: and how far you will stretch the point of your unreasonable scruples to keep me here will depend upon the strength of the love you pretend for me. In short, madam, I am once more offered the advantage to have the same acquaintance with greatness that I formerly enjoyed, and with better prospect of interest. I here solemnly offer to forego it all for your sake. I desire nothing of your fortune; you shall live where and with whom you please, till my affairs are settled to your desire: and in the mean time I will push my advancement with all the eagerness and courage imaginable, and do not doubt to succeed.

Study seven years for objections against all this, and by heaven they will at last be no more than trifles and put offs. It is true you have known sickness longer than you have me, and therefore perhaps you are more loath to part with it as an older acquaintance: but listen to what I here solemnly protest, by all that can be witness to an oath, that if I leave this kingdom before you are mine, I will endure the utmost indignities of fortune rather than ever return again, though the king would send me back his deputy. And if it must be so, preserve yourself, in God's name, for the next lover who has those qualities you love so much beyond any of mine, and who will highly admire you for those advantages which shall never share any esteem from me. Would to heaven you were but a while sensible of the thoughts into which my present distractions plunge me; they hale me a thousand ways, and I not able to bear them. It is so, by heaven: the love of Varina is of more tragical consequence than her cruelty. Would to God you had treated and scorned me from the beginning! It was your pity opened the first way to my misfortune; and now your love is finishing my ruin: and is it so then? In one fortnight I must take eternal farewell of Varina; and (I wonder) will she weep at parting, a little to justify her poor pretences of some affection to me? and will my friends still continue reproaching me for the want of gallantry, and neglecting a close siege? How comes it that they all wish us married together, they knowing my circumstances and yours extremely well, and I am sure love you too much, if it be only for my sake, to wish you anything that might cross your interest or your happiness?

Surely, Varina, you have but a very mean opinion of the joys that accompany a true, honourable, unlimited love: yet either nature and our ancestors have highly deceived us, or else all other sublunary things are dross in comparison. Is it possible you can be yet insensible to the prospect of a rapture and delight so innocent and so exalted? Trust me, Varina, Heaven has given us nothing else worth the loss of a thought. Ambition, high appearances, friends, and fortune, are all tasteless and insipid when they come in competition; yet millions of such glorious minutes are we perpetually losing,—for ever losing, irrecoverably losing,—to gratify empty forms and wrong notions, and affected coldnesses and peevish humour. These are the unhappy encumbrances which we who are distinguished from the vulgar do fondly create to torment ourselves. The only felicity permitted to human life we clog with tedious circumstances and barbarous formality. By heaven, Varina, you are more experienced, and have less virgin innocence than I. Would not your conduct make one think you were highly skilled in all the little politic methods of intrigue? Love, with the gall of too much discretion, is a thousand times worse than with none at all. It is a peculiar part of nature which art debauches, but cannot improve. We have all of us the seeds of it implanted in ourselves, and they require no help from courts or fortune to cultivate and improve them. To resist the violence of our inclinations in the beginning is a strain of self-denial that may have some pretences to set up for a virtue: but when they are grounded at first upon reason,—when they have taken firm root and grown up to a height, it is folly—folly as well as injustice—to withstand their dictates; for this passion has a property peculiar to itself, to be most commendable in its extremes; and it is as possible to err in the excess of piety as of love.

These are the rules I have long followed with you, Varina; and had you pleased to imitate them, we should both have been infinitely happy. The little disguises and affected contradictions of your sex were all (to say the truth) infinitely beneath persons of your pride and mine; paltry maxims that they are, calculated for the rabble of humanity. O Varina, how imagination leads me beyond myself and all my sorrows! It is sunk, and a thousand graves lie open!—No, madam, I will give you no more of my unhappy temper, though I derive it all from you.

Farewell, madam; and may love make you awhile forget your temper to do me justice. Only remember, that if you still refuse to be mine, you will quickly lose him that has resolved to die as he has lived, all yours.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

I have here sent you Mr. Fletcher's letter, wherein I hope I do not injure generosity or break trust, since the contents are purely my own concern. If you will pardon the ill hand and spelling, the reason and sense of it you will find very well and proper.

TO MRS JANE SWIFT.

[THE DOCTOR'S SISTER.]

1696.

I RECEIVED your kind letter from Robert by word of mouth, and think it a vast condescension in you to think of us in all your greatness: now shall we hear nothing from you for five months but *We courtiers*. Loory is well, and presents his humble duty to my lady, and love to his fellow-servant; but he is the miserablest creature in the world, eternally in his melancholy note, whatever I can do; and if his finger does but ache, I am in such a fright you would wonder at it. I pray return my service to Mrs. Filby, in payment of hers by Robert.

Nothing grows better by your absence but my lady's chamber-floor and Tumble-down Dick. Here are three letters for you, and Molly will not send one of them: she says you ordered her to the contrary; Mr. Mose[a] and I desire you will remember our love to the king, and let us know how he looks.

Robert says the Czar[b] is there, and is fallen in love with you, and designs to carry you to Muscovy; pray, provide yourself with muffs and sable tippets, &c.

Æolus has made a strange revolution in the rooks' nests; but I say no more, for it is dangerous to meddle with things above us.

I desire your absence heartily, for now I live in great state, and the cook comes in to know what I please to have for dinner: I ask very gravely what is in the house, and accordingly give orders for a dish of pigeons, or, &c. You shall have no more ale here unless you send us a letter. Here is a great bundle and a letter for you; both came together from London. We all keep home like so many cats.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

TO THE REV. MR. WINDER, PREBENDARY OF KILROOT.

THE DOCTOR'S SUCCESSOR.

[To be left at Belfast, in the county of Antrim, Ireland.]

Moor-Park, January 13, 1698.

I AM not likely to be so pleased with anything again this good while as I was with your letter of Dec. 20, and it has begun to put me into a good opinion of my own merits, or at least my skill at negotiation, to find I have so quickly restored a correspondence that I feared was declining, as it requires more charms and address in women to revive one fainting flame than to kindle a dozen new ones; but I assure you I was very far from imputing your silence to any bad cause, (having never entertained one single ill thought of you in my life,) but to a custom which breaks off commerce between abundance of people after a long absence. At first, one omits writing for a little while, and then one stays a while longer to consider of excuses, and at last it grows desperate, and one does not write at all: at this rate I have served others, and have been served myself.

I wish I had a lexicon by me, to find whether your Greek word be spelled and accented right; and I am very sorry you have made an *acutum in ultima*, as if you laid the greatest stress upon the worst part of the word. However, I protest against your meaning or any interpretation you shall ever make of that nature out of my letters. If I thought you deserved any bitter words, I should either deliver them plainly, or hold my tongue altogether; for I esteem the custom of conveying one's resentments by hints or innuendoes, to be a sign of malice, or fear, or too little sincerity: but I have told you, *coram et absens*, that you are in your nature more sensible than you need be, and it is hard you cannot be satisfied with the esteem of the best among your neighbours, but lose your time in regarding what may be thought of you by one of my privacy and distance. I wish you could as easily make my esteem and friendship for you to be of any value as you may be sure to command them.

I should be sorry if you have been at an inconvenience in hastening my accounts; and I dare refer you to my letters, that they will lay the fault upon yourself; for I think I desired more than once that you would not make more despatch than stood with your ease, because I was in no haste at all.

I desired of you two or three times, that when you had sent me a catalogue of those few books, you would not send them to Dublin till you had heard again from me: the reason was, that I did believe there was one or two of them that might have been useful to you, and one or two more that were not worth the carriage: of the latter sort were an old musty Horace, and Foley's book: of the former were Reynolds' works, Collection of Sermons in 4to., Stillingfleet's Grounds, &c., and the folio paper book, very good for sermons, or a receipt-book for your wife, or to keep accounts for mutton, raisins, &c. The *Sceptis Scientifica* is not mine, but old Mr. Dobbs's, and I wish it were restored: he has Temple's *Miscellanea* instead of it, which is a good book, worth your reading. If *Sceptis Scientifica* comes to me, I'll burn it for a fustian piece of abominable curious virtuoso stuff. The books missing are few and inconsiderable, not worth troubling anybody about. I hope this will come to your hands before you have sent your cargo, that you may keep those books I mention; and desire you will write my name, and *ex dono* before them in large letters.

I desire my humble service to Mrs. Winder, and that you will let her know I shall pay a visit at Carmony some day or other, how little soever any of you may think of it. But I will, as you desire, excuse you the delivery of my compliments to poor H. Clements, and hope you will have much better fortune than poor Mr. Davis, who has left a family that is like to find a cruel want of him. Pray let me hear that you grow very rich, and begin to make purchases. I never heard that H. Clements was dead: I was at his mayoral feast: has he been mayor since? or did he die then, and everybody forget to send me word of it?

Those sermons you have thought fit to transcribe will utterly disgrace you, unless you have so much credit that whatever comes from you will pass: they were what I was firmly resolved to burn, and especially some of them the idlest trifling stuff that ever was writ, calculated for a church without company or a roof, like our ******* Oxford. They will appear a perfect lampoon upon me, whenever you look on them and remember they are mine.

I remember those letters to Eliza; they were writ in my youth; you might have sealed them up, and nobody of my friends would have opened them; pray burn them. There were parcels of other papers that I would not have lost; and I hope you have packed them up so that they may come to me. Some of them were abstracts and collections from reading.

[a] Steward to sir William Temple, after whose death he married Stella's sister.

[b] Peter the Great was then in England.

You mention a dangerous rival for an absent lover; but I must take my fortune: if the report proceeds, pray inform me; and when you have leisure and humour, give me the pleasure of a letter from you: and though you are a man full of fastenings to the world, yet endeavour to continue a friendship in absence; for who knows but fate may jumble us together again? And I believe, had I been assured of your neighbourhood, I should not have been so unsatisfied with the region I was planted in. I am, and will be ever, entirely yours, &c., JONATHAN SWIFT.

P.S. Pray let me know something of my debt being paid to Tailer, the innkeeper , I have forgot the town, between Dromore and Newry.

MRS. JANE SWIFT TO MR. DEANE SWIFT.

May 26, 1699.

MY poor brother has lost his best friend sir William Temple, who was so fond of him whilst he lived, that he made him give up his living[a] in this country, to stay with him at Moor-park: and promised to get him one in England. But death came in between, and has left him unprovided both of friend and living!

TO MISS JANE WARYNG[b].

Dublin, May 4, 1700.

MADAM,—I am extremely concerned at the account you give of your health; for my uncle told me he found you in appearance better than you had been in some years, and I was in hopes you had still continued so. God forbid I should ever be the occasion of creating more troubles to you, as you seem to intimate! The letter you desired me to answer I have frequently read, and thought I had replied to every part of it that required it: however, since you are pleased to repeat those particulars wherein you desire satisfaction, I shall endeavour to give it you as well as I am able. You would know what gave my temper that sudden turn, as to alter the style of my letters since I last came over. If there has been that alteration you observe, I have told you the cause abundance of times. I had used a thousand endeavours and arguments to get you from the company and place you are in; both on account of your health and humour, which I thought were like to suffer very much in such an air and before such examples. All I had in answer from you was nothing but a great deal of arguing, and sometimes style so very imperious as I thought might have been spared, when I reflected how much you had been in the wrong. The other thing you would know is, whether this change of style be owing to the thoughts of a new mistress. I declare, upon the word of a Christian and a gentleman, it is not; neither had I ever thoughts of being married to any other person but yourself. I had ever an opinion that you had a great sweetness of nature and humour; and whatever appeared to the contrary, I looked upon it only as a thing put on as necessary before a lover; but I have since observed in abundance of your letters such marks of a severe indifference, that I began to think it was hardly possible for one of my few good qualities to please you. I never knew any so hard to be worked upon, even in matters where the interest and concern are entirely your own; all which, I say, passed easily while we were in the state of formalities and ceremony; but, since that, there is no other way of accounting for this untractable behaviour in you but by imputing it to a want of common esteem and friendship for me.

When I desired an account of your fortune, I had no such design as you pretend to imagine. I have told you many a time that in England it was in the power of any young fellow of common sense to get a larger fortune than ever you pretended to: I asked in order to consider whether it were sufficient, with the help of my poor income, to make one of your humour easy in a married state. I think it comes to almost 100*l.* a-year; and I think, at the same time, that no young woman in the world of the same income would dwindle away her health and life in such a sink, and among such family conversation: neither have all your letters been once able to persuade that you have the least value for me, because you so little regarded what I so often said upon that matter. The dismal account you say I have given you of my livings[a] I can assure you to be a true one; and, since it is a dismal one even in your own opinion, you can best draw consequences from it. The place where Dr. Bolton[b] lived is upon a living which he keeps with the deanery; but the place of residence for that they have given me is within a mile of a town called Trim, twenty miles from hence; and there is no other way but to hire a house at Trim, or build one on the spot: the first is hardly to be done, and the other I am too poor to perform at present. For coming down to Belfast, it is what I cannot yet think of, my attendance is so close and so much required of me; but our government sits very loose, and I believe will change in few months; whether our part will partake in the change I know not, though I am very apt to believe it: and then I shall be at leisure for a short journey. But I hope your other friends, more powerful than I, will, before that time, persuade you from the place where you are. I desire my service to your mother, in return for her remembrance; but for any other dealings that way, I entreat your pardon; and I think I have more cause to resent your desires of me in that case than you have to be angry at my refusals. If you like such company and conduct, much good do you with them! My education has been otherwise. My uncle Adam asked me one day in private, as by direction, what my designs were in relation to you, because it might be a hinderance to you if I did not proceed. The answer I gave him (which I suppose he has sent you) was to this effect: "That I hoped I was no hinderance to you; because the reason you urged against an union with me was drawn from your indisposition, which still continued; that you also thought my fortune not sufficient, which is neither at present in a condition to offer you; that if your health and my fortune were as they ought, I would prefer you above all your sex; but that, in the present condition of both, I thought it was against your opinion, and would certainly make you unhappy: that, had you any other offers which your friends or yourself thought more to your advantage, I should think I were very unjust to be an obstacle in your way." Now for what concerns my fortune, you have answered it. I desire, therefore, you will let me know if your health be otherwise than it was when you told me the doctors advised you against marriage, as what would certainly hazard your life. Are they or you grown of another opinion in this particular? are you in a condition to manage domestic affairs, with an income of less (perhaps) than 300*l.* a-year? have you such an inclination to my person and humour as to comply with my desires and way of living, and endeavour to make us both as happy as you can? will you be ready to engage in those methods I shall direct

[a] The prebend of Kilroot, in the diocese of Connor, worth about 170*l.* a year.

[b] Miss Waryng was a young lady of family in the north of Ireland. This second letter written some time before the time of Stella fixing her residence in that kingdom. There is an evident alteration, if not desire of a rupture with the person addressed, in its tone throughout.

[a] Those of Laracor and Rathbeggin.

[b] This gentleman, as well as Dr. Swift, was chaplain to lord Berkeley when one of the lords-justices in Ireland.

for the improvement of your mind, so as to make us entertaining company for each other, without being miserable when we are neither visiting nor visited? can you bend your love and esteem and indifference to others the same way as I do mine? shall I have so much power in your heart, or you so much government of your passions, as to grow in good humour upon my approach, though provoked by a ———? have you so much good-nature as to endeavour by soft words to smooth any rugged humour occasioned by the cross accidents of life? shall the place wherever your husband is thrown be more welcome than courts or cities without him? In short these are some of the necessary methods to please men who, like me, are deep read in the world; and to a person thus made I should be proud in giving all due returns towards making her happy. These are the questions I have always resolved to propose to her with whom I meant to pass my life; and whenever you can heartily answer them in the affirmative, I shall be blessed to have you in my arms, without regarding whether your person be beautiful or your fortune large. Cleanliness in the first, and competency in the other, is all I look for. I desire, indeed, a plentiful revenue, but would rather it should be of my own; though I should bear from a wife to be reproached for the greatest.

I have said all I can possibly say in answer to any part of your letter, and in telling you my clear opinion as to matters between us. I singled you out at first from the rest of women: and I expect not to be used like a common lover. When you think fit to send me an answer to this without ———, I shall then approve myself, by all means you shall command, madam, your most faithful humble servant,

JONATHAN SWIFT.

TO THE BISHOP OF DERRY.[a]

Dublin Castle, July 16, 1700.

MY LORD,—I was several times to wait on your lordship at your lodgings; but you were either abroad, or so engaged that I could not be permitted the honour to attend you. I have an humble request to your lordship, that you will please to excuse me if I cannot be at the triennial visitation; for my lord and lady [Berkeley] continually residing at the Lodge, I am obliged to a constant attendance there. I am, with all respect, my lord, your lordship's most obedient and most humble servant, JONATHAN SWIFT.

TO THE REV. DR. TISDALL.[b]

London, December 16, 1703.

I PUT great violence on myself in abstaining all this while from treating you with politics. I wish you had been here for ten days, during the highest and warmest reign of party and faction that I ever knew or read of, upon the bill against occasional conformity, which, two days ago, was, upon the first reading, rejected by the lords.[c] It was so universal that I observed the dogs in the streets much more contumelious and quarrelsome than usual; and the very night before the bill went up, a committee of Whig and Tory cats had a very warm and loud debate upon the roof of our house. But why should we wonder at that, when the very ladies are split asunder into high-church and low, and, out of zeal for religion, have hardly time to say their prayers? The masks will have a crown more from any man of the other party, and count it a high point of merit to a member who will not vote on their side. For the rest, the whole body of the clergy, with a great majority of the house of commons, were violent for this bill. As great a majority of the lords, among whom all the bishops but four were against it: the court and the rabble (as extremes often agree) were trimmers. I would be glad to know men's thoughts of it in Ireland: for myself, I am much at a loss, though I was mightily urged by some great people to publish my opinion. I cannot but think (if men's highest assurances are to be believed) that several, who were against this bill, do love the church and do hate or despise presbytery. I put it close to my lord Peterborough, just as the bill was going up, who assured me in the most solemn manner that, if he had the least suspicion the rejecting this bill would hurt the church or do kindness to the dissenters, he would lose his right hand rather than speak against it. The like profession I had from the bishop of Salisbury [Gilbert Burnet], my lord Somers, and some others; so that I know not what to think, and therefore shall think no more; and you will forgive my saying so much on a matter that all our heads have been so full of, to a degree that, while it was on the anvil, nothing else was the subject of conversation. I shall return in two months, in spite of my heart. I have here the best friends in nature, only want that little circumstance of favour and power; but nothing is so civil as a cast courtier. Pray let the ladies [Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Dingley] know I had their letter, and will answer it soon; and that I obeyed Mrs. Johnson's commands, and waited on her mother and other friend. You may add, if you please, that they advise her clearly to be governed by her friends there about the renewing her lease, and she may have her mortgage taken up here whenever she pleases, for the payment of her fine; and that we have a project for putting out her money in a certain lady's hands for annuities, if the parliament goes on with them, and she likes it.

I'll teach you a way to outwit Mrs. Johnson: it is a new-fashioned way of being witty, and they call it a *bite*. You must ask a bantering question, or tell some damned lie in a serious manner, and then she will answer or speak as if you were in earnest; and then cry you, "Madam, there's *a bite!*" I would not have you undervalue this, for it is the constant amusement in court, and everywhere else among the great people; and I let you know it, in order to have it obtain among you, and teach you a new refinement.

TO THE SAME.

London, February 3, 1703.

I AM content you should judge the order of friendship you are in with me by my writing to you, and accordingly you will find yourself the first after the ladies [Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Dingley]; for I never write to any other, either friend or relation till long after. I cannot imagine what paragraph you mean in my former that was calculated for lord-primate [Dr. Marsh], or how you could show it him without being afraid he might expect to see the rest. But I will take better methods another time, and you shall never, while you live, receive a syllable from me fit to be shown to a lord-primate, unless it be yourself. Montaigue was angry to see his essays lie in the parlour window, and therefore wrote a chapter that forced the ladies to keep it in their closets. After some such manner I shall henceforth use you in my letters, by making them fit to be seen by none but yourself.

I am extremely concerned to find myself unable to persuade you into a true opinion of your own littleness, nor make you treat me with more distance and respect: and the rather, because I find all your little pretensions are owing to the credit you pretend with two ladies who came from England. I allow indeed the chamber in William-street to be Little England by their

[a] Dr. William King, afterwards archbishop of Dublin.
[b] The circumstances of Dr. Tisdall's proposal to Stella will be found described in the Life of the author.
[c] The bill against occasional conformity.

influence; as an ambassador's house, wherever it is, hath all the privileges of his master's dominions; and, therefore, if you wrote the letter in their room, or their company, (for in this matter their room is as good as their company,) I will indulge you a little. Then, for the Irish legs you reproach me with, I defy you. I had one indeed when I left your island; but that which made it Irish is spent and evaporated, and I look upon myself now as upon a new foot. You seem to talk with great security of your establishment near the ladies; though, perhaps, if you knew what they say of you in their letters to me, you would change your opinion both of them and yourself.—*A bite.*—And now you talk of a bite, I am ashamed of the ladies' being caught by you, when I had betrayed you and given them warning.——I had heard before of the choking, but never of the jest in the church; you may find from thence that women's prayers are things perfectly by rote, as they put on one stocking after another, and no more. But if she be good at blunders, she is as ready at come-offs; and to pretend her senses were gone was a very good argument she had them about her. You seem to be mighty proud (as you have reason, if it be true,) of the part you have in the ladies' good graces, especially of her you call *the party.* I am very much concerned to know it; but since it is an evil I cannot remedy, I will tell you a story. A cast mistress went to her rival, and expostulated with her for robbing her of her lover. After a long quarrel, finding no good to be done—"Well," says the abdicated lady, "keep him, and **** *** ** **** ****." "No," says the other, "that will not be altogether so convenient; however, to oblige you, I will do something that is very near it."—*Dun.*

I am mightily afraid the ladies are very idle, and do not mind their book. Pray, put them upon reading; and be always teaching something to Mrs. Johnson, because she is good at comprehending, remembering, and retaining. I wonder she could be so wicked as to let the first word she could speak, after choking, be a pun. I differ from you; and believe the pun was just coming up, but met with the crumbs, and so, struggling for the wall, could neither of them get by, and at last came both out together.

It is a pleasant thing to hear you talk of Mrs. Dingley's blunders, when she has sent me a list with above a dozen of yours that have kept me alive, and I hope will do so till I have them again from the fountain-head. I desire Mrs. Johnson only to forbear punning after the Finglas rate when Dilly[a] was at home.

I thank you for your bill, which was a cunning piece of civility to prevent me from wanting. However, I shall buy hats for you and Tom Leigh; for I have lately a bill of 20*l.* sent me for myself, and shall take up 10*l.* more here. I saw Tom Leigh's brother in the court of requests, and, knowing him to be your friend, I talked with him; and we will take some occasion to drink your health together, and Tom Leigh's. I will not buy you any pamphlets unless you will be more particular in telling me their names or their natures, because they are usually the vilest things in nature. Leslie has written several of late violent against presbyterians and low-churchmen. If I had credit enough with you, you should never write but upon some worthy subject, and with long thought. But I look upon you as under a terrible mistake if you imagine you cannot be enough distinguished without writing for the public. Preach, preach, preach, preach, preach, preach; that is certainly your talent; and you will some years hence have time enough to be a writer. I tell you what I am content you should do: choose any subject you please, and write for your private diversion, or by way of trial; but be not hasty to write for the world.

[a] The Rev. Dillon Ashe, a celebrated punster.

Besides, who that has a spirit would write in such a scene as Ireland?—You and I will talk an hour on these matters. Pox on the dissenters and independents! I would as soon trouble my head to write against a louse or a flea. I tell you what; I wrote against the bill that was against occasional conformity; but it came too late by a day, so I would not print it. But you may answer it if you please; for you know you and I are Whig and Tory. And, to cool your insolence a little, know that the queen and court, and house of lords, and half the commons almost, are Whigs; and the number daily increases.

I desire my humble service to the primate, whom I have not written to, having not had opportunity to perform that business he employed me in; but shall soon, now the days are longer. We are all here in great impatience at the king of Spain's delay, who yet continues in the Isle of Wight.

My humble service to dean Ryves, Dilly, Jones, and other friends. And I assure you nobody can possibly be more, or I believe is half so, entirely yours, as

JONATHAN SWIFT.

TO THE SAME.

London, April 20, 1704.

YESTERDAY, coming from the country, I found your letter, which had been four or five days arrived, and by neglect was not forwarded as it ought. You have got three epithets for my former letter, which I believe are all unjust: you say it was *unfriendly, unkind,* and *unaccountable.* The two first, I suppose, may pass but for one; saving (as captain Fluellin says the phrase is) *a little variation.* I shall therefore answer those two as I can; and for the last, I return it you again by these presents, assuring you that there is more unaccountability in your letter's little finger than in mine's whole body. And one strain I observe in it, which is frequent enough; you talk in a mystical sort of way, as if you would have me believe I had some great design, and that you had found it out: your phrases are, "that my letter had the effect you judge I designed; that you are amazed to reflect on what you judge the cause of it; and wish it may be in your power to love and value me while you live," &c. In answer to all this, I might with good pretence enough talk starchly, and affect ignorance of what you would be at; but my conjecture is, that you think I obstructed your inclinations to please my own, and that my intentions were the same with yours. In answer to all which I will, upon my conscience and honour, tell you the naked truth. First, I think I have said to you before that, if my fortunes and humour served me to think of that state, I should certainly, among all persons on earth, make your choice; because I never saw that person whose conversation I entirely valued but hers; this was the utmost I ever gave way to. And, secondly, I must assure you sincerely that this regard of mine never once entered into my head to be an impediment to you: but I judged it would, perhaps, be a clog to your rising in the world; and I did not conceive you were then rich enough to make yourself and her happy and easy. But that objection is now quite removed by what you have at present, and by the assurances of Eaton's livings. I told you indeed that your authority was not sufficient to make overtures to the mother without the daughter's giving me leave, under her own or her friend's hand, which, I think, was a right and a prudent step. However, I told the mother immediately, and spoke with all the advantages you deserve. But, the objection of your fortune being removed, I declare I have no other; nor shall any consideration of my own misfortune, in losing so good a friend and companion as her, prevail on me, against her interest and settlement in the world, since

it is held so necessary and convenient a thing for ladies to marry; and that time takes off from the lustre of virgins in all other eyes but mine. I appeal to my letters to herself whether I was your friend or not in the whole concern; though the part I designed to act in it was purely passive, which is the utmost I will ever do in things of this nature, to avoid all reproach of any ill consequence that may ensue in the variety of worldly accidents. Nay, I went so far both to her mother, herself, and I think to you, as to think it could not be decently broken; since I supposed the town had got it in their tongues, and therefore I thought it could not miscarry without some disadvantage to the lady's credit. I have always described her to you in a manner different from those who would be discouraging; and must add that, though it has come in my way to converse with persons of the first rank and of that sex more than is usual to men of my level and of our function, yet I have nowhere met with an humour, a wit, or conversation so agreeable, a better portion of good sense, or a truer judgment of men and things, I mean here in England; for as to the ladies of Ireland I am a perfect stranger. As to her fortune, I think you know it already; and if you resume your designs, and would have further intelligence, I shall send you a particular account.

I give you joy of your good fortunes, and envy very much your prudence and temper, and love of peace and settlement; the reverse of which has been the great uneasiness of my life, and is likely to continue so. And what is the result? *En queis consevimus agros!* I find nothing but the good words and wishes of a decayed ministry, whose lives and mine will probably wear out before they can serve either my little hopes or their own ambition. Therefore I am resolved suddenly to retire, like a discontented courtier, and vent myself in study and speculation, till my own humour, or the scene here, shall change. JONATHAN SWIFT.

TO DR. WILLIAM KING, ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN.

Trim, December 31, 1704.

MY LORD,—I did intend to have waited on your grace before you went for England; but, hearing your voyage is fixed for the first opportunity of the wind, I could not forbear giving you a few minutes' interruption, which I hope your grace will believe to be without any other design than that of serving you. I believe your grace may have heard that I was in England last winter, when the dean and chapter of Christ Church had, I think, with great wisdom and discretion, chosen a most malicious, ignorant, and headstrong creature to represent them: wherein your grace cannot justly tax their prudence, since the cause[a] they are engaged in is not otherwise to be supported. And I do assure your grace (which perhaps others may have been cautious in telling you) that they have not been without success. For not only the general run in Doctors' Commons was wholly on their side, which my lord bishop of Cloyne[b] observed as well as I; but that little instrument of theirs did use all his power to misrepresent your grace and your cause, both in town and city, as far as his narrow sphere could reach. And he spared not to say that your grace had personal resentment against him; that you sought his ruin, and threatened him with it. And I remember at a great man's table, who has as much influence in England as any subject can well have, after dinner came in a master in chancery, whom I had before observed to be a principal person in Doctors' Commons when your grace's cause was there debating; and, upon occasion of being there, fell into discourse of it, wherein he seemed wholly an advocate for Christ Church! for all his arguments were only a chain of misinformations, which he had learned from the same hand; insomuch that I was forced to give a character of some persons, which otherwise I should have spared, before I could set him right, as I also did in the affair of the late dean of Derry [Dr. Bolton], which had been told with so many falsehoods and disadvantages to your grace as it is hard to imagine.

I humbly presume to say thus much to your grace, that, knowing the prejudicies that have been given, you may more easily remove them, which your presence will infallibly do.

I would also beg of your grace to use some of your credit toward bringing to a good issue the promise the queen made, at my lord bishop of Cloyne's intercession, to remit the first fruits and tenths of the clergy, unless I speak ignorantly, for want of information, and that it be a thing already done. But what I would mind your grace of is, that the crown-rent should be added, which is a great load upon many poor livings, and would be a considerable help to others. And I am confident, with some reason, that it would be easily granted; being, I hear, under 1000*l.* a-year, and the queen's grant for England being so much more considerable than ours can be at best. I am very certain that, if the bishop of Cloyne had continued to solicit it in England, it would easily have passed; but his lordship giving it up wholly to the duke of Ormond, [lord-lieutenant of Ireland,] I believe it has not been thought of so much as it ought. I humbly beg your grace's pardon for the haste and hurry of this, occasioned by that of the post, which is not very regular in this country; and, imploring your blessing, and praying to God for your good voyage, success, and return, I humbly kiss your grace's hands, and remain, my lord, your grace's obedient and most humble servant, JOHNATHAN SWIFT.

[a] A lawsuit between the archbishop of Dublin and the dean and chapter of the cathedral of Christ Church, Dublin.

[b] Dr. Charles Crow, 1702—1726.

FROM THE EARL OF BERKELEY.

Cranford, Friday night, 1705.

I HOPE you continue in the mind of coming hither to-morrow; for upon my sincerity, which is more than most people's, I shall be heartily glad to see you as much as possible before you go to Ireland. Whether you are or are not for Cranford, I earnestly entreat you, if you have not done it already, that you would not fail of having your bookseller enable the archbishop of York to give a book to the queen;[a] for, with Mr. Nelson, I am entirely of opinion, that her majesty's reading of that book of the "Project for the Increase of Morality and Piety" may be of very great use to that end.

TO ARCHBISHOP KING.

London, February 5 1706.

MY LORD,—I have been above a month expecting the representation your grace was pleased to promise to send me, which makes me apprehend your grace has been hindered by what you complained of, the clergy's backwardness in a point so very necessary to their service; and it is time ill lost at this juncture, while my lord-lieutenant [the earl of Pembroke] is here and in great credit at court, and would perhaps be more than ordinarily ready to serve the church in Ireland. If I have no directions from your grace by the end of this month, I shall think of my return to Ireland against the 25th of March, to endeavour to be chosen to the living of St. Nicholas, as I have been encouraged to hope; but would readily return at a week's warning, to solicit that affair with my lord-lieutenant while he stays here, or in any other manner your grace will please to direct.

[a] "Project for the Advancement of Religion and Reformation of Manners."

Your grace knows long before this that Dr. Milles is bishop of Waterford. The court and archbishop of Canterbury [Tenison] were strongly engaged for another person not much suspected in Ireland, any more than the choice already made was, I believe, either here or there.

The two houses are still busy in lord Peterborough's affair, which seems to be little more than an amusement, which it is conceived might at this time be spared, considering how slow we are said to be in our preparations; which I believe is the only reason why it was talked the other day about the town as if there would be soon a treaty of peace. There is a report of my lord Galway's death, but it is not credited. It is a perfect jest to see my lord Peterborough, reputed as great a Whig as any in England, abhorred by his own party and caressed by the Tories.

The great question, whether the number of men in Spain and Portugal, at the time of the battle of Almanza, was about 8600, when there ought to have been 29,600, was carried on Tuesday in the affirmative, against the court, without a division, which was occasioned by sir Thomas Hanmer's oratory. It seems to have been no party question, there being many of both glad and sorry for it. The court has not been fortunate in their questions this session; and I hear some of both parties expressing contrary passions upon it. I tell your grace bare matters of fact, being not inclined to make reflections; and if I were, I could not tell what to make, so oddly people are subdivided.—I am, my lord, your grace's most obedient and most humble servant, JONATHAN SWIFT.

TO THE SAME.

London, February 12, 1707.

HAVING written what I had of business about three posts ago, (whereof I wait an answer,) perhaps it may be some amusement to you for a few minutes to hear some particulars about the turns we have had at court. Yesterday the seals were taken from Mr. Harley, and sir Thomas Mansel gave up his staff. They went to Kensington together for that purpose, and came back immediately, and went together into the house of commons. Mr. St. John designs to lay down in a few days, as a friend of his told me, though he advised him to the contrary; and they talk that Mr. Bruges, and Mr. Coke the vice-chamberlain, with some others, will do the like. Mr. Harley had been for some time, with the greatest art imaginable, carrying on an intrigue to alter the ministry, and began with no less an enterprise than that of removing the lord-treasurer, and had nearly effected it, by the help of Mrs. Masham, one of the queen's dressers, who was a great and a growing favourite, of much industry and insinuation. It went so far that the queen told Mr. St. John a week ago "that she was resolved to part with lord-treasurer; and sent him with a letter to the duke of Marlborough, which she read to him, to that purpose; and she gave St. John leave to tell it about the town, which he did without any reserve; and Harley told a friend of mine a week ago that he was never safer in favour or employment. On Sunday evening last the lord-treasurer [Godolphin] and duke of Marlborough went out of the council; and Harley delivered a memorial to the queen, relating to the emperor and the war. Upon which the duke of Somerset rose, and said, "if her majesty suffered that fellow (pointing to Harley) to treat affairs of the war without advice of the general, he could not serve her;" and so left the council. The earl of Pembroke, though in milder words, spoke to the same purpose; so did most of the lords: and the next day the queen was prevailed upon to turn him out, though the seals were not delivered till yesterday. It was likewise said that Mrs. Masham is forbid the court; but this I have no assurance of. Seven lords of the Whig party are appointed to examine Gregg,[a] who lies condemned in Newgate; and a certain lord of the council told me yesterday that there are endeavours to bring in Harley as a party in that business, and to carry it as far as an impeachment. All this business has been much fomented by a lord whom Harley had been chiefly instrumental in impeaching some years ago. The secretary always dreaded him, and made all imaginable advances to be reconciled, but could never prevail; which made him say yesterday to some who told it to me, "that he had laid his neck under their feet, and they trod upon it." I am just going this morning to visit that lord, who has a very free way of telling what he cares not who hears: and if I can learn any more particulars worth telling, you shall have them. I never in my life saw or heard such divisions and complications of parties as there have been for some time: you sometimes see the extremes of Whig and Tory driving on the same thing. I have heard the chief Whigs blamed by their own party for want of moderation, and I know a Whig lord in good employment who voted with the highest Tories against the court and the ministry, with whom he is nearly allied. My lord Peterborough's affair is yet upon the anvil, and what they will beat it out to no man can tell. It is said that Harley had laid a scheme for an entire new ministry, and the men are named to whom the several employments were to be given. And though his project has miscarried, it is reckoned the greatest piece of court skill that has been acted these many years.—I have heard nothing since morning, but that the attorney-general[b] either has laid down, or will do it in a few days.

FROM MR. ADDISON.

February 29, 1707.

SIR,—Mr. Frowde[c] tells me that you design me the honour of a visit to-morrow morning; but my lord Sunderland[d] having directed me to wait on him at nine o'clock, I shall take it as a particular favour if you will give me your company at the George in Pall-Mall about two in the afternoon, when I may hope to enjoy your conversation more at leisure, which I set a very great value upon. I am, sir, your most obedient humble servant, J. ADDISON.

Mr. Steele and Frowde will dine with us.

TO DR. STERNE.[e]

London, April 15, 1708.

SIR,—I wonder whether, in the midst of your buildings, you ever consider that I have broke my shins, and have been a week confined this charming weather to my chamber, and cannot go abroad to hear the nightingales, or pun with my lord Pembroke. Pug is very well, and likes London wonderfully, but Greenwich better, where we could hardly keep him from hunting down the deer. I am told by some at court that the bishop of Kildare [Dr. William Ellis] is utterly bent upon a removal on this side, though it be to St. Asaph: and then the question must be, whether Dr. Pratt will be dean of St. Patrick's, minister of St. Catharine's, or provost? For I tell you a secret, that the queen is resolved the next promotion shall be to one of Dublin education: this she told the lord-lieutenant. Your new Waterford bishop franks his letters, which no bishop does that writes to me; I suppose it is some peculiar privilege of that see. The dissenters

[a] An under clerk in Harley's office, condemned and executed for traitorous correspondence.

[b] Sir Simon, afterwards lord Harcourt, chancellor in Harley's administration.

[c] Philip Frowde, esq., son of Ashburnham Frowde, esq., comptroller of the foreign department at the post-office.

[d] To whom Mr. Addison was secretary.

[e] Dean of St. Patrick's, afterwards bishop of Clogher.

have made very good use here of your frights in Ireland upon the intended invasion; and the archbishop writes me word that the address of Dublin city will be to the same purpose, which I think the clergy ought to have done their best to prevent, and I hope they did so. Here has the Irish speaker [Allan Broderick, esq.] been soliciting to get the test clause repealed by an act here; for which I hope he will be impeached when your parliament meets again, as well as for some other things I could mention. I hope you will be of my opinion in what I have told the archbishop about those addresses. And if his grace and clergy of the province send an address, I desire I may present it, as one of the chapter, which is the regular way; but I beg you will endeavour among you that the church-of-Ireland gentlemen may send an address to set the queen and court right about the test: which every one here is of opinion you should do; or else I have reason to fear it will be repealed here next session; which will be of terrible consequence, both as to the thing and the manner, by the parliament here interfering in things purely of Ireland that have no relation to any interest of theirs.

If you will not use me as your book-buyer, make use of sir Andrew Fountaine, who sends you his humble service, and will carry over a cargo as big as you please towards the end of summer, when he and I intend my lord-lieutenant [earl of Pembroke] shall come in our company without fail, and in spite of Irish reports that say we shall come no more.

I reckon by this time you have done with masons and carpenters, and are now beginning with upholsterers, with whom you may go on as slow and soberly as you please. But pray keep the garden till I come. I am, sir, your most faithful, humble servant,

JONATHAN SWIFT.

Direct the enclosed, and deliver it to the greatest person in your neighbourhood.

TO THE SAME.

June, 1708.

SIR,—I writ to you some weeks ago, and enclosed (as now) a letter to your neighbour. But I fear it was kidnapped by some privateer, or else you were lazy or forgetful, or, which is full as good perhaps, it had no need of an answer, and I would not for a good deal that the former had miscarried, because the enclosed was wonderfully politic, and would have been read to you, as this, I suppose, will, though it be not half so profound. Now are you gone some summer ramble, and will not receive this in a fortnight, nor send the enclosed in as much more. I have often begged you would let me buy you one fifty pounds' worth of books; but now I have been here so long, I believe you will have reason to apprehend I may sink the money. Sir Andrew Fountaine[a] will never be satisfied till he gets into the little room, with the three Ashes, the bishop of Killala, [Dr. William Lloyd,] and myself, to be happy at the expense of your wine and conversation.

Here is a sight of two girls joined together at the back, which, in the newsmonger's phrase, causes a great many speculations; and raises abundance of questions in divinity, law, and physic.[b] The boys of our town are mighty happy, for we are to have a beheading next week, unless the queen will interpose her mercy.[c] Here is a long lampoon publicly printed, abusing by name at length all the young people of quality that walk in the park.[a] These are effects of our liberty of the press.

I long to know what is become of your new house, whether there is yet a union between that and the little , or whether the work stops for want of money; and you pretend it is only that the boards may have time to season. We are still in pain for Mr. Dopping's being in one of the packet-boats that were taken. He and many more have vowed never to return to England again; which, if they forget, they may properly be called vows written in water.

Pray, sir, let me hear from you some time this hot weather, for it will be very refreshing; and I am confined by business to this ugly town, which, at this season of the year, is almost insufferable. I am, sir, your most faithful, humble servant,

JONATHAN SWIFT.

TO ARCHBISHOP KING.

London, June 10, 1708.

MY LORD,—I sent your grace a long letter several weeks ago, enclosed in one to the dean [Dr. Sterne]. I know not whether it came to your hands, having not since been honoured with your commands. I believe I told your grace that I was directly advised by my lord Sunderland, my lord Somers, Mr. Southwell, and others to apply to my lord-treasurer [earl of Godolphin] in behalf of the clergy of Ireland; and lord Sunderland undertook to bring me to lord-treasurer, which was put off for some time on account of the invasion. For it is the method here of great ministers, when any public matter is in hand, to make it an excuse for putting off all private application. I deferred it some time longer, because I had a mind my lord Sunderland should go along with me; but either the one or the other was always busy or out of the way; however, his lordship had prepared lord-treasurer, and engaged him (as he assured me) to think well of the matter; and the other day lord-treasurer appointed me to attend him. He took me into a private room, and I told him my story; "that I was commanded by your grace, and desired by some other bishops, to use what little credit I had, to solicit (under the direction of my lord-lieutenant) the remitting of the first-fruits; which, from the favourable representation of his lordship to the queen about four years ago, the clergy were encouraged to hope would be granted; that I had been told it might be of use if some person could be admitted to his presence, at his usual times of being attended, in order to put him in mind: for the rest, they relied entirely on his excellency's good office and his lordship's dispositions to favour the church." He said, in answer, "he was passive in this business: that he supposed the lord-lieutenant would engage in it, to whom, if I pleased, he would repeat what I had said." I replied, "I had the honour of being well known to his excellency; that I intended to ask his leave to solicit this matter with his lordship, but had not mentioned it yet, because I did not know whether I had credit enough to gain that access he was now pleased to honour me with: that upon his lordship's leave to attend him, signified to me by the earl of Sunderland, I went to inform his excellency, not doubting his consent; but did not find him at home, and therefore ventured to come; but, not knowing how his excellency might understand it, I begged his lordship to say nothing to my lord lieutenant, until I had the honour to wait on him again."

This my lord-treasurer agreed to, and, entering on the subject, told me, "that since the queen's grant of the

[a] Dr. Swift, in 1708, used to lodge with sir Andrew Fountaine when he was in London.

[b] There is a particular account of them in the "Philosophical Transactions" for the year 1758.

[c] Of Edward lord Griffin, attainted by outlawry for high-treason committed in the reign of king William, and on the 15th of May, 1708, ordered for execution, but reprieved.

[a] A poem by Oldisworth under the title of "St. James's Park."

first fruits here, he was confident not one clergyman in England was a shilling the better." I told him, "I thought it lay under some incumbrances." He said, "it was true; but besides that, it was wholly abused in the distribution: that as to those in Ireland, they were an inconsiderable thing, not above 1000*l.* or 1200*l.* a-year, which was almost nothing for the queen to grant, upon two conditions: First, that it should be well disposed of; and, secondly, that it should be well received, with due acknowledgments; in which cases he would give his consent: otherwise, to deal freely with me, he never would." I said, "as to the first, that I was confident the bishops would leave the methods of disposing it entirely to her majesty's breast; as to the second, her majesty and his lordship might count upon all the acknowledgments that the most grateful and dutiful subjects could pay to a prince. That I had the misfortune to be altogether unknown to his lordship, else I should presume to ask him whether he understood any particular acknowledgments." He replied, "By acknowledgments I do not mean anything under their hands; but I will so far explain myself to tell you I mean better acknowledgments than those of the clergy of England."

I then begged his lordship "to give me his advice what sort of acknowledgments he thought fittest for the clergy to make, which I was sure would be of mighty weight with them." He answered, "I can only say, again, such acknowledgments as they ought."

We had some other discourse of less moment; and after licence to attend him on occasion, I took my leave.

I tell your grace these particulars in his very words, as near as I can recollect, because I think them of moment, and I believe your grace may think them so too. I told Southwell all that had passed, and we agreed in our comments, of which I desired him now to inform you. He set out for Ireland this morning. I am resolved to see my lord Sunderland in a day or two, and relate what my lord-treasurer said, as he has commanded me to do; and perhaps I may prevail on him to let me know his lordship's meaning, to which I am prepared to answer, as Mr. Southwell will let you know.

At evening, the same day, I attended my lord-lieutenant, and desired to know what progress he had made; and at the same time proposed "that he would give me leave to attend lord-treasurer only as a common solicitor, to refresh his memory." I was very much surprised at his answer, "that the matter was not before the treasurer, but entirely with the queen, and therefore it was needless;" upon which, I said nothing of having been there. He said, "he had writ lately to your grace an account of what was done; that some progress was made; but they put it off because it was a time of war, but that he had some hopes it would be done:" but this is only such an account as his excellency thinks fit to give, although I sent it your grace by his orders. I hope that in his letters he is fuller. My lord-treasurer, on the other hand, assured me, "he had the papers" (which his excellency denied); and talked of it as a matter that had long lain before him, which several persons in great employments assure me is and must be true.

Thus your grace sees that I shall have nothing more to do in this matter, further than pursuing the cold scent of asking his excellency, once a-month, how it goes on; which, I think, I had as good forbear, since it will turn to little account. All I can do is, to engage my lord Sunderland's interest with my lord-treasurer, whenever it is brought before him; or to hint it to some other persons of power and credit; and likewise to endeavour to take off that scandal the clergy of Ireland lie under, of being the reverse of what they really are, with respect to the revolution, loyalty to the queen, and settlement of the crown; which is here the construction of the word *Tory*.

I design to tell my lord-treasurer that, this being a matter my lord-lieutenant has undertaken, he does not think proper I should trouble his lordship; and which, recommending it to his goodness, I shall forbear any further mention. I am sensible how lame and tedious an account this is, and humbly beg your grace's pardon; but I still insist that, if it had been solicited four years ago by no abler hand than my own, while the duke of Ormond was in Ireland, it might have been done in a month: and I believe it may be so still, if his excellency lays any weight of his credit upon it, otherwise, God knows when. For myself, I have nothing more to do here but to attend my lord-lieutenant's motions, of whose return we are very uncertain, and to manage some personal affairs of my own. I beg the continuance of your grace's favour, and your blessing; and am, with all respect, your grace's most obedient, &c.

FROM ANTHONY HENLEY, Esq.[a]

Grange, September 16, 1708.

Yesterday the weather-glass was at 28 inches, which is lower than ever I saw it; the wind was at east, a very dull quarter; the garden so wet there was no looking into it; and I myself, by consequence, in the spleen. Before night, the glass rose, the wind changed, the garden dried, I received your letter, and was as well as ever I was in my life, to my thinking, though perhaps you may think otherwise. The reason why your letter was so long a-coming to my hands was its being directed to me near Winchester, and Alresford is the post-town nearest to me. If the officers should come to you, doctor, if you want a security that your children shan't be troublesome to the parish, pray make use of me. I'll stand for 'em all, though you were to have as many as the Holland countess. We have had a tedious expectation of the success of the siege of Lisle: the country people begin to think there is no such thing, and say the newspapers talk of it to make people bear paying taxes a year longer. I don't know how Steele[b] will get off of it; his veracity is at stake in Hampshire. Pray desire him to take the town, though he should leave the citadel for a nest-egg. I han't the honour to know colonel Hunter; but I never saw him in so good company as you have put him in, lord Halifax, Mr. Addison, Mr. Congreve, and the Gazetteer [Steele]. Since he is there, let him stay there. Pray, doctor, let me know whether writing letters be talking to oneself, or talking to other folks; for I think the world has settled it that talking to oneself, which offends nobody, is madness; and talking to other people, which generally is not quite so harmless, is wit, or good breeding, or religion, or—I won't write a word more till you have satisfied me what I have been doing all this while. I am sure one need not have writ two pages to introduce my assuring you that I am your most affectionate humble servant, A. Henley.

FROM THE SAME.

November 2, 1708.

Dear Doctor,—Though you won't send me your broomstick [The "Meditation on a Broomstick"], I'll send you as good a reflection upon death as even Adrian's himself, though the fellow was but an old farmer of mine that made it. He had been ill a good while; and when his friends saw him a-going, they all came croaking about him as usual; and one of them asking him, how he did? he replied, in great pain, "If I could but get this same breath out of my body, I'd take care, by G—, how I let it come in again." This,

[a] Of the Grange, in the county of Southampton, M. P. for Melcombe-Regis.

[b] Then writer of the "Gazette."

if it were put in fine Latin, I fancy would make as good a sound as any I have met with. I am, your most affectionate, humble servant, A. HENLEY.

TO ARCHBISHOP KING.

London November 9, 1708.

MY LORD,—Your grace's letter of Sept. 7 found me in Kent, where I took the opportunity to retire during my lord Pembroke's absence with his new lady, who are both expected to-morrow. I went afterward to Epsom, and returned but yesterday: this was the cause of my so long omitting to acknowledge your letter. I am ready to agree with your grace that very wrong representations are made of things and persons here by people who reside on this side but a short time, converse at second or third hand, and on their return make a vanity of knowing more than they do. This I have observed myself in Ireland, even among people of some rank and quality; and I believe your grace will proceed on much better grounds by trusting to your own wisdom and experience of things than such intelligence.

I spoke formerly all I knew of the twentieth parts; and whatever Mr. D—— has said in his letters about staying until a peace, I do assure your grace, is nothing but words. However, that matter is now at an end. There is a new world here; and yet I agree with you, that if there be an interregnum it will be the properest time to address my lord-treasurer; and I shall second it with all the credit I have, and very openly; and I know not (if one difficulty lies in the way) but it may prove a lucky juncture.

On my return from Kent (the night of the prince's death), I staid a few days in town before I went to Epsom: I then visited a certain great man, and we entered very freely into discourse upon the present juncture. He assured me there was no doubt now of the scheme holding about the admiralty [Orford], the government of Ireland [Wharton], and presidency of the council [Somers], the disposition whereof your grace knows as well as I; and although I care not to mingle public affairs with the interest of so private a person as myself, yet, upon such a revolution, not knowing how far my friends may endeavour to engage me in the service of a new government, I would beg your grace to have favourable thoughts of me on such an occasion; and to assure you that no prospect of making my fortune shall ever prevail on me to go against what becomes a man of conscience and truth, and an entire friend to the established church. This I say, in case such a thing should happen; for my thoughts are turned another way, if the earl of Berkeley's journey to Vienna holds, and the ministry will keep their promise of making me the queen's secretary, by which I shall be out of the way of parties, until it shall please God I have some place to retire to a little above contempt: or, if all fail, until your grace and the dean of St. Patrick's shall think fit to dispose of that poor town living in my favour.

Upon this event of the prince's death, the contention designed with the court about a speaker is dropped, and all agree in sir Richard Onslow, which is looked on as another argument for the scheme succeeding. This I had from the same hand.

As to a comprehension which your grace seems to doubt an intention of, from what was told me, I can say nothing: doubtless, it must be intended to come to that at last, if not worse; but I believe at present, it was meant that there should be a consent to what was endeavoured at in your parliament last session.

I thought to have writ more largely to your grace, imagining I had much matter in my head; but it fails, or is not convenient at present. If the scheme holds, I shall make bold to tell your grace my thoughts as formerly, under cover, because I believe there will be a great deal to be thought of and done. A little time may produce a great deal. Things are now in great suspense both at home and abroad. The parliament, we think, will have no prorogation. There is no talk of the duke of Marlborough's return yet. Speculative people talk of a peace this winter, of which I can form no prospect according to our demands. I am, my lord, your grace's most obedient humble servant,

JONATHAN SWIFT.

Your grace will please to direct your commands to me at St. James's Coffeehouse in St. James's-street.

FROM ARCHBISHOP KING.

Dublin, November 20, 1708.

REVEREND SIR,—I have yours of the 9th instant, and if the scheme of alteration holds as represented, I despair of our twentieth parts in the present method; yet I can't think it proper to move in any new course till the declaration of what is intended be more authentic. I have no good ground for my doubt; and yet in my own mind I make some question whether all things will be just as surmised. If I find this to be so in earnest, I will then endeavour to obtain an address to my lord-treasurer, which I suppose has been hitherto wanting; but, if the matter stick on any considerations not agreeable, there is an end of it. To deal freely, I have very little hope of succeeding any way: but it will not make things worse to try the experiment.

I understand some dissenters from hence will apply to the parliament of England this session, to obtain a repeal of the test, and for a toleration on a larger foot than in England; and that a fund is raised and agents appointed to solicit their affairs by the Presbyters of the north. I have had some intimation that all dissenters are not of a mind in this point; the other sects, if I am rightly informed, being as much afraid of them as of us; and that they would rather be as they are than run the hazard of coming under the *jus divinum* of Presbytery. Something pleasant enough is said to have happened on this occasion. A certain person endeavoured to comfort them and remove their jealousy by telling them they needed not to fear; for that the greatest friends to dissenters, and who would be most zealous for toleration, never designed to establish any church, but only to destroy that which had the protection of the laws. Whether this will give them satisfaction I can't tell; but am certain that if any have so wicked a design they will fail in it.

I am often alarmed with the fears of some good men, who would persuade me that religion is in danger of being rooted out of the hearts of men; and they wondered to see me so sanguine in the cause. But I tell them that I believe it is with religion as with paternal affection; some profligate wretches may forget it, and some may dose themselves so long with perverse thinking as not to see any reason for it; but in spite of all the ill-natured and false philosophy of these two sorts of people, the bulk of mankind will love their children. And so it is and will be with the fear of God and religion: whatever is general has a powerful cause, though every one cannot find it out.

But I have forgot my dissenters: the reason of their applying in Great Britain is, because they see little reason to hope for success here; and if I can judge of the sense of gentlemen that compose the parliament, they never seemed to be further from the humour of gratifying them.

As to your own concern, you see hardly anything valuable is obtained any otherwise than by the government; and therefore, if you can attend the next lord-lieutenant, you, in my opinion, ought not to decline it. I assure myself that you are too honest to come on ill terms; nor do I believe any will explicitly be proposed. I could give several reasons why you should

embrace this, though I have no exception against your secretaryship;[a] except that you may lose too much time in it, which, considering all things, you cannot so well spare at this time of the day.

As to my own part, I thank God I was never much frightened by any alterations: neither king James nor the earl of Tyrconnel shocked me. I always comforted myself with the 112th Psalm, 7th verse. I never was a favourite of any government, nor have I a prospect of being so, though I believe I have seen forty changes; nor would I advise any friend to sell himself to any, so as to be their slave. I could write some other things that you would desire to know; but pen and ink are dangerous tools in some men's hands, and I love a friend with an appetite. I am, &c.

WILLIAM DUBLIN.

TO THE LORD PRIMATE.

London, November 30, 1708.

MY LORD.—I writ to you about a fortnight ago after my return from the country, and gave you some account of an intended change at court, which is now finished. Care was taken to put lord Pembroke in mind of the first-fruits before he went out of his office; but it was needless, for his excellency had it at heart, and the thing is done, of which I suppose you have an account. You know who goes over chaplain the archbishop of Canterbury, and several other bishops, and the lord-treasurer himself, solicited that matter in a body; it was thought absolutely necessary, considering the dismal notion they have here of so many high-church archbishops among you; and your friend made no applications, for reasons left you to guess. I cannot yet learn whether you are to have a new parliament; but I am apt to think you will, and that it must be thought necessary. The affair of Drogheday has made a noise here, and, like everything else on your side, is used as a handle: I have had it rung in my ears from certain persons. I hope you are prepared to take off the sacramental test, because that will be a means to have it taken off here among us; and that the clergy will be for it in consideration of the queen's bounty; and that men in employment will be so wise as to please the court, and secure themselves; but, to think there is any design of bringing the Scotch into offices is a mere scandal.

Lord Pembroke is to have the admiralty only a few months, then to have a pension of 4000*l.* a-year, and to retire; and it is thought lord Orford will succeed him, and then it is hoped there will be an entire change in the admiralty; that sir John Leake will be turned out, and the Whigs so well confirmed, that it will not be in the power of the court, upon a peace, to bring the balance on the other side.

One Mr. Chute is named for secretary to lord Wharton: he is a young man, but reckoned the shrewdest head in England; and the person in whom the Presbyterians chiefly confide; and if money be necessary toward the good work in Ireland, it is reckoned he can command as far as 100,000*l.* from the body of dissenters here. As to his principles, he is truly a moderate man, frequenting the church and the meeting indifferently, &c.

The clergy are here in an uproar upon their being prorogued: the archbishop of Canterbury takes pains to have it believed it was a thing done without his knowledge. A divine of note (but of the wrong side) was with me the other day, and said he had it from a good hand that the reason of this proceeding was an intention of putting the parliament on examining and correcting courts ecclesiastic, &c.

The archbishop of Dublin is represented here as one that will very much oppose our designs; and, although I will not say that the "Observator" *is paid for writing as he does*, yet I can positively affirm to you that whatever he says of that archbishop, or of the affairs of Ireland, or those here, is exactly agreeable to *our thoughts and intentions.*

This is all I can recollect fit to inform you at present.—If you please, I shall from time to time send you anything that comes to my knowledge that may be worth your notice. I am, &c.

TO DEAN STERN.

November 30, 1708.

SIR.—I received a letter from you the Lord knows when, for it has no date; but I conceive it to have been a month ago, for I met it when I came from Kent, where, and at Epsom, I passed about six weeks, to divert myself the fag-end of the summer, which proved to be the best weather we had. I am glad you made so good a progress in your building; but you had the emblem of industry in your mind, for the bees begin at the top, and work downward, and at last work themselves out of house and home, as many of you builders do.

You know before this the great revolution we have had at court; and that Dr. Lambert is chaplain to the lord-lieutenant [lord Wharton]: the archbishop of Canterbury, several other bishops and my lord-treasurer himself would needs have it so. I made no manner of application for that post, upon certain reasons, that I shall let you know if ever I have the happiness to see you again.

My lord Sunderland rallied me on that occasion, and was very well pleased with my answer, "that I observed one thing in all new ministries: for the first week or two they are in a hurry, or not to be seen; and when you come afterward they are engaged."

What I have to say of the public, &c., will be enclosed,[a] which, I suppose, will be shown you, and you will please to deliver as formerly. Lord Pembroke takes all things mighty well, and we pun together as usual: and he either makes the best use or the best appearance with his philosophy of any man I ever knew: for it is not believed he is pleased at heart upon many accounts.

Sir Andrew Fountaine is well, and has either writ to you last post, or designs it soon.

Dr. Pratt is buying good pennyworths of books for the college, and has made some purchases that would set you a-longing. You have heard our mighty news[b] is extremely dwindled in our last packets. However, we expected a very happy end of the campaign, which this sudden thaw and foul weather, begun here yesterday, will soon bring to an issue. I am, &c.

TO ARCHBISHOP KING.

London, January 6, 1709.

MY LORD,—Before I received the honour of your grace's of Nov. 20, I had sent one enclosed, &c., with what account I could of affairs. Since that time the measures are altered of dissolving your parliament, which, doubtless, is their wisest course, for certain obvious reasons that your grace will easily apprehend; and I suppose you have now received directions about proroguing it, for I saw the order some days ago. I should have acknowledged your grace's letter, if I had not been ever since persecuted with a cruel distemper of giddiness in my head, that would not suffer me to write or think of anything, and of which I am now slowly recovering. I sent you word of the affair of the first fruits being performed, which my lord Pembroke had the goodness to send me immediate notice

a To the embassy at Vienna.

a Alluding to his letter to archbishop King.

b The duke of Marlborough and prince Eugene obliged the elector of Bavaria to raise the siege of Brussels.

of. I seldom see his lordship now, but when he pleases to command me; for he sees nobody in public, and is very full of business. I fancy your grace will think it necessary that in due time his lordship should receive some kind of thanks in form. I have a fair pretence to merit in this matter, although, in my own conscience, I think I have very little, except my good wishes, and frequent reminding my lord Pembroke. But two great men in office, giving me joy of it, very frankly told me, "that if I had not smoothed the way, by giving them and the rest of the ministry a good opinion of the justice of the thing, it would have met with opposition;" upon which I only remarked what I have always observed in courts, that when a favour is done there is no want of persons to challenge obligations. Meantime, I am in a pretty condition, who have bills of merit given me, that I must thankfully acknowledge, and yet cannot honestly offer them in payment. I suppose the clergy will, in due time, send the queen an address of thanks for her favour.

I very much applaud yo [illegible] it, d [illegible] ups [illegible] of [illegible] to paternal affection; but the world is divided into two sects, those that hope the best, and those that fear the worst; your grace is of the former, which is the wiser, the nobler, and most pious principle; and although I endeavour to avoid being of the other, yet upon this article I have sometimes strange weaknesses. I compare true religion to learning and civility, which have ever been in the world, but very often shifted their scenes; sometimes entirely leaving whole countries where they have long flourished, and removing to others that were before barbarous; which has been the case of Christianity itself, particularly in many parts of Africa; and how far the wickedness of a nation may provoke God Almighty to inflict so great a judgment is terrible to think. But as great princes, when they have subdued all about them, presently have universal monarchy in their thoughts; so your grace, having conquered all the corruptions in a diocese, and then pursued your victories over a province, would fain go further and save a whole kingdom, and would never be quiet, if you could have your will, until you had converted the world.

And this reminds me of a pamphlet lately come out, pretended to be a letter hither from Ireland, against repelling the test,* wherein your grace's character is justly set forth: for the rest, some parts are very well, and others puerile, and some facts, as I am informed, wrong represented. The author has gone out of his way to reflect on me as a person likely to write for repealing the test, which I am sure is very unfair treatment. This is all I am likely to get by the company I keep. I am used like a sober man with a drunken face, have the scandal of the vice without the satisfaction. I have told the ministry, with great frankness, my opinion, that they would never be able to repeal it, unless such changes should happen as I could not foresee; and they all believe I differ from them in that point.

Mr. Addison, who goes over first secretary, is a most excellent person; and being my most intimate friend, I shall use all my credit to set him right in his notions of persons and things. I spoke to him with great plainness upon the subject of the test; and he says he is confident my lord Wharton will not attempt it if he finds the bent of the nation against it.—I will say nothing further of his character to your grace at present, because he has half persuaded me to have some thoughts of returning to Ireland, and then it will be time enough: but if that happens otherwise, I presume to recommend him to your grace as a person you will think worth your acquaintance.

My lord Berkeley begins to drop his thoughts of going to Vienna; and indeed I freely gave my opinion against such a journey for one of his age and infirmities. And I shall hardly think of going secretary without him, although the emperor's ministers here think I will, and have writ to Vienna. I agree with your grace that such a design was a little too late at my years; but, considering myself wholly useless in Ireland, and in a parish with an audience of half a score, and it being thought necessary that the queen should have a secretary at that court, my friends telling me it would not be difficult to compass it, I was a little tempted to pass some time abroad, until my friends would make me a little easier in my fortunes at home. Besides, I had hopes of being sent in time to some other court, and in the mean while the pay would be forty shillings a-day, and the advantage of living, if I pleased, in lord Berkeley's family. But, I believe, this is now all at an end. I am, my lord, with the greatest respect, your grace's most obedient and most humble servant,

JONATHAN SWIFT.

My lord Wharton says he intends for Ireland the beginning of March.

A MONSIEUR MONSIEUR HUNTER, GENTILHOMME ANGLOIS A PARIS.

London, January 12, 1709.

SIR,—I know no people so ill used by your men of business as their intimate friends. About a fortnight after Mr. Addison had received the letter you were pleased to send me, he first told me of it with an air of recollection, and after ten days further of grace, thought fit to give it me; so you know where to fix the whole blame that it was no sooner acknowledged. 'Tis a delicate expedient you prisoners have of diverting yourselves in an enemy's country, for which other men would be hanged. I am considering whether there be no way of disturbing your quiet by writing some dark matter that may give the French court a jealousy of you. I suppose Monsieur Chamillard or some of his commissaries must have this letter interpreted to them before it comes to your hands; and therefore I here think good to warn them that, if they exchange you under six of their lieutenant-generals, they will be losers by the bargain. But that they may not mistake me, I do not mean as *viceroy de Virginia, mais comme le colonel* Hunter. I would advise you to be very tender of your honour, and not fall in love; because I have a scruple whether you can keep your parole if you become a prisoner to the ladies; at least it will be scandalous for a free Briton to drag two chains at once. I presume you have the liberty of Paris and fifty miles round, and have a very light pair of fetters, contrived to ride or dance in, and see Versailles, and every place else, except St. Germain. I hear the ladies call you already *notre prisonnier Hunter, le plus honnête garçon du monde.* Will you French yet own us Britons to be a brave people? Will they allow the duke of Marlborough to be a great general? Or are they all as partial as their gazetteers? Have you yet met any French colonel whom you remember to have formerly knocked from his horse, or shivered at least a lance against his breastplate? Do you know the wounds you have given when you see the scars? Do you salute your old enemies with

—"Stetimus tela aspera contra,
Contulimusque manus?"

Vous savez que Monsieur d'Addison, notre bon ami, est fait secrétaire d'état d'Irelande; and unless you make haste over and get me my Virginian bishopric, he will persuade me to go with him, for the Vienna project is off; which is a great disappointment to the design I had of displaying my politics at the emperor's court. I do not like the subject you have assigned me

* The tract [illegible] sition.

to entertain you with. Crowder is sick, to the comfort of all quiet people; and Frowde, is *rêveur à peindre*. Mr. Addison and I often drink your health, and this day I did it with Will Pate, a certain adorer of yours, who is both a *bel esprit* and a woollendraper. The Whigs carry all before them, and how far they will pursue their victories we underrate Whigs can hardly tell. I have not yet observed the Tories' noses; their number is not to be learned by telling of noses, for every Tory has not a nose.

'Tis a loss you are not here to partake of three weeks' frost, and eat gingerbread in a booth, by a fire upon the Thames. Mrs. Floyd looked out with both her eyes, and we had one day's thaw: but she drew in her head, and it now freezes as hard as ever.

As for the convocation, the queen thought fit to prorogue it, though at the expense of Dr. Atterbury's displeasure, who was designed their prolocutor, and is now raving at the disappointment.

I amuse myself sometimes with writing verses to Mrs. Finch, and sometimes with projects for the uniting of parties, which I perfect over night and burn in the morning. Sometimes Mr. Addison and I steal to a pint of bad wine, and wish for no third person but you; who, if you were with us, would never be satisfied without three more. You know, I believe, that poor Dr. Gregory[*] is dead, and Keil[*] solicits to be his successor; but party reaches even to lines and circles, and he will hardly carry it, being reputed a Tory, which yet he utterly denies. We are here nine times madder after operas than ever; and have got a new castrato from Italy, called Nicolini, who exceeds Valentini, I know not how many bars' length. Lords Somers and Halifax are as well as busy statesmen can be in parliament time. Lord Dorset is nobody's favourite but yours and Mr. Prior's, who has lately dedicated his book of poems to him; which is all the press has furnished us of any value since you went. Mr. Pringle, a gentleman of Scotland, succeeds Mr. Addison in the secretary's office; and Mr. Shute, a notable young Presbyterian gentleman, under thirty years old, is made a commissioner of the customs. This is all I can think of, either public or private, worth telling you: perhaps you have heard part or all of both from other hands, but you must be content: pray let us know what hopes we have of seeing you, and how soon; and be so kind or just to believe me always your most faithful, humble servant, JONATHAN SWIFT.

P.S. Mr. Steele presents his most humble service to you: and I cannot forbear telling you of your *méchanceté* to impute the "Letter on Enthusiasm" to me, when I have some good reasons to think the author is now at Paris.

FROM ARCHBISHOP KING.

Dublin, February 10, 1709.

REVEREND SIR,—I received yours of last Jan. 6, and you will find but a sorry correspondent of me. I have been confined near two months this winter, and forbid pen and ink by my physician; though, I thank God, I was more frightened, as it happened, than hurt. I had a colic about the year 1696, that brought me to extremity, and all despaired of my life, and the newsletters reported me dead. It began at the same time of the year, and the same way it did then, and the winters were much alike; and I verily believe had I not had the assistance of my old physician sir Patrick Dun, I should have run the same course, which I could not have supported. But with a little physic, and the Spa and Bath waters, I escaped without other hardships than keeping at home; and so much for private affairs.

[*] Two famous mathematicians.

As to the public, I had a letter from my lord Pembroke, wherein he told me the first-fruits and twentieth parts were granted, and that my lord-lieutenant will bring over the queen's letter for them. I returned him my thanks, and as soon as the order comes he will have a public acknowledgment.

I have seen a letter that passes as from a member of the house, &c. I think your judgment concerning it is very just. But pray by what artifice did you contrive to pass for a Whig? As I am an honest man, I courted the greatest Whigs I knew, and could not gain the reputation of being counted one.

But you need not be concerned; I will engage you will lose nothing by that paper. I wish some facts had been well considered before vouched: if any one matter in it prove false, what do you think will come of the paper? In short, it will not be in the power of man to hinder it from a warm entertainment.

As to the test, I believe that matter is over for this season. I was much for dissolving this present parliament, and calling a new one this spring. I had a pretty good account of the future elections, which, as far as my acquaintance reached, were settled: and I was sure that, without great force and artifice, the new members would never have repealed the test; but I did not know what the influence of a lord-lieutenant (when well acquainted in the kingdom, and who knew how to take his measures justly) might have effected, and we know very well what force, management, and timing matters have; and there is hardly anything but powerful persuasions, terror, and ostentation of interest may effect, especially in popular elections. And to confess the truth to you, I am not altogether in that matter yet, especially if things take any turn in England. It is whispered, but I know not by what authority, that the queen herself was at the bottom of what passed in the house of commons with you, and that the ministry screened her in that affair, for reasons that may be guessed at.

I am wonderfully pleased at the good character you give Mr. Addison. If he be the man that you represent him to be, (and I have confidence in your judgment,) he will be able to serve his lord effectually, and procure himself love and respect here. I can't say it will be in my power to do him any service: but my good wishes and endeavours shall not be wanting.

Mr. Stoughton preached a sermon here, on the 30th of January, king Charles's martyrdom, that gives great offence: the government heard it, but I was ill at home, which dean Sterne will needs have a providence. If the representation I have of it be true, I am sure I should have suspended him, if it had cost me both my reputation and interest. I have represented what I have heard of it, and have discoursed my lord-chancellor about it, and told him of what consequence I think it to be, both to him and us, and that it should not pass without censure. I have not as yet seen my lord-primate. Wise men are doing all they can to extinguish faction; and fools and elves are throwing firebrands. Assure yourself this had an ill effect on the minds of most here; for, though they espouse the revolution, they heartily abhor forty-one. And nothing can create the ministry more enemies, and be a greater handle for calumny than to represent them, and those that espoused them, to be such as murdered king Charles I., and such are all that approve or excuse it.

As to your own affairs, I wish you could have come over chaplain as I proposed; but since a more powerful interest interposed, I believe you had best use your endeavours there; but if nothing happens before my lord-lieutenant comes over, you had best make us a visit. Had you been here, I believe something might have been done for you before this. The deanery of

Down is fallen, and application has been made for it to my lord-lieutenant, but it yet hangs, and I know not what will become of it; but if you could either get into it, or get a good man with a comfortable benefice removed to it, it might make present provision for you. I have many things more to say; but they are so much of a piece with these I have writ already that you may guess at them all by this sample. God be with you: Amen. WILLIAM DUBLIN.

MR. LE CLERC TO MR. ADDISON.

Amsterdam, February 12, 1709.

SIR,—I did myself the honour to write to you at the beginning of the present year, to beg you would be so good as to inform me of a particular affair, of which it behoved me to get the earliest intelligence; and yet I have no answer from you. I have only been informed that you have resigned the post you lately held, in order to go over to Ireland as secretary to lord Wharton. I wish you joy upon this event, presuming that the latter employ is preferable to the former; though I am very sensible that I, shall be a loser by your removal. Still I wish you all manner of satisfaction in your new offices; and heartily pray that God may crown all your enterprises with success. The favour I begged of you was to send me the family-name and titles of my lord Halifax; and to ask himself, if you thought proper, whether he would permit me to dedicate my "Livy" to him. As you had signified to me by Mr. Philips that you had forgot the sheet which I wanted in Mr. Rymer's collection, I had sent you word that it is the sheet 10 T, or the four pages immediately preceding the index of names in the first tome. If you have got it since, be so good as to send it to Messrs. Toutton and Stuigner, carefully folded up and directed to me. I suppose this letter will find you still at London, because it is reported that lord Wharton will not set out till toward the month of April. There is nothing new here in the republic of letters worth your notice. The Jesuits of Paris have passed a severe censure on father Hardouin's opinions, and obliged him to retract them in a very ignominious manner. We shall see what will be the consequence. I should be glad I could be of any service to you here; you would then see how sincerely I am, sir, your most humble and obedient servant, J. LE CLERC.

FROM ARCHBISHOP KING

Dublin, March 12, 1709.

REVEREND SIR,—The business of the twentieth parts and first-fruits is still on the anvil. We are given to understand that her majesty designs, out of her royal bounty, to make a grant of them for charitable uses, and that it is designed this grant should come over with his excellency the lord-lieutenant. The bishops in this town at present thought it reasonable to apprise his excellency of the affair, and to address him for his favour in it, which accordingly is done by this post. We have sent with this address the representation made at first to her majesty about it; the reference to the commissioners of the revenue here, and their report, together with the memorial to the lord Pembroke. In that there is mention of the state of the diocese of Dublin, as a specimen of the condition of the clergy of Ireland, by which it will appear how much we stand in need of such a gift. This we could not well send to his excellency, because it is very long, and we apprehend that it might be improper to give him so much trouble at first, before he was any way apprised of the matter; but, if you think that his excellency may judge it agreeable that it should be laid before him, I entreat the favour of you to apply to my lord Pembroke's secretary, with whom it is, for the original, or a copy of it, and present it to my lord-lieutenant, or leave it with his secretary. I have engaged for you to my brethren that you will be at this trouble: and there is a memorial to this purpose at the foot of the copy of the representation made to the earl of Pembroke, transmitted with the other papers. What charges you are at upon this account will be answered by me.

The good impression you have given me of Mr. Addison, my lord-lieutenant's secretary, has encouraged me to venture a letter to him on this subject, which I have enclosed, and make you the full and sole judge whether it ought to be delivered. I can't be competently informed by any here whether it may be pertinent or no, but I may and do depend on your prudence in the case, who, I believe, will neither omit what may be useful, nor suffer me to do an officious or improper thing. I mix no other matter with this, besides what agrees with all occasions, the tender of the hearty prayers and wishes for you of, sir, your &c. WILLIAM DUBLIN

The reversal of my lord Slane's[a] outlawry makes a mighty noise through this kingdom: for aught I can remember, the destroying of our woollen manufactory did not cause so universal a consternation.

A MONSIEUR MONSIEUR HUNTER, GENTILHOMME ANGLOIS A PARIS.

London, March 22, 1709.

SIR,—I am very much obliged to you for the favour of a kind reproach you sent me in a letter to Mr. Addison, which he never told me of till this day, and that accidentally; but I am glad at the same time that I did not deserve it, having sent you a long letter in return to that you was pleased to honour me with; and it is a pity it should be lost; for, as I remember, it was full of the *dea fabulas*, and such particularities as do not usually find place in newspapers. Mr. Addison has been so taken up for some months in the amphibious circumstances of premier C—— to my lord Sunderland and secretary of state[b] for Ireland, that he is the worst man I know either to convey an idle letter or deliver what he receives; so that I design, when I trust him with this, to give him a memorial along with it; for if my former has miscarried, I am half persuaded to give him the blame. I find you a little lament your bondage, and indeed in your case it requires a good share of philosophy: but if you will not be angry, I believe I may have been the cause you are still a prisoner; for I imagine my former letter was intercepted by the French court, when the most Christian king, reading one passage in it (and duly considering the weight of the person who wrote it) where I said, if the French king understood your value as well as we do, he would not exchange you for count Tallard and all the *débris* of Blenheim together; for I must confess I did not rally when I said so.

I hear your good sister, the queen of Pomunki,[c] waits with impatience till you are restored to your dominions; and that your rogue of a viceroy returns money fast to England, against the time he must retire from his government. Meantime Philips writes verses in a sledge, upon the frozen sea, and transmits them hither to thrive in our warmer clime under the shelter of my lord Dorset. I could send you a great deal of news from the *Respublica Grubstreetaria*, which was never in greater altitude, though I have been of late but a small contributor. A cargo of splinters from the Arabian rocks have been lately shipwrecked in the

[a] Christopher Fleming, baron of Slane, having taken up arms for king James, in 1688, in Ireland, where he was colonel of a regiment of foot, afterwards lost his estate, and was outlawed, till queen Anne reversed his attainder.

[b] Principal secretary to the earl of Wharton.

[c] Referring to colonel Hunter's government of Virginia.

Thames, to the irreparable damage of the virtuosi. Mrs. Long and I are fallen out; I shall not trouble you with the cause, but don't you think her altogether in the wrong? But Mrs. Barton is still in my good graces; I design to make her tell me when you are to be redeemed, and will send you word. There it is now, you think I am in jest; but I assure you, the best intelligence I get of public affairs is from ladies, for the ministers never tell me anything; and Mr. Addison is nine times more secret to me than anybody else, because I have the happiness to be thought his friend. The company at St. James's coffeehouse is as bad as ever, but it is not quite so good. The beauties you left are all gone off this frost, and we have got a new set for spring, of which Mrs. Chetwind and Mrs. Worsley are the principal. The vogue of operas holds up wonderfully, though we have had them a year; but I design to set up a party among the wits to run them down by next winter, if true English caprice does not interpose to save us the labour. Mademoiselle Spanheim is going to marry my lord Fitzharding, at least I have heard so; and if you find it otherwise at your return, the consequences may possibly be survived; however, you may tell it the Paris gazetteer, and let me have the pleasure to read a lie of my own sending. I suppose you have heard that the town has lost an old duke and recovered a mad duchess. The duke of Marlborough has at length found an enemy that dares face him, and which he will certainly fly before with the first opportunity, and we are all of opinion it will be his wisest course to do so. Now the way to be prodigiously witty would be by keeping you in suspense, and not letting you know that this enemy is nothing but the north-east wind, which stops his voyage to Holland. This letter, going in Mr. Addison's packet, will, I hope, have better luck than the former. I shall go for Ireland some time in summer, being not able to make my friends in the ministry consider my merits, or their promises, enough to keep me here; so that all my hopes now terminate in my bishopric of Virginia:[a] in the mean time, I hold fast my claim to your promise of corresponding with me, and that you will henceforward address your letters for me, at Mr. Steele's office, at the Cockpit, who has promised his care in conveying them. Mr. Domvil is now at Geneva, and sends me word he is become a convert to the Whigs, by observing the good and ill effects of freedom and slavery abroad.

I am now with Mr. Addison, with whom I have fifty times drunk your health since you left us. He is hurrying away for Ireland, and I can at present lengthen my letter no further; and I am not certain whether you will have any from him or not till he gets to Ireland. However, he commands me to assure you of his humble service; and I pray God too much business may not spoil *le plus honnête homme du monde;* for it is certain, which of a man's good talents he employs on business must be detracted from his conversation. I cannot write longer in so good company, and therefore conclude. Your most faithful and most humble servant,

JONATHAN SWIFT.

TO THE LORD-PRIMATE MARSH.[b]

London, March 24, 1709.

MY LORD,—I am commanded by his excellency the lord-lieutenant to send the enclosed to your grace, in answer to a letter his excellency lately received from your grace and several bishops, relating to the first-fruits of Ireland. This will spare your grace and their lordships the trouble of any further account from me. I shall therefore only add that his excellency commands me to assure your grace of his hearty inclination in favour of the church of Ireland; and am, with great respect, my lord, your grace's most dutiful and most obedient servant,

JONATHAN SWIFT.

TO ARCHBISHOP KING.

March 26, 1709.

MY LORD,—I should have acknowledged yours of Feb. 10 long ago if I had not stayed to see what became of the first-fruits. I have likewise yours of the 12th instant. I will now tell you the proceeding in this unhappy affair. Some time after the prince's death lord Pembroke sent me word by sir Andrew Fountaine that the queen had granted the thing, and afterward took the compliment I made him upon it. He likewise (I suppose) writ to the same purpose himself to the archbishop of Dublin. I was then for a long time pursued by a cruel illness, that seized me at fits, and hindered me from meddling in any business; neither, indeed, could I at all suspect there was any need to stir any more in this, until, often asking Mr. Addison whether he had any orders about it, I was a little in pain, and desired Mr. Addison to inquire at the treasury whether such a grant had then passed? and finding an unwillingness, I inquired myself, where Mr. Taylor assured me there were never any orders for such a grant. This was a month ago, and then I began to despair of the whole thing. Lord Pembroke was hard to be seen, neither did I think it worth talking the matter with him. What perplexed me most was, why he should tell me, and write to Ireland, that the business was do[illegible] ut he [illegible] Ireland [illegible] not as positive as what he gave me, I ought to be told so from thence. I had no opportunity of clearing this matter until the day I received your last letter; when his explanation was, that he had been promised he should carry over the grant when he returned to Ireland, and that his memorial was now in the Treasury. Yet, when I had formerly begged leave to follow this matter with lord-treasurer only, in the form of common soliciting, he was uneasy, and told me lord treasurer had nothing at all to do with it, but that it was a matter purely between the queen and himself, as I have told you in former letters; which, however, I knew then to be otherwise, from lord-treasurer himself. So that all I had left me to do was only the cold amusement of now and then refreshing lord Pembroke's memory, or giving the ministry, as I could find opportunity, good dispositions toward the thing. Upon this notice from lord Pembroke, I immediately went to lord Wharton, which was the first attendance I ever paid him. He was then in a great crowd; I told him my business; he said "he could not then discourse of it with me, but would the next day." I guessed the meaning of that, and saw the very person I expected just come from him. Then I gave him an account of my errand. I think it not convenient to repeat here the particulars of his answer; but the formal part was this: "That he was not yet properly lord-lieutenant until he was sworn; that he expected the same application should be made to him as had been done to other lord-lieutenants; that he was very well disposed," &c. I took the boldness to begin answering those objections, and designed to offer some reasons; but he rose suddenly, turned off the discourse, and seemed in haste; so I was forced to take my leave. I had an intention to offer my reasons in a memorial; but was advised, by very good hands, to let it alone, as infallibly to no purpose. And, in short, I observe such a reluctance in some friends, whose credit I would employ, that I begin to think no further of it.

[a] There was at this time a desire to make Swift bishop of Virginia, with power to ordain priests and deacons for our colonies in America.

[b] Indorsed by Swift, "Copy of a letter to the lord-primate of Ireland, by lord Wharton's order."

I had writ thus far without receiving a former letter from the archbishop of Dublin, wherein he tells me positively that lord Pembroke had sent him word the first-fruits were granted, and that lord Wharton would carry over the queen's letter, &c. I appeal to you what any man could think after this? *neither*, indeed, had I the least suspicion, until Mr. Addison told me he knew nothing of it; and that I had the same account from the treasury. It is wonderful a great minister should make no difference between a grant and the promise of a grant; and it is as strange that all I could say would not prevail on him to give me leave to solicit the finishing of it at the Treasury, which could not have taken the least grain of merit from him. Had I the least suspected it had been only a promise, I would have applied to lord Wharton above two months ago; and so I believe would the archbishop of Dublin from Ireland, which might have prevented, at least, the present excuse, of not having had the same application, although others might, I suppose, have been found.

I sent last post, by the lord-lieutenant's commands, an enclosed letter from his excellency to the lord-primate. In answer to a passage in your former letter, Mr. Stoughton is recommended for a chaplain to the lord lieutenant. His sermon is much recommended by several here. He is a prudent person, and knows how to time things. Others of somewhat better figure are as wise as he. A bold opinion is a short easy way to merit, and very necessary for those who have no other.

I am extremely afflicted with a cold, and cough attending it, which must excuse anything ill expressed in this letter. Neither is it a subject in the present circumstances very pleasant to dwell upon. I am, &c.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

FROM MR. ADDISON.

Dublin, April 22, 1709.

DEAR SIR,—I am in a very great hurry of business, but cannot forbear thanking you for your letter at Chester, which was the only entertainment I met with in that place. I hope to see you very suddenly, and will wait on our friend the bishop of Clogher, as soon as I can possibly. I have had just time to tell him, *en passant*, that you are well. I long to see you, and am, dear sir, your most faithful and most obedient servant,

J. ADDISON.

We arrived yesterday at Dublin.

FROM THE SAME.

Dublin Castle, June 25, 1709.

DEAR SIR,—I am heartily glad to hear you are so near us. If you will deliver the enclosed to the captain of the *Wolf* I dare say he will accommodate you with all in his power. If he has left Chester, I have sent you a bill according to the bishop of Clogher's desire, of whom I have a thousand good things to say. I do not ask your excuse about the yacht, because I don't want it, as you shall hear at Dublin: if I did, I should think myself inexcusable. I long to talk over all affairs with you, and am ever, dear sir, yours most entirely,

J. ADDISON.

P.S. The yacht will come over with the acts of parliament, and a convoy, about a week hence, which opportunity you may lay hold of, if you do not like the *Wolf*. I will give orders accordingly.

FROM THE SAME.

Monday morning.

DEAR SIR,—I think it very hard I should be in the same kingdom with Dr. Swift, and not have the happiness of his company once in three days. The bishop of Clogher intends to call on you this morning, as will your humble servant in my return from Chapple-Izzard, whither I am just now going. Your humble servant.

J. ADDISON.

FROM THE EARL OF HALIFAX.

October 6, 1709.

SIR,—Our friend Mr. Addison telling me that he was to write to you to-night, I could not let his packet go away without telling you how much I am concerned to find them returned without you. I am quite ashamed for myself and my friends to see you left in a place so incapable of tasting you; and to see so much merit and so great qualities unrewarded by those who are sensible of them. Mr. Addison and I are entered into a new confederacy, never to give over the pursuit, nor to cease reminding those who can serve you, till your worth is placed in that light it ought to shine in. Dr. South holds out still, but he cannot be immortal. The situation of his prebend would make me doubly concerned in serving you, and upon all occasions that shall offer I will be your constant solicitor, your sincere admirer, and your unalterable friend. I am your most humble and obedient servant,

HALIFAX.

FROM MR. STEELE.

Lord Sunderland's Office, October 8, 1709.

DEAR SIR,—Mr. secretary Addison went this morning out of town, and left behind him an agreeable command for me, viz., to forward the enclosed, [the preceding letter,] which lord Halifax sent him for you. I assure you no man could say more in praise of another than he did in your behalf at that noble lord's table on Wednesday last. I doubt not but you will find by the enclosed the effect it had upon him. No opportunity is omitted among powerful men to upbraid them for your stay in Ireland. The company that day at dinner were lord Edward Russel, lord Essex, Mr. Maynwaring, Mr. Addison, and myself. I have heard such things said of that same bishop of Clogher, with you, that I have often said he must be entered *ad eundem* in our house of lords. Mr. Philips dined with me yesterday: he is still a shepherd, and walks very lonely through this unthinking crowd in London. I wonder you do not write sometimes to me.

The town is in great expectation from Bickerstaff;[a] what passed at the election for his first table[b] being to be published this day sevennight. I have not seen Ben Tooke a great while, but long to usher you and yours into the world. Not that there can be anything added by me to your fame, but to walk bareheaded before you. I am, sir, your most obedient and most humble servant,

RICHARD STEELE.

FROM MR. ADDISON.

St. James's Place, April 11, 1710.

SIR,—I have run so much in debt with you that I do not know how to excuse myself, and therefore shall throw myself wholly upon your good nature; and promise, if you will pardon what is past, to be more punctual with you for the future. I hope to have the happiness of waiting on you very suddenly at Dublin, and do not at all regret the leaving of England, while I am going to a place where I shall have the satisfaction and honour of Dr. Swift's conversation. I shall not trouble you with any occurrences here, because I hope to have the pleasure of talking over all affairs with you very suddenly. We hope to be at Holyhead by the 30th instant. Lady Wharton stays in England. I suppose you know that I obeyed yours and the bishop of Clogher's commands, in relation to Mr. Smith; for I desired Mr. Dawson to acquaint you with it. I

[a] The name assumed by the author of the "Tatler."

[b] Meaning the choosing the worthies for the "Table of Fame;" an allegory which appeared in the "Tatler," No. lxxxi.

must beg my most humble duty to the bishop of Clogher. I heartily long to eat a dish of bacon and beans in the best company in the world. Mr. Steele and I often drink your health.

I am forced to give myself airs of a punctual correspondence with you in discourse with your friends at St. James's coffeehouse, who are always asking questions about you when they have a mind to pay their court to me, if I may use so magnificent phrase. Pray, dear doctor, continue your friendship toward me, who love and esteem you, if possible, as much as you deserve. I am ever, dear sir, yours entirely,

J. ADDISON.

TO DEAN STERNE.

[WITH A PROXY FOR HIS APPEARANCE AS PREBENDARY OF DUNLAVAN AT THE ARCHBISHOP'S VISITATION.]

Laracor, April 17, 1710.

SIR,—You have put me under the necessity of writing you a very scurvy letter, and in a very scurvy manner. It is the want of horses, and not of inclination that hinders me from attending on you at the chapter. But I would do it on foot to see you[a] visit in your own right; but if I must be visited by proxy, by proxy I will appear. The ladies [Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Dingley] of St. Mary's delivered me your commands; but Mrs. Johnson had dropped half of them by the shaking of her horse. I have made a shift, by the assistance of two civilians and a book of precedents, to send you the jargon annexed, with a blank for the name and title of any prebendary who will have the charity to answer for me. Those words, *grati incommodo*, are to be translated, the want of a horse. In a few days I expect to hear the two ladies lamenting the fleshpots of Cavan-street. I advise them, since they have given up their title and lodgings of St. Mary, to buy each of them a palfrey, and take a squire and seek adventures. I am here quarrelling with the frosty weather for spoiling my poor half-dozen of blossoms. *Spes anni collapsa ruit*: whether these words be mine or Virgil's, I cannot determine. I am this minute very busy, being to preach to-day before an audience of at least fifteen people, most of them gentle, and all simple.

I can send you no news: only the employment of my parishioners may, for memory-sake, be reduced under these heads: Mr. Percival is ditching; Mrs. Percival in her kitchen; Mr. Wesley switching; Mrs. Wesley stitching; sir Arthur Langford *riching*, which is a new word for heaping up riches. I know no other rhyme but *bitching*, and that I hope we are all past. Well, sir, long may you live the hospitable owner of good bits, good books, and good buildings. The bishop of Clogher would envy me for these three *bes*. I am your most obedient, humble servant,

JONATHAN SWIFT.

DR. SWIFT'S ACCOUNT OF HIS MOTHER'S DEATH, 1710.

MEM.—On Wednesday, between seven and eight in the evening, May 10, 1710, I received a letter in my chamber at Laracor (Mr. Percival and John Beaumont being by) from Mrs. Fenton, dated May 9th, with one enclosed, sent from Mrs. Worrall at Leicester to Mrs. Fenton, giving an account that my dear mother, Mrs. Abigail Swift, died that morning, Monday, April 21, 1710,[b] about ten o'clock, after a long sickness, being ill all winter, and lame, and extremely ill a month or six weeks before her death. I have now lost my barrier between me and death; God grant I may live to be as well prepared for it as I confidently believe her to have been! If the way to heaven be through piety, truth, justice, and charity, she is there.[a]

[a] Dr. Sterne was then vicar general of the diocese of Dublin.

[b] "1710, April 27, Abigail Swift, widow, aged 70 years, buried." Register of St. Martin's, Leicester.

FROM MR. ADDISON.

Dublin, June 3, 1710.

DEAR SIR,—I am just now come from Finglas, where I have been drinking your health, and talking of you, with one who loves and admires you better than any man in the world, except your humble servant. We both agree in a request that you will set out for Dublin as soon as possible. To tell you truly, I find the place disagreeable, and cannot imagine why it should appear so now more than it did last year. You know I look upon everything that is like a compliment as a breach of friendship, and therefore shall only tell you that I long to see you, without assuring you that I love your company and value your conversation more than any man's, or that I am, with the most inviolable sincerity and esteem, dear sir, your most faithful, most humble, and most obedient servant,

J. ADDISON.

FROM SIR ANDREW FOUNTAINE.

June 27, 1710.

I NEITHER can nor will have patience any longer; and, Swift, you are a confounded son of a ——. May your half-acre turn to a bog, and may your willows perish; may the worms eat your Plato, and may Parvol [the dean's steward] break your snuff-box. What! because there is never a bishop in England with half the wit of St. George Ashe, nor ever a secretary of state with a quarter of Addison's good sense; therefore you cannot write to those that love you, as well as any Clogher or Addison of them all. You have lost your reputation here, and that of your bastard the "Tatler" is going too; and there is no way left to recover either, but your writing. Well! 'tis no matter; I'll e'en leave London. Kingsmill is dead, and you don't write to me. Adieu.

FROM MR. HENLEY.

Εὐδαιμονεῖν καὶ Εὐπράττειν.

About 1709 or 1710

REVEREND SIR,—It is reported of the famous Regiomontanus, that he framed an eagle so artfully of a certain wood, that upon the approach of the emperor Maximilian to the opulent city of Nuremberg it took wing and flew out of the gates to meet him, and (as my author has it) appeared as though alive. Give me

[a] This memorandum is copied from one of the account-books which Dr. Swift always made up yearly, and on each page entered minutely all his receipts and expenses in every month, beginning his year from Nov. 1. He observed the same method all his life-time till his last illness. At the foot of that page which includes his expenses in the month of May, 1710, at his glebe house in Laracor, in the county of Meath, where he was then resident, are the above remarkable words, which show at the same time his filial piety and the religious use which he thought it his duty to make of that melancholy event. He always treated his mother, during her life, with the utmost duty and affection; and she sometimes came to Ireland to visit him after his settlement at Laracor. She lodged at Mr. Brent's, the printer in George's-lane, Dublin; and once asked her landlady "Whether she could keep a secret?" who replied, "She could very well." Upon which she enjoined her not to make the matter public which she was now going to communicate to her. "I have a spark in this town, that I carried on a correspondence with while I was in England; he will be here presently to pay his addresses, for he has heard by this time of my arrival, but I would not have the matter known." Soon after this a rap was heard at the door, and Dr. Swift walked upstairs. Mrs. Brent retired; but, after a little time, she was called; and then Mrs. Swift introduced her visitor, and said, "This is my spark I was telling you of: this is my lover, and indeed the only one I shall ever admit to pay their addresses to me." The doctor smiled at his mother's humour, and afterward payed his duty to her every day unsuspected by Mrs. Brent, whom he invited some years afterward to take care of his family affairs, when he became dean of St. Patrick's. And when she died he continued her daughter (Mrs. Ridgway, then a poor widow) in the same office.

leave to attribute this excellent invention to the vehement desire he had to entertain his master with something extraordinary, and to say with the poet,—

Amor addidit alas.

I am trying a like experiment, whether I cannot make this composition of old rags, gall, and vitriol fly to Dublin; and if (as the moving lion, which was composed by an Italian chemist, and opened his breast and showed the imperial arms painted on its heart) this could disclose itself, and discover to you the high esteem and affection I have for you, I should attain my end, and not only sacrifice a hecatomb, but cry out, with ecstatic Archimedes, Εὕρηκα.

I should not have presumed to imagine that you would deign to cast an eye on anything proceeding from so mean a hand as mine, had I not been encouraged by that character of candour and sweetness of temper for which you are so justly celebrated and esteemed by all good men, as the *deliciæ humani generis;* and I make no question, but, like your predecessor, [an emperor again,] you reckon every day as lost in which you have not an opportunity of doing some act of beneficence. I was moreover emboldened by the adage, which does not stick to affirm that one of the most despicable of animals may look upon the greatest of queens, as it has been proved to a demonstration by a late most judicious author, whom (as I take it) you have vouchsafed to immortalize by your learned lucubrations.[a] And, as proverbs are the wisdom of a nation, so I take the naturalizing such a quantity of very expressive ones, as we did by the act of union, to be one of the considerablest advantages we shall reap from it; and I do not question but the nation will be the wiser for the future.

But I have digressed too far, and therefore resume my thread. I know my own unworthiness to deserve your favour, but let this attempt pass on any account for some merit.

In magnis voluisse sat est.

And though all cannot be sprightly like F—d, wise like T——rs, agreeable like B——th, polite like P——r——de, or, to sum up all, though there be but one phœnix and one *lepidissimus homuncio,* T——p——m; yet, since a cup of cold water was not an unacceptable present to a thirsty emperor, I may flatter myself that this tender of my services (how mean soever) may not be contemned; and though I fall from my great attempt,

Spero trovar pieta non che perdono;

as that mellifluous ornament of Italy, Franciscus Petrarch, sweetly has it.

Mr. Crowder I have often heard affirm, and the fine thinkers of all ages have constantly held, that much good may be attained by reading of history. And Dr. Sloane is of opinion that modern travels are very behoveful toward forming the mind and enlarging the thoughts of the curious part of mankind.

Give me leave to speak a little from both these topics.

In the Roman triumphs, which were doubtless the most august spectacles that were ever seen, it was the constant custom that the public executioner should be behind the conqueror, to remind him (says my author) from time to time, that these honours were transitory, and could not secure him from the severity of the laws.

Colonel Morrison of the guards (he lives next door to Tart-Hall), his father was in Virginia, and being like to be starved, the company had recourse to a learned master of arts; his name was Venter: he advised them to eat one another *pour passer le tems,* and to begin with a fat cook-maid. She had certainly gone to pot had not a ship arrived just in the nick with a quantity of pork, which appeased their hunger and saved the wench's bacon.

To apply these: did you never (when rioting in the costly dainties of my lord-high-admiral's [earl of Pembroke] table, when the polytasted wine excited jovial thoughts and banished serious reflections) forget your frail mortal condition? Or when, at another time, you have wiped the point of a knife, or perhaps with a little spoon taken some Attic salt out of Mrs. Floyd's cadenat; and, as the poet sings,

Qui sedens adversus identidem——
Spectat et audit,

did you not think yourself *par Deo?* Pray God you did not; pray God you did not think yourself *superare divos.*

Confess the truth, doctor, you did; confess it, and repent of it, if it be not too late: but, alas! I fear it is.

And now, methinks, I look down into that bog all flaming with bonnyclabber and usquebaugh; and hear you gnashing your teeth and crying, "Oh! what would I give now for a glass of that small beer I used to say was sour! or a pinch of that snuff which I used say was the cursed'st stuff in the world; and borrow as much as would lie on a shilling the minute after. Oh! what would I give to have had a monitor in those moments to have put me in mind of the sword hanging by a twine-thread over my head, and to have cried in a voice as loud as Southwell's *Memento,* doctor, *quia Hibernus es, et in Hibernium reverteris!*"

Every man in the midst of his pleasures should remember the Roman executioner: and I have been assured that, had it not been for the unfortunate loss of his royal highness the prince, [of Denmark, who died Oct. 28, 1708,] sir Charles Duncombe [lord-mayor of London in 1708] would have revived that useful ceremony, which might be very properly introduced in the lord-mayor's cavalcade.

I would not be mistaken either in what has gone before or in that which is to follow, as if I took you to be a belly-god, an Apicius, or him that wished his neck as long as a crane's, that he might have the greater pleasure in swallowing. No, dear doctor, far be it from me to think you *Epicuri de grege porcum.* I know, indeed, you are *helluo,* but 'tis *librorum,* as the learned Dr. Accepted Frewen, sometime archbishop of York, was; and *ingenii,* as the quaint Dr. Offspring Blackall, now bishop of Exeter, is. Therefore let us return to the use which may be made of modern travels, and apply Mr. Morrison's to your condition.

You are now cast on an inhospitable island; no mathematical figures on the sand, no *vestigia hominum* to be seen; perhaps at this very time reduced to one single barrel of damaged biscuit, and short allowance even of salt water. What's to be done? Another in your condition would look about: perhaps he might find some potatoes; or get an old piece of iron, and make a harpoon, and if he found Higgons sleeping near the shore, strike him and eat him. The western islanders of Scotland say 'tis good meat; and his train oil, bottled till it mantles, is a delicious beverage, if the inhabitants of Lapland are to be credited.

But this I know is too gross a pabulum for one who (as the chameleon lives on air) has always hitherto lived on wit; and whose friends (God be thanked) design he should continue to do so, and on nothing else. Therefore I would advise you to fall upon old Joan; eat, do, I live to bid thee! eat Addison:[b] and when you have eat everybody else, eat my lord-lieutenant [earl of Wharton] (he is something lean, God help the while); and though it will, for aught I know, be treason, there will be nobody left to hang you, unless you should think fit to do yourself that favour; which if you should, pray don't write me word of it, because I should

[a] The "Tatler," conducted under the name of Isaac Bickerstaff.

[a] A turbulent high church clergyman.

[b] Secretary to the earl of Wharton, lord lieutenant of Ireland.

be very sorry to hear of any ill that should happen to you, as being, with a profound veneration, one of the greatest of your admirers, T. B.,

or any two letters you like better.

Pray direct your answer to me, at the Serjeant's Head i Cornwall; or at Mr. Sentiment's, a *potty carrier*, in Common Garden, in the *Phhs*.

TO MR. BENJAMIN TOOKE.[a]

Dublin, June 29, 1710.

SIR,—I was in the country when I received your letter with the apology enclosed in it;[b] and I had neit health nor humour to finish that business. But the blame rests with you, that if you thought it time you did not print it when you had it. I have just now your last, with the complete Key. I believe it is so perfect a Grub-street piece, it will be forgotten in a week. But it is strange that there can be no satisfaction against a bookseller for publishing names in so bold a manner. I wish some lawyer could advise you how I might have satisfaction: for at this rate there is no book, however vile, which may not be fastened on me. I cannot but think that little parson-cousin of mine is at the bottom of this; for, having lent him a copy of some part of, &c., and he showing it, after I was gone for Ireland, and the thing abroad, he affected to talk suspiciously, as if he had some share in it. If he should happen to be in town, and you light on him, I think you ought to tell him gravely, "That if he be the author, he should set his name to the," &c., and rally him a little upon it: and tell him, "if he can explain some things, you will, if he pleases, set his name to the next edition." I should be glad to see how far the foolish impudence of a dunce could go. Well; I will send you the thing, now I am in town, as soon as possible. But I dare say you have neither printed the rest nor finished the cuts, only are glad to lay the fault on me. I shall, at the end, take a little contemptible notice of the thing you sent me; and I dare say it will do you more good than hurt. If you are in such haste, how came you to forget the "Miscellanies?" I would not have you think of Steele for a publisher: he is too busy. I will, one of these days, send you some hints, which I would have in a preface, and you may get some friend to dress them up. I have thoughts of some other work one of these years; and I hope to see you ere it be long; since it is likely to be a new world, and since I have the merit of suffering by not complying with the old. Yours, &c.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

FROM MR. BENJAMIN TOOKE.

London, July 10, 1710.

SIR,—Enclosed I have sent the "Key," and think it would be much more proper to add the notes at the bottom of the respective pages they refer to than printing them at the end by themselves. As to the cuts, sir Andrew Fountaine has had them from the time they were designed, with an intent of altering them. But he is now gone into Norfolk, and will not return till Michaelmas; so that I think they must be laid aside; for, unless they are very well done, it is better they were quite let alone. As to the "Apology." I was not so careless but that I took a copy of it before I sent it to you; so that I could have printed it easily, but that you sent me word not to go on till you had altered some things in it. As to that cousin of yours which you speak of, I neither knew him nor ever heard of him till the "Key" mentioned him. It was very indifferent to me which I proceeded on first, "The Tale" or "The Miscellanies:" but, when you went away you told me there were three or four things should be sent over out of Ireland, which you had not here: which, I think, is a very reasonable excuse for myself in all these affairs. What I beg of you at present is, that you would return the "Apology" and this "Key," with directions as to the placing it: although I am entirely of opinion to put it at the bottom of each page; yet shall submit. If this be not done soon, I cannot promise but some rascal or other will do it for us both; since you see the liberty that is already taken. I think too much time has already been lost in "The Miscellanies;" therefore hasten that; and whichever is in the most forwardness, I would begin on first. All here depend on an entire alteration. I am, &c.

FROM MR. ADDISON.

Dublin Castle, July 23, 1710.

DEAR SIR,—About two days ago I received the enclosed that is sealed up, and yesterday that of my friend Steele, which, requiring a speedy answer, I have sent you express. In the mean time I have let him know that you are out of town, and that he may expect your answer by the next post. I fancy he had my lord Halifax's authority for writing. I hope this will bring you to town. For your amusement, by the way, I have sent you some of this day's news; to which I must add that Drs. Bysse[a] and Robinson[b] are likely to be the bishops of Bristol and St. David's; that our politicians are startled at the breaking off the negotiations and fall of stocks, insomuch that it is thought they will not venture at dissolving the parliament in such a crisis. I am ever, dear sir, yours entirely, J. ADDISON.

Mr. Steele desires me to seal yours before I deliver it, but this you will excuse in one who wishes you as well as he or anybody living can do.

FROM THE IRISH BISHOPS

TO THE BISHOPS OF OSSORY AND KILLALOE.

Dublin, August 31, 1710.

OUR VERY GOOD LORDS,—Whereas several applications have been made to her majesty about the first-fruits and twentieth parts payable to her majesty by the clergy of this kingdom, beseeching her majesty that she would be graciously pleased to extend her bounty to the clergy here, in such a manner as the convocation have humbly laid before her majesty, or as her majesty shall in her goodness and wisdom think fit; and the said applications lie still before her majesty; and we do hope from her royal bounty, a favourable answer.

We do therefore entreat your lordships to take on you the solicitation of that affair, and to use such proper methods and applications as you in your prudence shall judge most likely to be effectual. We have likewise desired the bearer, Dr. Swift, to concern himself with you, being persuaded of his diligence and good affection; and we desire, if your lordship's occasions require your leaving London before you have brought the business to effect, that you would leave with him the papers relating to it, with your directions for his management in it, if you think it advisable so to do. We are your lordship's most humble servants and brethren,

NARCISSUS ARMAGH.	W. KILDARE.
WILL. DUBLINIENSIS.	W. MEATH.
W. CASSEL.	W. KILLALA.

To the Right Rev. Fathers in God, John lord Bishop of Ossory, and Thomas lord Bishop of Killaloe.

TO ARCHBISHOP KING.

London, September 9, 1710.

MY LORD,—I arrived here on Thursday last, and, inquiring for the two bishops, I found my lord of Ossory[c]

[a] Swift's bookseller and publisher. Temple gate, Fleet-street.
[b] The "Apology" prefixed to the "Tale of a Tub."

[a] Philip, bishop of St. David's, then of Hereford.
[b] John consecrated bishop of Bristol, Nov. 19, 1710, and translated to the see of London, in March 1713.
[c] Dr. John Hartstonge, bishop of Ossory from 1693 to 17.4.

was gone some time ago, and the bishop of Killaloe[a] I could not hear of till next day, when I found he was set out early in the morning for Ireland; so that the letter to their lordships is so far to no purpose. I cannot yet learn whether they left any papers behind them; neither shall I much inquire; and, to say the truth, I was less solicitous to ask after the bishop of Killaloe when I heard the other was gone.

They tell me all affairs in the treasury are governed by Mr. Harley, and that he is the person usually applied to; only of late, my lord Poulet, upon what people have talked to him that way, hath exerted himself a little, and endeavours to be as significant as he can. I have opportunities enough of getting some interest with his lordship, who hath formerly done me good offices, although I have no personal acquaintance with him. After which I will apply to Mr. Harley, who formerly made some advances towards me; and, unless he be altered, will, I believe, think himself in the right to use me well: but I am inclined to suspend any particular solicitations until I hear from your grace, and am informed what progress the two bishops have made; and until I receive their papers, with what other directions your grace will desire to send me.

Upon my arrival here I found myself equally caressed by both parties, by one as a sort of bough for drowning men to lay hold of; and by the other as one discontented with the late men in power for not being thorough in their designs, and therefore ready to approve present things. I was to visit my lord Godolphin, who gave me a reception very unexpected, and altogether different from what I ever received from any great man in my life; altogether short, dry, and morose, not worth repeating to your grace, until I have the honour to see you. I complained of it to some of his friends, as having, as I thought, for some reasons, deserved much the contrary from his lordship: they said, to excuse him, that he was overrun with spleen and peevishness upon the present posture of affairs, and used nobody better. It may be new to your grace to tell you some circumstances of his removal. A letter was sent him by the groom of the queen's stables, to desire he would break his staff, which would be the easiest way, both to her majesty and him. Mr. Smith, chancellor of the Exchequer, happening to come in a little after, my lord broke his staff, and flung the pieces in the chimney, desiring Mr. Smith to be witness that he had obeyed the queen's commands; and sent him to the queen with a letter and message, which Mr. Smith delivered, and at the same time surrendered up his own office. The parliament is certainly to be dissolved, although the day is yet uncertain. The remainder of Whigs in employment are resolved not to resign; and a certain lord told me he had been the giver of that advice, and did, in my presence, prevail on an acquaintance of mine in a great post to promise the same thing. Only Mr. Boyle, [youngest son of Charles lord Clifford,] they say, is resolved to give up. Everybody counts infallibly upon a general removal. The duke of Queensberry, it is said, will be steward; my lord Cholmondeley is gone over to the new interest, with great indignation of his friends. It is affirmed by the Tories that the great motive of these changes was the absolute necessity of a peace, which they thought the Whigs were for perpetually delaying. Elections are now managing with greater violence and expense and more competitors than ever was known; yet the town is much fuller of people than usual at this time of the year, waiting till they see some issue of the matter. The duke of Ormond is much talked of for Ireland, and I imagine he believed something of it himself. Mr. Harley is looked upon as first minister, and not my lord Shrewsbury, and his grace helps on the opinion, whether out of policy or truth; upon all occasions professing to stay until he speaks with Mr. Harley. The queen continues at Kensington indisposed with the gout, of which she has frequent returns.

I deferred writing to your grace as late as I could this post, until I might have something to entertain you; but there is such a universal uncertainty among those who pretend to know most, that little can be depended on. However, it may be some amusement to tell you the sentiments of people here, and, as bad as they are, I am sure they are the best that are stirring: for it is thought there are not three people in England entirely in the secret; nor is it sure whether even those three are agreed in what they intend to do. I am, with great respect, my lord, your grace's most obedient and most humble servant,

JONATHAN SWIFT.

I have not time to read this and correct the literal mistakes.

I was to wait on the duke of Ormond to set him right in the story of the college, about the statue,[a] &c.

FROM ARCHBISHOP KING.

Dublin, September 16, 1710

REVEREND SIR,—I received yours, by the last packets, of Sept. 9th; and because you have missed the two bishops, I send you, with this, the papers relating to the first-fruits and twentieth parts. I send them in two bundles, being too big for one letter. The bishops, so far as I can learn from the bishop of Ossory, have not made any step since I left London. I will endeavour to get you a letter from the bishops to solicit that affair. In the mean time open the letter to the two bishops, and make use of it as occasion shall serve. The scheme I had laid for them is crossed by my lord-treasurer's being out; though, perhaps, that would not have done; but her majesty's promise I depended on, and I had engaged the archbishop of York in it. When he comes to London I will give you a letter to him. I can likewise find means, I believe, to possess my lord Shrewsbury and Mr. Harley with the reasonableness of the affair. I am not courtier enough to know the properness of the thing; but I had once an imagination to attempt her majesty herself by a letter, modestly putting her in mind of the matter; and no time so proper as when there is no lord-lieutenant of Ireland, which perhaps may be soon; but this needs advice.

There are great men here as much out of humour as you describe your great *visitee* [the earl of Godolphin] to have been; nor does the good news from Spain[b] clear them. I believe, however, they are glad at it, though another would have served their occasions as well.

I do not apprehend any other secret in all this affair, but to get Whigs out of all places of profit and trust, and to get others in them. As for peace, it must be on no other terms than the preliminaries; and you'll find a Tory parliament will give money as freely, and be as eager to prosecute the war, as the Whigs were, or they are not the wise men I take them to be. If they do so, and take care to have the money well disposed of when given, they will break the king of France's heart and the Whigs' together, and please the nation. There's an ugly accident that happens here in relation to our twentieth parts and first-fruits:

[a] Dr Thomas Lindsay, bishop of Killaloe from March 1695, translated to Raphoe in June, 1713; to Armagh in January, 1714; and died July 13, 1724.

[a] Some young gentlemen of the university, who took the truncheon out of the hand of the statue of king William III. on College green, and were expelled

[b] Probably the battle near Saragoza.

at Midsummer, 1709, there was ready money in the Treasury, and good solvent debts to the queen, to the value of 70,000*l.* Now, I am told by the last week's abstract, there is only 223*l.* in the Treasury, and the army unpaid, at least uncleared for a year; and all others, except pensioners, in the same condition. Now the great motive to prevail with her majesty to give the clergy the bounty petitioned for was the clearness of the revenue here; but if that be anticipated, perhaps it may make an objection. I will add no more, but my prayers for you. I am, &c. WILLIAM DUBLIN.

TO DEAN STERNE.

London, September 26, 1710.

SIR,—One would think this an admirable place from whence to fill a letter, yet when I come to examine particulars, I find they either consist of news which you hear as soon by the public papers, or of persons and things to which you are a stranger, and are the wiser and happier for being so. Here have been great men every day resigning their places; a resignation as sincere as that of a usurer on his deathbed. Here are some that fear being whipped because they have broken their rod; and some that may be called to an account because they could not cast one up. There are now not much above a dozen great employments to be disposed of, which, according to our computation, may be done in as many days. Patrick [Dr. Swift's Irish servant] assures me his acquaintance are all very well satisfied with these changes, which I take for no ill symptom, and it is certain the queen has never appeared so easy or so cheerful. I found my lord Godolphin the worst dissembler of any of them that I have talked to; and no wonder, since his loss and danger are greater, besides the addition of age and complexion. My lord-lieutenant [earl of Wharton] is gone to the country to bustle about elections. He is not yet removed, because they say it will be requisite to supersede him by a successor, which the queen has not fixed on; nor is it agreed whether the duke of Shrewsbury or Ormond [a] stand fairest. I speak only for this morning, because reports usually change every twenty-four hours. Meantime the pamphlets and half-sheets grow so upon our hands, it will very well employ a man every day from morning till night to read them, and so out of perfect despair I never read any at all. The Whigs, like an army beat three quarters out of the field, begin to skirmish but faintly; and deserters daily come over. We are amazed to find our mistakes, and how it was possible to see so much merit where there was none, and to overlook it where there was so much. When a great minister has lost his place, immediately virtue, honour, and wit fly over to his successor, with the other ensigns of his office. Since I left off writing I received a letter from my lord archbishop of Dublin, or rather two letters upon these memorials. I think immediately to begin my soliciting, though they are not very perfect; for I would be glad to know whether my lord archbishop would have the same method taken here that has been done in England, to settle it by parliament; but, however, that will be time enough thought of this good while.

I must here tell you that the dean of St. Patrick's lives better than any man of quality I know; yet this day I dined with the comptroller [sir John Holland, Bart.], who tells me he drinks the queen's wine to-day. I saw collector Sterne[b] who desired me to present his service to you, and to tell you he would be glad to hear from you, but not about business: by which I told him I guessed he was putting you off about something you desired.

I would much rather be now in Ireland drinking your good wine, and looking over while you lost a crown at penny-ombre. I am weary of the caresses of great men out of place. The comptroller expects every day the queen's commands to break his staff. He is the last great household officer they intend to turn out. My lord-lieutenant is yet in, because they cannot agree about his successor. I am your most obedient, humble servant, JONATHAN SWIFT.

[a] The duke of Ormond was appointed lord-lieutenant in October 19, 1710.

[b] Enoch Sterne, esq., collector of Wicklow, and clerk of the house of lords in Ireland.

A MEMORIAL OF DR. SWIFT'S TO MR. HARLEY ABOUT THE FIRST-FRUITS.

October 7, 1710.

IN Ireland hardly one parish in ten has any glebe, and the rest very small and scattered, except a very few, and these have seldom any houses.

There are in proportion more impropriations in Ireland than in England, which, added to the poverty of the country, make the livings of very small and uncertain value, so that five or six are often joined to make a revenue of 50*l.* per annum; but these have seldom above one church in repair, the rest being destroyed by frequent wars, &c.

The clergy, for want of glebes, are forced in their own or neighbouring parish to take farms to live at rack-rents.

The queen having some years since remitted the first-fruits to the clergy of England, the bishop of Cloyne, being then in London, did petition her majesty for the same favour in behalf of the clergy in Ireland, and received a gracious answer. But this affair, for want of soliciting, was not brought to an issue during the governments of the duke of Ormond and earl of Pembroke.

Upon the earl of Wharton's succeeding, Dr. Swift (who had solicited this matter in the preceding government) was directed by the bishops of Ireland to apply to his excellency, who thought fit to receive the motion as wholly new, and what he could not consider till he were fixed in the government, and till the same application were made to him as had been to his predecessors. Accordingly, an address was delivered to his lordship, with a petition to the queen, and a memorial annexed from both houses of convocation; but a dispute happening in the lower house, wherein his chaplain was concerned, and which was represented by the said chaplain as an affront designed to his excellency, who was pleased to understand and report it so to the court, the convocation was suddenly prorogued, and all further thoughts about the first-fruits let fall as deperate.

The subject of the petition was to desire that the twentieth parts might be remitted to the clergy, and the first-fruits made a fund for purchasing glebes and impropriations, and rebuilding churches.

The twentieth parts are 12*d.* in 1*l.* paid annually out of all ecclesiastical benefices, as they were valued at the Reformation. They amount to about 500*l.* per annum; but of little or no value to the queen, after the officers and other charges are paid, though of much trouble and vexation to the clergy.

The first-fruits paid by incumbents upon their promotion amount to 450*l.* per annum; so that her majesty, in remitting about 1000*l.* per annum to the clergy, will really lose not above 500*l.*

Upon Aug. 31, 1710, the two houses of convocation being met to be further prorogued, the archbishops and bishops conceiving there was now a favourable juncture to resume their applications, did, in their private capacities, sign a power to the said Dr. Swift to solicit the remitting of the first-fruits and twentieth parts.

But there is a greater burden than this, and almost intolerable, upon several of the clergy in Ireland: the easing of which the clergy only looked on as a thing to be wished, without making it part of their petition.

The queen is impropriator of several parishes, and the incumbent pays her half-yearly a rent generally to the third part of the real value of the living, and sometimes half. Some of these parishes, yielding no income to the vicar by the increase of graziers, are seized on by the crown, and cannot pay the reserved rent! The value of all these impropriations is about 2000*l.* per annum to her majesty.

If the queen would graciously please to bestow likewise these impropriations to the church, part to be remitted to the incumbent, where the rent is large and the living small, and the rest to be laid out in levying glebes and impropriations, and building churches, it would be a most pious and seasonable bounty.

The utmost value of the twentieth parts, first-fruits, and crown-rents, is 3000*l.* per annum, of which about 500*l.* per annum is sunk among officers; so that her majesty, by this great benefaction, would lose but 2500*l.* per annum.

TO ARCHBISHOP KING

London, October 10, 1710.

MY LORD,—I had the honour of your grace's letter of September 16, but I was in no pain to acknowledge it, nor shall be at any other time, until I have something that I think worth troubling you, because I am very sensible how much an insignificant letter is worse than none at all. I had likewise the memorial, &c., in another packet; and I beg your grace to enclose whatever packets you send me (I mean of bulk) under a paper directed to Mr. Steele, at his office in the Cockpit, and not for me at Mr. Steele's. I should have been glad the bishops had been here, although I take bishops to be the worst solicitors in the world, except in their own concerns. They cannot give themselves the little troubles of attendance that other men are content to swallow; else I am sure their two lordships might have succeeded easier than men of my level can reasonably hope to do.

As soon as I received the packets, I went to wait upon Mr. Harley. I had prepared him before by another hand, where he was very intimate, and got myself represented (which I might justly do) as one extremely ill-used by the last ministry, after some obligations, because I refused to go certain lengths they would have me. This happened to be in some sort Mr. Harley's own case. He had heard very often of me, and received me with the greatest marks of kindness and esteem, as I was whispered that he would; and the more, upon the ill usage I had met with. I sat with him two hours among company, and two hours we were alone; where I gave him a history of the whole business, and the steps that had been made in it; which he heard as I could wish, and promised with great readiness his best credit to effect it. I mentioned the difficulties we had met with from lords-lieutenants and their secretaries, who would not suffer other to solicit, and neglected it themselves. He fell in with me entirely; and said neither they nor himself should have the merit of it, but the queen, to whom he would show my memorial with the first opportunity, in order, if possible, to have it done in this interregnum. I said "it was a great encouragement to the bishops that he was in the Treasury, whom they knew to have been the chief adviser of the queen to grant the same favour in England; that the honour and merit of this would certainly be his, next the queen: but that it was nothing to him, who had done so much greater things; and that for my part, I thought he was obliged to the clergy of Ireland for giving him an occasion of gratifying the pleasure he took in doing good to the church." He received my compliment extremely well, and renewed his promises.

Your grace will please to know that, besides the first-fruits, I told him of the crown-rents, and showed the nature and value of them; but said my opinion was that the convocation had not mentioned them in their petition to the queen, delivered to lord Wharton with the address, because they thought the times would not then bear it; but that I looked upon myself to have a discretionary power to solicit it in so favourable a juncture. I had two memorials ready of my own drawing up, as short as possible, showing the nature of the thing, and how long it had been depending, &c. One of these memorials had a paragraph at the end relating to the crown-rents; the other had none. In case he had waived the motion of the crown-rents I would have given him the last, but I gave him the other, which he immediately read, and promised to second *both* with his best offices to the queen. As I have placed that paragraph in my memorial, it can do no harm, and may possibly do good. However, I beg your grace to say nothing of it, but if it dies, let it die in silence; we must take up with what can be got.

I forgot to tell your grace that when I said I was empowered, &c., he desired to see my powers; and then I heartily wished they had been a little more ample; and I have since wondered what scruple a number of bishops could have of empowering a clergyman to do the church and them a service, without any prospect or imagination of interest for himself further than about 10*s.* a-year.

Mr. Harley has invited me to dine with him to-day; but I shall not put him upon this discourse so soon. If he begins it himself, I will add at bottom whatever there is of moment.

He said Mr. secretary St. John desires to be acquainted with me, and that he will bring us together, which may be of further help: although I told him I had no thoughts of applying to any but himself; wherein he differed from me, desiring I would speak to others, if it were but for form; and seemed to mean, as if he would avoid the envy of doing things alone. But an old courtier, (an intimate friend of mine,) with whom I consulted, advised me still to let him know I relied wholly upon his good inclinations and credit with the queen.

I find I am forced to say all this very confusedly, just as it lies in my memory; but perhaps it may give your grace a truer notion of what passed than if I had writ in more order. Besides, I am forced to omit the greatest part of what I said, being not proper for a letter at such a distance; for I told very freely the late causes which had stopped this matter, and removed many odious misrepresentations, &c.

I beg whatever letters are sent to bishops or others in this matter, by your grace or the primate, may be enclosed to me, that I may stifle or deliver them, as the course of the affair shall require. As for a letter from your grace to the queen, you say it needs advice; and I am sure it is not from me, who shall not presume to offer; but perhaps from what I have writ you may form some judgment or other.

As for public affairs, I confess I began this letter on a half-sheet, merely to limit myself on a subject with which I did not know whether your grace would be entertained. I am not yet convinced that any access to men in power gives a man more truth or light than the politics of a coffeehouse. I have known some great ministers who would seem to discover the very inside of their hearts, when I was sure they did not value whether I had proclaimed all they had said at Charing-cross. But I never knew one great minister who made any scruple to mould the alphabet into whatever

words he pleased, or to be more difficult about any facts than his porter is about that of his lord's being at home: so that whoever has so little to do as to desire some knowledge in secrets of state must compare what he hears from several great men, as from one great man at several times, which is equally different. People were surprised when the court stopped its hands as to further removals; the comptroller, a lord of the Admiralty, and some others, told me they expected every day to be dismissed: but they were all deceived, and the higher Tories are very angry; but some time ago, at Hampton Court, I picked out the reason from a dozen persons; and told sir John Holland I would lay a wager he would not lose his staff so soon as he imagined. The ministry are afraid of too great a majority of their own side in the house of commons, and therefore stopped short in their changes; yet some refiners think they have gone too far already, for of thirty new members in the present elections about twenty-six are Tories. The duke of Ormond seems still to stand the fairest for Ireland; although I hear some faint hopes they will not nominate very soon. The ruin of the late party was owing to a great number and a complication of causes, which I have had from persons able enough to inform me; and that is all we can mean by a good hand, for the veracity is not to be relied on. The duchess of Marlborough's removal has been seven years working; that of the treasurer above three, and he was to be dismissed before lord Sunderland. Besides the many personal causes, that of breaking measures settled for a peace four years ago had a great weight, when the French had complied with all terms, &c. In short, they apprehended the whole party to be entirely against a peace, for some time, until they were riveted fast, too fast to be broke, as they otherwise expected, if the war should conclude too soon. I cannot tell (for it is just come into my head) whether some unanimous addresses, from those who love the church in Ireland, or from Dublin, or your grace and the clergy, might not be seasonable; or whether my lord Wharton's being not yet suspended may yet hinder it.

I forgot to tell your grace that the memorial I gave Mr. Harley was drawn up by myself, and was an abstract of what I had said to him; it was as short as I could make it; that which you sent being too long, and of another nature.

I dined to-day with Mr. Harley; but I must humbly beg your grace's pardon if I say no more at present, for reasons I may shortly let you know. In the mean time I desire your grace to believe me, with the greatest respect, my lord, your grace's most dutiful and most humble servant, JONATHAN SWIFT.

FROM ARCHBISHOP KING.

London, October 24, 1710.

REVEREND SIR,—I thank you for yours of the 10th instant, and send you enclosed a further power by my lord-primate and me. My lord is not able to come to town, which obliged me to wait on him at Johnston, and hindered the joining of two or three bishops in it who are yet in town; but I suppose our signing is sufficient. I went in the morning to wait on his grace, and intended, when he had signed it, to have applied to other bishops; but he was abroad taking the air, and I could not get it until it was late, and thought it better to sign and send it as it is than wait for another post. You may expect by the next a letter to his grace of Canterbury, and another to the archbishop of York. I apprised them both of the business. The latter, if I remember right, spoke to her majesty about it; I am not sure that her majesty remembers what I said on that subject; but am sure she was pleased to seem satisfied with it, and to scruple only the time: I suppose, not thinking it fit to confer the favour she designed the clergy of Ireland by the hands it must then have passed through, but said that in the interval of a change, or absence of a chief governor, it should be done. I hope now is the proper time, and that her majesty will rather follow the dictates of her own bountiful inclinations than the intrigues of cunning covetous counsellors.

I thought to have troubled you with a great many things, but such a crowd of visitors have broken in upon me before I could lock my gates, that I am forced to break off abruptly, recommending you to God's care. I am, &c. WILLIAM DUBLIN.

FROM LORD-PRIMATE MARSH AND ARCHBISHOP KING.

Dublin, October 24, 1710.

SIR,—We directed a letter to the bishops of Ossory and Killaloe last August, desiring and empowering them to solicit the affair of our first-fruits and twentieth parts with her majesty; which has depended so long, notwithstanding her majesty's good intentions, and several promises of the chief governors here to lay our addresses before her majesty in the best manner. We were then apprehensive that those bishops might return from England before the business could be effected, and therefore we desired them to concern you in it, having so good assurance of your ability, prudence, and fitness to prosecute such a matter. We find the bishops returned before you came to London, for which we are very much concerned; and judging this the most proper time to prosecute it with success, we entreat you to take the *full management* of it into your hands; and do commit the care of soliciting it to your diligence and prudence; desiring you to let us know, from time to time, what progress is made in it. And if anything further be necessary on our part, on your intimation we shall be ready to do what shall be judged reasonable.

This, with our prayers for the good success of your endeavours, is all from, sir, yours, &c.

NARCISSUS ARMAGH.
WILLIAM DUBLIN.

FROM ARCHBISHOP KING.

Dublin, November 2, 1710.

REVEREND SIR,—The declaration of his grace the duke of Ormond to be our lord-lieutenant has stopped the further letters of recommendation designed to be sent to you, because the bishops were unwilling to solicit the affair of the first-fruits and twentieth parts by any other hand. I gave them some account how far you had been concerned in it; and they ordered a letter to Mr. Southwell, to give him an account that the papers were in your hands, and desire you to wait on him with them and take your own measures in soliciting the affair. I am not to conceal from you that some expressed a little jealously that you would not be acceptable to the present courtiers, intimating that you were under the reputation of being a favourite of the late party in power. You may remember I asked you the question before you were engaged in this affair, knowing of what moment it was; and by the coldness I found in some I soon perceived what was at the bottom. I am of opinion that this conjuncture of circumstances will oblige you to exert yourself with more vigour; and, if it should succeed, you have gained your point; whereas, if you should fail, it would cause no reflections, that having been the fate of so many before you.

I can be very little useful to you at this distance; but if you foresee anything wherein I may be serviceable to the business or yourself, you may command, sir, yours, &c. WILLIAM DUBLIN.

TO ARCHBISHOP KING.

London, November 4, 1710.

MY LORD,—I am most unhappily engaged this night, where I cannot write to your grace so long a letter as I intended; but I will make it up in a post or two. I have only now to tell you that Mr. Harley has given me leave to acquaint my lord-primate and your grace that the queen has granted the first-fruits and twentieth parts to the clergy of Ireland. It was done above a fortnight ago; but I was then obliged to keep it a secret, as I hinted to your grace in my last letter. He has now given me leave to let your grace and my lord-primate know it; only desires you will say nothing of it until a letter comes to you from my lord Dartmouth, secretary of state. All I know yet is, that the bishops are to be made a corporation for the disposal of the first-fruits, and that the twentieth parts are to be remitted. I will write to your grace the particulars of my negotiations, and some other amusements very soon. I humbly beg your grace to acquaint my lord-primate with this. I had your grace's letter last post; and you will now see that your letters to the archbishops here are unnecessary. I was a little in pain about the duke of Ormond, who, I feared, might interpose in this matter, and be angry it was done without him: but Mr. Harley has very kindly taken this matter upon himself. It was yesterday I dined with him, and he told me all this; and to-morrow I dine with him again, where I may hear more. I shall obey your grace's directions, whether my stay here be further necessary after you have had the letter from the secretary's office. I know not what it will be; but if any forms remain to finish, I shall be ready to assist in it as I have hitherto done. I have all the reason in the world to be satisfied with Mr. Harley's conduct in this whole affair. In three days he spoke of it to the queen, and gave her my memorial, and so continued until he got her grant. I am now in much company, and steal this time to write to your grace. The queen was resolved to have the whole merit of this affair to herself. Mr. Harley advised her to it; and next to her majesty he is the only person to be thanked. I suppose it will not be many days before you have the letter from my lord Dartmouth; and your grace will afterward signify your commands if you have any for me. I shall go to the office and see that a despatch be made as soon as possible. I am, with the greatest respect, my lord, your grace's most dutiful and most obedient humble servant,

JONATHAN SWIFT.

FROM ARCHBISHOP KING.

Dublin, November 16, 1710.

REVEREND SIR,—I have before me yours of the 4th instant, which I received two posts ago. It was very grateful to me, and I hope it will have a good effect as to the church in general, and be of use to you in particular, which I heartily wish. My lord-primate is out of town, and I have not seen him since I received yours, nor do I see any haste to communicate it to him; but in due time there will be no need to make a secret of it. I durst not have said anything of it, if you had not given me the caution, lest any accident should intervene, to which all matters of this nature are liable. It puts a man out of countenance to raise expectations if he should not be able to satisfy them. I understand that her majesty designed this should be her own act; but the good instruments that have been subservient ought not to be forgot; and with God's help, I will do my endeavour that they shall not. I shall be impatient to see the accomplishment of this charitable work.

We are here in as great a ferment about choosing parliament-men, on a supposition that this parliament will be dissolved as soon as yours in England. And it is remarkable, that such as design to betray their country are more diligent to make votes than those that have some faint intentions to serve it. It would prevent a great deal of needless charges and heats if we certainly knew whether we should have a new parliament or not.

All business in chancery, and in truth all public business, is at a stand, by the indisposition of my lord-chancellor. I would tell you that I am engaged most unhappily this night to excuse this short letter; but the plain truth, I think, will do as well; which is, that I have no more to say but my prayers for you, &c.

WILLIAM DUBLIN.

TO ARCHBISHOP KING.

London, November 23, 1710.

MY LORD,—I had your grace's letter[a] not until this day; whether it lay in the secretary's office, or was kept by the wind, I cannot tell; but I would have exposed it immediately whenever it had come. Mr. Southwell told me two days ago of the letter[b] your grace mentions, which surprised me a good deal, when I remembered I had writ to your grace three weeks ago that the queen had absolutely granted the first-fruits and twentieths, and that Mr. Harley had permitted me to signify the same to the primate and your grace. Perhaps that letter might not have reached your grace before that resolution of sending to the duke of Ormond; but, however, I gave you such an account of my reception from Mr. Harley, and his readiness to undertake this affair, and what steps he had already made in it, as I thought would have given you some sight in what way the business was; but Mr. Harley charged me to tell nobody alive what the queen had resolved on till he gave me leave; and by the conclusion of a former letter, your grace might see you were to expect some further intelligence very soon. Your grace may remember that, upon your telling me how backward the bishops were in giving me a power, I was very unwilling to go at all, and sent the dean of St. Patrick's [Dr. Sterne] to tell you so; but you thought I could not handsomely put it off when things were gone so far. Your objection then about the disadvantage I lay under in point of party I knew well enough how to answer, otherwise nothing should have prevailed on me to come hither; and if my lords the bishops doubt whether I have any credit with the present ministry, I will, if they please, undo this matter in as little time as I have done it. I did reckon your grace understood and believed me in what I said; and I reckon so still; but I will not be at the pains of undeceiving so many. I never proposed to myself either credit or profit by my labour, but the satisfaction of doing good, without valuing whether I had the merit of it or not: but the method now taken was the likeliest way to set all things backward, if it were not past danger. It shall be my business (until my lords the bishops forbid me to engage further) to prevent any misunderstanding with Mr. Harley by this sudden step. The thing was all done before the duke of Ormond was named for lord-lieutenant, so there was no affront at all to him; and Mr. Harley told me more than once that such an interest was the properest, because he thought the queen herself should have the doing of it: but I said a great deal of this in former letters. If your grace has any commands for me of your own, I shall obey them with all cheerfulness, being, with great respect, my lord, your grace's most obedient and most humble servant,

JONATHAN SWIFT.

[a] That which is dated November 2.

[b] A letter to Mr Southwell from the bishops of Ireland, with an address to the duke of Ormond, requesting him to move the queen to take off the first-fruits.

TO ARCHBISHOP KING.

London, November 28, 1710.

MY LORD,—A day or two after I received your grace's letter of the second instant I dined with Mr. Southwell, who showed me the letter of the bishops to the duke of Ormond, and another letter from the bishop of Kildare [Dr. Welbore Ellis] to Mr. Southwell, to desire him to get the papers from me, which I shall send him as soon as I have looked them out. Mr. Southwell said that, a month or two hence, when the duke began to think of this journey, it would be time enough to solicit this affair. Upon this I told him frankly that the queen had already granted the first-fruits, and that I had writ to your grace by Mr. Harley's directions, but that my letter did not reach you until yours was sent to the duke and him; and that therefore I thought it would be a very odd step to begin again. He said he was glad it was done, and that he did not design to take any of the credit from me, &c. I told him sincerely, it was what I did not regard at all, and, provided the church had the benefit, it was indifferent to me how it came about, and so we parted. I had told the duke of Ormond at first that I would apply myself to Mr. Harley if his grace advised it, which he did; and I afterward told Mr. Southwell that Mr. Harley had been very kind in promising his good offices: further I durst not speak, being under an engagement of secrecy to Mr. Harley; and the whole thing was done before the duke was declared lord-lieutenant. If your grace considers the time you sent me the paper, you will judge what despatch was made; in two days after I delivered a memorial I drew up to Mr. Harley; and in less than a fortnight he had treated the matter four times with the queen, and then told me she had granted it absolutely, as my memorial desired, but charged me to tell no man alive; and your grace may remember that one of my letters ended with something as if I were limited and would say more in a short time. In about a week after I had leave to inform the primate and your grace, as I did in my letter of the 4th instant. It is to be considered that the queen was all this while at Hampton Court or Windsor, so that I think the despatch was very great. But, indeed, I expected a letter would have been sent from the secretary's office to signify this matter in due form; and so it will: but Mr. Harley had a mind first to bring me to the queen, for that and some other matters; and she came to town not a week ago, and was out of order one day when it was designed I should attend her, and since, the parliament's beginning has taken her up; but in a few days Mr. Harley tells me he will introduce me. This I tell your grace in confidence, only to satisfy you in particular why the queen has not yet sent a letter in form. Upon that despatch to Mr. Southwell I was perplexed to the last degree. I did not value the slighting manner of the bishop of Kildare's letter, barely desiring Mr. Southwell to call on me for the papers, without anything further, as if I had been wholly insignificant; but I was at a loss how to behave myself with the duke and Mr. Harley. I met the latter yesterday in the court of requests, and he whispered me to dine with him. At dinner I told him of the despatch to Mr. Southwell, and rallied him for putting me under difficulties with his secrets; that I was running my head against a wall; that he reckoned he had done the church and me a favour; that I should disoblige the duke of Ormond; and that the bishops in Ireland thought I had done nothing, and had therefore taken away my commission. He told me your lordship had taken it away in good time, for the thing was done; and that, as for the duke of Ormond, I need not be uneasy; for he would let his grace know it as soon as he saw him, which would be in a day or two, at the Treasury; and then promised again to carry me to the queen with the first opportunity. Your grace now sees how the affair stands, and whether I deserve such treatment from the bishops; from every part whereof I wholly exclude your grace, and could only wish my first letter, about the progress I had made, had found so much credit with you as to have delayed that despatch until you heard once more from me. I had at least so much discretion not to pretend I had done more than I really did, but rather less; and if I had consulted my own interest I should have employed my credit with the present ministry another way. The bishops are mistaken in me; it is well known here that I could have made my markets with the last ministry if I had pleased; and the present men in power are very well apprised of it, as your grace may, if I live to see you again; which I certainly never would in Ireland, if I did not flatter myself that I am upon a better foot with your grace than with some other of their lordships. Your grace is pleased to command me to continue my solicitations; but as now there will be no need of them, so I think my commission is at an end ever since I had notice of that despatch to Mr. Southwell. However, in obedience to your grace, if there be anything to be done about expediting the forms, wherein my service can be of use, I will readily perform as far as I am able: but I must tell your grace what gives me the greatest displeasure, that I had hopes to prevail that the queen should in some months be brought to remit the crown-rents, which I named in my memorial, but in an article by itself; and which Mr. Harley had given me some hopes of, and I have some private reasons to think might have been brought about. I mentioned it in the memorial only as from myself; and therefore, if I have an opportunity, I shall venture to mention it to the queen, or at least repeat it to Mr. Harley. This I do as a private man whom the bishops no longer own. It is certainly right to pay all civilities and make applications to a lord-lieutenant; but, without some other means, a business may hang long enough, as this of the first-fruits did for four years under the duke of Ormond's last government, although no man loves the church of Ireland better than his grace; but such things are forgot and neglected between the governor and his secretaries, unless solicited by somebody who has the business at heart. But I have done, and shall trouble your grace no further upon this affair; and on other occasions, while I am here, will endeavour to entertain you with what is likely to pass in this busy scene, where all things are taking a new and, I think, a good turn; and where, if you please, I will write to you with that freedom I formerly did; and I beg your grace to employ me in any commands you may have here, which I shall be prouder to obey than to have ever so much merit with some others; being, with perfect respect, my lord, your grace's most dutiful and most obedient humble servant, JONATHAN SWIFT.

Your grace will please to direct for me at St. James's coffeehouse, St. James's-street.

Two hundred members supped last night at the Fountain tavern, where they went to determine about a chairman for elections. Medlicot and Manley were the two candidates; but the company could not agree, and parted in an ill humour. It is a matter of some moment, and I hope it will be amicably made up; but the great rock we are afraid of is a dissension among the majority, because the weakest part, when they grow discontented, know where to retire and be received

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FROM ARCHBISHOP KING.

Dublin, November 30, 1710.

REVEREND SIR,—I received yours of the 23rd by last packet. I was aware of what you observed when the

letter to his grace was signed; but it was before I received yours of the 4th instant, wherein you tell me that the business was in effect done; nor could I have any certain prospect that it would be done from any intimation that I had before from you. You must know that this was not the only thing displeased me in the letter; it was drawn and signed by some before I saw it. I looked on it as a snare laid in my way; nor must you wonder that some are better at making their court than serving the church, and can flatter much better than vote on the right side. Those that had rendered themselves justly obnoxious by deserting his grace's[a] friends and interest in notorious instances think they have salved all by this early application, and perhaps it may prove so.

But if the matter be done, assure yourself it will be known by whom, and what means, it was effected.

In the mean time, God forbid you should think of slacking your endeavours to bring it to perfection. I am yet under an obligation not to say anything of the matter from your letter; and while so, it would be hard for me to refuse to sign such a letter as that you mention, or find a pretence for so doing; but when the business is done, the means and methods will likewise be known, and everybody have their due that contributed to it.

I shall reckon nothing done till the queen's letter comes here. You may remember how we were borne in hand in my lord Pembroke's time, that the queen had passed the grant; which, after a whole year's expectation and solicitation, proved only a mouthful of moonshine. But, if it succeeds better now, we must owe it, next to the queen's goodness and bounty, to the great care of the great man to whom you have applied, and to your management. It is seven or eight years since we first attempted this affair, and it passed through several hands; yet no progress was made in it, which was certainly due to the ill methods taken to put it forward; which, in truth, instead of promoting, obstructed it. At the very first motion it was promised, and in a fair way; but the bishops' here, out of their abundant deference to the government, made the same wrong step they would have done now; and we could never make the least progress since till now; and I pray God we have not put it back again.

You must not imagine that it is out of any disaffection to you, or any distrust of your ability or diligence, that the bishops here were so cold in their employing you; but they reckon on party; and though several knew what you were, yet they imagined, and some vouched, that you were looked on at court as engaged on the other side; and you cannot do yourself a greater service than to bring this to a good issue, to their shame and conviction. I heartily recommend you and your business to God's care. I am, &c.

WILLIAM DUBLIN.

FROM ARCHBISHOP KING.

Dublin, December 16, 1710.

SIR,—This is to acknowledge the receipt of yours of the 28th ult., which came not to my hands till Thursday last, by reason of winds that kept the packets on the other side.

I find the matter of our first-fruits, &c., is talked of now. I reckon on nothing certain till her majesty's letter comes in form; and quære, why should you not come and bring it with you? It would make you a very welcome clergyman to Ireland, and be the best means to satisfy mankind how it was obtained, although I think it will be out of dispute. I am very well apprised of the despatch you gave to this affair, and well pleased that I judged better of the person fit to be employed than some of my brethren. But now it is done, as I hope it is effectually, they will assume as much as their neighbours; which I shall never contradict.

Things are taking a new turn here as well as with you; and I am of opinion, by the time you come here, few will profess themselves Whigs. The greatest danger I apprehend, and which terrifies me more than perhaps you will be able to imagine, is the fury and indiscretion of some of our own people; who never had any merit, but, by embroiling things, they did and I am afraid will yet do mischief. You will soon hear of a great conspiracy discovered in the county of Westmeath. I was used to so many discoveries of plots in the latter end of king Charles's time and the beginning of king James's that I am not surprised at this discovery. I must not say anything of it till all the witnesses be examined; so many as have deposed are not decisive. The design of it is to show all the gentlemen of Ireland to be a pack of desperate Whigs, ready to rise up in arms against her majesty for the old ministry, associating to that purpose. Whether it be for the interest of Ireland to have this believed, you may judge; and sure there must be good evidence to make any reasonable man believe it. Mr. Higgins has drawn up the narrative, and sent it to England, and will pawn all he is worth to make it good. I heartily recommend you to God's favour; and am, &c.

WILLIAM DUBLIN.

TO ARCHBISHOP KING.

London, December 30, 1710.

MY LORD,—I have just received your grace's letter of the 16th; and I was going, however, to write again to your grace, not upon business, but to amuse you with something from hence, which no man wants more than your grace, considering the variety of other people's affairs you have always on your hands, as well as the church's and your own, which are the same thing. The duke of Ormond told me the other day that the primate declined very fast, and was hardly able to sign a paper. I said, I wondered they would put him [in] the government, when every one knew he was a dying man this twelvemonth past. I hope, for the church's good, that your grace's friends will do their duty, in representing you as the person the kingdom wishes to succeed him. I know not how your dispositions stand that way. I know my lord-president has great credit at present; and I have understood him to be a friend to your grace. I can only say I have no regard to your interest in this, but that of the church; and therefore should be very glad to drop in a word where it lies in my way, if I thought it would not be disagreeable to you. I dread their sending a person from hence, which I shall venture to prevent with all the little credit I have, and should be glad to see a primate of our own kingdom and university; and that all I shall venture to say on this subject.

Marshal Staremberg[a] has certainly got to Saragossa with 7000 men, and the duke of Vendosme[b] has sent him his equipage. Mr. Stanhope was positive to part forces with Staremberg, which occasioned this loss; and when the battle was, they were several miles asunder.[c] The duke of Marlborough was yesterday an hour with the queen; it was sent him at twelve noon, when it was likely his visit should be shortest. Mr. St. John was with her just before, and Mr. Harley just after. The duke's behaviour was with the most abject submission: "that he was the meanest of her majesty's instruments; her humble creature; a poor worm," &c. This I had from a lord to whom the queen told it; for

a The duke of Ormond, viceroy of Ireland.

a General and commander of the Imperial forces of Spain.

b Commander of the French.

c This refers to the battle of Villa Viciosa.

the ministers never tell anything; and it is only by picking out and comparing that one can ever be the wiser for them. I took leave yesterday of lord Peterborough, who is going in a day or two to Vienna: I said I wished he were going to Spain; he told me, "he hoped his present journey would be to more purpose:" and by what I can gather, they will use all means to make as speedy a peace as possible, with safety and honour. Lord Rivers tells me he will not set out for Hanover this month. I asked him about his late reception there, because the town was full of stories about it; he assured me he could not desire a better; and if it were otherwise, I believe he would hardly be pitched upon to be sent again. The young people in parliament are very eager to have some inquiries made into past managements, and are a little angry with the slackness of the ministry upon that article; they say they have told those who sent them that the queen's calling a new parliament was to correct and look into former abuses; and if something of the latter be not done, they know not how to answer it. I am not altogether satisfied how the ministry is disposed in this point. Your grace has heard there was much talk lately of sir Richard Levintz's[a] design to impeach lord Wharton; and several persons of great consideration in the house assured me they would give him all encouragement; and I have reason to know it would be acceptable to the court: but sir Richard is the most timorous man alive, and they all begin to look upon him in that character, and to hope nothing from him;[b] however, they talk of some other inquiries when the parliament meets after this recess; and it is often mentioned in people's mouths that February will be a warm month; but this I can affirm nothing of, and I hope your grace will distinguish between what I affirm and what I report: as to the first, you may securely count upon it; the other you will please to take as it is sent.

Since the letter from the bishops to the duke of Ormond, I have been a much cooler solicitor; for I look upon myself no longer a deputed person. Your grace may be fully satisfied that the thing is granted, because I had orders to report it to you from the prime-minister; the rest is form, and may be done at any time; as for bringing the letter over myself, I must again profess to your grace that I do not regard the reputation of it at all; perhaps I might if I were in Ireland; but, when I am on this side, a certain pride seizes me, from very different usage I meet with, which makes me look on things in another light: but, besides, I beg to tell your grace in confidence, that the ministry have desired me to continue here some time longer, for certain reasons that I may some time have the honour to tell you. As for everybody's knowing what is done in the first-fruits, it was I that told it; for, after I saw the bishop's letter, I let every one know it in perfect spite, and told Mr. Harley and Mr. secretary St. John so. However, in humble deference to your grace's opinion, and not to appear sullen, I did yesterday complain to Mr. secretary St. John that Mr. Harley had not yet got the letter from the queen to confirm the grant of the first-fruits, that I had lost reputation by it; and that I took it very ill of them both; and that their excuses of parliament business, and grief for the loss in Spain, were what I would bear no longer. He took all I had said very well, and desired I would call to him to-morrow morning, and he would engage, if Mr. Harley had not done it, he himself would in a day or two. As soon as there is any issue of this I shall inform your grace; and I have reason to think it is a trifle they will not refuse me.

a Speaker of the house of commons, and lord chief-justice of the Queen's Bench.

b The proposed impeachment fell to the ground.

I think I had from other hands some accounts of that rediculous plot your grace mentions, but it is not yet talked of here, neither have any of the ministry mentioned a word of it to me, although they are well apprised of some affairs in Ireland: for I had two papers given me by a great man, one about the sentence of the defacers of the statue, and the other about a trial before the lord chief-justice Broderick, for some words in the north spoken by a clergyman against the queen. I suppose your grace reckons upon a new parliament in Ireland, with some alterations in the council, the law, and the revenue. Your grace is the most exact correspondent I ever had, and the dean of St. Patrick's directly contrary, which I hope you will remember to say to him upon the occasion. I am, with the greatest repect, my lord, your grace's most dutiful and most humble servant, JONATHAN SWIFT.

I have read over this letter, and find several things relating to affairs here that are said in perfect confidence to your grace: if they are told again, I only desire it may not be known from what hand they came.

TO ARCHBISHOP KING.

January, 4, 1711.

MY LORD,—Having writ to your grace so lately, I only now make bold to let you know that on Tuesday I was to wait on Mr. secretary St. John, who told me from Mr. Harley that I need not to be in pain about the first fruits, for the warrant was drawn in order toward a patent; but must pass two several forms, and take up some time, for the queen designs to make a grant by her letters-patent. I shall take all due methods to hasten it as far as I am able: but in these cases they are generally pretty tedious. Mr. Harley likewise sent me the same day, by another person, the same message. I dined with him about four days ago; but there being much company, and he going away in haste pretty soon after dinner, he had not time to tell me so himself. Indeed he has been so ready to do everything in this matter as I would have him, that he never needed pressing; which, considering both the weight and difficulty of affairs at present on his shoulders, is very extraordinary, and what I never met from a great minister before. I had thought, and so Mr. Harley told me, that the queen would have sent a letter to the bishops; but this is a shorter way, and I hope your grace will like it. I am, with the greatest respect, my lord, your grace's most dutiful and most humble servant, JONATHAN SWIFT.

I am told from a good hand that in a short time the house of commons will fall upon some inquiries into the late management.

I took leave yesterday of lord Peterborough, who, I suppose, is this day set out on his journey to Vienna; he is a little discouraged, and told me he did not hope for any great success in what he went upon. He is one of those many who are mightily bent upon having some such inquiries made as I have mentioned.

FROM MR SECRETARY ST. JOHN.

Sunday, past twelve, January 7, 1711.

THERE are few things I would be more industrious to bring about than opportunities of seeing you. Since you were here in the morning I have found means of putting off the engagement I was under for to-morrow; so that I expect you to dine with me at three o'clock. I send you this early notice to prevent you from any other appointment. I am ever, reverend sir, your obedient humble servant, H. ST. JOHN.

TO MR. SECRETARY ST. JOHN.

January 7, 1711.

Sir,—Though I should not value such usage from a secretary of state and a great minister, yet, when I consider the person it comes from, I can endure it no longer. I would have you know, sir, that if the queen gave you a dukedom and the garter to-morrow, with the treasury staff at the end of them, I would regard you no more than if you were not worth a groat. I could almost resolve, in spite, not to find fault with my victuals or be quarrelsome to-morrow at your table; but if I do not take the first opportunity to let all the world know some qualities in you that you take most care to hide, may my right hand forget its cunning. After which threatening, believe me if you please to be with the greatest respect, sir, your most obedient, most obliged, and most humble servant, Jonathan Swift.

FROM ARCHBISHOP KING.

Dublin, January [illegible] 1711.

Reverend Sir,—I received yours of Dec. 30th by the last packets; it found me in the extremity of the gout, which is the more cruel because I have not had a fit of it for two years and a half. I strain myself to give you an answer to-night, apprehending that, as both my feet and knees are already affected, my hands may perhaps be so by the next post; and then, perhaps, I may not be able to answer you in a month, which might lose me some part of the praise you give me as a good correspondent.

As to my lord-primate, he is much better since he was put into the government, and I reckon his life may be longer than mine; but with God's help, hereafter I will say more on this subject.

As to what is reported of Mr. Stanhope's obstinacy, I demur, till satisfied how far the kindness to him, as a manager, influences the report.

We have received an answer from his grace the duke of Ormond to our letter. It is in a very authentic and solemn form, "that his grace will take a proper time to lay our requests before her majesty, and know her pleasure on it." By which I conclude two things: first, that his grace is not informed of any grant her majesty has made; for if he had he would have applied immediately and sent it; and then it would have passed for his, and he would have had the merit of it. Secondly, that his grace is in no haste about it. And therefore let me beseech you to solicit and press it, and get the letter dated, as when first it was promised: but I confess I have still some scruple in my mind about it.

I acknowledge you have not been treated with due regard in Ireland, for which there is a plain reason, *prægravat artes infra se positas*, &c. I am glad you meet with more due returns where you are: and as this is the time to make some use of your interest for yourself, do not forget it.

We have published here a character of the earl of Wharton,[a] late lord-lieutenant of Ireland. I have so much charity and justice as to condemn all such proceedings. If a governor behave himself ill, let him be complained of and punished; but to wound any man thus in the dark * * * * * * * * When this is over they may do what they please; and sure it will please them to see the crow stripped of her rappareed feathers.[b] We begin to be in pain for the duke of Marlborough.

I hear an answer is printing to the earl of Wharton's character. Pray, was there ever such licentiousness of the press as at this time? Will the parliament not think of curbing it? I heartily recommend you, &c.

William Dublin.

[a] This was Swift's own writing.

[b] The threatened revocation of the grants of forfeited lands made by king William to lady Orkney.

FROM ARCHBISHOP KING.

January 13, 1710-11.

My gout gives me leave yet to answer yours of the 4th instant, which was very acceptable to me; because I find by it some further steps are made in our business. I believe it will take up some time and thoughts to frame a warrant, and much more a patent for such an affair.[a] Except your lawyers there be of another humour than ours here they will not write a line without their fees; and therefore I should think it necessary some fund should be thought of to fee them. If you think this motion pertinent, I can think of no other way at present to answer it than, if you think it necessary, to allow you to draw upon me, and a bill to this purpose, less than 100*l.*, shall be punctually answered. I write thus, because I have no notion how such a thing should pass the offices without some money; and I have an entire confidence in you, that you will lay out no more than what is necessary.

I think your ministers perfectly right to avoid all inquiry and everything that would embroil them To appeal to the mob, that can neither inquire nor judge, is a proceeding that I think the common sense of mankind should condemn. Perhaps he may deserve this usage: but a good man may fall under the same.

We expect a new parliament, and many changes; but I believe some we hear of will not be.

Your observation of the two sentences[b] is just. You will pardon this disjointed letter. I believe my respects are better than the expressions here. I am, &c.

William Dublin.

TO THE EARL OF PETERBOROUGH.

February . . , 1711.

My Lord,—I envy none of the queen's subjects so much as those who are abroad; and I desire to know whether, as great a soul as your lordship has, you did not observe your mind to open and enlarge after you were some leagues at sea, and had left off breathing party air. I am apt to think this schism in politics has cloven our understandings, and left us but just half the good sense that blazed in our actions; and we see the effect it has had upon our wit and learning, which are crumbled into pamphlets and penny papers. The October Club, which was in its rudiments when your lordship left us, is now growing up to be a party by itself, and begins to rail at the ministry as much as the Whigs do, but from topics directly contrary. I am sometimes talked into frights, and told that all is ruined; but am immediately cured when I see any of the ministry; not from the satisfaction they give me in any one point, but because I see them so perfectly easy, and I believe they could not be so if they had any fear at heart. My comfort is, they are persons of great abilities, and they are engaged in a good cause. And what is one very good circumstance, as I told three[c] of them the other day, they seem heartily to love one another, in spite of the scandal of inconstancy which court friendships lie under. And I can affirm to your lordship they heartily love you too; which, I take to be a great deal more than when they assure you so, themselves: for even statesmen will sometimes discover their passions, especially their good ones.

Here is a pamphlet come out, called, "A Letter to Jacob Banks," showing that the liberty of Sweden was destroyed by the principle of passive obedience. I know not whether his quotation be fair, but the piece is shrewdly written; and in my opinion not to be

[a] The patent was completed February 7.

[b] Upon the defacers of king William's statue, and a clergy man who had spoken against the queen.

[c] Harley, St. John, and Harcourt.

answered, otherwise than by disclaiming that sort of passive obedience which the Tories are charged with. This dispute would soon be ended if the dunces who write on each side would plainly tell us what the object of this passive obedience is in our country; for, I dare swear, nine in ten of the Whigs will allow it to be the legislature, and as many of the Tories deny it to the prince alone; and I hardly ever saw a Whig and a Tory together whom I could not immediately reconcile on that article when I made them explain themselves.

My lord, the queen knew what she did when she sent your lordship to spur up a dull northern court: yet I confess I had rather have seen that activity of mind and body employed in conquering another kingdom, or the same over again. I am my lord, &c.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

FROM MR. NELSON.[a]

Ash Wednesday, February 22, 1711.

REVEREND SIR,— I beg leave to put you in mind of the inscription which you are to prepare for the earl of Berkeley's monument. My lady-dowager has determined to have it in Latin, so that I hope you want no further directions towards the finishing of it. The workman calls upon me for it, which is the reason of this trouble given by, reverend sir, your most humble servant, ROBERT NELSON.

[On the back of this letter is the following first draft of the intended inscription, in the handwriting of Dr. Swift.]

H. S. E.

"Carolus Comes de Berkeley, Vicecomes de Dursley, Baro Berkeley de castro de Berkeley, Dominus Moubray, Segrave, et Bruce; dominus locumtenens comitatûs Glocestriæ; civitatis Glocestriæ magnus seneschallus: guardianus de forestâ de Dean; custos rotulorum comitatûs de Surrey; et Reginæ Annæ à secretioribus consiliis. Ob fidem spectatam, linguarum peritiam, et prudentiam, à Rege Gulielmo III. ablegatus et plenipotentiarius ad ordines fœderati Belgii, per quinque annos arduis reipublicæ negotiis fœliciter invigilavit. Ob quæ merita ab eodem rege (vivente adhuc patre) in magnatum numerum adscriptus, et consiliarius à secretis factus: et ad Hiberniam secundus inter tres summos justiciarios missus. Denique legatus extraordinarius designatus ad Turcarum imperium: et postea, regnante Annâ, ad Cæsarem ablegatus: quæ munia, ingravescente valetudine et senectute, obire nequiit. Natus Londini, 1649. Obiit . . . . , 1710, æt. 62."

TO ARCHBISHOP KING

London, March 8, 1711.

MY LORD,—I write to your grace under the greatest disturbance of mind for the public and myself. A gentleman came in where I dined this afternoon, and told us Mr. Harley was stabbed, and some confused particulars. I immediately ran to secretary St. John's hard by, but nobody was at home; I met Mrs. St. John in her chair, who could not satisfy me, but was in pain about the secretary, who, as she had heard, had killed the murderer. I went straight to Mr. Harley's, where abundance of people were to inquire. I got young Mr. Harley to me: he said his father was asleep, and they hoped in no danger, and then told me the fact, as I shall relate it to your grace. This day the marquis de Guiscard was taken up for high-treason, by a warrant of Mr. St. John, and examined before a committee of council in Mr. St. John's office; where were present the dukes of Ormond, Buckingham, Shrewsbury, earl Powlett, Mr. Harley, Mr. St. John, and others. During examination, Mr. Harley observed Guiscard, who stood behind him, but on one side, swearing and looking disrespectfully. He told him he ought to behave himself better while he was examined for such a crime. Guiscard immediately drew a penknife out of his pocket, which he had picked out of some of the offices, and, reaching round, stabbed him just under the breast, a little to the right side, but it pleased God that the point stopped at one of the ribs, and broke short half an inch. Immediately Mr. St. John rose, drew his sword, and ran it into Guiscard's breast. Five or six more of the council drew and stabbed Guiscard in several places: but the earl Powlett called out, for God's sake, to spare Guiscard's life, that he might be made an example; and Mr. St. John's sword was taken from him and broke; and the footmen without ran in, and bound Guiscard, who begged he might be killed immediately; and, they say, called out three or four times, "My lord Ormond! my lord Ormond!" They say Guiscard resisted them a while, until the footmen came in. Immediately Bucier, the surgeon, was sent for, who dressed Mr. Harley; and he was sent home. The wound bled fresh, and they do not apprehend him in danger: he said, when he came home, he thought himself in none; and when I was there he was asleep, and they did not find him at all feverish. He has been ill this week, and told me last Saturday he found himself much out of order, and has been abroad but twice since; so that the only danger is, lest his being out of order should, with the wound, put him in a fever; and I shall be in a mighty pain till to-morrow morning. I went back to poor Mrs. St. John, who told me her husband was with my lord-keeper [sir Simon Harcourt] at Mr. Attorney's, [sir John Trevor,] and she said something to me very remarkable: "That going to-day to pay her duty to the queen, when all the men and ladies were dressed to make their appearance, this being the day of the queen's accession, the lady of the bedchamber in waiting told her the queen had not been at church, and saw no company; yet, when she inquired her health, they said she was very well, only had a little cold." We conceive the queen's reasons for not going out might be something about this seizing of Guiscard for high treason, and that perhaps there was some plot, or something extraordinary. Your grace must have heard of this Guiscard: he fled from France for villanies there, and was thought on to head an invasion of that kingdom, but was not liked. I know him well, and think him a fellow of little consequence, although of some cunning and much villany. We passed by one another this day in the Mall, at two o'clock, an hour before he was taken up; and I wondered he did not speak to me.

I write all this to your grace, because I believe you would desire to know a true account of so important an accident; and besides, I know you will have a thousand false ones; and I believe every material circumstance here is true, having it from young Mr. Harley. I met sir Thomas Mansel, (it was then after six this evening,) and he and Mr. Prior told me they had just seen Guiscard carried by in a chair, with a strong guard, to Newgate or the Press-yard. Time perhaps will show who was at the bottom of all this; but nothing could happen so unluckily to England, at this juncture, as Mr. Harley's death; when he has all the schemes for the greatest part of the supplies in his head, and the parliament cannot stir a step without him. Neither can I altogether forget myself, who, in him, should lose a person I have more obligations to than any other in this kingdom; who has always treated me with the tenderness of a parent, and never refused me any favour I asked for a friend; therefore I hope your grace will excuse the disorder of this letter. I was intending, this night, to write one of another sort.——I must needs say,

[a] Brother-in-law to the earl of Berkeley.

one great reason for writing these particulars to your grace was, that you might be able to give a true account of the fact, which will be some sort of service to Mr. Harley. I am, with the greatest respect, my lord, your grace's most dutiful, and most humble servant,

JONATHAN SWIFT.

I have read over what I writ, and find it confused and incorrect, which your grace must impute to the violent pain of mind I am in, greater than ever I felt in my life.——It must have been the utmost height of desperate guilt which could have spirited that wretch to such an action. I have not heard whether his wounds are dangerous; but I pray God he may recover, to receive his reward, and that we may learn the bottom of his villany. It is not above ten days ago that I was interceding with the secretary in his behalf, because I heard he was just starving; but the secretary assured me he had 100*l.* a-year pension.

FROM ARCHBISHOP KING.

Dublin, March 17, 1711.

REVEREND SIR,—I return you my thanks for yours of the 8th instant. I do not wonder that you were in some confusion when you wrote it; for I assure you I read it with great horror, which such a fact is apt to create in everybody that is not hardened in wickedness. I received several other letters with narratives of the same, and saw some that came to other hands; but none so particular, or that could be so well depended upon. I observe that, among them all, there is no account of the matters laid to Guiscard's charge of his design, or how he came to be discovered. I suppose those are yet secrets, as it is fit they should be. I do remember something of this Guiscard; and that he was to head an invasion; and that he published a very foolish narrative;[a] but neither remember exactly the time nor under what ministry it was, nor who were his patrons. It seems convenient that these should be known; because it is reported that Mr. Harley and Mr. St. John were those who chiefly countenanced him, and he their peculiar favourite. One would think this should convince the world that Mr. Harley is not in the French interest, but it has not yet had that effect with all: nay, some whisper the case of Fenius Rufus and Scevinus, in the 15th book of Tacitus, *accensis indicibus ad prodendum Fenium Rufum, quem eundem conscium et inquisitorem non tolerabant.* Mr. St. John is condemned for wounding Guiscard; and had he killed him, there would not have wanted some to suggest that it was done on purpose, lest he should tell tales.

We had a strange piece of news by last packet, that the address to her majesty met with but a cold reception from one party in the house of commons; and that all the lords, spiritual and temporal, of that party, went out when it passed in the lords' house. But I make it a rule never to believe party news, except I have it immediately from a sure hand.

I was in hopes to have heard something of our first-fruits and twentieth parts: but I doubt that matter sleeps, and that it will be hard to awaken it.

You will expect no news from home. We eat and drink as we used to do. The parties are tolerably silent, but those for the late ministry seem to be united, keep much together, and are so wise as not to make much noise: nor have I heard anything of their sentiments of late, only what has happened on this accident. I heartily recommend you to God's care. I am, &c.

WILLIAM DUBLIN.

TO ARCHBISHOP KING.

London, April 10, 1711

MY LORD,—I had lately the honour of a letter from your grace, and waited to acknowledge it until something material should happen that might recompense the trouble. My occasion of writing to you at present is purely personal to your grace. A report was beginning to run here, by some letters from Ireland, that your grace had applied the passage you mention of Rufus, in a speech you made to your clergy, which I ventured to contradict, as an impossibility, and inconsistent with your general opinion and what was in your letter. Mr. Southwell and Mr. Dopping were of the same mind; and the former says he has writ to your grace about it. I should have thought no more of the matter, but let it spend like an idle story below notice; only dining last Sunday with one of the principal secretaries of state, he gave me a letter to read, which he had just received from the printer of the newspaper called "The Postboy," in which was a transcript of a letter from Dublin; and the secretary being mentioned in that transcript, the man would not publish it without his advice. It contained an account how the news of Mr. Harley's being stabbed had been received by the Whigs in Dublin, of which he produced some instances. Then he mentions the passage out of Tacitus, and concludes thus: "The first that mentioned it was the archbishop of Dublin, who took notice of it first at a meeting of his clergy; and afterwards, in the hearing of several persons, was reprimanded for it, in a civil though sharp manner, by one of the chief ministers there, well known for his steady loyalty to her majesty, and his zealous service to the church of England under her late perilous trial." I immediately told the secretary that I knew this must be false and misrepresented, and that he must give me leave to scratch out that passage, which I accordingly did; and for fear of any mistake, I made him give me afterwards the whole letter that, I might have it in my power. The next day I sent for the printer, and told him what I had done; and upon further thoughts I stifled the whole letter, and the secretary approved of it. I likewise told the printer, that when he had anything relating to Ireland, I had the secretary's order (which was true) to send it me, that he might not do injury to men's reputations by what was represented to him from ignorant or malicious hands in that kingdom. The letter was to have been printed this day in "The Postboy," with that conclusion reflecting on your grace, which is happily prevented; for, although your character and station place you above the malice of little people, yet your friends would be extremely concerned to see your name made so bold with in a common newspaper.

I humbly hope your grace will not disapprove of what I have done: at least I have gratified my own inclination in the desire of serving you; and, besides, had the opportunity of giving Mr. Secretary some part of your character.

I dare lay a wager that all this happened by the gross understandings of some people who misunderstood and misapplied something very innocent that came from your grace. I must be so bold to say that people in that kingdom do very ill understand raillery. I can rally much safer here with a great minister of state or a duchess than I durst do there with an attorney or his wife. And I can venture to rally with your grace, although I could not do it with many of your clergy. I myself have been a witness when want of common sense has made people offended with your grace where they ought to have been the most pleased. I say things every day at the best tables which I should be turned out of company for if I were in Ireland.

Here is one Mr. Richardson, a clergyman, who is soliciting an affair that I find your grace approves;[a] and therefore I do him all the service I can in it.

We are now full of the business of the Irish yarn·

[a] "The Marquis de Guiscard's Memoirs."

[a] The printing of Irish Bibles.

and I intend, among the rest, to engage the members I am acquainted with in our interest. To-morrow we expect it will come on.

I will shortly write to your grace some account how public affairs stand; we hope Mr. Harley will be well in a week.

We have news from Brussels that the dauphin is dead of an apoplexy. I am, with the greatest respect, my lord, your grace's most dutiful and most humble servant,

JONATHAN SWIFT.

I wish your grace would enclose your commands to me, directed to Erasmus Lewis, esq., at my lord Dartmouth's office at Whitehall; for I have left off going to coffeehouses.

FROM LORD PETERBOROUGH.

FOR THE REV. DR. SWIFT, BISHOP OF ——, OR DEAN OF ——, &c.

Vienna, April 18, 1711.

SIR,—I have often with pleasure reflected upon the glorious possibilities of the English constitution; but I must apply to politics a French expression appropriated by them to beauty; there is a *je ne sçai quoi* among us, which makes us troublesome with our learning, disagreeable with our wit, poor with our wealth, and insignificant with our power.

I could never despise anybody for what they have not, and am only provoked when they make not the right use of what they have. This is the greatest mortification, to know the advantages we have by art and nature, and see them disappointed by self-conceit and faction. What patience could bear the disappointment of a good scheme by the October Club?

I have with great uneasiness received imperfect accounts of a disagreement among ourselves. The party we have to struggle with has strength enough to require our united endeavours. We should not attack their firm body like hussars. Let the victory be secure before we quarrel for the spoils; let it be considered whether their yoke were easy or their burden light. What! must there ever be in St. Stephen's chapel a majority either of knaves or fools?

But seriously, I have long apprehended the effects of that universal corruption which has been improved with so much care, and has so fitted us for the tyranny designed, that we are grown, I fear, insensible of slavery, and almost unworthy of liberty.

The gentlemen who give you no other satisfaction in politics than the appearances of ease and mirth, I wish I could partake with them in their good humour: but tokay itself has no effect upon me while I see affairs so unsettled; faction so strong and credit so weak; and all services abroad under the utmost difficulties by past miscarriages and present want of money; but we are told here that in the midst of victory orders are given to sound a parley, I will say a retreat. Give me leave to tell the churchmen that there is not in * * * * * *.

I have rid the resty horse you say they gave me, in ploughed lands, till I have made him tame. I wish they manage the dull jades as well at home, and get them forward either with whip or spur. I depend much upon the three you mention;[a] if they remember me with kindness, I am theirs by the two strongest ties, I love them and hate their enemies.

Yet you seem to wish me other work. It is time the statesmen employ me in my own trade, not theirs. If they have nothing else for me to subdue, let me command against that rank Whiggish puppet-show. Those junto pigmies, if not destroyed, will grow up to giants. Tell St. John he must find me work in the old world or the new.

I find Mr. Harley forgets to make mention of the most important part of my letter to him; which was to let him know that I expected immediately for one Dr. Swift a lean bishopric or a fat deanery. If you happen to meet that gentleman at dinner, tell him that he has a friend out of the way of doing him good, but that he would if he could, whose name is

PETERBOROUGH.

FROM ARCHBISHOP KING.

Dublin, April 19, 1711.

REVEREND SIR,—I had the favour of yours of the 10th instant, by which I understand how much I am obliged to you for the justice you did me as to the report you let me know was about to be printed in the "Postboy" relating to Mr. Harley.

I think there is no man in this kingdom on which such a report could be fixed with less colour of truth, having been noted for the particular regard I have always had for him. I have suffered in some cases too for my zeal to defend him in the worst of times; for I confess I never could with patience bear the treatment he met with in Gregg's affair. The truth is, when I received the news of this last barbarous attempt made on him, I with indignation insulted some with whom I used to dispute about the former case, and asked them whether they would now suspect that he was in the conspiracy to stab himself? The turn they gave it was what I wrote to you, that they imagined he might be in it notwithstanding that; and that his discovering Guiscard, and pressing so hard on the examination, was the thing that provoked the man to such a degree of rage as appeared in that villanous act. And they instanced the story of Piso in Tacitus, and the passage of Rufus. I know very well that they did not believe themselves, and among other things I applied that passage of Hudibras, he that beats out his brains, &c.:

> "But he that hangs, or beats out's brains,
> The devil's in him if he feigns."

I believe I have told this passage to several as an example to show into what absurdities the power of prejudice, malice, and faction will lead some men, I hope with good effect; and added, as several gentlemen that heard me can witness, that it was a strange thing that Mr. Harley should discover Gregg, and have him hanged, and yet be suspected to be partaker of his crime; but altogether unaccountable that in a cause wherein his life was so barbarously struck at it was a thousand to one if he escaped he should still be under the suspicion of being a party with his murderer! so that I could never imagine that any one should report that I spake my own sense in a matter wherein I expressed so great an abhorrence, both of the fact and the vile comment made upon it.

As to any speech at the meeting of the clergy, or any reprimand given me by any person on this account, it is all, assure yourself, pure invention.

I am sensible of the favour you did me in preventing the publishing of such a false report, and am most thankful to Mr. secretary St. John for stopping it. I have not the honour to be known to him, otherwise I would give him the trouble of a particular acknowledgment. As to Mr. Harley, I have had the happiness to have some knowledge of him, and received some obligations from him, particularly on the account of my act of parliament that I obtained for the restitution of Seatown to the see of Dublin. I always had a great honour for him, and expected great good from his known abilities and zeal for the common interest; and as I believe he was the principal instrument of settling thin the present foot, so I believe every one that wishes well to these kingdoms is satisfied that there is not any man whose death would be a greater loss to the public than his. The management of this parliament has, if not reconciled his worst enemies to him,

[a] Probably Harley, Harcourt, and Bolingbroke.

at least silenced them; and it is generally believed that his misfortune has much retarded public affairs.

I partly can guess who writ the letter you mention: it must be one of two or three whose business it is to invent a lie and throw dirt ever since I was obliged by my duty to call them to account for their negligence and ill practices: they have published and dispersed several libellous prints against me, in one of which I marked forty-three downright falsehoods in matters of fact. In another, it is true, there was only one such; the whole and every part of it, from beginning to end, being pure invention and falsehood. But, to my comfort, they are despised by all good men; and I like myself nothing less for being the object of their hate. You will excuse this long letter, and I hope I may, by next, apprise you with something of consequence. In the mean time, I heartily recommend you, &c.,

WILLIAM DUBLIN.

I held my visitation on the 9th instant, where you were excused,[a] as absent on the public business of the church.

TO THE EARL OF PETERBOROUGH.

May 4, 1711.

MY LORD,—I have had the honour of your lordship's letter, and by the first lines of it have made a discovery that your lordship is come into the world about eighteen hundred years too late, and was born about half a dozen degrees too far to the north, to employ that public virtue I always heard you did possess, which is now wholly useless, and which those very few that have it are forced to lay aside when they would have business succeed.

Is it not some comfort, my lord, that you meet with the same degeneracy of manners, and the same neglect of the public among the honest Germans, though, in the philosopher's phrase, differently modified? and I hope, at least, we have one advantage, to be more polite in our corruptions than they.

Our divisions run further than perhaps your lordship's intelligence has yet informed you of: that is, a triumvirate of our friends whom I have mentioned to you: I have told them more than once, upon occasion, "That all my hopes of their success depended on their union; that I saw they loved one another, and hoped they would continue it, to remove that scandal of inconstancy ascribed to court friendships." I am not now so secure. I care not to say more on such a subject, and even this *entre nous*. My credit is not of a size to do any service on such an occasion: but as little at it is, I am so ill a politician, that I will venture the loss of it to prevent this mischief; the consequence of which I am as good a judge of as any minister of state, and perhaps a better, because I am not one.

When you writ your letter you had not heard of Guiscard's attempt on Mr. Harley: supposing you know all the circumstances, I shall not descant upon it. We believe Mr. Harley will soon be treasurer, and be of the house of peers; and then we imagine the court will begin to deal out employments, for which every October member is a candidate; and consequently nine in ten must be disappointed; the effect of which we may find in the next session. Mr. Harley was yesterday to open to the house the ways he has thought of to raise funds for the securing the unprovided debts of the nation; and we are all impatient to know what his proposals are.

As to the imperfect account you say you have received of disagreement among ourselves, your lordship knows that the names of Whig and Tory have quite altered their meanings. All who were for turning out the late ministry we now generally call Tories; and in that sense I think it plain that there are among the Tories three different interests; one of those, I mean the ministry, who agree with your lordship and me, and in a steady management for pursuing the true interests of the nation; another is, that of warmer heads, as the October Club and their adherents without doors; and a third is, I fear, of those who, as your lordship expresses it, would sound a parley, and who would make fair weather in case of a change; and some of these last are not inconsiderable.

Nothing can be more obliging than your lordship's remembering to mention me in your letters to Mr. Harley and Mr. St. John, when you are in the midst of such great affairs. I doubt I shall want such an advocate as your lordship; for I believe every man who has modesty or merit is but an ill one for himself. I desire but the smallest of those titles you give me on the outside of your letter. My ambition is to live in England, and with a competency to support me with honour. The ministry know by this time whether I am worth keeping; and it is easier to provide for ten men in the church than one in a civil employment.

But I renounce England and deaneries without a promise from your lordship, under your own hand and seal, that I shall have the liberty to attend you whenever I please. I foresee we shall have a peace next year, by the same sagacity that I have often foreseen when I was young. I must leave the town in a week, because my money is gone, and I can borrow no more. Peace will bring your lordship home: and we must have you to adorn your country when you shall be no longer wanted to defend it. I am, my lord, &c.,

JONATHAN SWIFT.

TO ARCHBISHOP KING.

Chelsea, May 10, 1711.

MY LORD,—I have had your grace's letter of April 19 some time by me, but deferred my answer until I could give some account of what use I had made of it. I went immediately to Mr. secretary St. John, and read most of it to him; he was extremely satisfied, and very glad that scandalous account, designed to be printed in "The Postboy," was suppressed. Mr. Harley was then not quite well enough; so I ventured (and I hope your grace will not disapprove it) to show your letter to a gentleman who has a great respect for your grace, and who told me several others of Ireland were possessed of that report. I trusted the letter with him, and gave him leave to read it to them, which he told me he did, and "that they were all entirely convinced:" and indeed, as far as I can find, the report is quite blown over, and has left no impression. While your grace's letter was out of my hands, dining with Mr. Harley, he said to me, almost as soon as he saw me, "How came the archbishop of Dublin and I to fall out?" I told him "I knew what he meant; but your grace was altogether misrepresented; and it must come from some infamous rascals, of which there never wants a set in that kingdom, who make it their business to send wrong characters here," &c. He answered that he believed and knew it was as I said."—I added "that I had the honour to be long known to your grace, and that you were the last man in the kingdom upon whom such a report could be fixed with any probability; and that, since he was pleased to mention this matter first, he must give me leave, the next time I saw him, to read a letter I had from your grace in answer to one of mine, wherein I told you of such a report." He said "there was no need, for he firmly believed me." I answered, smiling, "that should not do, for I would never suffer a person for whom I had so great an esteem to lie under the least suspicion of anything wrong." Last Saturday, after dinner, I was again to wait on him. On that day of the week, my lord-keeper, my lord Rivers, and Mr. secretary St. John always used to dine with him before

[a] For his prebend of Dunlavan

this accident; and sometimes they used to let me be of the company. This was the first Saturday they had met since his recovery; and I was in such joy to see the old club met again, that it affects me still, as your grace sees by my impertinence in mixing it with an account that only relates to yourself. I read those parts of your letter to him which I thought proper, and both he and the company did very frankly acquit your grace; and Mr. Harley, in particular, spoke a good deal of his respect and esteem for you: and then he repeated "that it was no new thing to receive lies from Ireland:" which I doubt is so true, that no man of distinction in that kingdom is safe; and I wish it were possible to take some course to prevent the evil.

As for libels upon your grace, bating my concern for the souls of the writers, I should give you joy of them. You would less deserve your station if knaves and fools did not hate you; and while these sects continue, may your grace and all good men be the object of their aversion!

My lord-keeper, Mr. Harley, and one or two more, are immediately to be made peers: the town has been expecting it for some time, although the court make it yet a secret: but I can assure your grace of the truth, for the preambles to their patents are now drawing, and I saw a very handsome one for Mr. Harley. You'll please not to mention this particular, although it will be soon public, but it is yet kept mighty private. Mr. Harley is to be lord-treasurer. Perhaps before the post leaves this town all this will be openly told, and then I may be laughed at for being so mysterious: but so capricious are great men in their secrets. The first authentic assurances I had of these promotions was last Sunday; though the expectation has been strong for above a month. We suppose likewise that many changes will be made in the employments as soon as the session ends, which will be, I believe, in less than a fortnight.

Poor sir Cholmondeley Dering, of Kent, was yesterday in a duel shot through the body by one Mr. Thornhill, in Tothillfields, and died in some hours.

I never mention anything of the first-fruits either to Mr. Harley or the duke of Ormond. If it be done before his grace goes over, it is well, and there's an end: if not, I shall have the best opportunity of doing it in his absence. If I should speak of it now, perhaps it would be so contrived as to hinder me from soliciting it afterward: but as soon as the duke is gone, I shall learn at the treasury what he has done in it. I have been at this town this fortnight for my health, and to be under a necessity of walking to and from London every day. But your grace will please still to direct your letters under cover to Mr. Lewis. I am, with great respect, my lord, your grace's most dutiful and obliged humble servant,

JONATHAN SWIFT.

TO MR. SECRETARY ST. JOHN.

Chelsea, May 11, 1711.

SIR,—Being convinced by certain ominous prognostics, that my life is too short to permit me the honour of ever dining another Saturday with *sir Simon Harcourt, knight*, or *Robert Harley, esq.*, I beg I may take the last farewell of those two gentlemen to-morrow.* I made this request on Saturday last, unfortunately after you were gone; and they, like great statesmen, pretended they could do nothing in it without your consent; particularly my lord-keeper, as a lawyer, raised innumerable difficulties, although I submitted to allow you an hour's whispering before dinner and an hour after. My lord Rivers would not offer one word in my behalf, pretending he himself was but a tolerated person. The keeper alleged, "You could do nothing but when all three were capitularly met," as if you could never open but like a parish chest, with the three keys together. It grieves me to see the present ministry thus confederated to pull down my great spirit. Pray, sir, find an expedient. Finding expedients is the business of secretaries of state. I will yield to any reasonable conditions not below my dignity. I will not find fault with the victuals; I will restore the water-glass that I stole, and solicit for my lord-keeper's salary. And, sir, to show you I am not a person to be safely injured, if you dare refuse me justice in this point, I will appear before you in a pudding-sleeve gown, I will disparage your snuff, write a lampoon upon Nably Car, dine with you upon a foreign post-day; nay, I will read verses in your presence until you snatch them out of my hands. Therefore, pray, sir, take pity upon me and yourself; and believe me to be, with great respect, sir, your most obedient and most humble servant,

JONATHAN SWIFT.

* Harley was to be created earl of Oxford and sir Simon Harcourt baron Harcourt.

FROM ARCHBISHOP KING.

Dublin, May 15, 1711.

REVEREND SIR,—I had the favour of yours of the 10th instant by the last packet, and cannot return you sufficient acknowledgment for your kind and prudent management of that affair so much to my advantage. I confess that I did not much fear that such a vile report would do me any great injury with Mr. Harley; for I was persuaded he is too wise to believe such an incredible story. But the publishing it to the world might have influenced some to my disadvantage; and no man can be well pleased to be the subject of a libel, though it often happens to be the fate of honest men.

I doubt not but you will hear of an unlucky contest in the city of Dublin about their mayor. You may remember (I think while you were here, that is, in 1709) alderman Constantine, by a cabal, for so I must call it, lost his election; and a junior alderman, one Forrest, was elected mayor for the ensuing year. Constantine petitioned the council-board not to approve the election; for you must know, by the new rules, settled in pursuance of an act of parliament for the better regulation of corporations, their chief officers must be approved of by the governor and council after they are elected, before they can enter into any of their respective offices; and if not approved of in ten days, the corporation that chose them must go into a new election. Now, alderman Constantine, upon the corporation's return of Forrest, complained of it as wrong, and desired to be heard by council; but my lord Wharton, then lord-lieutenant, would not admit it. This passed on to the year 1710, and then the present mayor was chosen, alderman Eccles, another junior alderman; and this year, one alderman Barlow, a tailor, another junior. Constantine, finding the government altered, supposed he should have more favour, and petitions again of the wrong done him. The city replied, and we had two long hearings. The matter depended on an old bye-law, made about the 12th of queen Elizabeth; by which the aldermen, according to their ancientry, are required to keep their mayoralty, notwithstanding any licences or orders to the contrary. Several dispensations and instances of contrary practices were produced; but with a salvo that the law of succession should stand good: and some aldermen, as appeared, had been disfranchised for not submitting to it, and holding in their mayoralty. On the contrary, it was urged that this rule was made in a time when the mayoralty was looked upon as a great burden, and the senior aldermen got licences from serving it, and by faction and interest got it put on the junior and poorer; and most of the aldermen were then papists, and being obliged, on accepting the office, to take the oath of supremacy and come to church, they de-

clined it: but the case was now altered, and most were ambitious of it; and a rule or bye-law that imposed it as a duty and burden must be understood to oblige them to take it, but could not oblige the electors to put it on them; that it was often dispensed with, and, as alleged, altogether abrogated by the new rules, that took the election out of the city, where the charter places it, and gave it to the aldermen only: that since those rules, which were made in 1672, the elections have been in another manner, and in about 36 mayors eight or nine were junior aldermen. On the whole, the matter seemed to me to hang on a most slender point; and being archbishop of Dublin, I thought I was obliged to be for the city; but the majority was for the bye-law, and disapproved alderman Barlow, who was returned for mayor. I did foresee that this would beget ill blood, and did not think it for my lord duke of Ormond's interest to clash with the city; and I went to several of his grace's friends, whom I much trust, before the debate in council, and desired them to consider the matter; and laid the inconveniency I apprehended before them, and desired them to take notice that I had warned them; but they told me that they did not foresee any hurt it would be to his grace. And I pray God it may not; though I am afraid it may give him some trouble.

The citizens have taken it heinously; and, as I hear, met to-day, and in common-council repealed the bye-law, and have chosen alderman Barlow again. I think them wrong in both, and a declaration of enmity against the council and government, which feud is easier begun than laid. It is certain the council must disapprove their choice, it being against the new rules, as well as good manners; and what other steps will be made to correct them I cannot say; whereas, if they had appointed a committee to view and report what old obsolete bye-laws were become inconvenient, and repealed this among the rest, it would not have given offence; and if they had chosen another instead of Barlow, I believe he would have been approved, and there had been an end of the contest.

You must know this is made a party affair, as Constantine sets up for a high-churchman, which I never heard he did before; but this is an inconveniency in parties, that whoever has a private quarrel, and finds himself too weak, he immediately becomes a zealous partisan, and makes his private a public quarrel.

Perhaps it may not be ungrateful, nor perhaps altogether useless to you, to know the truth of this matter; for I imagine it will be talked of.

I believe the generality of the citizens and gentlemen of Ireland are looked upon as friends to the Whiggish interest. But it is only so far as to keep out the pretender, whom they mortally fear, with good reason; and so many villanous papers have been spread here and so much pains taken to persuade them that the Tories design to bring him in, that it is no wonder they are afraid of them; but God be thanked, this ministry and parliament has pretty well allayed that fear by their steady and prudent management. And if his grace the duke of Ormond prosecutes the same measures the ministry does in Britain, (as I believe he will,) I persuade myself that the generality here will be as zealous for this as any ministry we ever had.

The death of the earl of Rochester [son of the great earl of Clarendon, and maternal uncle to queen Anne] is a great blow to all good men, and even his enemies cannot but do justice to his character. What influence it will have on public affairs God only knows. I pray let me have your thoughts on it, for I have some fears that I do not find affect other people; I was of opinion that he contributed much to keep things steady; and I wish his friends may not want his influence. I conclude with my prayers for you.

WILLIAM DUBLIN.

FROM LORD PETERBOROUGH.

Hanover, June 21, 1711.

SIR,—You were returning me to ages past for some expressions in my letter. I find matter in yours to send you as far back as the golden age. How came you to frame a system (in the times we live in) to govern the world by love?

I was much more surprised at such a notion in your first than to find your opinion altered in your last letter. My hopes were founded more reasonably upon the contrary principle. I wish we could keep ourselves steady by any; but I confess it was the hatred and contempt so justly conceived against our late governors that gave me some little expectations we might unite, at least in order to prevent a relapse.

The consequences of places not given were apparent; the whole party were then dissatisfied; and, when given, those are only pleased who have them. This is what the honest management of past administrations has brought us to: but I should not yet despair if your loving principle could but have its force among three or four of your acquaintance. Never persons had more reason to agree; nor was it ever in the power of a few men to bring greater events to bear, or prevent greater inconveniencies; for such are inevitable without the nicest management: and I believe no person was ever better prepared to make this out than myself.

I wish, before I left England, that I had met, either in your letters or discourse, anything like what you hint in your last: I should have found great ease, and you some satisfaction; for had you passed these six months with me abroad, I could have made you sensible that it were easy to have brought the character and influence of an English peer equal to that of a senator in old Rome. Methinks I could have brought it to that pass to have seen a levee of suppliant kings and princes, expecting their destinies from us and submitting to our decrees; but if we come in politics to your necessity of leaving the town for want of money to live in it, Lord how the case will alter!

You threaten me with law, and tell me I might be compelled to make my words good. Remember your own insinuations, what if I should leave England in a week's time, and summon you, in quality of chaplain and secretary, to be a witness to transactions perhaps of the greatest importance; so great that I should think you might deserve the bishopric of Winchester at your return. Let me know, in a letter directed to Parson's-green, the moment you receive this, whether you are ready and willing; but you must learn to live a month now and then without sleep. As to all other things, we should meet with no mortifications abroad, if we could escape them from home.

But, without raillery, if ever I can propose to myself to be of any great use, I foresee this will be the case. This is so much my opinion, that I conclude, if it falls out otherwise, I shall never concern myself in any public business in England; that I shall either leave it for a better climate, or marry in a rage, and become the hero of the October Club. Yours, &c.,

PETERBOROUGH.

TO ARCHBISHOP KING.

London, July 12, 1711.

MY LORD,—I now conceive your grace begins to be a busy person in council and parliament and convocation; and perhaps may be content to be diverted now and then by an idle letter from hence. We have an empty town, the queen being settled at Windsor, and the ministers often there. We are so weary with expecting further removals, that we begin to drop the discourse; neither am I sure whether those in power may not differ a little in opinion as to the matter. However, it seems generally agreed that there will be many changes before next session, and that it is neces

sary there should be so My lord Peterborough has been some time returned, and I have had a good deal of talk with him, or rather he has talked a good deal to me. He is mightily discontented with what I writ to him, and which he finds to be true, that there seems a general disposition among us towards a peace. He thinks his successful negotiations with the emperor and the duke of Savoy have put us in a better condition than ever to continue the war, and will engage to convince me that Spain is yet to be had if we take proper measures. Your grace knows he is a person of great talents, but dashed with something restless and capricious in his nature. He told me he came over without being recalled, and without one servant, having scattered them in several parts of Germany. I doubt he will not have credit enough with the ministry to make them follow his plans; and he is such a sort of person as may give good advice which wise men may reasonably refuse to follow. It seems to me that the ministry lie under a grievous dilemma, from the difficulty of continuing the war and the danger of an ill peace; which I doubt whether their credit with the queen and country would support them under; but my lord-treasurer is a stranger to fear, and has all that courage which innocence and good sense can give a man, and the most free from avarice of any one living, both which are absolutely necessary for his station in this juncture. He was saying a thing to me some days ago which I believe is the great maxim he proceeds by, that wisdom in public affairs was not, what is commonly believed, the forming of schemes with remote views, but the making use of such incidents as happen. It was thought my lord Mar[a] would have succeeded as secretary upon the duke of Queensberry's death; but the court seems now disposed to have no third secretary,[b] which was a useless charge. The queen has been extremely ill, so as for four-and twenty hours people were in great pain; but she has been since much better, and voided abundance of gravel, &c.

Our expedition under Mr. Hill [brother to Mrs. Masham] is said to be towards the South Seas; but nothing is known: I told a great man, who is deepest in the project of it, that I had no good opinion of these expeditions, which hitherto never succeeded with us. He said he would venture ten to one upon the success of it, provided no ill accident happened by storms; and that it was concerted with three or four great princes abroad.

As to the first-fruits, I must inform your grace that the whole affair lies exactly as it did for some months past. The duke and his people never thought, or at least never meddled in it, until some days before they went, and then they were told it was already done; and my lord-treasurer directed that it should be an instruction to the lord-lieutenant to mention in his speech to parliament that the queen had done it, &c. But they took no sort of care to finish the matter, and carry the instrument over with them, which they might have done had they begun timely and applied themselves; and, as the bishops superseded me, I did not presume to meddle further in it: but I think this may be a lesson, that in all such cases as these it is necessary to have some good solicitor, and not leave things wholly to great men; nay, so little did the duke engage in this matter, that my lord-treasurer told me yesterday (although that is a secret) that the very draught they had made upon my application was some way or other mislaid between the queen and himself, and could not be found; but, however, that another should soon be drawn: and his lordship commanded me to inform your grace, and my lords the bishops, that, with the first convenience, the instrument should be prepared and sent over, which your grace will please to let them know. I was of opinion with my lord-treasurer that it should be done by a deed from the queen, without an act of parliament, and that the bishops should be made a corporation for the management of it. Your grace sees I write with much freedom, because I am sure I can do it safely.

I have been engaging my lord-treasurer, and the other great men, in a project of my own, which they tell me they will embrace, especially his lordship. He is to erect some kind of society, or academy, under the patronage of the ministers and protection of the queen, for correcting, enlarging, polishing, and fixing our language. The methods must be left to the society; only I am writing a letter to my lord-treasurer, by way of proposals, and some general hints, which I design to publish, and he expects from me. All this may come to nothing, although I find the ingenious and learned [illegible]n of all my acquaintance fall readily in with it; and so I hope will your grace, if the design can be [illegible]ll executed. I would desire, at leisure, some of your grace's thoughts on this matter.

I hope your grace will take advantage of the times, and see whether your violent house of commons will fall in with some good law for the benefit of the church, as their much betters have done it here: and I think the convocation could not be better employed than in considering what good law is wanting for the church, and endeavour to have it passed, rather than in brangling upon trifles. The church has so few happy occasions, that we ought to let none of them slip. I take up too much of your grace's time; and therefore, begging your prayers and blessings, I remain, with the greatest respect, your grace's most dutiful humble servant, JONATHAN SWIFT.

FROM ARCHBISHOP KING.

Dublin, July 25, 1711.

REVEREND SIR,—You must not wonder that I have been so ill a correspondent of late, being, as I find, in debt to you for yours of June the 8th and July the 12th. This did not proceed from any negligence, but from the circumstances of things here, that were such that I could not return you any satisfactory answer.

We have now got over the preliminaries of our parliaments and convocation; that is to say, our addresses, &c.; and as to the parliament, so far as appears to say, there will be an entire compliance with her majesty's occasions and my lord duke of Ormond's desire, and that funds will be given for two years from Christmas next; by which we shall have the following summer free from parliamentary attendance, which proves a great obstruction both to church and country business. As to the convocation, we have no licence as yet to act. I have heard some whispers, as if a letter of licence had come over, and was sent back again to be mended, especially as to direction about a president. I may inform you that that matter is in her majesty's choice: we have on record four licences; the first directed to the archbishop of Dublin in 1614; the other

[a] John Erskine, the tenth earl of Mar, was b[illegible] queen Anne made colonel of a regiment of foot knight of t[illegible] Thistl[illegible] [illegible]d secretary of state for Scotland. He was one of t[illegible] [illegible] s[illegible]ners for the treaty of Union, and was elected one of the sixteen peers in four succeeding parliaments. He was again made secretary of state, Sept 1, 1713, in which office he was succeeded by the duke of Montrose, Sept 24, 1714. Being dismissed from all employment, he retired into Scotland, and, at the head of 600 men, proclaimed the pretender. His forces being increased to 6000 or 7000 men, he fought the duke of Argyll, who commanded the royal troops. The victory was left undecided but the earl of Mar was forced to take refuge in France. He was attainted in 1716, his estate and honours, &c., being forfeited to the crown and died at Aix la Chapelle in 1732.

[b] There seems to have been none till September 1, 171[illegible].

three, in 1631, 1662, 1665, directed to the then lords-primates. I have not at present the exact dates; but I have seen the writs, and find the convocation sat in these years.

His grace the duke of Ormond, in his speech to the parliament, (which I doubt not but you have seen,) mentioned the remittal of the twentieth parts, and the grant of the first-fruits, for buying impropriations; but did not assume to himself any merit in the procuring of them; nor, that I can find by any intimation, so much as insinuated that the grant was on his motion; notwithstanding, both in the house of lords and convocation, some laboured to ascribe the whole to his grace; and had it not been for the account I had from you, his grace must, next to her majesty, have had the entire thanks. You'll observe, from the lords' address and convocation, that his grace is brought in for a share in both. But if the case should be otherwise, yet his grace is no way to be blamed. The current runs that way; and perhaps neither you nor I have bettered our interest here at present, by endeavouring to stop it.

The conclusion was that all the archbishops and bishops agreed to return thanks to my lord-treasurer of Great Britain, by a letter, which all in town have signed, being convinced that, next to her majesty's native bounty and zeal for the church, this favour is due to his lordship's mediation.

But they have employed no agent to solicit the passing the act through the offices, believing his lordship will take care of that of his own mere motion, as he did of the grant. This is meant as an instance of their great confidence in his lordship's concern for them, which makes it needless that any should intermeddle in what he has undertaken.

If his lordship thinks fit to return any answer to the bishops, I wish he would take some occasion to mention you in it: for that would justify you, and convince the bishops, some of whom perhaps suspect the truth of what you said of the *first-fruits* and twentieth parts, being granted before his grace the duke of Ormond was declared lord-lieutenant of Ireland.

I cannot at present write of several matters that perhaps I may have opportunity to communicate to you. I have sent with this the lords' and the convocation's address to my lord duke.

If it may be proper, I would have my most humble respects to be laid before my lord-treasurer. You may be sure I am his most humble servant, and shall never forget the advantages he has been the author of to the church and state: and yet I believe, if it pleased God to prolong his life, greater things may be expected from him; my prayers shall not be wanting.

As for myself, I shall say more some other time; and for the present shall only assure you that I am, sir, your affectionate humble servant and brother,

William Dublin.

FROM ARCHBISHOP KING.

Lissenhall, July 28, 1711.

Since my lord duke of Ormond's arrival I have been so continually hurried with company, that I retired here for two or three days. The preliminaries of our parliament are now over; that is to say, addresses, &c., and I find the usual funds will be granted, I think unanimously, for two years from Christmas next, which is all the duke of Ormond desires. I do not see much more will be done. You will observe several reflections are in the addresses on the late management here, in which the earl of Anglesey and I differed. If we could impeach, as you can in Great Britain, and bring the malefactors to account, I should be for it with all my endeavour; but to show our ill-will when we can do no more seems to be no good policy in a dependent people, and that can have no other effect than to provoke revenge without the prospect of redress; of which we have too fatal instances. I reckon that every chief governor who is sent here comes with a design to serve first those who sent him; and that our good only must be so far considered as it is subservient to the main design. The only difference between governors, as to us, is to have a good-natured man, that has some interest in our prosperity, and will not oppress us unnecessarily; and such is his grace. But I doubt whether even that will not be an objection against him on your side of the water; for I have found that those governors that gained most on the liberties of the kingdom are reckoned the best; and therefore it concerns us to be on our guard against all governors, and to provoke as little as we can. For he that cannot revenge himself acts the wise part when he dissembles and passes over injuries.

In my opinion, the best that has happened to us, is, that the parliament grants the funds for two years; for by these means we shall have one summer to ourselves to do our church and country business. I have not been able to visit my diocese *ecclesiatim*, as I used to do, the last three years, for want of such a recess. I hope the parliament of Great Britain will not resume the yarn bill while they continue the same. The lords have not sat above four or five days, and are adjourned till Monday next; so we have no heads of bills brought into our house as yet: but if any be relating to the church, I will do my endeavour to give you satisfaction.

Our letter is come over for the remittal of the twentieth parts and granting the first-fruits for buying impropriations and purchasing glebes, which will be a great ease to the clergy and a benefit to the church. We want glebes more than the impropriations; and I am for buying them first, where wanting; for without them, residence is impossible: and, besides, I look upon it as a security to tithes that the laity have a share in them; and therefore I am not for purchasing them but where they are absolutely necessary.

We shall, I believe, have some considerations of methods to convert the natives; but I do not find that it is desired by all that they should be converted. There is a party among us that have little sense of religion and heartily hate the church: these would have the natives made Protestants; but such as themselves are deadly afraid they should come into the church, because, say they, this would strengthen the church too much. Others would have them come in, but can't approve of the methods proposed, which are to preach to them in their own language, and have the service in Irish, as our own canons require. So that between them, I am afraid that little will be done. I am, sir, yours, &c.,

William Dublin.

TO ARCHBISHOP KING.

London, August 15, 1711.

My Lord,—I have been at Windsor a fortnight, from whence I returned two days ago, and met a letter at my lodgings from your grace, dated July 25. I was told it was sent to Mr. Manly's house, (your postmaster's son,) and by him to me: so that I suppose your grace did not direct to Mr. Lewis as formerly, otherwise I should have had it at Windsor. The ministers go usually down to Windsor on Saturday, and return on Monday or Tuesday following. I had little opportunity of talking with my lord-treasurer, seeing him only at court, or at supper at third places, or in much company at his own lodgings. Yesterday I went to visit him after dinner, but did not stay above an hour, because business called him out. I read to him that part of your grace's letter which expresses your grace's respects to him, and he received them perfectly well

He told me "he had lately received a letter from the bishops of Ireland, subscribed (as I remember) by seventeen, acknowledging his favour about the first-fruits." I told his lordship "that some people in Ireland doubted whether the queen had granted them before the duke of Ormond was declared lieutenant."—"Yes," he said, "sure I remembered it was immediately upon my application." I said, "I heard the duke himself took no merit on that account." He answered, "No, he was sure he did not; he was the honestest gentleman alive: but," said he, "it is the queen that did it, and she alone shall have the merit."

And I must be so free as to tell your grace that the grudging, ungrateful manner of some people, which upon several occasions I could not but give him hints of for my justification, has not been prudent. I am sure it has hindered me from any thoughts of pursuing another affair of yet greater consequence, which I had good hopes of compassing. What can be the matter with those people? do I ask either money or thanks of them? have I done any hurt to the business? My [illegible] had sent the letter over about the first-fruits. I never inquired into the particulars: he says he will very soon answer the bishops' letter to himself, and will show me both letter and answer: but I shall not put him in mind unless he remembers it of his own accord. Nor, with great submission to your grace, can I prevail on my own pride to desire he would make any mention of me in his answer. Your grace is convinced that unless I write a heap of lies, the queen had granted that affair before my lord duke was named. I desire to convince nobody else; and, since the thing is done, it is not of any consequence who were instrumental in it. I could not forbear yesterday reminding my lord-treasurer of what I said to Mr. Southwell before his lordship, when he came to take his leave before he went to Ireland; which was, that I hoped Mr. Southwell would let the bishops and clergy of Ireland know that my lord-treasurer had long since (before the duke was governor) prevailed on the queen to remit the first-fruits, &c., and that it was his lordship's work, as the grant of the same favour in England had formerly been. My lord-treasurer did then acknowledge it before Mr. Southwell, and I think Mr. Southwell should have acted accordingly; but there is a great deal of ignorance as well as ill will in all this matter. The duke of Ormond himself, had he engaged in it, could only act as a solicitor. Everybody knows that the lord treasurer, in such cases, must be applied to (and only he) by the greatest persons. I should think the people of Ireland might rather be pleased to see one of their own country able to find some credit at court, and in a capacity to serve them, especially one who does it without any other prospect than that of serving them. I know not any of the bishops from whom I can expect any favour, and there are not many upon whom a man of any figure could have such designs: but I will be revenged; for whenever it lies in my power I will serve the church and kingdom, although they should use me much worse. I shall dine to-morrow with the lord-treasurer, and perhaps I may then see the answer he is to write. I thought to have sent this letter away to-night, but I have been interrupted by business. I go to Windsor again on Saturday for a day or two, but I will leave this behind to be sent to the post.

August 21. I had wrote thus far, and was forced to leave off, being hurried away to Windsor by my lord-treasurer, from whence I returned but last night. His lordship gave me a paper, which he said he had promised me. I put it in my pocket, thinking it was about something else we had been talking over; and I never looked into it until just now, when I find it to be my lord-primate's letter to his lordship, with an enclosed one from the bishops. With submission, I take it to be dry enough, although I shall not tell his lordship so. They say, "they are informed his lordship had a great part in," &c. I think they should either have told who it was informed them so, since it was a person commissioned by themselves, or at least have said they were assured. And as for those words, a great part, I know nobody else had any except the queen herself. I cannot tell whether my lord has writ an answer, having said nothing to him of it since he gave me the letters; nor shall I desire to see it.

As to the convocation, I remember both my lord-treasurer and Mr. St. John spoke to me about the matter, and were of the same opinion with your grace, that it was wholly in the queen's choice. I excused giving my opinion, being wholly uninformed; and I have heard nothing of it since.

My lord-keeper gave me yesterday a bundle of Irish votes at Windsor, and we talked a good deal about the quarrels between the lords and commons: I say the fault lay in not dissolving the parliament; which I had mentioned to the duke of Ormond, and often to some of those who were thought to have most credit with him. But they seemed to believe, as I did, that any Irish parliament would yield to anything that any chief governor pleased, and so it would be a needless trouble.

We reckon for certain that Mr. Hill with his fleet is gone to Quebec.

Mrs. Masham is every minute expecting to lie in. Pray God preserve her life, which is of great importance. I am, with the greatest respect, my lord, your grace's most dutiful and most humble servant,

JONATHAN SWIFT.

The queen has got a light fit of the gout. The privy-seal is not yet disposed of.

TO ARCHBISHOP KING.

August 26, 1711.

MY LORD,—Perhaps you will be content to know some circumstances of affairs here. The duke of Somerset usually leaves Windsor on Saturday, when the ministers go down thither, and returns not till they are gone. On Saturday sevennight, contrary to custom, he was at Windsor, and a cabinet-council was to be held at night; but after waiting a long time, word was brought out that there would be no cabinet. Next day it was held, and then the duke went to a horse-race about three miles off. This began to be whispered; and at my return to town they had got it in the city; but not the reason; which was, that Mr. secretary St. John refused to sit if the duke was there. Last Sunday the duke was there again, but did not offer to come to the cabinet, which was held without him. I hear the duke was advised by his friends of the other party to take this step. The secretary said to some of his acquaintance that he would not sit with a man who had so often betrayed them, &c. You know the duchess of Somerset is a great favourite, and has got the duchess of Marlborough's key. She is insinuating, and a woman of intrigue: and will, I believe, do what ill offices she can to the secretary. They would have hindered her coming in; but the queen said, "If it were so that she could not have what servants she liked, she did not find how her condition was mended." I take the safety of the present ministry to consist in the agreement of three great men, lord-keeper, lord-treasurer, and Mr. Secretary; and so I have often told them together, between jest and earnest, and two of them separately with more seriousness. And I think they entirely love one another, as their differences are not of weight to break their union. They vary a little about their notions of a certain general. I

will not say more at this distance. I do not see well how they can be without the secretary, who has very great abilities both for the cabinet and parliament. The Tories in the city are a little discontented that no further changes are made in employments, of which I cannot learn the secret, although I have heard several, and from such who might tell the true one if they would: one is, that lord-treasurer professes he is at a loss to find persons qualified for several places: another, (which is less believed,) that the queen interposes: a third, that it is a trimming disposition. I am apt to think that he finds the call for employments greater than he can answer if there were five times as many to dispose of; and I know particularly that he dislikes very much the notion of people, that every one is to be turned out. The treasurer is much the greatest minister I ever knew; regular in life, with a true sense of religion, an excellent scholar, and a good divine, of a very mild and affable disposition, intrepid in his notions and indefatigable in business, an utter despiser of money for himself, yet frugal (perhaps to an extremity) for the public. In private company he is wholly disengaged and very facetious, like one who has no business at all. He never wants a reserve upon any emergency which would appear desperate to others; and makes little use of those thousand projectors and schematists who are daily plying him with their visions, but to be thoroughly convinced, by the comparison, that his own notions are the best. I am, my lord, with the greatest respect, your grace's most obedient, &c. JONATHAN SWIFT.

FROM ARCHBISHOP KING.

Swords, September, 1, 1711.

REVEREND SIR,—I have before me yours of the 15th and 21st, for which I return you my hearty thanks. I perceive you have the votes of our commons here, and, I suppose, the address of the lords that gave occasion to them. I must let you know that I was very positive against the clause that provoked them, and kept the house in debate about it at least an hour, and spoke so often that I was ashamed of myself; yet there were but three negatives to it. I used several arguments against the lords concurring with their committee, and foretold all that has happened upon it. Upon which I was much out of favour with the house for some time; and industry has been used, as I was informed, to persuade my lord duke that what I did was in opposition to his interest; but when I had the opportunity to discourse his grace last, he was of another opinion. And, in truth, my regard to his grace's interest was the principal reason of opposing a clause that I foresaw might embarrass his business here.

There happened another affair, relating to one Langton, of whom I formerly gave you some account. The commons found him on the establishment for a small pension; and, having an ill notion of him and his informations, they took this occasion to examine his merits; in order to which, they sent up a message to the lords, to desire leave of judge Coste, who had taken his examinations and those of his witnesses, to come down and inform the committee; and this seemed the more necessary because the examinations taken by the council were burned: but the lords refused to let the judge go down, as desired, and passed a vote to take the examination of the matter into their hands. This, I foresaw, might prove another bone of contention, and did oppose it, but with the same success as the former. Langton pleaded privilege, as chaplain to the bishop of Ossory, and refused to appear before the commons; on which thay passed the angry resolves you will find in their votes. The examination of this matter has emplyed much of the lords' time to very little purpose. My opposing this was made an objection against me by some that wish now my advice had been taken.

The business of the city of Dublin, of which I gave you an account formerly, embroils us very much. We have, at the council, rejected four mayors and eight sheriffs, all regularly elected by the city; some of them the best citizens in the town, and much in the interest of the government. We begin to be sick of it; and I am afraid that it may beget ill blood and come into parliament here. We have rejected the elected magistrates in four other corporations, which adds to the noise. I own there were good reasons for rejecting some of them, but I cannot say the same for Dublin. I wish this may not prove uneasy to us.

There was a motion made at the sessions for the county of Dublin, at Kilmainham, for an address of thanks to her majesty for sending his grace the duke of Ormond to be our chief-governor. Nine of the justices, that is, all that were then present, agreed to it, and an address was ordered to be drawn, which was brought next morning into court, and then there were above a score that seemed to have come on purpose, and promised that it should be rejected by a majority; for this reason only, that it would entail a necessity on them to address in favour of every new lord-lieutenant, or disoblige him. For which reason it was rejected also in my lord Wharton's time. This noways concerns his grace himself; but, in my opinion, ought to lessen the esteem of some persons' management that attempt things which would be better let alone where they cannot be carried without opposition.

The house of commons seem to have received ill impressions of some. They reckon my lord duke's advisers as if they were secretly his enemies, and designed to betray him. They generally seem persuaded that his grace is a sincere honest man, and most in the interest of the kingdom of any chief-governor they can ever expect; and that therefore they ought to support him to the utmost of their power, and declare that the quarrels his enemies raise shall not hinder them from doing whatever he shall reasonably desire from them, or her majesty's service require; and, as an instance of their sincerity in this, they have granted funds for two years from Christmas last; whereas at first they intended only two years from the preceding 24th of June.

I have been preaching a doctrine that seems strange to some: it is, that her majesty and the ministry will be inclined to employ such as may be a help and support to their interest, and not a clog. I mean, that these subalterns should, by their prudence and dexterity, be able to remove any misunderstandings that may be between the government and the people, and help to beget in them a good notion of the ministry; and by all means avoid such things as may embarrass or beget jealousies; so that the burden or odium may not fall on the ministry where any harsh things happen to be done: that it seems to me to be the duty of those in posts to avoid unnecessary disputes, and not to expect that the ministry will interpose to extricate them, when they, without necessity, have involved themselves. But some are of a different opinion, and seem to think that they have no more to do when they meet with difficulties, perhaps of their own creating, than to call in the ministry and desire them to decide the matter by power; a method that I do not approve, nor has it succeeded well with former governors here: witness lord Sydney and lord Wharton, in the case of the convocation.

There really needs but one thing to quiet the people of Ireland, and it is to convince them that there is no eye to the pretender. Great industry has been, and still is, used to bugbear them with that fear. I be-

lieve it is over with you; but it will require time and prudent methods to quiet the people here, that have been possessed for twenty-two years with a continual apprehension that he is at the door, and that a certain kind of people designed to bring him in. The circumstances of this kingdom, from what they saw and felt under king James, make the dread of him much greater than it can be with you.

As to our convocation, a letter came from her majesty to give us licence to act; but it nowise pleased some people, and so it was sent back to be modelled to their mind, but returned again without alteration. It came not to us till the day the parliament adjourned. I was at that time obliged to attend the council, there being a hearing of the Quakers against a bill for recovering tithes. In my absence they adjourned till the meeting of the parliament, without so much as voting thanks or appointing a committee. The things that displeased some in the licence were, first, that my lord-primate was not the sole president, so as to appoint whom he pleased to act in his absence. The second was, the consideration of proper methods to convert the natives, against which some have set themselves with all their might. The third is, what concerns pluralities and residence, which some have not patience to hear of. The lower house seem to have the matter more at heart; for they have appointed committees during the recess, and are doing something.

I cannot but admire that you should be at a loss to find what is the matter with those that would neither allow you nor any one else to get anything for the service of the church or the public. It is with submission the silliest query I ever found made by Dr. Swift. You know there are some that would assume to themselves to be the only churchmen and managers, and cannot endure that anything should be done but by themselves, and in their own way; and had rather that all good things proposed should miscarry than be thought to come from other hands than their own; whose business is to lessen everybody else, and obstruct whatever is attempted, though of the greatest advantage to church and state, if it be not from their own party. And yet, so far as I have hitherto observed, I do not remember an instance of their proposing, much less prosecuting with success, anything for the public good. They seem to have a much better hand at obstructing others and embarrassing affairs than at proposing or prosecuting any good design.

These seem as uneasy that more alterations are not made here as those you mention are with you. The reason is very plain; they would fain get into employments, which cannot be without removes; but I have often observed that none are more eager for posts than such as are least fit for them. I do not see how a new parliament would much mend things here; for there is little choice of men: perhaps it might be for the worse, *rebus sic stantibus;* though I always thought the honest part is, to allow the people to speak their sense on the change of affairs by new representatives. I do not find that those that have embarrassed the present designed a new one; but they thought the commons so passive, that they might carry what they pleased, whatever their design might be. If they prosecute the present measures, I believe they will make new ones necessary when there shall be occasion to have a new session.

I pray most heartily for her majesty and her ministers; and am inclined to believe that it is one of the most difficult parts of their present circumstances to find proper instruments to execute their good intentions, notwithstanding the great crowds that offer themselves; particularly, my lord-treasurer's welfare is at heart with all good men; I am sure with none more than, reverend sir, &c. WILLIAM DUBLIN

FROM ARCHBISHOP KING.

[This letter is noticed in the *Journal to Stella.*]

Swords, September 1, 1711.

REVEREND SIR,—I got a little retirement here, and made use of it to write you by the present packet. I promised to say something as to your own affairs; and the first thing is, not to neglect yourself on this occasion, but to make use of the favour and interest you have at present to procure you some preferment that may be called a settlement. Years come on, and after a certain age, if a man be not in a station that may be a step to a better, he seldom goes higher. It is with men as with beauties, if they pass the flower, they grow stale and lie for ever neglected. I know you are not ambitious; but it is prudence, not ambition, to get into a station that may make a man easy, and prevent contempt when he grows in years. You certainly may now have an opportunity to provide for yourself, and I entreat you not to neglect it.

The second thing that I would have you to consider is, that God has given you parts and learning and a happy turn of mind, and that you are answerable for those talents to God: and therefore I advise you, and believe it to be your duty, to set yourself to some serious and useful subject in your profession, and to manage it so that it may be of use to the world. I am persuaded that, if you will apply yourself this way, you are well able to do it; and that your knowledge of the world and reading will enable you to furnish such a piece, with such uncommon remarks, as will render it both profitable and agreeable above most things that pass the press. Say not that most subjects in divinity are exhausted; for, if you look into Dr. Wilkins' Heads of Matters, which you will find in his "Gift of Preaching," you will be surprised to find so many necessary and useful heads that no authors have meddled with. There are some common themes that have employed multitudes of authors, but the most curious and difficult are in a manner untouched, and a good genius will not fail to produce something new and surprising on the most trite, much more on those that others have avoided, merely because they were above their parts.

Assure yourself that your interest, as well as duty, requires this from you; and you will find that it will answer some objections against you, if you thus show the world that you have patience and comprehension of thought to go through with such a subject of weight and learning.

You will pardon me this freedom, which I assure you proceeds from a sincere kindness and true value that I have for you. I will add no more but my hearty prayers for you. I am, Dr. Swift, yours, WILLIAM DUBLIN.

TO DR. FRANCIS ATTERBURY,

DEAN OF CHRIST CHURCH.

September 1, 1711.

SIR,—I congratulate with the college, the university, and the kingdom, and condole with myself upon your new dignity.[a] The virtue I would affect by putting my own interests out of the case has failed me in this juncture. I only consider that I shall want your conversation, your friendship, your protection, and your good offices when I can least spare them.[b] I would have come among the crowd of those who make you compliments on this occasion, if I could have brought a cheerful countenance with me. I am full of envy. It is too much in so bad an age for a person so inclined, and so able to do good, to have so great a scene of showing his inclination and abilities.

[a] The deanery of Christ Church.

[b] As the intimacy between these two great men had not then been of long standing, it may be amusing to trace its rise and progress for which see *Journal to Stella,* April 26, 1711—February 24, 1712

If great ministers take up this exploded custom of rewarding merit, I must retire to Ireland and wait for better times. The college and you ought to pray for another change at court, otherwise I can easily foretel that their joy and your quiet will be short. Let me advise you to place your books in moveable cases: lay in no great stock of wine, nor make any great alterations in your lodgings at Christ Church, unless you are sure they are such as your successor will approve and pay for. I am afraid the poor college little thinks of this,

"Qui nunc te fruitur credulus aureâ."

I am going to Windsor with Mr. Secretary, and hope to wait on you either at Bridewell or Chelsea. I am, with great respect and esteem, sir, your most obedient and most obliged humble servant,

JONATHAN SWIFT.

TO ARCHBISHOP KING.

Windsor Castle, October 1, 1711.

MY LORD,—I had the honour of a long letter from your grace about a month ago, which I forebore acknowledging sooner, because I have been ever since perpetually tossed between this and London, and partly because there had nothing happened that might make a letter worthy the perusal. It is the opinion of some great persons here that the words which the house of commons took amiss in your address might very well bear an application that concerned only my lord Wharton. I find they are against my opinion that a new parliament should have been called; but all agree it must now be dissolved: but, in short, we are so extremely busy here that nothing of Ireland is talked on above a day or two; that of the city election I have oftenest heard of; and the proceeding of your court in it, it is thought, might have been wiser. I find your grace seems to be of my opinion, and so I told my lord-treasurer. I think your Kilmainham project of an address was a very foolish one, and that for the reason of those who were against it. I hope Ireland will soon be equally convinced with us here that, if the pretender be in anybody's thoughts, it is of those they least dream, and who now are in no condition of doing mischief to any but themselves. As for your convocation, I believe everything there will terminate in good wishes. You can do nothing now, and will not meet again these two years; and then, I suppose, only to give money, and away. There should, methinks, in the interval, be some proposals considered and agreed upon by the bishops and principal men of the clergy to have all ready against the next meeting; and even that I despair of, for a thousand reasons too tedious to mention.

My admiring at the odd proceedings of those among the bishops and clergy who are angry with me for getting their first-fruits was but a form of speech. I cannot sincerely wonder at any proceedings in numbers of men, and especially (I must venture to say so) in Ireland. Meantime, it is a good jest to hear my lord-treasurer saying, often before a deal of company, "that it was I that got the clergy of Ireland their first-fruits;" and generally with this addition, "that it was before the duke of Ormond was declared lord-lieutenant." His lordship has long designed an answer to the letter he received from the bishops; he has told me ten times "he would do it to-morrow." He goes to London this day, but I continue here for a week. I shall refresh his memory, and engage my lord Harley his son to do so too.

I suppose your grace cannot but hear in general of some steps that are making toward a peace. There came out some time ago an account of Mr. Prior's journey to France, pretended to be a translation: it is a pure invention from the beginning to the end. I will let your grace into the secret of it. The clamours of a party against any peace without Spain, and railing at the ministry as if they designed to ruin us, occasioned that production, out of indignity and contempt, by way of furnishing fools something to talk of; and it has had a very great effect. Meantime, your grace may count that a peace is going forward very fast. Mr. Prior was actually in France; and there are now two ministers [Mons. Menager and the abbé du Bois] from that court in London, which you may be pretty sure of, if you believe what I tell you, that I supped with them myself in the house where I am now writing, Saturday last; neither do I find it to be a very great secret; for there were two gentlemen more with us beside the inviter. However, I desire your grace to say nothing of it, because it may look like lightness in me to tell it: Mr. Prior was with us too, but what their names are I cannot tell; for I believe those they passed by when I was there are not their real ones. All matters are agreed between France and us, and very much to the advantage and honour of England; but I believe no further step will be taken without giving notice to the allies. I do not tell your grace one syllable as coming from any great minister; and therefore I do not betray them. But there are other ways of picking out things in a court; however, I must desire you will not discover any of these little particulars, nor cite me upon any account at all; for great men may think I tell things from them, although I have them from other hands; in which last case only, I venture to repeat them to one I can confide in, and one at so great a distance as your grace.

I humbly thank your grace for the good opinion you are pleased to have of me; and for your advice, which seems to be wholly grounded on it. As to the first, which relates to my fortune, I shall never be able to make myself believed how indifferent I am about it. I sometimes have the pleasure of making that of others; and I fear it is too great a pleasure to be a virtue, at least in me. Perhaps in Ireland I may not be able to prevent contempt any other way than by making my fortune; but then it is my comfort that contempt in Ireland will be no sort of mortification to me. When I was last in Ireland I was above half the time retired to one scurvy acre of ground, and I always left it with regret. I am as well received and known at court as perhaps any man ever was of my level; I have formerly been the like. I left it then, and will perhaps leave it now (when they please to let me), without any concern but what a few months will remove. It is my maxim to leave great ministers to do as they please; and if I cannot distinguish myself enough by being useful in such a way as becomes a man of conscience and honour, I can do no more; for I never will solicit for myself, although I often do for others.

The other part of your grace's advice, to be some way useful to the church and the public by any talent you are pleased to think I possess, is the only thing for which I should desire some settlement that would make me full master of my time. I have often thought of some subjects, wherein I believe I might succeed; but, my lord, to ask a man floating at sea what he designed to do when he goes on shore is too hasty a question; let him get there first, and rest and dry himself, and then look about him. I have been pretty well known to several great men in my life; and it was their duty, if they thought I might have been of use, to put me into a capacity for it; but I never yet knew one great man in my life who was not every day swayed by other motives in distributing his favours, whatever resolutions he had pretended to make to the contrary. I was saying a thing the other day to my lord-keeper, which he approved of, and which I believe may be the reason of this: it was, "that persons of transcendent

merit forced their way in spite of all obstacles; but those whose merit was of a second, third, or fourth rate, were seldom able to do anything because the knaves and dunces of the world had all the impudence, assiduity, flattery, and servile compliance divided among them, which kept them perpetually in the way, and engaged everybody to be their solicitors." I was asking a great minister, a month ago, "how he could possibly happen to pick out a certain person to employ in a commission of discovering abuses, who was the most notorious for the constant practice of the greatest abuses in that very kind, and was very well known not to be at all reformed?' He said, "he knew all this; but what would I have him to do?" I answered, "Send any one of your footmen, and command him to choose out the first likely genteel fellow he sees in the streets; for such a one might possibly be honest, but he was sure the other was not, and yet they have employed him."

I promise your grace that this shall be the last sally I shall ever make to a court, and that I will return as soon as I can have leave. I have no great pleasure in my present manner of living, often involved in things that perplex me very much, and which try my patience to the utmost; teazed every day by solicitors, who have so little sense as to think I have either credit or inclination to be theirs, although they see I am able to get nothing for myself. But I find I am grown very tedious, and therefore conclude, with the greatest respect, my lord, &c. JONATHAN SWIFT.

FROM ARCHBISHOP KING.

Dublin, October 27, 1711.

REVEREND SIR,—I have before me yours of the 1st instant, but have been so employed with attending parliament, convocation, and privy-council, that I could neither compose my thoughts to write nor find time. Besides, our business is all in a hurry; and I may say, in fine, that things admit of no perfect account. On Wednesday the corn-bill, which the commons seemed to value most, was thrown out, because it reserved a power to the lord-lieutenant and council here to prohibit or permit the transportation of grain at any time. There was a design to fall on the privy-council upon this occasion; but gentlemen would not come into it; which showed they had some wit in their anger. And I am still of opinion that, with tolerable good management, this would have been as quiet a session as has been in Ireland; but the Dublin business, the address of the lords, Langton's affair,[a] and now Higgins's, have exasperated the commons to such a height, that will, as you observe, make this parliament to be impracticable any longer. It is true, the lords' address might have been interpreted to aim at lord Wharton, and was partly so intended; but it was ill expressed to bear that sense; and besides, what did it signify for us to show our resentment, when it could only provoke a great man to revenge, and could not reach him?

As to the first-fruits and twentieth parts, nobody here dare say that anybody beside the duke of Ormond procured them, but his grace himself; who, for aught I can learn, never assumed, either publicly or privately, any such merit to himself; and yet I confess it is not amiss that it should be thought he did those things, for he could not think of governing the kingdom if it be not believed that he has great interest at court; and if that did not appear by some favours of moment obtained for the kingdom, none would suppose it. He is truly a modest, generous, and honest man; and assure yourself, that whatever disturbance he has met with proceeds from his sticking too close to his friends. It is a pity such a fault should hurt a man. I send you enclosed the papers that relate to Mr. Higgins. Lord Santry was heard against him, before the lord-lieutenant and council, October 27: he was allowed only to prove the articles in his petition that are marked with P, and he seemed to prove them pretty fully; but Mr. Higgins, not having yet made his defence, I can give no judgment. By the testimony of the lower house of convocation in his favour, you will see how heartily they espouse him. And surely both pains and art have been used to screen him: with what effect you shall hear when the matter is concluded. I wish every good man may meet with as good and as fast friends as he has done. I send you likewise the votes that kept the commons in debate from eleven in the morning till seven at night. The question was carried in the negative by two accidents: the going out of one member by chance to speak to somebody at the putting the question, and the coming in of another, in his boots, at the very minute. If either had not happened, it had gone the other way. The personal affection to the duke of Ormond divided the house. If they could have seperated him from some others, the majority had been great. You may easily from this see what way the bent of this kingdom goes, and that garbling corporations noways pleases them.

We have several printed accounts of preliminaries of the peace; but I believe them all amusements; for I imagine none of the common scribblers know anything of them at all. I pray God they may be such as may secure us from a new war; though, I believe, the death of the emperor makes a lasting peace much more difficult than before. That depends on a balance, and to that three things seem so necessary that any two may stop the third; but now all is reduced to two. I reckon, as soon as the peace is settled, the dauphin will be taken out of the way, and then France and Spain will fall into one hand: a surmise I have had in mind ever since Philip got Spain; I was of opinion that, if we could have been secured against this accident, there had been no need of a war at all.

As to the convocation, I told you formerly how we lost all the time of a recess by a precipitate adjournment made by five bishops, when the archbishop of Tuam, and as many of us as were of the privy-council, were absent, attending at the board, upon a hearing of the Quakers against the bill for the recovery of tithes. Since the meeting of the parliament after the recess, we have attended pretty closely, have drawn up and agreed to six or seven canons, and have drawn up a representation of the state of religion as to infidelity, heresy, impiety, and popery. We have gone through likewise, and agreed to, a part of this; but I doubt we shall not be able to finish it. We have also before us the consideration of residence and the means of converting papists. This last sent up from the lower house. But I reckon it not possible to finish these things this session. I need not tell you that my lord-primate's indisposition is a great clog to despatch; but he is resolved none else shall have the chair. So we dispense with many things that otherwise I believe we should not. We had only two church bills at this time; one for unions, which was thrown out in our house, and another for recovery of tithes, which I understand will be thrown out by the commons. Our session draws near an end, and everybody is tired of it.

WILLIAM DUBLIN.

[a] Dominick Langton, clerk, formerly a friar, had accused Lewis Mears, esq., and other Protestant gentlemen of the county of West Meath, of entering into an association against the queen and her ministry; upon which the house of commons in Ireland, on the 6th of August 1711, voted several strong resolutions against the said Langton, declaring his charge against Mr. Mears, &c., to be false, groundless, and malicious, and resolved that an address should be presented to the lord-lieutenant, the duke of Ormond, to desire that her majesty would order the said Langton to be struck off the establishment of Ireland.

FROM ARCHBISHOP KING.

October 31, 1711.

To-day we had another hearing at council concerning Mr. Higgins's business. Some of his witnesses were examined. So far as we have yet heard, it does not appear to me that they have yet cleared him of tampering with witnesses, shifting recognizances, or compounding felonies; but, it is said, these things are common in the country; and perhaps that will save him. And know not how far his other witnesses, that are yet to be examined, may clear him. The hearing lasted above three hours. I was unwilling to make this packet too large, so I have enclosed the prints in another. I want some affidavits of gentlemen, in which they depose Mr. Higgins's case to contain many falsehoods. I am &c.

William Dublin.

FROM ARCHBISHOP KING.

Dublin, November 1, 1711.

Reverend Sir,—I have considered that part of your letter that relates to your own concerns. I find you, in earnest, very indifferent as to making your fortune; but you ought not to be so, for a weighty reason you insinuate yourself, that you cannot, without a settlement, be master of your time in such a manner as to apply yourself to do something that may be useful to the church. I know it is not in your power to do it when you please, but something may be done toward it. Get but a letter to the government from my lord-treasurer for the first good preferment; and you will at the same time fill it with a good man, and perhaps prevent a bad one from getting into it. Sure there is no immodesty in getting such a recommendation. Consider that years grow upon you; and after fifty, both body and mind decay. I have several things on the anvil, and near finished, that perhaps might be useful if published; but the continual avocation by business, the impositions on me by impertinent visits, and the uneasiness of writing, which grows more intolerable to me every day, I doubt will prevent my going any further. Therefore lose no time; *qui non est hodie, cras minus aptus erit*. I am sure you are able to do good service; and give me leave to be importunate with you to go about it. Cæsar wrote his Commentaries under the hurry and fatigues of a general; and perhaps a man's spirit is never more awakened, nor his thoughts better, than in the intervals of a hurry of business. Read Erasmus's Life, and you'll find it was almost a continual journey. You see how malicious some are towards you, in printing a parcel of trifles, falsely, as your works. This makes it necessary that you should shame those varlets by something that may enlighten the world, which I am sure your genius will reach if you set yourself to it. If I had the honour to have any correspondence with my lord-treasurer, I would certainly complain of you to him, and get his lordship to join in the request, which I persuade myself he would readily do if put in mind. I do not in the least fear that you will be angry with me for this, since you cannot suspect my sincerity and kindness in it; and though I shall be angry with you if you neglect yourself and interest, yet it shall go no further than to be a trouble to myself, but no abatement of the real friendship of yours, &c.

William Dublin.

FROM ARCHBISHOP KING.

Dublin, November 10, 1711.

Reverend Sir,—Perhaps it will not be ungrateful to you to know our session of parliament ended on Friday last. We threw out in the house of lords two bills; that against fines in the city of Dublin, and about quit-rents; and voted an address in opposition to the commons' address about revolution principles. We likewise burned Mr. Stoughton's sermon, preached at Christ Church, on the 30th of January, some years ago. The house were pleased to vote me thanks for prosecuting him, which you may remember I did in a difficult time, notwithstanding the opposition I had from the government, and his protection by lord Ikerin, which he pleaded in court: and yet I followed him so close that I forced him out of his living. After this we burned Mr. Boyse's book of A Scriptural Bishop;[a] and some Observators.[b] Our address was brought in yesterday; in which sure we are even with the commons. I forgot to tell you we agreed to another address against dissenting ministers, and their 1200*l.* per annum. The commons made an address to my lord-lieutenant, in which they bring him in for revolution principles. "The Memorial of the Church of England"[c] was reprinted here and dedicated to my lord-lieutenant. This was brought into the house of commons, and I doubt would not have escaped if the usher of the black-rod had not called them up to the prorogation. Langton's business came likewise into the house of lords, and when the house was full of ladies, an offer was made to receive the report of the committee, which contained many sheets of paper. A great debate happened upon it: but at last it was waved, and ordered to be laid before the lord-lieutenant.

In short we parted in very ill humour: and I apprehended that the minds of the generality are not easy. My lord duke of Ormond, so far as I could take it, made a very modest and healing speech; and his grace seemed in it to be altogether disinterested in parties. All these you have in public; and if you think it worth while I will take care to send them as they are printed.

As to our convocation, those who had loitered and done nothing before last week, pressed on the representation of the state of religion, as to infidelity, heresy, impiety, and popery; it will in some time be printed. I had many reasons, but insisted only on two; first, its imputing all vices to us, as if we were the worst of people in the world; not allowing any good among us. Secondly, not assigning it a cause of the natives continuing papists, that no care was ever taken to preach to them in their own language, or translating the service into Irish. You will find the matter in Heylin's Reformation, 2 Eliz. 1560, p. 128. I was forced to use art to procure this protest to be admitted, without which they would not have allowed me to offer reasons, as I had cause to believe

Both the parliament and convocation have been so ordered as to make us appear the worst people in the world, disloyal to her majesty, and enemies to the church; and I suspect with a design to make us appear unworthy to have any countenance or preferment in our native country. When the representation is printed, I will, if you think it worth your while, send you my protest. We agreed likewise in some canons of no great moment, and some forms of prayer, and forms of receiving papists and sectaries; which, I think, are too strait. I brought in a paper about residence; but here was no time to consider it, nor that which related to the means of converting papists. I did not perceive any zeal that way. A great part of our representation relates to sectaries; and many things, in the whole, seem to me not defensible. I told you before how we lost six weeks during the adjournment of the parliament; and since it sat we could only meet in the afternoon, and I was frequently in council;

[a] It was printed in 4to., at Dublin, under the title of "The Office of a Christian Bishop Described and Recommended, from 1 Tim. ch. iii. ver. 1: an Ordination Sermon."

[b] Papers published under that title by John Tutchin, esq., who had been severely sentenced by lord chief-justice Jeffreys, in king James II.'s reign.

[c] Published at first in 1705, 4to., under this title, "The Memorial of the Church of England humbly offered to the consideration of all true lovers of our Church and Constitution."

so that I was neither present when it was brought into the house, when it passed for the most part, or was sent down in parcels, in foul rased papers that I could not well read if I had an opportunity, and never heard it read through before it passed.

I believe most are agreed that, if my advice had been taken, this would have been the peaceablest session that ever was in Ireland; whereas it has been one of the most boisterous. I believe it was his grace the duke of Ormond's interest to have it quiet; but then the managers' conduct has showed themselves to be necessary. I have wearied myself with this scroll, and perhaps you will be so likewise. I am, &c.

WILLIAM DUBLIN.

FROM MR. SECRETARY ST. JOHN.

Hampton Court, November 16, 1711.

I RETURN you the sheet,[a] which is, I think, very correct. Sunday morning I hope to see you. I am sincerely your hearty friend and obedient servant,

H. ST. JOHN.

I have a vile story to tell you of the moral philosopher Steele.

FROM MR. SECRETARY ST. JOHN.

November 17, 1711.

DEAR DOCTOR,—I ask pardon for my mistake,[b] and I send you the right paper. I am, in sickness and in health, ever your faithful friend and obedient servant,

H. ST. JOHN.

FROM MRS. LONG.[c]

November 18, 1711.

IF you will again allow me the pleasure of hearing from you without murmuring, I will let you enjoy that of laughing at me for any foolish word I misapply; for I know you are too reasonable to expect me to be nicely right in the matter; but then, when you take a fancy to be angry, pray let me know it quietly, that I may clear my meanings, which are always far from offending my friends, however unhappy I may be in my expressions. Could I expect you to remember any part of my letters so long ago, I would ask you that you should know where to find me when you had a mind to it; but I suppose you were in a romantic strain, and designed to have surprised me talking to myself in a wood or by the sea. Forgive the dulness of my apprehension, and if telling you that I am at Lynn will not do, I will print it, however inconvenient it may yet be to me; for I am not the better for the old lady's death, but am put in hopes of being easy at Christmas; however, I shall still continue to be *Mrs. Smyth*, near St. Nicholas's church in that town aforesaid. So much for my affairs. Now, as to my health, that was much out of order last summer; my distemper was a dropsy or asthma (you know what I mean, but I cannot spell it right,) or both, lazy distempers, which I was too lazy to molest while they would let me sit in quiet; but when they grew so unreasonable as not to let me do that, I applied myself to Dr. Inglis, by whose advice I am now well enough. To give you the best account I can of this place, the ladies will make any returns, if one may believe what they say of one another; the men I know little of, for I am here what you have often upbraided me with, a prude in everything but censuring my neighbours. A couple of divines, two aldermen, and a custom-house officer are all my men acquaintance; the gay part of the town I know nothing of, and although for the honour of the place I will suppose there are good poets, yet that I never inquired after. I have a shelf pretty well filled at home, but want a Miscellany Mr. Steele put out last year; Miss Hessy [Vanhomrigh] promised it me, but has forgot it; I fancy you have interest enough with him to get it for me. I wish too at your leisure you would make a pedigree for me; the people here want sadly to know what I am; I pretend to no more than being of George Smyth's family of Nitly, but do not talk much of it for fear of betraying myself; so they fancy some mystery to be in the matter, and would give their rivals' place to be satisfied. At first they thought I came hither to make my fortune, by catching up some of their young fellows: but having avoided that sort of company, I am still a riddle they know not what to make of. Many of them seem to love me well enough; for I hear all they say of one another without making mischief among them, and give them tea and coffee when I have it, which are the greatest charms I can boast of: the fine lady I have left to Moll, (who I suppose was at the bath,) or any other that will take it up: for I am grown a good housewife; I can pot and pickle, sir, and can handle a needle very prettily—see Miss Hessy's scarf—I think that is improving mightily. If Miss Hessy keeps company with the eldest Hatton, and is still a politician, she is not the girl I took her for; but to me she seems melancholy. Sure Mr. St. John is not so altered but he will make returns; but how can I pretend to judge of anything when my poor cousin is taken for an hermaphrodite? a thing I as little suspected her for as railing at anybody: I know so little cause for it, that I must be silent. I hear but little of what is done in the world, but should be glad the ministry did themselves the justice to distinguish men of merit: may I wish you joy of any preferment? I shall do it heartily: but if you have got nothing, I am busy to as much purpose as you, although my employments are next to picking straws. Oh, but you are acquainted with my lord Fitzharding, for which I rejoice with you, and am your most obedient servant,

ANNE LONG.

MR. SHOWER[a] TO THE LORD HIGH-TREASURER OXFORD.

London, December 20, 1711.

MY LORD,—Though there be little reason to expect your lordship should interpose in favour of the dissenters, who have been so shamefully abandoned, sold, and sacrificed by their professed friends, the attempt is, however, so glorious in all its views, tendencies, and prospects, that, if it be not too late, I would most humbly beg your lordship not to be immoveable as to that matter. The fatal consequences of that bill cannot be expressed: I dread to think of some of them; and shall as much rejoice with many thousands if you may be instrumental to prevent it. May Heaven direct you in this and all your great affairs for the public good of your country! I am, my honoured lord, your most obedient servant,

JOHN SHOWER.

THE LORD-TREASURER'S ANSWER.

[From Swift's hand writing and MSS.]

December 21, 1711.

REVEREND SIR,—Had not a very painful distemper confined me, I had desired the favour of seeing you some time since; and should have spoken very plainly to you, as I shall whenever I see you. I have long foretold that the dissenters must be saved whether they will or not; they resist even restraining grace, and would almost convince me that the notion of man's being a mechanism is true in every part. To see men moved as puppets, with rage for their interest, with envy acting against their own interest, having men's persons in admiration; not only those of their own

[a] Probably of "The Conduct of the Allies," published November 27, 1711.

[b] Alluding to the preceding letter.

[c] Thus indorsed by the doctor: "Poor Mrs. Long's last letter, written five weeks before she died."

[a] An eminent dissenting minister.

body, who certainly are the first who pretend to consummate wisdom and deep policy, yet have shown that they knew not the common affairs of this nation, but are dwellers in thick clay. They are epicureans in act, puritans in profession, politicians in conceit, and a prey and laughing-stock to the deists and synagogue of the libertines, in whom they have trusted, and to whose infallibility they have sold themselves and their congregations. All they have done or can do shall never make me their enemy. I pity poor deluded creatures that have for seventeen years been acting against all their principles and the liberty of this nation, without leaving so much salt as to keep the body of them sweet; for there has not been one good bill during that term of years which they have not opposed in the house of commons; contrary to the practice of those very few dissenters which were in the parliament in king Charles II.'s time, who thereby united themselves to the country gentlemen, the advantage of which they found for many years after. But now they have listed themselves with those who had first denied our Saviour, and now have sold them.

I have written this only to show you that I am ready to do everything that is practicable to save people who are bargained for by their leaders, and given up by their ministers: I say, their *ministers;* because it is averred and represented, that the dissenting ministers have been consulted, and are consenting to this bill. By what lies and arts they are brought to this I do not care to mention; but, as to myself, the engineers of this bill thought they had obtained a great advantage against me: finding I had stopped it in the house of commons, they thought to bring me to a fatal dilemma, whether it did or did not pass. This would have no influence with me: for I will act what I think to be right, let there be the worst enemies in the world of one side or other. I guess by your letter that you do not know that the bill yesterday passed both houses, the lords having agreed to the amendments made by the commons; so that there is no room to do anything upon that head.

What remains is, to desire that the dissenters may seriously think from whence they are fallen, and do their first works—and recover their reputation of sobriety, integrity, and love of their country, which is the sincere and hearty prayer of, reverend sir, your most faithful and most humble servant, OXFORD.

TO MR. ——, AT LYNN.

ON THE DEATH OF MRS. LONG.

London, December 26, 1711

SIR,—That you may not be surprised with a letter utterly unknown to you, I will tell you the occasion of it. The lady who lived near two years in your neighbourhood, and whom you was so kind to visit under the name of Mrs. Smyth, was Mrs. Anne Long, sister to sir James Long, and niece of colonel Strangeways: she was of as good a private family as most in England, and had every valuable quality of body and mind that could make a lady loved and esteemed. Accordingly she was always valued here above most of her sex, and by most distinguished persons. But, by the unkindness of her friends, and the generosity of her own nature, and depending upon the death of a very old grandmother, which did not happen till it was too late, contracted some debts that made her uneasy here, and in order to clear them was content to retire unknown to your town, where I fear her death has been hastened by melancholy, and perhaps the want of such assistance as she might have found here. I thought fit to signify this to you, partly to let you know how valuable a person you have lost, but chiefly to desire that you will please to bury her in some part of your church near a wall where a plain marble stone may be fixed, as a poor monument for one who deserved so well, and which, if God sends me life, I hope one day to place there, if no other of her friends will think fit to do it. I had the honour of an intimate acquaintance with her, and was never so sensibly touched with any one's death as with hers. Neither did I ever know a person of either sex with more virtues or fewer infirmities: the only one she had, which was the neglect of her own affairs, arising wholly from the goodness of her temper. I write not this to you at all as a secret, but am content your town should know what an excellent person they have had among them. If you visited her any short time before her death, or knew any particulars about it, or of the state of her mind or the nature of her disease, I beg you will be so obliging to inform me; for the letter we have seen from her poor maid is so imperfect, by her grief for the death of so good a lady, that it only tells the time of her death; and your letter may, if you please, be directed to Dr. Swift, and put under a cover, which cover may be directed to Erasmus Lewis, esq., at the earl of Dartmouth's office at Whitehall. I hope you will forgive this trouble for the occasion of it, and give some allowances to so great a loss, not only to me, but to all who have any regard for every perfection that human nature can possess; and if any way I can serve or oblige you, I shall be glad of an opportunity of obeying your commands. I am, &c.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

TO DR. STERNE.

London, December 29, 1711.

SIR,—The reason I have not troubled you this long time with my letters was, because I would not disturb the quiet you live in, and which the greatest and wisest men here would envy if they knew; and which it is one part of your happiness that they do not. I have often sent the archbishop[a] political letters, of which I suppose you have had part. I have some weeks ago received a letter from his grace, which I design to acknowledge in a short time, (as I desire you will please to tell him,) when things here come to some issue; and so we expect they will do in a little time. You know what an unexpected thing fell out the first day of this session in the house of lords, by the caprice, discontent, or some worse motive, of the earl of Nottingham.[b]

In above twenty years that I have known something of courts, I never observed so many odd, dark, unaccountable circumstances in any public affair. A majority against the court, carried by five or six depending lords, who owed the best of their bread to pensions from the court, and who were told by the public enemy that what they did would be pleasing to the queen, though it was openly levelled against the first minister's head: again, those whose purse-strings and heart-strings were the same, all on a sudden scattering their money to bribe votes;[c] a lord, [earl of Nottingham,] who had been so far always a Tory as often to be thought in the pretender's interest, giving his vote for the ruin of all his old friends, caressed by those Whigs who hated and abhorred him; the Whigs all chiming in with a bill against occasional conformity; and the very dissenting ministers agreeing to it for reasons, that nobody alive can tell;[d] a resolution of breaking the treaty of peace, without any possible

a The archbishop of Dublin, Dr. King.

b The earl of Nottingham proposed, in the house of lords, a clause to be inserted in the address of thanks to the queen for her speech, to represent to her majesty, as the humble opinion and advice of the house, that no peace could be made safe or honourable to Great Britain or Europe, if Spain or the West Indies were to be allowed to any branch of the house of Bourbon. Which motion was carried by a majority of sixty-one votes to fifty-five.

c Alluding to the duke and duchess of Marlborough.

d It is said the dissenters consented to be kept out, that the papists might not be let in.

scheme for continuing the war; and all this owing to a doubtfulness or inconstancy in one certain quarter, which, at this distance, I dare not describe. Neither do I find any one person, though deepest in affairs, who can tell what steps to take. On January the 2nd the house of lords is to meet, and it is expected they will go on in their votes and addresses against a peace.

On the other side, we are endeavouring to get a majority, and have called up two earls' sons to the house of peers: and I thought six more would have been called, and perhaps they may before Wednesday. We expect the duke of Somerset and lord Cholmondeley will lose their places; but it is not yet done, and we wish for one more change at court, which you must guess. To know upon what small circumstances, and by what degrees, this change has been brought about, would require a great deal more than I can or dare write.

There is not one which I did not give warning of, to those chiefly concerned, many months ago; and so did some others, for they were visible enough. This must infallibly end either in an entire change of measures and ministry, or in a firm establishment of our side. Delay and tenderness to an inveterate party have been very instrumental to this ill state of affairs. They tell me you in Ireland are furious against a peace; and it is a great jest to see people in Ireland furious for or against anything.

I hope to see you in spring, when travelling weather comes on. But I have a mind to see the issue of this session. I reckon your hands are now out of mortar, and that your garden is finished: and I suppose you have now one or two 50*l.* ready for books,[a] which I will lay out for you if you will give me directions

I have increased my own library very considerably; I mean as far as one 50*l.*, which is very considerable for me. I have just had a letter from the St. Mary ladies, &c. [Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Dingley.] I thought they were both dead; but find they sometimes drink your claret still, and win your money. I am, sir, your most obedient humble servant,

You know who.

P.S. I had sealed my letter, but have broke it open, to tell you, and all that love the church and crown, that all things are now well. The queen has turned out the duke of Somerset, and has created twelve new lords, of which three are peers' eldest sons, the rest new created; so that a majority is past dispute. We are all in the greatest joy imaginable to find her majesty declare herself so seasonably.

TO ARCHBISHOP KING.

London, January 8, 1712.

MY LORD,—I cannot in conscience take up your grace's time with an empty letter; and it is not every day one can furnish what will be worth your reading. I had all your grace's packets; and I humbly thank your grace for your good instructions to me, which I shall observe as soon as ever it shall please God to put me into a way of life where I can have leisure for such speculations.

In above twenty years that I have known something of courts and ministers I never saw so strange and odd a complicated disposition of affairs as what we have had for six weeks past. The facts your grace may have met with in every common newspaper; but the springs of them are hardly discoverable, even by those who had most opportunity of observing. Neither do I find those who should know best agree upon the matter. There is a perpetual trial of skill between those who are out and those who are in; and the former are generally most industrious at watching opportunities. Last September, at Windsor, the duke of Somerset,[a] who had not been at cabinet-council for many months, was advised by his friends of the late ministry to appear there, but the rest refused to sit with him; and the council was put off until next day, when the duke went to a horse-race. This was declaring open war; and ever since both he and his duchess (who is in great favour) have been using all sorts of means to break the present ministry. Mrs. Masham was absent two months from Windsor, with lying-in at Kensington, and my lord-treasurer six weeks by indisposition. Some time before the session the duke above mentioned went to all those lords who, by the narrowness of their fortunes, have depended on the court, and engaged them to vote against the ministry by assuring them it was the queen's pleasure. He is said to have added other powerful motives. Baron Bothmar's memorial was published just at that juncture, as Hoffman, the emperor's resident, had some time before printed the French king's propositions. It is confidently affirmed, by those who should know, that money was plentifully scattered. By these and some other accidents, the vote was carried against the ministry; and everybody of either party understood the thing as intended directly against my lord-treasurer's head. The house of lords made a very short adjournment, and were preparing some resolutions and addresses of the most dangerous importance. We had a very melancholy Christmas, and the most fearless persons were shaken: for our great danger lay where I cannot tell your grace at this distance. The thing wished for was, the removal of the Somerset family; but that could not be done, nor yet is. After some time the queen declared herself as you have heard, and twelve new lords were created.

My lord Nottingham's game in this affair has been most talked of, and several hard things said of him are affirmed to be true. The dissenting ministers in this town were consulted about the occasional bill, and agreed to it, for what reasons I cannot learn; that which is offered not satisfying me that they were afraid of worse. I believe they expected an entire change of ministry and measures, and a new parliament, by which it might be repealed, and have instead some law to their advantage. The duke of Marlborough's removal has passed very silently; the particular reasons for it I must tell your grace some other time. but how it will pass abroad I cannot answer. People on both sides conclude from it that the peace is certain; but the conclusion is ill drawn: the thing would have been done although we had been sure of continuing the war. We are terribly afraid of prince Eugene's coming, and therefore it was put off until the resolutions were taken. Before he came out of his yacht, he asked how many lords were made? He was a quarter of an hour with the queen on Sunday about seven at night. The great men resolve to entertain him in their turns; and we suppose it will all end in a journey of pleasure. We are so confidently told of the duke of Somerset's being out, that I writ so to the dean of St. Patrick's. A man of quality told me he had it from my lord-keeper, whom I asked next day, and found it a mistake; but it is impossible to fence against all lies; however, it is still expected that the duke will be out, and that many other removes will be made. Lord Ranelagh[b] died on Sunday morning: he was very poor and needy, and could hardly support himself for want of a pension which used to be paid him, and which his friends solicited as a thing of

[a] Dr. Sterne made a large collection of books, and placed them in the upper part of the Deanery-house, (then built by him,) which he fitted up for this purpose in one great room, with a fireplace at each end.

[a] This happened August 12, 1711.

[b] Richard Jones, baron Jones of Navan, and viscount Ranelagh, created earl of Ranelagh, December 11, 1677.

perfect charity. He died hard, as the term of art here is to express the woful state of men who discover no religion at their death.

The town talk is, that the duke of Ormond will go no more to Ireland, but be succeeded by the duke of Shrewsbury, who is a very great and excellent person; and I will hold a wager that your grace will be an admirer of his duchess: if they go, I will certainly order her to make all advances to you: but this is only a general report, of which they know nothing at court, although I think it not altogether improbable.

We have yet heard nothing of my lord-privy-seal. Buys, the Dutch envoy, went to Holland, I think, at the same time. Buys is a great pretender to politics, and always leaves the company with great expressions of satisfaction that he has convinced them all: he took much pains to persuade me out of some opinions; and, although all he said did but fix me deeper, he told the ministry how successful he had been. I have got poor Dr. King,[a] who was some time in Ireland, to be gazeteer, which will be worth 250*l.* per annum to him if he be diligent and sober, for which I am engaged. I mention this because, I think he was under your grace's protection when he was in Ireland.

By what I gather from Mr. Southwell, I believe your grace stands very well with the duke of Ormond; and it is one great addition to my esteem for Mr. Southwell that he is entirely your grace's friend and humble servant, delighting to do you justice upon all occasions. I am, with the greatest respect, your grace's most dutiful and most humble servant, ——.

FROM DR. SACHEVERELL.

Southwark, January 31, 1712

Reverend Sir,—Since you have been pleased to undertake the generous office of soliciting my good lord-treasurer's favour in my behalf, I should be very ungrateful if I did not return you my most hearty thanks for it, and my humblest acknowledgments to his lordship for the success it has met with.

I received last Monday a message by my pupil, Mr. Lloyd, (representative of Shropshire,) from Mr. Harley, by his lordship's order, to inquire what my brother was qualified for. I told him, having failed in his trade, he had been out of business for some years, during which time I had entirely maintained him and his family; that his education had not qualified him for any considerable or nice post; but that, if his lordship thought him an object of his favour, I entirely submitted him to his disposal, and should be very thankful to his goodness to ease me of part of that heavy burden of my family, that required more than my poor circumstances could allow of.

I am informed also that I am very much indebted to my great countryman, Mr. secretary St. John, for his generous recommendation of this matter to his lordship.

I should be proud of an opportunity of expressing my gratitude to that eminent patriot, for whom no one that wishes the welfare or honour of his church or country can have too great a veneration.

But for yourself, good doctor, who was the first spring to move it, I can never sufficiently acknowledge the obligation. I should be glad if you will command me, in any time or place, to do it, which will be a further favour conferred on, reverend sir, your most faithful servant, H. Sacheverell.

P. S. I am told there is a place in the custom-house void called the searchers; which, if proper to ask, I would not presume, but rather leave it to his lordship's disposal.

a Dr William King.

TO ARCHBISHOP KING.

London, March 29, 1712.

My Lord,—I cannot ask pardon for not sooner acknowledging your grace's letter, because that would look as if I thought mine were of consequence. Either I grow weary of politics, or am out of the way of them, or there is less stirring than usual; and, indeed, we are all in suspense at present; but I am told that in ten or twelve days' time we shall know what the issue will be at Utrecht. I can only tell your grace that there are some unlucky circumstances, not proper to be trusted to a letter, which have hitherto retarded this great work; *Mihi ludibria rerum mortalium cunctis in negotiis observantur.* Meantime, we are with great difficulty raising funds upon which to borrow 5,000,000*l.* One of those funds is a tax upon paper, and I think 30 per cent. upon imported books; and of such a nature as I could not yesterday forbear saying to my lord-treasurer and the chancellor of the exchequer that, instead of preventing small papers and libels, it will leave nothing else for the press. I have not talked to the duke of Argyll upon the affairs of Spain since his return; but am told he affirms it impossible for us to carry on the war there by our former methods. The duke of Ormond is expected to go in two or three days for Flanders; and what I writ to your grace, some months ago, of the duke of Shrewsbury succeeding to govern Ireland, will, I suppose, be soon declared. I was the other day to see the duchess, and reported your grace's compliments, which she took very well; and I told her I was resolved your grace and she should be very good acquaintance. I believe the spirit of your houghers has got into our mohawks, who are still very troublesome, and every night cut somebody or other over the face, and commit a hundred insolent barbarities.

There was never the least design of any impeachment against the duke of Marlborough; and it was his own great weakness, or the folly of his friends, that the thing went so far as it did.

I know not whether it is that people have talked themselves hoarse; but, for some weeks past, we have heard less of the pretender than formerly. I suppose it is, like a fashion, got into Ireland when it is out here: but in my conscience I do not think any one person in the court or ministry here designs any more to bring in the pretender than the great Turk. I hope Mr. Harley, who is now on his journey to Hanover, will give that court a truer opinion of persons and things than they have hitherto conceived. And, if your grace knew the instrument through which these false opinions have been infused, you would allow it another instance of the *Ludibrium rerum mortalium.* And your grace cannot but agree that it is something singular for the prince in possession to make perpetual advances, and the presumptive heir to be standing off and suspicious.

I know not whether your grace has considered the position that my lord-treasurer is visibly in. The late ministry and their adherents confess themselves fully resolved to have his head whenever it is in their power; and were prepared, upon the beginning of the sessions, when the vote was carried against any peace without Spain, to move that he should be sent to the Tower: at the same time his friends, and the Tories in general, are discontented at his slowness in the changing of commissions and employments, to which the weakness of the court interest in the house of lords is wholly imputed: neither do I find that those in the greatest stations, or most in the confidence of my lord-treasurer, are able to account for this proceeding, or seem satisfied with it. I have endeavoured to solve this difficulty another way; and I fancy I am in the right, from words I have heard let fall: but, whatever be the cause, the consequences may be dangerous.

The queen is in very good health, but does not use so much exercise as she ought. Pray God preserve her many years!

A projector has lately applied to me to recommend him to the ministry about an invention for finding out the longitude. He has given in a petition to the queen by Mr. secretary St. John. I understand nothing of the mathematics; but I am told it is a thing as improbable as the philosopher's stone or perpetual motion.

I lately writ a letter of about thirty pages to lord-treasurer, by way of proposal for an academy, to correct, enlarge, and ascertain the English language. And he and I have named above twenty persons of both parties to be members. I will shortly print the letter, and I hope something will come of it. Your grace sees I am a projector too. I am, with great respect, my lord, your grace's most dutiful and most humble servant, JONATHAN SWIFT.

TO ARCHBISHOP KING.

London, May 20, 1712.

MY LORD,—When I had the honour of your grace's letter of March 27, I was lying ill of a cruel disorder, which still pursues me, although not with so much violence; and I hope your grace will pardon me, if you find my letter to be that of one who writes in pain. You see, my lord, how things are altered. The talk of a new governor for Ireland is dropped. The secret is, that the duke of Ormond had a promise of a pension, in case he lost his government; but my lord-treasurer is so excessively thrifty, that to save charges he lets the duke keep it; and, besides, there are some other circumstances, not proper for a letter, which have great weight in this matter. I count upon it, that whatever governor goes over under this ministry, a new parliament will be called. Yet I was told that the duke of Shrewsbury was pitched on, as a sort of medium between, &c. He is a person of admirable qualities; and if he were somewhat more active and less timorous in business, no man would be thought comparable to him.

The moderate of the other party seem now content to have a peace, and all our talk and expectations are full of it: but I protest to your grace I know not what to write upon this subject, neither could I tell what to say if I had the honour to be with you. Upon lord Strafford's coming over, the stocks are fallen; although I expected, and, I thought, with reason, that they would rise. There is a trade between some here and some in Holland of secrets and lies; and there are some among us whose posts let them into an imperfect knowledge of things which they cannot conceal. This mixture makes up the town talk, governs the price of stocks, and has often a great deal of truth in it: besides, public affairs have often so many sudden turns and incidents, that even those behind the curtain can hardly pronounce for a week. I am sensible that I have often deceived your grace with my wise innuendoes. Yet I verily think that my intelligence was very right at the moment I sent it. If I had writ to your grace six days ago, I would have ventured to have given you hopes that a peace would soon appear, and upon conditions wholly surprising and unexpected. I say this to you wholly in confidence; and I know nothing yet to change my opinion, except the desponding talk of the town; for I see nothing yet in the countenances of the ministers. It seems generally agreed that the present dauphin cannot live, and upon that depend many measures to be taken. This afternoon the bill for appointing commissioners to inquire into the grants, &c., was thrown out of the house of lords, the voices being equal, which is a great disappointment to the court, and matter of triumph to the other party. But it may possibly be of the worst consequence to the grants next session, when it is probable the ministry will be better settled, and able to procure a majority. I am, with great respect, my lord, your grace's most dutiful and most humble servant, JONATHAN SWIFT.

TO MRS. HILL.[a]

July, 1712.

MADAM,—I was commanded some days ago to do what I had long a mind to, but avoided, because I would not offend your prudence or strain your eyes. But my lord Masham assures me there is no danger of either; and that you have courage enough to read a letter, though it comes from a man, provided it be one of no consequence, which his lordship would insinuate to be my case; but I hope you will not affront me so highly as to understand it so. There is not a grain of news in this town, or five miles about it, worth sending you; and what we receive from Windsor is full as insignificant, except the accounts of the queen's health and your housekeeping. We are assured that you keep a constant table, and that your guests leave you with full stomachs and full pockets; that Dr. Arbuthnot sometimes leaves his beloved green cloth to come and receive your chidings and pick up your money. We intend shortly to represent your case to my lord-treasurer, as what deserves commiseration: but we hope the matter is already settled between his lordship and you, and that you are instructed to be thus magnificent in order to carry on the cause. We reckon his lordship's life is now secure, since a combination of bandboxes and inkhorns, the engines of late times, were employed in vain to destroy him. He will do me the justice to tell you that I never fail of toasting you under the name of "the Governess of Dunkirk," and that you have the honour to be very particularly in my good graces. My lady Masham still continues in a doubtful state of neither up nor down; and one of her servants told mine, "that they did not expect she would cry out this fortnight." I saw yesterday our brother Hill,[b] who promises to be more thrifty of his health, and seems to have a pretty good stock of it. I hope you receive no visits from the headache and the spleen; and, one who knows your constitution very well advises you by all means against sitting in the dusk at your window, or on the ground, leaning on your hand, or at seesaw in your chair. I am, madam, &c.

TO GENERAL HILL.[c]

Windsor Castle, August 12, 1712.

SIR,—With great difficulty I recovered your present of the finest box in France[d] out of the hands of Mrs. Hill: she allowed her own to be the prettiest, but then [illegible] the hands [illegible] she [illegible] uld part with neither. I pleaded my brotherhood and got my lord and lady Masham to intercede; and at last she threw it me with a heavy sigh; but now it is in my possession, I wish you had sent a paper of directions how I shall keep it. You that sit at your ease, and have nothing to do but keep Dunkirk, never consider the difficulties you have brought upon me: twenty ladies have threatened to seize or surprise my box; and what are twenty thousand French or Dutch in comparison of those? Mrs. Hill says it was a very idle thing in you to send such a present to a man who can neither punish nor reward you, since Grub-street is no more; for the parliament has killed all the muses of Grub-street, who, yet, in their last moments cried

[a] The wife of general Hill, and sister-in-law to the reigning favourite Mrs. Masham.

[b] An elder brother of the general.

[c] This gentleman was brother to lady Masham

[d] This small box, Swift informed Stella, was allowed to be the finest in England, though it cost only 20*l*. The duchess of Hamilton made him a pocket to wear it in.

out nothing but Dunkirk. My lord-treasurer, who is the most malicious person in the world, says you ordered a goose to be drawn at the bottom of my box, as a reflection upon the clergy; and that I ought to resent it. But I am not angry at all, and his lordship observes by halves, for the goose is there drawn pecking at a snail, just as I do at him, to make him mend his pace in relation to the public, although it be hitherto in vain. And besides, Dr. Arbuthnot, who is a scholar, says "you meant it as a compliment for us both: that I am the goose who saved the Capitol by my cackling; and that his lordship is represented by the snail, because he preserves his country by delays." But my lord Masham is not to be endured: he observed, that in the picture of the inside, which represents a great company dancing, there stands a fool with the cap and bells; and he would needs understand that figure as applied to me. And the worst of it was, that I happened last night to be at my lady duchess of Shrewsbury's ball: where looking a little singular among so many fine ladies and gentlemen, his lordship came and whispered me to look at my box; which I resented so highly, that I went away in a rage without staying for supper. However, considering of it better after a night's sleep, I find all this is nothing but envy, and a design to make a quarrel between you and me: but it shall not do so; for I hope your intentions were good, however malice may represent them And though I am used ill by all the family, who win my money and laugh at me; yet to vex them more I will forgive them for your sake; and as soon as I can break loose will come to Dunkirk for a fortnight, to get a little ease from my many persecutions by the Harleys, the Mashams, and the Hills: only I intend to change my habit, for fear colonel Killigrew should mistake me for a chimney-sweeper. In the mean time, I wish you all success in your government, loyal French subjects, virtuous ladies, little champagne, and much health: and am, with the truest respect and esteem, sir, your most obedient, humble servant and brother.

LORD BOLINGBROKE TO MR. PRIOR.[a]

September 10, 1712.

I WAS equally surprised and vexed to find that, by the uncouth way of explaining the queen's sense, you had been led to imagine that it was intended my lord Lexington should make any difficulty of seeing and complimenting the king of Spain as such. We spent above three hours in penning minutes yesterday upon this head, which was long ago adjusted. I suppose the instructions will be at last clear; but my lord Lexington having been present at the debate, his understanding of the matter will make amends for any dark ambiguous article which may be in them.

Dartmouth is to communicate the queen's orders herein to you, that so you may be able to satisfy the French ministers, and they to prepare the Spanish ministers. However, I will venture to tell you in a few words what I understand is to be the measure of lord Lexington's conduct. As soon as he arrives at Madrid he will notify his arrival to the secretary of state. He will, when he sees this minister, let him know "That the queen has sent him thither to compliment the king in her name; to be a witness of the several renunciations and other acts requisite to complete the execution of the article agreed upon as necessary to prevent the union of the two monarchies: that, after this, he is to proceed to settle such matters of commerce and other affairs as are for the mutual interest of both nations, and to take the character of ambassador upon him." My lord will at the same time produce his credentials, and give the secretary a copy of them if he desires it. In this conference he will further take notice of the several cessions made by the king of France in behalf of his grandson to the queen; and will speak of them as points which he looks upon to be concluded. He will likewise give a memorial of them in writing, signed by himself, to the secretary; and expect from him an assent in the king's name, in writing also, and signed by the secretary. This seems natural, civil, and unexceptionable; but any other scheme is absurd and inconsistent with the rest of all our proceedings.

For God's sake, dear Matt, hide the nakedness of thy country; and give the best turn thy fertile brain will furnish thee with, to the blunders of thy countrymen, who are not much better politicians than the French are poets.

I have writ in great haste a prodigious long letter to Monsieur de Torcy, which I believe he will show you; but, for fear he should not, I enclose in this an extract of part of it, which relates to a matter that has given lord-treasurer and your humble servant no small trouble in the cabinet. The copy of the plenipotentiaries' despatch of the 2nd of September, which I likewise send, will show you how a dispute, now on foot at Utrecht, began; you will observe their lordships are very warm in it: and I can assure you we have those who are not a jot cooler.

The solution of this difficulty must come from you; it is a matter of management and appearance, more than of substance; and the court of France must be less politic than I think them at any time, and more unreasonable than I think them at this time, not to come into a temperament upon a matter unnecessarily started. You must begin by making Monsieur de Torcy not only to understand, but own he understands, the proposition which I am sure he remembers I more than once repeated to him, when I was in France, upon various occasions, and which I have again stated as clearly as I am able. The queen can never do anything which shall look like a direct restraint on her allies from demanding what they judge necessary; but as long as they act the part which they now do, she can very justly be passive and neuter as to their interests: and if her peace be made before theirs, which she will not delay for them, she can with the same justice leave them to make their own bargain. This is advantage enough for France; and such a one, fairly speaking, as, a year ago, they would have given more than Tournay to have been sure of: they must not therefore press us to go further than this, nor do anything which may seem contradictory to what the queen delivered from the throne. That speech they have always owned as the plan they submitted to; and it varies but little from that brought hither by Gaultier. In a word, the use which the French will make of the unaccountable obstinacy of the Dutch and other allies may in several respects, and particularly, for aught I know, in this instance of Tournay, give them an opportunity of saving and gaining more than they could have hoped for; and the queen may in the present circumstances contribute passively to this end, but actively she never can in any circumstances.

I think in my own opinion, and I believe speak the queen's upon this occasion, that it were better the French should in the course of the treaty declare, "That whatever they intended to have given the Dutch, when the queen spoke from the throne, their conduct has been such, and the situation of affairs so altered, that the king is resolved to have Tournay restored to him." I say, I believe this were better than to expect that we should consent to an exposition of the queen's words, by which her majesty would yield the town up.

Let the conferences begin as soon as they can, I dare say, business will not be very speedily despatched in

[a] This letter particularly illustrates the negotiations relative to the peace of Utrecht.

them: in the mean time we shall go on to ripen everything for a conclusion between us and Savoy, and France and Spain; and this is the true point of view which the French ought to have before their eyes.

You will be very shortly particularly and fully instructed to settle the article of North America and those points of commerce still undetermined: that done, the ministers may sign at Utrecht as soon as they can hear from lord Lexington.

My lord Dartmouth writes to you concerning a clamour which our merchants have raised, as if, under pretence of not carrying to Lisbon or Barcelona *des provisions de guerre ou de bouche*, they shall be debarred from their usual traffic of corn and fish, which at those places there are great demands for, in time of peace as well as war, and without any consideration of the armies. The difficulty as to Lisbon seems to be removed by the Portuguese submitting to come into the suspension of arms; and he proposes to you an expedient as to Barcelona: but in truth that war must be ended of course now, since the queen supports it no longer, and the Dutch are recalling their fleet from the Straits. The duke of Argyll is going immediately now away; and the moment he comes to Minorca he draws to him everything belonging to the queen out of Catalonia; the imperial troops must in my opinion that moment submit, and compound for transportation; and when the war is at an end I think there can be no pretence for quarrelling with us for carrying our goods to the people of the country.

It is now three o'clock in the morning: I have been hard at work all day, and am not yet enough recovered to bear much fatigue: excuse therefore the confusedness of this scroll, which is only from Harry to Matt, and not from the secretary to the minister.

Your credentials as minister plenipotentiary will be sent you, together with your full powers, by the next boat: and before duke Hamilton goes, I will move to have you removed to Utrecht; which there will be a natural handle for as soon as you shall settle the points of commerce, and in doing that have given the last stroke to the finishing the treaty with France.

Make my compliments to Madam Teriol; and let her know that I have, I hope, put her affair into a way of being finished to her satisfaction. I have spoke very earnestly to Maffei, and have used the proper arguments to him.

Adieu! my pen is ready to drop out of my hand. Believe that no man loves you better, or is more faithfully yours, &c. BOLINGBROKE.

P.S. I had almost forgot to tell you that the queen is pleased to discharge the mareschal Tallard's parole; which you may assure him, with my compliments, of; and give any signification necessary in form.

TO ARCHBISHOP KING.

Kensington, September 30, 1712.

MY LORD,—I have two or three times begun letters to your grace, and have torn what I writ, hoping I might send you something decisive about the peace. But all still continues to lie very loose, and I continue to be very desponding, although the people in affairs laugh at me for it. I have one plain maxim in dealing with those who have more cunning and less honesty than myself, which is, what we call keeping the staff in my own hand, and contriving that they shall trust me rather than I them. A man may reason until he is weary upon this proceeding of the Dutch. The soldiers tell me that the duke of Ormond could not possibly take possession of Dunkirk, since the foreign troops have refused to march, and that the States will not suffer us to go through their towns. But I had a whisper from one who should know best, "that Dunkirk might now have been ours if right methods had been taken." And another great man said to a friend of mine, about a fortnight ago, "that the least wrong step on that side the water might have very ill consequences at this juncture." Meantime the discontented party seems full of hopes, and many of the court side, beside myself, desponding enough. The necessity of laying the proposals before the parliament drew us into all this; for now we are in a manner pinned down, and cannot go back an inch with any good grace: so that, if the French play us foul, I dread the effects, which are too visible to doubt. And on the other side, if the peace goes smoothly on, I cannot but think that some severe inquiries will be made, and, I believe, upon very manifest grounds. If there be any secret in this matter of Dunkirk, it must be in very few hands; and those who most converse with men at the helm are, I am confident, very much in the dark. Some people go so far as to think that the Dutch will hinder even the English forces, under the duke of Ormond, from going by the French country to Dunkirk; but I cannot be of that opinion. We suppose a few days will decide this matter; and I believe your grace will agree that there was never a more nice conjuncture of affairs; however, the court appears to be very resolute: several changes have been made, and more are daily expected. The Dutch are grown so unpopular, that I believe the queen might have addresses to stand by her against them with lives and fortunes.

I had your grace's letter of May 29, written in the time of your visiting; from which I hope you are returned with health and satisfaction.

The difficulties in the peace, by the accidents in the Bourbon family, are, as your grace observes, very great, and what indeed our ministers chiefly apprehended. But we think Philip's renouncing to be an effectual expedient; not out of any regard he would have for it, but because it will be the interest of every prince of the blood in France to keep him out, and because the Spaniards will never assist him to unite the two kingdoms.

I am in hopes yet that your grace may pay your treat; for it is yet four weeks to November, at least I believe we shall be happy or ruined before that time.

It is certain that there is something in what people say . . . . . . But the court is so luckily constituted at present, that every man thinks the chief trust cannot be anywhere else so well placed; neither do I know above one man that would take it, and it is a great deal too soon for him to have such thoughts.

I humbly thank your grace for your concern about my health: I have still the remainder of some pains, which has partly occasioned my removing hither about three weeks ago. I was recommended to country air, and chose this because I could pass my time more agreeably near my friends at court. We think the queen will go to Windsor in three weeks; and I believe I shall be there most of the time I stay in England, which I intend until toward the end of summer.

My lord-treasurer has often promised he will advance my design of an academy; so have my lord-keeper and all the ministers; but they are now too busy to think of anything beside what they have upon the anvil. My lord-treasurer and I have already pitched upon twenty members of both parties; but perhaps it may all come to nothing.

If things continue as they are another session, perhaps your grace may see the bill of resuming the grants[a] carried on with a great deal more rigour than it lately was. It was only desired that the grantees should pay six years' purchase, and settle the remainder on them by act of parliament, and those grants are now worse than other lands by more years' purchase than six; so that, in effect, they would have lost nothing.

[a] This bill was thrown out of the house of parliament.

I am, with the greatest respect, your grace's most dutiful and most humble servant, JONATHAN SWIFT.

FROM THE COUNTESS OF ORKNEY AND MRS. RAMSAY.

Clifden, Monday[a]

I HAVE had great satisfaction in the favour of your letter, though disappointed, since not occasioned by yourself. When one is too quick, misjudging commonly follows. At first I feared Mr. Collier was taken with a fit of an apoplexy: the next line I read, I wished he had one. If I did not apprehend, by your knowing me but a little, that I might grow troublesome where I distinguished, you should not want any conveniency to bring you hither to Mrs. Ramsay and me, who are both, without compliment, truly mortified, intending ever to be, sir, your sincere humble servants,

E. ORKNEY.
ELIZ. RAMSAY.

We design to be at Windsor on Wednesday, where I hope you will meet with me in the drawing-room, to tell me when you can dine with us.

FROM THE COUNTESS OF ORKNEY.

Monday Morning.[b]

I AM sure you are very ill-natured, (I would not have been so cross to you,) to have known Mr. Lewis and me so long, and not have made us acquainted sooner, when you know too that I have been in search of a reasonable conversation. I have no way to excuse you but doubting his to be so agreeable at a second meeting, which I desire you will make when it is most convenient to both. It is not from custom I say I am extremely, sir, your humble servant, E. ORKNEY.

When you read this, I fancy you will think, why does she write to me? I hate a letter as much as my lord-treasurer does a petition.

TO ARCHBISHOP KING.

London, October 21, 1712

MY LORD,—Since I had the honour of your grace's letter of July 29, which found me at Windsor, I have been extremely out of order with a giddiness in my head, which pursued me until very lately; but by an uneasy course of physic, I hope I have in some sort overcome it.

We are now in very near expectation of a peace; and your grace I hope will believe it as good a one as the circumstances of things would allow. I confess I agree with your grace that the great difficulty was about the danger of France and Spain being united under one king. To my knowledge all possible means have been taken to secure that matter: and yet, after all, the weakest side will be there. Renunciations by France have very justly so little credit, that I do not wonder so little weight is laid on them. But Spain, we are sure, will for their own sakes enter into all securities to prevent that union; and all the allies must be guarantees. If you still object that some danger still remains, what is to be done? Your grace is altogether misinformed if you think that this is at all the difficulty which so long made the Dutch untractable. It was nothing less: neither have they once mentioned, during all the negotiation at Utrecht, one syllable of getting Spain out of the Bourbon family, or into that of Austria, as the chief men have assured me not three days ago. Buys offered last winter to ease us immediately of the trouble we were in by lord Nottingham's vote, if we would consent to let them share with us in the advantages we had stipulated with France; which advantages, however, did by no means clash with Holland, and were only conditional, if peace should ensue But, my lord, we know further, that the Dutch made offers to treat with France before we received any from thence; and were refused upon the ill-usage they gave Mr. Torcy at the Hague, and the abbé de Polignac afterward at Gertruydenberg: and we know that Torcy would have been forced to apply to them again, if, after several refusals, we had not hearkened to their overtures. What I tell your grace is infallibly true; and care shall be taken very soon to satisfy the world in this and many other particulars at large which ought to be known; for the kingdom is very much in the dark, after all the pains hitherto taken to inform it. You grace's conjectures are very right, that a general peace would not be for our interest, if we had made ours with France. And I remember a certain great man used to say two months ago, "Fight on, fight on, my merry men all." I believe likewise that such a peace would have happened if the Dutch had not lately been more compliant: upon which our ministers told those of France that, since the states were disposed to submit to the queen, her majesty must enter into their interests: and I believe they have as good conditions as we ever intended they should. Tournay, I hope, will be yielded to them; and Lisle we never designed they should have. The emperor will be used as he deserves: and having paid nothing for the war, shall get nothing by the peace. We are most concerned (next to our regard to Holland) for Savoy, and France for Bavaria. I believe we shall make them both kings, by the help of Sardinia and Sicily. But I know not how plans may alter every day. The queen's whole design, as your grace conjectures, is to act the part of a mediator; and our advantages, too many to insert here, must be owned very great.

As for an academy to correct and settle our language, lord-treasurer talks of it often very warmly; but I doubt is yet too busy until the peace be over. He goes down to Windsor on Friday, to be chosen of the garter, with five more lords.

I know nothing of promises of anything intended for myself; but, I thank God, I am not very warm in my expectations, and know courts too well to be surprised at disappointments; which, however, I shall have no great reason to fear if I give my thoughts any trouble that way, which, without affectation, I do not; although I cannot expect to be believed when I say so. I am, &c

JONATHAN SWIFT.

FROM THE COUNTESS OF ORKNEY

London, November 21, 712.

THIS key will open treasures; but vain in me to know them.[a] Your convenience is my satisfaction. If I can or may read what will be in this table, it ought and shall be my happiness. You must discern this comes from the most interested joiner that ever made a thing of this nature. Peruse narrowly; and what faults you find, they shall be mended in every particular, to the utmost capacity of, sir, your obliged humble servant,

E. ORKNEY.

TO THE COUNTESS OF ORKNEY.

November 21, 1712

MADAM,—When, upon parting with your ladsyhip, you were pleased to tell me I should find your present at home, natural justice prompted me to resolve that the first use I made of it should be in paying acknowledgments to my benefactor. But, when I opened the writing-table, which I must now call mine, I found you had neither sent pens, ink, nor paper, sufficient for such an undertaking. But I ought to tell your ladyship in order that I first got there a much more valuable thing: and I cannot do greater honour to my scrutoire

[a] Indorsed 1712. [b] Indorsed 1712.

[a] Sent with a present of a writing-table, seal, paper wax, &c.

than to assure your ladyship that your letter is the first thing I have put in it, and shall be the last thing I will ever take out. I must tell your ladyship that I am at this moment under a very great concern. I was fully convinced that I should write with a new spirit by the influence of the materials you sent me; but it is quite otherwise; I have not a grain of invention, whether out of the confusion which attends us when we strive too much to acquit ourselves, or whether your pens and ink are sullen, and think themselves disgraced since they have changed their owner. I heartily thank your ladyship for making me a present that looks like a sort of establishment. I plainly see, by the contrivance, that if you were first minister, it would have been a cathedral. As it is, you have more contributed toward fixing me than all the ministry together: for it is difficult to travel with this equipage, and it will be impossible to travel or live without it. You have an unboubted title to whatever papers this table shall ever contain, (except your letter,) and I desire you will please to have another key made for it; that, when the court shall think fit to give me a room worth putting it into, your ladyship may come and search it whenever you please.

I beg your ladyship to join in laughing with me at my unreasonable vanity, when I wished that the motto written about the wax was a description of yourself. But, if I am disappointed in that, your ladyship will be so in all the rest; even this ink will never be able to convey your ladyship's note as it ought. The paper will contain no wonders but when it mentions you: neither is the seal any otherwise an emblem of my life than by the deep impression your ladyship has made, which nothing but my death can wear out. By the inscription about the pens, I fear there is some mistake; and that your ladyship did not design them for me. However, I will keep them until you can find the person you intended should have them, and who will be able to dispose of them according to your predictions. I cannot find that the workman you employed and directed has made the least mistake: but there are four implements wanting. The two first I shall not name, because an odd superstition forbids us to accept them from our friends; the third is a sponge, which the people long have given so ill a reputation to, that I vow it shall be no gift of your ladyship: the last is a flat ivory instrument, used in folding up letters, which I insist you must provide.

See, madam, the first-fruits this unlucky present of yours has produced. It is but giving a fiddle to a scraper, or a pestle and mortar to an apothecary, or a Tory pamphlet to Mrs. Ramsay. Nothing is so great a discouragement to generous persons as the fear of being worried by acknowledgments. Besides, your ladyship is an unsufferable kind of giver, making every present fifty times the value by the circumstances and manner. And I know people in the world who would not oblige me so much at the cost of a thousand pounds as you have done at that of twenty pounds; which, I must needs tell you, is an unconscionable way of dealing, and whereof I believe nobody alive is so guilty as yourself. In short, you deceive my eyes and corrupt my judgment: nor am I now sure of anything but that of being, &c.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

FROM THE COUNTESS OF ORKNEY.

November 22, 1712.

You are extremely obliging to write how well you take my whim in telling my true thoughts of your mind: for I was ashamed when I reflected, and hoped I should see you soon after expressing the value I have of you in an uncommon way. But this I write with assurance that I am, very sincerely, sir, your obliged humble servant,

E. ORKNEY.

FROM MR. HARRISON.

Utrecht, December 16, 1712.

YOUR thanks of the 25th of November, sir, come before their time; the condition of the obligation being, that you should receive twelve shirts, which number shall be completed by the first proper occasion. Your kind letter, however, is extremely seasonable; and (next to a note from the treasury) has proved the most vivifying cordial in the world. If you please to send me now and then as much of the same as will lie upon the top of your pen, I should be contented to take sheets for shirts to the end of the chapter.

Since you are so good as to enter into my affairs, I shall trouble you with a detail of them, as well as of my conduct since I left England; which, in my opinion, you have a right to inspect, and approve or condemn as you think fit. During my state of probation with the earl of Strafford, it was my endeavour to recommend myself to his excellency rather by fidelity, silence, and an entire submission, than by an affectation to shine in his service: and whatever difficulties, whatever discouragements fell in my way, I think it appears that they were surmounted in the end; and my advancement followed upon it sooner than I expected; another would say, much sooner than I deserved, which I should easily agree to, were it not that I flatter myself there is some merit in the behaviour I kept when the hopes and temptation of being preferred glittered in my eyes. All the world knows upon what foot Mr. Watkins[a] thought himself with my lord Strafford;[b] and, though all the world does not know what I am going to tell you, yet Mr. Watkins does on one hand, and my lord Strafford on the other, that all the credit I had with either was heartily, and without reserve, employed to make matters easy, and to cultivate, in my humble station, that good understanding which our court desired should be between them. I had my reasons for this, and such, perhaps, as flowed from an inclination to promote my own interest. I knew as well as any man living almost how much Mr. Watkins was valued by my lord Bolingbroke and others. I foresaw the danger of standing in competition with him if that case should happen; and, to tell you the truth, I did not think myself ripe, in regard of interest at home, or of any service I could pretend to have done abroad, to succeed Mr. Watkins in so good an employment. Above all, I protest to you, sir, that if I know my own heart, I am capable of suffering the utmost extremities rather than violate the infinite duty and gratitude I owe my lord Bolingbroke, by doing an ill office to a person honoured with such particular marks of his lordship's esteem. I might add to this that I really loved Mr. Watkins; and I beg you, sir, to urge him to the proof whether my whole behaviour was not such as might justify the warmest professions I can make of that kind. After all this, how comes it that he, either in raillery or good earnest, accuses me of having any resentment against him? By word of mouth when he left us, by letters so long as he allowed me to correspond with him, and by all the people that ever went from Utrecht to Flanders, have I importuned him for the continuance of his friendship: and, perhaps, even in his absence, (if he pleases to reflect) given him a very essential proof of mine. If anybody has thought it worth their while to sow division between us, I wish he thought it worth his to let me into the secret; and nothing, he may be sure, shall be wanting on my side to defeat a stratagem which, for aught I know, may end in the starving of his humble servant.

Which leads me naturally to the second thing proposed to be spoken to in my text; namely, my circum-

[a] Late secretary.

[b] Thomas earl of Strafford, ambassador extraordinary and plenipotentiary to the states-general

stances: for, between you and me, sir, I apprehend the treasury will issue out no money on my account till they know what is due on that of Mr. Watkins.[a] And if he has any pretensions, I have none, that I know of, but what are as precarious to me as a stiver I gave away but now to a beggar was to him. Is it possible that Mr. Watkins can demand the pay of a commission which is, by the queen herself, actually superseded during his absence from his post? Or is it not as plainly said in mine that I am her majesty's secretary during such his absence, as in his that he was so while he resided here? If I must be crushed, sir, for God's sake let some reason be alleged for it; or else an ingenuous confession made that *stat pro ratione voluntas.* If you can fix Mr. Watkins to any final determination on this subject, you will do me a singular service, and I shall take my measures accordingly. Though I know your power, I cannot help distrusting it on this occasion. Before I conclude, give me leave to put you in mind of beating my thanks into my lord Bolingbroke's ears for his late generosity, to the end that his lordship may be wearied out of the evil habit he has got of heaping more obligations and goodness on those he is pleased to favour than their shoulders are able to bear. For my own part, I have so often thanked his lordship, that I have now no more ways left to turn my thoughts; and beg, if you have any right good compliments neat and fine by you, that you will advance the necessary, and place them, with the other helps you have given me, to my account; which I question not but I shall be able to acknowledge at one and the same time, *ad Græcas calendas.*

In the mean time, I shall do my best to give you just such hints as you desire by the next post; though I cannot but think there are some letters in the office which would serve your turn a good deal better than anything I can tell you about the people at the Hague. Your access there abundantly prevents my attempting to write you any news from hence. And I assure you, sir, you can write me none from England (however uneasy my circumstances are) which will be so agreeable as that of your long-expected advancement. It grieves me to the soul, that a person who has been so instrumental to the raising of me from obscurity and distress should not be yet set above the power of fortune and the malice of those enemies your real merit has created. I beg, dear sir, the continuance of your kind care and inspection over me; and that you would in all respects command, reprove, or instruct me as a father; for I protest to you, sir, I do and ever shall honour and regard you with the affection of a son.

TO THE DUCHESS OF ORMOND.

December 20, 1712.

MADAM,—Any other person of less refinement and prudence than myself would be at a loss how to thank your grace upon the surprise of coming home last night and finding two pictures[b] where only one was demanded. But I understand your grace's malice, and do here affirm you to be the greatest prude upon earth. You will not so much as let your picture be alone in a room with a man, no not with a clergyman, and a clergyman of five-and-forty; and therefore resolved my lord duke should accompany it, and keep me in awe, that I might not presume to look too often upon it. For my own part, I begin already to repent that I ever begged your grace's picture; and could almost find in my heart to send it you back; for, although it be the most beautiful sight I ever beheld, except the original, yet the veneration and respect it fills me with will always make me think I am in your grace's presence; will hinder me from saying and writing twenty idle things that used to divert me; will set me labouring upon majestic, sublime ideas, at which I have no manner of talent; and will make those who come to visit me think I am grown on the sudden wonderful stately and reserved. But in life we must take the evil with the good; and it is one comfort that I know how to be revenged. For the sight of your grace's resemblance will perpetually remind me of paying my duty to your person; which will give your grace the torment, and me the felicity, of a more frequent attendance.

But, after all, to deal plainly with your grace, your picture (and I must say the same of my lord duke's) will be of very little use, further than to let others see the honour you are pleased to do me: for all the accomplishments of your mind and person are so deeply printed in the heart, and represent you so lively to my imagination, that I should take it for a high affront if you believed it in the power of colours to refresh my memory; almost as high a one as if your grace should deny me the justice of being, with the most profound respect and gratitude, madam, your grace's, &c.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

TO ARCHBISHOP KING.

London, January 3, 1713.

MY LORD,—Since I had the honour of your grace's letter, we have had a dead time of news and politics; and I make a conscience of writing to you without something that will recompense the trouble of reading. I cannot but grant that your grace, who are at a distance, and argue from your own wisdom and general observations and reading, is likely to be more impartial than I, who, in spite of my resolutions and opinion to the contrary, am forced to converse only with one side of the world, which fastens prejudices to me, notwithstanding all I can do to avoid them. Your grace has certainly hit upon the weak side of our peace: but I do not find you have prescribed any remedies. For that of limiting France to a certain number of ships and troops was, I doubt, not to be compassed. While that mighty kingdom remains under one monarch, it will be always in some degree formidable to its neighbours. But we flatter ourselves it is likely to be less so than ever, by the concurrence of many circumstances too long to trouble you with. But, my lord, what is to be done? I will go so far with your grace as to tell you, that some of our friends are of opinion with the other party, that, if this last campaign had gone on with the conjunction of the British troops, France might have been in danger of being driven to great extremes. Yet I confess to you, at the same time, that if I had been first minister I should have advised the queen to pursue her measures toward a peace.

Some accidents and occasions have put it in my way to know every step of this treaty better, I think, than any man in England. And I do assert to your grace, that, if France had been closely pushed this campaign, they would, upon our refusal, have made offers to Holland which the republic would certainly have accepted; and in that case the interests of England would have been wholly laid aside, as we saw it three years ago at the Hague and Geertruydenbergh. The marshal d'Uxelles and Mesnager, two of the French plenipotentiaries, were wholly inclined to have begun by the Dutch; but the third, abbé de Polignac, who has most credit with Monsieur Torcy, was for beginning by England.

There was a great faction in France by this proceeding; and it was a mere personal resentment in the French king and Monsieur Torcy against the States

[a] The government suffered Harrison to be reduced to great distress for want of regular payment of his appointments.

[b] "The duchess of Ormond promised me her picture; and coming home to-night, I found hers and the duke's both in my chamber."—*Journal to Stella.* December 18, 1712.

which hindered them from sending the first overture there. And I believe your grace will be convinced, by considering that the demands of Holland might be much more easily satisfied than those of Britain. The States were very indifferent about the article of Spain being in the Bourbon family, as Monsieur Buys publicly owned when he was here, and among others to myself. They valued not the demolition of Dunkirk, the frontier of Portugal, nor the security of Savoy. They abhorred the thoughts of our having Gibraltar and Minorca, nor cared what became of our dominions in North America. All they had at heart was the sovereignty of Flanders, under the name of a barrier, and to stipulate what they could for the emperor, to make him easy under their encroachments. I can further assure your grace, before any proposals were sent here from France, and ever since, until within these few months, the Dutch have been endeavouring constantly, by private intrigues with that court, to undermine us, and put themselves at the head of a treaty of peace; which is a truth that perhaps the world may soon be informed in, with several others that are little known. Besides, my lord, I doubt whether you have sufficiently reflected on the condition of this kingdom, and the possibility of pursuing the war at that ruinous rate. This argument is not the weaker for being often urged. Besides, France is likely to have a long minority; or, if not, perhaps to be engaged in a civil war. And I do not find that in public affairs human wisdom is able to make provisions for futurity which are not liable to a thousand accidents. We have done all we can; and for the rest, *curent posteri.*

"Sir William Temple's Memoirs," which you mentioned, is his first part, and was published twenty years ago; it is chiefly the treaty of Nimeguen, and was so well known that I could hardly think your grace has not seen it.

I am in some doubt whether a fall from a horse be suitable to the dignity of an archbishop. It is one of the chief advantages in a great station that one is exempt from common accidents of that kind. The late king[a] indeed got a fall; but his majesty was a fox-hunter. I question whether you can plead any precedent to excuse you; and therefore I hope you will commit no more such errors; and in the mean time I heartily congratulate with your grace that I can rally you upon this accident.

I am in some fear that our peace will hardly be concluded in several weeks, by reason of a certain incident that could not be foreseen: neither can I tell whether the parliament will sit before the concl[usion] of the peace; because some persons differ [in] the politics about the matter. If others were no wiser than I, your session should not be deferred upon that account. I am, with the greatest respect, your grace's most dutiful and humble servant, JONATHAN SWIFT.

FROM LORD BOLINGBROKE.

Thursday morning, two o'clock,
January 5, 1713.

THOUGH I have not seen, yet I did not fail to write to lord-treasurer. *Non tua res agitur*, dear Jonathan. It is the treasurer's cause; it is my cause; it is every man's cause who is embarked on our bottom. Depend upon it, that I never will neglect any opportunity of showing that true esteem, that sincere affection, and honest friendship for you, which fill the breast of your faithful friend, BOLINGBROKE.

TO THE DUKE OF ARGYLL.

January 20, 1713.

MY LORD,—I would myself have delivered the answer I sent yesterday to your grace at court by Dr. Arbuthnot, if I had not thought the right of complaining to be on my side; for I think it was my due that you should have immediately told me whatever you had heard amiss of my conduct to your grace. When I had the honour to be first known to those in the ministry, I made it an express condition, "that whoever did me ill offices, they should inform me of what was said, and hear my vindication; that I might not be mortified with countenances estranged of the sudden, and be at a loss for the cause." And I think there is no person alive whose favour or protection I would purchase at that expense. I could not speak to the disadvantage of your grace without being ungrateful, (which is an ill word,) since you were pleased voluntarily to make so many professions of favour to me for some years past; and your being a duke and a general would have swayed me not at all in my respect for your person, if I had not thought you to abound in qualities which I wish were easier to be found in those of your rank. I have, indeed, sometimes heard what your grace was told I reported; but as I am a stranger to coffeehouses, so it is a great deal below me to spread coffeehouse reports. This accusation is a little the harder upon me, because I have always appeared fond of your grace's character; and have, with great industry, related several of your generous actions, on purpose to remove the imputation of the only real fault (for I say nothing of common frailties) which I ever heard laid to your charge. I confess I have often thought that Homer's description of Achilles bore some resemblance to your grace, but I do not remember that ever I said so. At the same time, I think few men were ever born with nobler qualities to fill and adorn every office of a subject, a friend, and a protector, &c.

FROM ROBERT HUNTER, ESQ.[a]

New York, March 1, 1713.

I THINK I am indebted to you for two letters, and should have continued so had it not been for the apprehension of your putting a wrong construction upon my neglect. My friends being few in number, I would not willingly, or by my own fault, neglect or lose those I have. The true cause is this. My unhappy circumstances have so soured me, that whatever I write must be vinegar and gall to a man of your mirth. For the better understanding of which, be pleased to read them in the words of one of my most renowned predecessors.[b] *Quando pensè venir a este govierno á comer caliente, y a beber frio, y a recrear el cuerpo entre sabanas de Olanda, sobre colchones de pluma, he venido a hazer penitencia, como se fuera Ermetanno, y como no la hago de mi volontad, penso que al cabo, me ha de llevar el diablo.* This worthy was indeed but a type of me, of which I could fully convince you by an exact parallel between our administrations and circumstances, which I shall reserve to another opportunity.

The truth of the matter is this: I am used like a dog, after having done all that is in the power of man to deserve a better treatment, so that I am now quite jaded. *Male vehi malo alio gubernante, quàm tam malis rectoribus bene gubernare.*

The approaching peace will give leisure to the ministry to think of proper remedies for the distracted state [o]f all the provinces; but of this more particularly, the importance of it by its situation being greater, and the

[a] King William III. was killed by a fall from his horse.

[a] Brigadier Hunter, governor of New York and New Jersey, who was afterwards appointed governor and captain-general of Jamaica, in the room of the duke of Portland, who died there, July 4, 1726.

[b] Sancho Panza. "When I thought, as being a governor, to have a bellyful of good hot victuals and cool liquor, and to refresh my body in Holland sheets and on a soft feather-bed, I am come to do penance like a hermit; and, as I do it unwillingly, I am afraid the devil will have me notwithstanding."

danger by their conduct more imminent than that of the rest. I have done my duty in representing their proceedings, and warning them of the consequences; and there I leave it. *Neque tam me ευλπιστια consolatur ut antea quam αδιαφορια, quâ nullâ in re tam utor quàm in hâc civili et publicâ.* I have purchased a seat for a bishop, and by orders from the society have given direction to prepare it for his reception. You once upon a day give me hopes of seeing you there. It would be to me no small relief to have so good a friend to complain to. What it would be to you to hear me when you could not help me, I know not. *Cætera desunt*—for the post cannot stay. Adieu. I am, very sincerely, yours, R. HUNTER.

FROM GOVERNOR HUNTER.

New York, March 14, 1713.

QUONORGH *quanon dnadadega generoghqua agnegon tchitchendagaree*; or, lest you should not have your Iroquoise Dictionary at hand, "Brother, I honour you and all your tribe;" though that is to be taken *cum grano salis*; for one of them has done me much harm. God reward him, &c. For that, and what you want to know besides relating to me, I refer you to the bearer, Mr. Sharp, our chaplain; a very worthy, ingenious, and conscientious clergyman. I wrote to you some time ago by a merchant-ship, and therein gave you some hints of my sufferings, which are not diminished since that time. In hopes of a better settlement, I wished for your company. Until that comes, I can contribute to nothing but your spleen. Here is the finest air to live upon in the universe; and if our trees and birds could speak, and our assemblymen be silent, the finest conversation too. *Fert omnia tellus*, but not for me. For you must understand, according to the custom of our country, the sachems are of the poorest of the people. I have got the wrong side of sir Polidore's office; a great deal to do and nothing to receive. In a word, and to be serious at last, I have spent three years of life in such torment and vexation, that nothing in life can ever make amends for it. *Tu interim sis lætus, et memor nostrûm. Vale.* R. HUNTER.

TO ARCHBISHOP KING.

London, March 28, 1713.

MY LORD,—Although your humour of delaying, which is a good deal in fashion, might serve me for authority and example in not sooner acknowledging your grace's letter, I shall not make that use of it; but naturally tell you that the public delay has been the cause of mine. We have lived almost these two months past by the week, expecting that parliament would meet, and the queen tell them that the peace was signed. But unforeseen difficulties have arisen, partly by some mistakes in our plenipotentiaries, as well as of those of France, too long to trouble your grace with, since we now reckon all will be at an end; and the queen has sent new powers to Utrecht, which her ministers there must obey, I think, or be left without excuse. The peace will be signed with France, Holland, the emperor, Savoy, Portugal, and England: but Spain has yet no minister at Utrecht, the Dutch making difficulties about the duke d'Ossune's passports; but the marquis de Montellion will soon begin his journey: at least he tells me so. However, it is of no great moment whether Spain comes in now or a month hence; and the parliament will be satisfied with the rest. People here have grumbled at those prorogations until they are weary: but they are not very convenient, considering how many funds are out, and how late it is in the year. They think of taking off 2*s.* in 1*l.* from the land-tax; which I always argued earnestly against; but the court has a mind to humour the country gentlemen, and the thing is popular enough; but then we must borrow upon new funds, which it will be of the last difficulty to invent or raise. The other party are employed in spreading a report most industriously, that the lord-treasurer intends, after the peace, to declare for the Whigs. They have spread it in Scotland, to prepare people for the next election; and Mr. Annesley told me the other day at my lord-steward's that he had heard I writ the same to my friends in Ireland; which, as it is wholly without ground, so the fact is what I never had the least belief of, although your lordship is somwhat of his grace's mind, in not refusing to converse with his greatest enemies: and therefore he is censured, as you say you are, upon the same account. And to those who charge him with it, (as some are free enough to do it,) he only says his friends ought to trust him; and I have some reason to believe that after a peace the direct contrary will appear. For my own part, I entirely agree with your grace, that a free man ought not to confine his converse to any one party; neither would I do so if I were free; but I am not, and perhaps much less is a great minister in such a juncture as this. Among the many qualities I have observed in the treasurer there is one which is something singular, that he will be under an imputation, how wrong soever, without the pains of clearing himself to his nearest friends, which is owing to great integrity, great courage, or great contempt of censure. I know he has abundance of the two last, and I believe he has the first.

Your grace's observations on the French dexterity in negotiation, as well as their ill faith, are certainly right; but let both be as great as possible, we must treat with them one time or other; and if ministers will not be upon their guard against such notorious managers, they are altogether inexcusable. But I do assure your grace that, as it has fallen in my way to know more of the steps of this whole treaty than perhaps any one man beside, I cannot see that anything in the power of human prudence, under many difficult conjunctures, has been omitted. We have been forced to conceal the best side, which I agree has been unfortunate and unpopular; but you will be pleased to consider that this way of every subject interposing their sentiments upon the management of foreign negotiations is a very new thing among us: and the suffering it has being thought, in the opinion of wise men, too great a strain upon the prerogative; especially giving a detail of particulars, which in the variety of events, cannot be ascertained during the course of a treaty.—I could easily answer the objection of your grace's friends in relation to the Dutch, and why they made those difficulties at the Hague and Geertruydenburgh. And when the whole story of these two last intriguing years comes to be published, the world will have other notions of our proceedings. This perhaps will not be long untold, and might already have been, if other people had been no wiser than I. After all, my lord, I grant that, from a distant view of things, abundance of objections may be raised against many parts of our conduct. But the difficulties which gave room to these objections are not seen, and perhaps some of them will never appear; neither may it be convenient they should. If in the end it appears that we have made a good bargain for you, we hope you will take it without entering too nicely into the circumstances. I will not undertake to defend our proceedings against any man who will not allow this postulatum, that it was impossible to carry on the war any longer; which whoever denies, either has not examined the state of the nation with respect to its debts, or denies it from the spirit of party. When a friend of mine objected this to lord Nottingham, he freely confessed it was a thing he had never considered. But, however, he would be against any peace without Spain; and why? because

dark problem, and let you see that faction, rage, rebellion, and revenge, and ambition, were deeply rooted in the hearts of those who have been the great obstructors of the queen's measures and of the kingdom's happiness; and if I am not mistaken, such a scene may open as will leave the present age and posterity little room to doubt who are the real friends and real enemies of their country. At the same time I know nothing is so rash as predicting upon the events of public councils; and I see many accidents very possible to happen which may soon defeat all my wise conjectures. I am, my lord, your grace's most dutiful and most humble obedient servant, JONATHAN SWIFT.

FROM MR. PRIOR.[a]

Paris, April 8, 1713.

PRAY take this word, writ after our packet is closed, and the messenger staying for it, as an equivalent for your despatches at midnight when the writer was half asleep. Hang me if I know how to go on, though I am in a country where everybody does not only write letters but print them. Our great affair goes on very successfully. We transmit the Spanish treaty, concluded at Madrid, for your approbation in England and transmission to Utrecht: after which I think *pax sit* will become authentic Latin: after which, I suppose, our society will flourish, and I shall have nothing to do but to partake of that universal protection which it will receive. In the mean time, pray give my great respects to our brethren;[b] and tell them that, while in hopes of being favoured, they are spending their own money, I am advancing my interest in the French language, and forgetting my own mother-tongue. But we shall have time enough to perfect our English when we have done with other matters. I want mightily to hear from lord-treasurer. Tell him so. I owe brother Arbuthnot a letter. Excuse my not writing to him till I know what to say. I cannot find Vanhomrigh[c] since he brought me your letter. I have a rarity of a book to send you by the first fair occasion. It makes but little of the English wit, "The Guardian;" but, possibly, I do not enter into his design. Let lord Bolingbroke know I love him mightily; and pray do you as much for Dick Skelton. Adieu, my good friend. I am, very truly, your obedient and faithful servant, M. PRIOR.

FROM EARL POULETT.[d]

April, Sunday afternoon.

I WAS called away presently after chapel upon some business which hindered my going up stairs at St. James's and occasions Dr. Swift the trouble of this, to make my excuse for not returning the paper which I here send you; and though it is not in my power to serve you in any proportion to my unfeigned respects for you, yet I would not be wanting, on my part, in any opportunity where I can, to express myself, sir, your most faithful humble servant, POULETT.

TO THE REV. MR. WILLIAM DRAPER.

DEAN, NEAR BASINGSTOKE, HAMPSHIRE.[e]

London, April 13, 1713.

SIR,—I am ashamed to tell you how ill a philosopher I am, and that a very ill situation of my affairs for three weeks past, made me utterly incapable of answering your obliging letter, and thanking you for your most agreeable copy of verses. The prints will tell you that I am condemned again to live in Ireland; and all that the court and ministry did for me was to let me choose my situation in the country where I am banished. I could not forbear showing both your letter and verses to our great men, as well as to the men of wit of my acquaintance; and they were highly approved of by all. I am altogether a stranger to your friend Oppian; and am a little angry when those who have a genius lay it out in translations. I question whether "Res angusta domi" be not one of your motives. Perhaps you want such a bridle as a translation, for your genius is too fruitful, as appears by the frequency of your similes; and this employment may teach you to write like a modest man, as Shakspeare expresses it.

I have been minding my lord Bolingbroke, Mr. Harcourt, and sir William Windham, to solicit my lord-chancellor to give you a living, as a business which belongs to our society, who assume the title of rewarders of merit. They are all very well disposed, and I shall not fail to negotiate for you while I stay in England, which will not be above six weeks; but I hope to return in October, and if you are not then provided for, I will move heaven and earth that something may be done for you. Our society has not met of late, else I would have moved to have two of us sent in form to request a living for you from my lord-chancellor: and, if you have any way to employ my services, I desire you will let me know it, and believe me to be, very sincerely, sir, your most faithful humble servant, JONATHAN SWIFT.

FROM DR. ATTERBURY.

Chelsea, Tuesday morning, April 21, 1713.

MR. DEAN,—Give me leave to tell you that there is no man in England more pleased with your being preferred than I am. I would have told you so myself at your lodgings, but that my waiting confines me. I had heard a flying report of it before; but my lord Bolingbroke yesterday confirmed the welcome news to me. I could not excuse myself without saying thus much; and I have not time to say more, but that I am your most affectionate and faithful servant,

FR. ATTERBURY.[a]

TO ARCHBISHOP KING.

London, April 30, 1713.

MY LORD,—I had the honour of your grace's letter of the 14th, which at present I cannot answer particularly: I send this to welcome your grace to the Bath, where we conclude you are now arrived; and I hope the design of your journey is more for prevention than cure. I suppose your grace has heard that the queen has made Dr. Sterne bishop of Dromore, and that I am to succeed him in his deanery. Dr. Parnell, who is now in town, writ last post to your grace, to desire the favour of you that he may have my small prebend:[b] he thinks it will be some advantage to come into the chapter, where it may possibly be in my power to serve him in a way agreeable to him, although in no degree equal to his merits; by which he has distinguished himself so much, that he is in great esteem with the ministry and others of the most valuable persons in this town. He has been many years under your grace's direction, and has a very good title to your favour; so that I believe it will be unnecessary to add how much I should be obliged to your grace's compliance in this matter, and I flatter myself that his being agreeable to me will

[a] At that time plenipotentiary to France.

[b] The sixteen. See note to a letter from lord Harley to Swift, dated July 17, 1714.

[c] One of the brothers of Vanessa. See the letter to Miss Esther Vanhomrigh, dated July 8, 1713.

[d] Indorsed "lord Steward," 1713.

[e] First printed in Mr. Seward's "Biographiana," 1719, from the original in the possession of the late Rev. Dr. Valpy.

[a] Indorsed by Swift, "Dr. Atterbury, April 21, 1713, about eleven in the morning. I believe all to no purpose."

[b] Of Dunlaven.

be no disadvantage to him in your grace's opinion. I am, with the greatest respect, my lord, your grace's most dutiful and most humble servant,

JONATHAN SWIFT.

TO LORD-CHANCELLOR HARCOURT.

May, 1713.

MY LORD,—I wonder your lordship would presume to go out of town and leave me in fear that I should not see you before I go to Ireland, which will be in a week. It is a strange thing you should prefer your own health, and ease, and convenience, before my satisfaction. I want your lordship for my solicitor. I want your letter to your younger brother of Ireland,[a] to put him under my government: I want an opportunity of giving your lordship my humblest thanks for a hundred favours you have done I wanted the sight of your lordship this day in York-buildings.[b] Pray, my lord, come to town before I leave it, and supply all my wants. My lord-treasurer uses me barbarously: appoints to carry me to Kensington, and makes me walk four miles at midnight. He laughs when I mention a thousand pounds which he gives me; though a thousand pounds is a very serious thing, &c.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

TO MR. ADDISON.

May 13, 1713.

SIR,—I was told yesterday by several persons that Mr. Steele had reflected upon me in his "Guardian;" which I could hardly believe, until, sending for the paper of the day, I found he had, in several parts of it, insinuated with the utmost malice that I was author of the "Examiner," and abused me in the grossest manner he could possibly invent, and set his name to what he had written. Now, sir, if I am not author of the "Examiner," how will Mr. Steele be able to defend himself from the imputation of the highest degree of baseness, ingratitude, and injustice? Is he so ignorant of my temper and of my style? Has he never heard that the author of the "Examiner" (to whom I am altogether a stranger) did, a month or two ago, vindicate me from having any concern in it? Should not Mr. Steele have first expostulated with me as a friend? Have I deserved this usage from Mr. Steele, who knows very well that my lord-treasurer has kept him in his employment upon my entreaty and intercession? My lord-chancellor and lord Bolingbroke will be witnesses how I was reproached by my lord-treasurer, upon the ill returns Mr. Steele made to his lordship's indulgence, &c.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

FROM MR. STEELE.

May 19, 1713.

SIR,—Mr. Addison showed me your letter, wherein you mention me. They laugh at you if they make you believe your interposition has kept me thus long in my office. If you have spoken in my behalf at any time, I am glad I have always treated you with respect; though I believe you an accomplice of the "Examiner's." In the letter you are angry at, you see I have no reason for being so merciful to him, but out of regard to the imputation you lie under. You do not in direct terms say you are not concerned with him; but make it an argument of your innocence that the "Examiner" has declared you have nothing to do with him. I believe I could prevail upon the "Guardian" to say there was a mistake in putting my name in his paper: but the English would laugh at us, should we argue in so Irish a manner. I am heartily glad of your being made dean of St. Patrick's. I am, sir, your most obedient humble servant,

RICHARD STEELE.

[a] Chancellor of that kingdom.

[b] Lord-treasurer Oxford then lived there.

TO MR. STEELE.

SIR,— * * * [a] I may probably know better when they are disposed * * * * * *

The case was thus: I did, with the utmost application, and desiring to lay all my credit upon it, desire Mr. Harley (as he was then called) to show you mercy. He said "He would, and wholly upon my account: that he would appoint you a day to see him: that he would not expect you should quit any friend or principle." Some days after he told me "He had appointed you a day, and you had not kept it:" upon which he reproached me, as engaging for more than I could answer, and advised me to more caution another time. I told him, and desired my lord-chancellor and lord Bolingbroke to be witnesses, that I would never speak for or against you as long as I lived: only I would add that it was still my opinion you should have mercy till you gave further provocations. This is the history of what you think fit to call, in the spirit of insulting, "their laughing at me:" and you may do it securely; for, by the most inhuman dealings, you have wholly put it out of my power, as a Christian, to do you the least ill office. Next I desire to know whether the greatest services ever done by one man to another may not have the same turn as properly applied to them? And, once more, suppose they did laugh at me, I ask whether my inclinations to serve you merit to be rewarded by the vilest treatment, whether they succeeded or not? If your interpretation were true, I was laughed at only for your sake; which, I think, is going pretty far to serve a friend. As to the letter I complain of, I appeal to your most partial friends whether you ought not either to have asked or written to me, or desired to have been informed by a third hand, whether I were any way concerned in writing the "Examiner"? And if I had shuffled, or answered indirectly, or affirmed it, or said I would not give you satisfaction, you might then have wreaked your revenge with some colour of justice. I have several times assured Mr. Addison, and fifty others, "That I had not the least hand in writing any of those papers; and that I had never exchanged one syllable with the supposed author in my life, that I can remember, nor ever seen him above twice, and that in mixed company, in a place where he came to pay his attendance." One thing more I must observe to you, that a year or two ago, when some printers used to bring me their papers in manuscript, I absolutely forbid them to give any hints against Mr. Addison and you, and some others; and have frequently struck out reflections upon you in particular, and should (I believe) have done it still if I had not wholly left off troubling myself about these kind of things.

I protest I never saw anything more liable to exception than every part is of the letter you were pleased to write me. You plead, "That I do not in mine to Mr. Addison, in direct terms, say I am not concerned in the 'Examiner.'" And is that an excuse for the most savage injuries in the world a week before? How far you can prevail with the "Guardian" I shall not trouble myself to inquire; and am more concerned how you will clear your own honour and conscience than my reputation. I shall hardly lose one friend by what you [b] * * I know not any * * * * laugh at me for any * * * absurdity of yours. There are solecisms in morals as well as in languages; and to which of the virtues you will reconcile your conduct to me is past my imagination. Be pleased to put these questions to yourself:

[a] It has happened that two or three lines have been torn from the beginning of this letter; and, by the same accident, two or three lines are missing toward the latter part, which were written on the back part of the paper which was torn off.

[b] Here the manuscript is torn.

"If Dr. Swift be entirely innocent of what I accuse him, how shall I be able to make him satisfaction? And how do I know but he may be entirely innocent? If he was laughed at only because he solicited for me, is that a sufficient reason for me to say the vilest things of him in print under my hand, without any provocation? And how do I know but he may be in the right, when he says I was kept in my employment at his interposition? If he never once reflected on me the least in any paper, and has hindered many others from doing it, how can I justify myself for endeavouring in mine to ruin his credit, as a Christian and a clergyman?" I am, sir, your most obedient humble servant,

JONATHAN SWIFT.

FROM SIR THOMAS HANMER.[a]

Tuesday.

SIR,—I keep only the last book,[b] which I shall have gone through before night. The rest I send you, with the very few observations I made upon them, which yet were as many as I could see any occasion for; though, I do assure you, I read with the same strictness and ill-nature as in the former part. I am, your most humble servant, &c. THOMAS HANMER.

TO ARCHBISHOP KING.

London, May 23, 1713.

MY LORD,—I had the honour of a letter from your grace, the 18th instant, from Chester. I was confidently told, about three weeks ago, that your grace was expected every day at the Bath; and you will find a letter there, as old as that, with a requisition in favour of Dr. Parnell, who, by his own merit, is in the esteem of the chief ministers here. I am very sensible that the loss your grace has suffered in the removal of Dr. Sterne will never be made up by me, upon a great many accounts: however, I shall not yield to him in respect and veneration for your grace's character and person; and I return you my most grateful acknowledgments for the offer you make me of your favour and protection. I think to set out for Ireland on Monday sevennight, to be there before the term ends; for so they advise me, because the long vacation follows, in which I cannot take the oaths, unless at a quarter-sessions; and I had better have two chances than one. This will hinder me from paying my respects to your grace at the Bath; and indeed my own health would be better, I believe, if I could pass a few weeks there; but my remedy shall be riding, and a sea-voyage. I have been inquiring, and am told your grace's cause will hardly come on this session; but indeed I have been so much out of order for these ten days past that I have been able to do nothing.

As to the spire to be erected on St. Patrick's steeple, I am apt to think it will cost more than is imagined; and I am confident that no bricks made in that part of Ireland will bear being exposed so much to the air: however, I shall inquire among some architects here.

I hope your grace will find a return of your health in the place where you are. I humbly beg your blessing; and remain, with great respect, my lord, your grace's most dutiful and most humble servant,

JONATHAN SWIFT.

FROM MR. STEELE.

Bloomsbury, May 26, 1713.

SIR,—I have received yours, and find it impossible for a man to judge in his own case. For an allusion to you, as one under the imputation of helping the "Examiner," and owning I was restrained out of respect to you, you tell Addison, under your hand, "you think me the vilest of mankind," and bid him tell me so. I am obliged to you for any kind things said in my behalf to the treasurer; and assure you, when you were in Ireland, you were the constant subject of my talk to men in power at that time. As to the vilest of mankind, it would be a glorious world if I were: for I would not conceal my thoughts in favour of an injured man, though all the powers on earth gainsaid it, to be made the first man in the nation. This position I know will ever obstruct my way in the world; and I have conquered my desires accordingly. I have resolved to content myself with what I can get by my own industry, and the improvement of a small estate, without being anxious whether I am ever in a court again or not. I do assure you, I do not speak this calmly, after the ill usage in your letter to Addison, out of terror of your wit or my lord-treasurer's power; but pure kindness to the agreeable qualities I once so passionately delighted in in you. You know, I know nobody; but one that talked after you, could tell, "Addison had bridled me in point of party." This was ill hinted, both with relation to him, and, sir, your most obedient humble servant,

RICHARD STEELE.

I know no party; but the truth of the question is what I will support as well as I can, when any man I honour is attacked.

TO MR. STEELE.

May 27, 1713.

SIR,—The reason I give you the trouble of this reply to your letter is because I am going in a very few days to Ireland; and although I intended to return toward winter, yet it may happen, from the common accidents of life, that I may never see you again.

In your yesterday's letter you are pleased to take the complaining side, and think it hard I should write to Mr. Addison as I did only for an allusion. This allusion was only calling a clergyman of some little distinction an infidel: a clergyman who was your friend, who always loved you, who had endeavoured at least to serve you; and who, whenever he did write anything, made it sacred to himself never to fling out the least hint against you.

One thing you are pleased to fix on me, as what you are sure of: that the "Examiner" had talked after me, when he said, "Mr. Addison had bridled you in point of party." I do not read one in six of those papers, nor ever knew he had such a passage; and I am so ignorant of this, that I cannot tell what it means: whether that Mr. Addison kept you close to a party, or that he hindered you from writing about party. I never talked or writ to that author in my life; so that he could not have learned it from me. And in short, I solemnly affirm that, with relation to every friend I have, I am as innocent as it is possible for a human creature to be. And whether you believe me or not, I think, with submission, you ought to act as if you believed me till you have demonstration to the contrary. I have all the ministry to be my witnesses that there is hardly a man of wit of the adverse party whom I have not been so bold as to recommend often and with earnestness to them: for I think principles at present are quite out of the case, and that we dispute wholly about persons. In these last you and I differ; but in the other, I think, we agree: for I have in print professed myself in politics to be what we formerly called a Whig.

As to the great man[a] whose defence you undertake, though I do not think so well of him as you do, yet I have been the cause of preventing five hundred hard things being said against him.

I am sensible I have talked too much when myself is

[a] Indorsed, "Received about May, 1713."
[b] Of the MS. "History of the peace of Utrecht."

[a] The duke of Marlborough.

the subject: therefore I conclude with sincere wishes for your health and prosperity, and am, sir, yours, &c.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

You cannot but remember that, in the only thing I ever published with my name, I took care to celebrate you as much as I could, and in as handsome a manner, though it was in a letter to the present lord-treasurer.

FROM ERASMUS LEWIS, ESQ.

Whitehall, June 2, 1713.

I HOPE this will meet you at Chester, and that your passage at sea will be favoured with as mild weather as your journey by land has been these two first days. The division yesterday in the house of lords was fifty-four against fifty-four. Proxies were called for, and we had seventeen to thirteen. This is the greatest victory we ever had. The duke of Argyll and the Scotch were against us to a man. Lords Weymouth and Carteret were with them. It was very comical to see the Tories, who voted with lord-treasurer against the dissolution of the Union, under all the perplexities in the world lest they should be victorious; and the Scotch, who voted for a bill of dissolution, under agonies lest they themselves should carry the point they pretended to desire. In all the time I have been conversant in business, I never before observed both sides, at the same time, acting parts which they thought contrary to their interests. Let us hear from you sometimes, and believe there is nobody with more sincerity yours, than, &c.,

E. LEWIS.

FROM THE REVEREND MR. SHARPE.[a]

London, June 4, 1713.

REVEREND SIR,—I was commanded by his excellency brigadier Hunter, governor of New York, to deliver the enclosed with my own hand, had I been so happy, for his service and my own satisfaction, as to have seen you at London. I am persuaded your influence here might have contributed to create a better opinion of him among some leading men in the Society for Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, who have been much imposed on by the clamorous memorials of some indiscreet missionaries abroad. He has the just esteem of two-thirds of the clergy in his government, and the greatest part of the laity who have either sense, probity, or honour; but his adversaries have made the church's cause a favourable handle for their repeated complaints, which, with the application of their friends here, makes them hopeful of success.

I have been twelve years abroad, in the service of the church in America: the last ten years were in the station of chaplain to her majesty's forces at New York, where I had the opportunity of being very near to the several governors; and do assure you that, if I had ever observed in him any inclination to weaken the interest of the church there, I could not in conscience offer to excuse him; but he is better known to you than that I, who am altogether unknown, should presume to give his character.

What I beg leave to entreat of you is, to recommend me, in my endeavours for his service, to the advice and assistance of your friends. The perplexity of all his affairs at this time claims the good offices of all that wish him well. If, in favour to his excellency, you are pleased to honour me with the pardon of this, and what return the enclosed may require, direct for me to the care of Mr. James Douglas, merchant, in Fencourt, Fenchurch street, London. I beg leave to subscribe myself, with great respect, reverend sir, your most obedient and most humble servant,

JOHN SHARPE.

[a] Chaplain to brigadier Hunter, governor of New York.

FROM MR. LEWIS.[a]

Whitehall July 9 1713.

WE are all running headlong into the greatest confusion imaginable.[b] Sir Thomas Hanmer[c] is gone into the country this morning, I believe much discontented; and I am very apprehensive neither lord Anglesey[d] nor he will continue long with us. I heartily wish you were here, for you might certainly be of great use to us by your endeavours to reconcile, and by representing to them the infallible consequences of these divisions. We had letters this morning from Ireland. What is the reason I had none from you? Adieu. I hope your want of health is not the cause.

E. LEWIS.

TO ARCHBISHOP KING.

Trim, July 16, 1713.

MY LORD,—I have been about five weeks in this kingdom, but so extremely ill with the return of an old disorder in my head, that I was not able to write to your grace. I have been the greatest part of that time at my country parish, riding every day for my health. I can tell your grace nothing from Dublin, having spent the days I was there between business and physic, and paid no visits, nor received any but one day; and I reckon it no great loss, for I hear they are all party mad; and it is one felicity of being among willows, that one is not troubled with faction. I hope you have as little of it at the Bath; for I cannot fancy it does well with the waters. If your grace goes to London from the Bath, I believe I may have the honour of waiting on you; although I shall do all in my power to save the trouble of such a journey: which neither my fortune nor my health will very well bear. I hope you feel the good effects of the place you are in; and I pray God continue your life, for the good of his church.

The other day Mr. Thacker, prebendary of Sagard, and vicar of Rathcool, died; and it would be a great mark of goodness in your grace, as well as a personal favour to me, if you would please to dispose of his livings in favour of Mr. Thomas Warburton, who has been many years my assistant in the cure of Laracor, has behaved himself altogether unblamably, and is a gentleman of very good learning and sense. If I knew any one more deserving, I would not recommend him; neither would I do it, however, because I know your grace has a great many dependents, but that it will be a great use to me to have a vicar in one of my rectories, and upon my deanery, in whom I can confide. I am told the livings amount to 120*l.* a-year at most; and it may probably happen in my way to be able to oblige some friend of yours in a greater matter, which I shall very readily do. I am, with the greatest respect, my lord, your grace's most obedient, and most humble servant,

JONATHAN SWIFT.

FROM MR. LEWIS.[e]

Whitehall, July 30, 1713.

THIS day se'nnight the queen goes to Hampton Court, and the Monday following to Windsor. I fancy by that time Mr. Bromley[f] will be secretary of state, in the room of my lord.[g] Lord-treasurer was abroad this evening, for the first time after a fortnight's illness. I hear there came a dozen of letters from you

[a] Indorsed, "Mr Lewis, about the divisions" &c

[b] This announced the irreconcilable division between Oxford and Bolingbroke.

[c] Speaker of the house of commons.

[d] Who was joint vice-treasurer of Ireland with Edward earl of Clarendon.

[e] Indorsed, "Mr. Lewis, pressing me to come over."

[f] William Bromley, esq., appointed secretary of state, Aug. 17 1713, in the room of William earl of Dartmouth, made lord privy-seal

[g] Dartmouth, to whom Mr Lewis had been secretary

by the same post to your friends here. My lord-treasurer desires you'll make all possible haste over; for we want you extremely. E. LEWIS.

TO BISHOP ATTERBURY.

The Country in Ireland, August 3, 1713.

MY LORD,—It is with the greatest pleasure I heard of your lordship's promotion: I mean that particular promotion,[a] which I believe is agreeable to you, though it does not mend your fortune. There is but one other change I could wish you, because I have heard that you prefer it before all the rest; and that likewise is now ready,[b] unless it be thought too soon, and that you are made to wait till another person has used it for a step to cross the water.[c] Though I am here in a way of sinking into utter oblivion; for

"Hæ latebræ nec dulces, nec, si mihi credis, amœnæ:"

yet I shall challenge the continuance of your lordship's favour; and, whenever I come to London, shall, with great assurance, cross the Park to your lordship's house in Westminster, as if it were no more than crossing the street at Chelsea. I talked at this threatening rate so often to you about two years past, that you are not now to forget it.

Pray, my lord, do not let your being made a bishop hinder you from cultivating the politer studies which your heart was set upon when you went to govern Christ Church. Providence has made you successor to a person who, though of a much inferior genius,[d] turned all his thoughts that way; and I have been told, with great success, by his countenance to those who deserved. I envy Dr. Friend[e] that he has you for his inspector: and I envy you for having such a person in your district, and whom you love so well. Shall not I have liberty to be sometimes a third among you, though I am an Irish dean?

"Vervecum in patriâ, crassoque sub aere natus"[f]

A very disordered head hindered me from writing early to your lordship when I first heard of your preferment; and I have reproached myself of ingratitude when I remembered your kindness in sending me a letter upon the deanery they thought fit to throw me into; to which I am yet a stranger, being forced into the country, in one of my old parishes,[g] to ride about for a little health. I hope to have the honour of asking your lordship's blessing some time in October. Meanwhile I desire your lordship to believe me to be, with very great respect and truth, my lord, your lordship's most dutiful and most humble servant,

JONATHAN SWIFT.

FROM MR. PRIOR.

Paris, August 5-16, 1713.

As I did not expect, my good friend Jonathan, to have received a letter from you at Dublin, so I am sure I did not intend to write one thither to you; but Mr. Rosingrave[h] thinks it may do him a service in recommending him to you. If so, I am very glad of it; for it can be of no other use imaginable. I have writ letters now above twenty-two years. I have taken towns, destroyed fleets, made treaties, and settled commerce in letters. And what of all this? Why, nothing, but that I have had some subject to write upon. But to write a letter only because Mr. Rosingrave has a mind to carry one in his pocket, to tell you that you are sure of a friendship which can never do you threepence of good, and wish you well in England very soon, when I do not know when I am likely to be there myself: all this, I say, is very absurd for a letter; especially when I have this day written a dozen much more to the purpose. If I had seen your manuscript;[a] if I had received Dr. Parnell's poem; if I had any news of Landen being taken; why, well and good: but as I know no more than the duke of Shrewsbury designs for England within three weeks; that I must stay here till somebody else comes, and then—brings me necessarily to say, good Mr. Dean, that I am like the fellow in the "Rehearsal," that did not know if he was to be merry or serious, or in what way or mood to act his part. One thing only I am assured of, that I love you very well, and am, most sincerely and faithfully, dear sir, your servant and brother,[b] M. PRIOR.

Lord and lady Shrewsbury give their service to you. Vanhomrigh has run terribly here in debt, and being in durance, has sent to his mother upon pecuniary concerns. Adieu, once more.

What we are doing, or what is to become of us, I know not.

"Prudens futuri temporis exitum
Caliginosâ nocte premit Deus,
Ridetque——" HOR. lib. iii. od. 29.

This is all the Latin and writing I can at present spare

Pray give my service to your chancellor,[c] and be much acquainted with judge Nutley, and love him very well for my sake. Adieu. Once more, find out my cousin Pennyfether and Nutley (if he is not too grave for you); and according to the laudable custom of your country, drink this louis out, for a token of my generosity and your sobriety. And now I think I have furnished out a very pretty letter.

FROM MR. LEWIS.[d]

Whitehall, August 6, 1713.

I HAVE so often, and in so pressing a manner, desired you to come over, that, if what I have already said has no effect, I shall despair of better success by any further arguments. If I were to recapitulate the several reasons you offer to the contrary, and answer them separately, I should grow peevish; which I have no way to avoid but by telling you in general it is all wrong. You and I have already laid it down for a maxim that we must serve lord-treasurer without receiving orders or particular instructions; and I do not yet see a reason for changing that rule. His mind has been communicated more freely to you than any other;[e] but you will not understand it. The *desires* of great men are *commands;* at least the only ones I hope they ever will be able to use. You have a mind to stay in Ireland till October, and desire me to give my opinion whether you should come sooner? I answer, yes. Then you bid me consider again; that is, you would have me say I am of opinion you should stay till October. When judges would have a jury change their verdict, they bid them consider again: when a man is determined to marry a woman, and his friend advises him against it, he asks his opinion again; and if his friend is so silly as not to alter his advice, he marries without it. I am as much in the spleen now I am answering your letter, as you were when you writ it. Come over; you will cure yourself and me too. Adieu. E. LEWIS.

a The deanery of Westminster.

b The bishopric of London was then vacant, by the death of Dr. Compton, who died July 4, 1713.

c To Lambeth.

d Dr. Sprat, whose works, though now seldom read, make part of the collection of British poets

e Dr. Friend, then head master of Westminster-school.

f "——————land of bogs
With ditches fenced, a heaven fat with fogs."—
JUVENAL, Sat. x. 75.

g Laracor and Rathbeggin.

h A celebrated performer in music.

a Of the "History of the Peace of Utrecht."

b He was one of the sixteen.

c Sir Constantine Phipps.

d Indorsed, "Mr Lewis, pressing me to come over."

e By this it appears that lord Orrery was mistaken when he said that Swift was *employed,* not *trusted.*

FROM DR. SMALRIDGE.[a]

Christchurch, September 27, 1713.

MR. DEAN,—When you were so kind as to favour the master of the Temple[b] and me with your company at the chaplain's table at Kensington, there dined with us one Mr. Fiddes,[c] a well-deserving clergyman, whose circumstances, we told you, were not at all suitable to his merits. You expressed on that occasion so generous a concern for him, and so great a readiness to do him any good offices which might lie in your way, that he seems to think he should be wanting to himself if he did not endeavour to cultivate an interest with one so willing and so able to serve him. He has therefore made repeated instances to me, that I would remind you of him, which I should not have hearkened to, were I not well assured that you would excuse, if not thank me, for furnishing you with an opportunity of doing a generous and good-natured thing. You will not, I fancy, think a formal application to any great man in his behalf either proper or requisite; but if you should, upon the perusal of one or two of his sermons, think as well of them as I do, and should in conversation with my lord-treasurer express a good opinion of the author, one kind word from you, seasonably dropped, might determine his fortune, and give you the satisfaction of having made him and his family as happy as they can wish to be. I am, sir, your humble servant,

GEO. SMALRIDGE.

TO ARCHDEACON WALLS.

Windsor Castle, October 1, 1713.

I HAD just now a letter from you, wherein you mention the design of making me prolocutor. I will confess to you there are two reasons why I should comply with it; one is, that I am heartily weary of courts and ministers, and politics, for several reasons impossible to tell you; and I have a mind to be at home, since the queen has been pleased that Ireland should be my home: the other reason is, that I think somebody educated in Dublin college should be prolocutor; and I hear there are designs of turning it another way. But, if you find it will not do, I hope you will quit the design in proper season. I condole with you for the loss of your companions[d] this winter; and I was always of opinion they should be in town, unless they find their health better at Trim.

I am a little disappointed at Parvisol's[e] return. I hoped it would have amounted to near 50*l.* in the tithes; I doubt not the cause, and beg you will have no sort of tenderness for him further than it regards my interest; as to the land-rents, they are 17*l.* a-year in the country, besides some small things in town; and I am in no pain about them, because they are sure; nor do I desire him to concern himself about them.

I hoped and was told my licence would be under 6*l.*, though all was paid; and I heard, if lord-chancellor had taken his fees, it would have been 8*l.* Tell Mr. Fetherston I have spoken to baron Scroup about his affair, who promises to despatch it with the first opportunity. I am now with some ministers and lords, and other company, and withdrawn to a table, and hardly know what I write, they are so loud. My humble service to your Dorothy, and alderman Stoyte,[f] his wife, and Cellarius; and duty to the bishop of Dromore.

Yours, JONATHAN SWIFT.

a Afterwards bishop of Bristol.
b Dr. Sherlock, afterwards bishop of London.
c Richard Fiddes, afterwards D D, author of "A Body of Divinity," "The Life of Cardinal Wolsey," &c.
d Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Dingley.
e The dean's agent.
f An alderman of Dublin, afterwards lord mayor.

FROM LORD CHANCELLOR PHIPPS.

Dublin, October 10, 1713.

SIR,—I had the favour of your kind letter of the 22nd of September, and had sooner acknowledged it if I had not been prevented by the constant hurry we have been in with relation to the city and parliament affairs.

I heartily congratulate your safe arrival in London, and return you, with all the gratitude imaginable, my thanks for the great trouble you have given yourself, as well on behalf of my son in particular as of this kingdom in general: and I am sorry you should venture so far as to burn your fingers; but you know such misfortunes often happen to gentlemen who have a hearty zeal for the interest of their friends. But this comfort attends them, that the burning goes off soon; whereas the credit and honour of serving one's friend last always. The account you sent me of Mr. Worseley's being an envoy was new, and had not reached us before your letter came. I know not how sufficiently to acknowledge the obligations you have laid on me; but assure you, if you have any commands on this side the water, there is no one will be more proud of being honoured with them than he who is, with very great respect, your most obedient humble servant,

CONSTANTINE PHIPPS.

TO ARCHDEACON WALLS.

London, October 13, 1713.

I HAVE two letters of yours to acknowledge.—No, I mistake, it is but one, for I answered the former, of September 22nd, some time ago; your other is of the 1st instant, with an account of your mayor squabble,[a] which we regard as much here as if you sent us an account of your little son playing at cherry-stones. I told your lord-chancellor that the best thing the government there could do would be never to trouble us with your affairs, but do the best you can, for we will neither support nor regard you. I have received the lords-justices' representation, just now sent to the queen. I have said more upon it than anybody else would; and I hope my lord-lieutenant [duke of Shrewsbury] will put a good end to the dispute. I am heartily sorry for poor Hawley, and doubt such a shake at his age will not be well recovered. Of your four candidates to succeed him I dislike all but the first, which is Bolton. As to the chair of prolocutor, I said to you in my former all I thought necessary. I dislike the thing for myself; but I would keep a wrong man out, and would be glad of an honest excuse to leave courts and public thoughts; but it would vex me to be proposed and not succeed.

As for Williams, I am an old courtier, and will think of it; but, if we want a singer, and I can get a better, that better one shall be preferred, although my father were competitor.

I have spoken to baron Scroup about Mr. Fetherston's affair, and I hope to get him a good account of it.

You very artificially bring in your friend Mrs. South: I have spoke to her, and heard from her; and spoke to the duke of Ormond: I will do her what service I can.

My service to gossip Doll, and God bless my god-daughter.

I think you need not inquire about the land-rents of the deanery, they are secure enough; and I believe I shall not trouble Mr. Parvisol about them.

There is one farm set for 120*l.* a-year, another for 51*l.* Rents adjoining to the deanery about 2*l.* 10*s.*, and duties about 8*l.*, or something under; and a small lease of tithes, about 4*l.* or 5*l.*: which last I would be glad you would ask Parvisol whether it be included

a Concerning sir Samuel Cooke.

among the tithes he has set. You see all the rents together are under 200*l.* I forgot 5*l.* a-year for the verger's house. Service to Stoyte and Manley,[a] and duty to bishop of Dromore.[b] JONATHAN SWIFT.

TO ARCHDEACON WALLS

London, October 20, 1713.

SIR,—I wrote to you immediately upon receiving your former, as I do now upon your last of the 10th instant. As to the business of being prolocutor,[c] I will tell you the short of my story. Although I have done more service to Ireland, and particularly to the church, than any man of my level, I have never been able to get a good word; and I incurred the displeasure of the bishops by being the instrument, *sine quâ non*, of procuring the first-fruits: neither had I credit to be a convocation-man in the meanest diocese of the kingdom, till poor dean Synge, who happened to think well of me, got me to be chosen for St. Patrick's; so that I think there will be a great change if I am chosen prolocutor. And yet, at the same time, I am so very nice that I will not think of moving toward Ireland till I am actually chosen: you will say, "What then must the clergy do for a prolocutor?" Why, I suppose they may appoint a vice-prolocutor until my coming over, which may be in ten days But this perhaps is not feasible: if not, you may be sure I shall not so openly declare my ambition to that post, when I am not sure to carry it; and if I fail, the comfort of *mecum certâsse feretur*, will not perhaps fall to my share. But I go on too fast; for I find in your next lines that the archbishop says there will be an indispensable necessity that I should be there at the election. Why, if the bishops will all fix it so as to give a man time to come over, with all my heart; but, if it must be struggled for at the election, I will have nothing to do with it. As for the bishops, I have not the least interest with above three in the kingdom; and unless the thought strikes the clergy in general that I must be their man, nothing can come of it: we always settle a speaker here as soon as the writs are issued out for a parliament: if you do so for a prolocutor, a man might have warning in time: but I should make the foolishest figure in nature to come over hawking for an employment I nowise seek or desire, and then fail of it. Pray communicate the sense of what I say to the archbishop, to whom I will write by this post. As to my private affairs, I am sure they are in good hands; but I beg you will not have the least regard or tenderness to Parvisol further than you shall find he deserves. I am my gossip's very humble servant; and the like to Mr. Stoyte, his lady, and Catherine, and Mr. Manley, and his lady and daughter. I am, your obedient humble servant,

JONATHAN SWIFT.

I wrote lately to Dr. Synge, twice in all.

I think you should force the St. Mary ladies[d] to town toward Christmas.

My duty to the bishop of Dromore.

Dr. Synge wrote me word a month ago that Rosingrave, our organist, was at the point of death. Is he dead or alive?

TO ARCHBISHOP KING.

London, October 20, 1713.

MY LORD,—The opportunity I had of a ship was so sudden that I had not time to receive your grace's last commands, or pay my respects, which it was my duty and inclination to do; and as for writing, I have always told your grace that I could not set about it with a good conscience until I were provided with matter enough for your trouble of reading. We are outwardly pretty quiet during this interval of parliament; but I will not answer what seeds are sowing to make the next spring produce bitter fruit. There are several reasons, impossible for me to tell at this distance, why I shall not be so good a correspondent as I have formerly been, but may probably serve to entertain you a year or two hence: for the fashion of this world passes away; and there is nothing of so little consequence as the greatest court secrets when once the scene is changed. I said to somebody, when I was last in Ireland, who talked to me of the advantage and felicity I had in the familiarity of great ministers, that it was well enough while it continued a vanity; but as soon as it ceased to be a vanity it began to be a vexation of spirit. I have some thought of passing this winter at the Bath, because my health requires it, and because I shall then be a pretty equal distance from the factions on both sides the water; for it is not impossible your grace may have a warm winter.

I have had some letters, particularly from Dr. Synge and Mr. Archdeacon Walls, about my being prolocutor. I have this post writ my thoughts upon that subject to Mr. Walls; and, to save you the trouble, have desired him to communicate them to your grace. Our elections for the city still continue: I was this afternoon at Guildhall. I find three of the old members; and Withers, who is lowest, tells me he does not despair of carrying it for himself. There is abundance of artifice (to give it the softest word) used on both sides.

I came yesterday from Windsor, where I saw the queen in very good health, which she finds there more than anywhere else, and I believe will hardly remove until December. I believe my lord-lieutenant [duke of Shrewsbury] will be landed before this letter comes to your hands: he is the finest gentleman we have, and of an excellent understanding and capacity for business: if I were with your grace I would say more; but leave it to your own sagacity.

I will only venture to say one thing relating to Ireland, because I believe it will be of use that your grace should know it. If your house of commons should run into any violence disagreeable to us here, it will be of the worst consequences imaginable to that kingdom: for I know no maxim more strongly maintained at present in our court than that her majesty ought to exert her power to the utmost upon any uneasiness given on your side to herself or her servants; neither can I answer that even the legislative power here may not take cognizance of anything that may pass among you, in opposition to the persons and principles that are now favoured by the queen. Perhaps I am gone too far; and therefore shall end without any ceremony. Your grace's, &c.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

Direct to me under cover to Erasmus Lewis, esq., at Mr. Secretary Bromley's office at Whitehall.

FROM LORD CHANCELLOR PHIPPS.

Dublin, October 24, 1713.

DEAR SIR,—I am indebted to you for your kind letters of the 8th and 10th instant, and I very heartily acknowledge the obligation. That of the 8th gave me a great many melancholy thoughts, when I reflected upon the danger our constitution is in by the neglect and supineness of our friends and the vigilance and unanimity of our enemies: but I hope your parliament proving so good will awaken our friends, and unite them more firmly, and make them more active.

That part of your letter of the 10th which related to my son gave me great satisfaction; for, though the commissioners here have heard nothing of it, yet I

[a] Isaac Manley, esq., deputy postmaster-general of Ireland.
[b] Dr. John Sterne.
[c] The convocation did not meet in Ireland after the year 1710.
[d] Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Dingley

believed Mr. Keightley might bring over full instructions in it: but he is arrived and knows nothing of it: so that, whatever good intentions my lord-treasurer had in relation to my son, his lordship has forgotten to give any directions concerning him; for, with him, things are just as they were when you left Dublin. If you will be so kind to put his lordship in mind of it, you will be very obliging.

I cannot discharge the part of a friend if I omit to let you know that your great neighbour[a] at St. Pulcher's is very angry with you. He accuses you for going away without taking your leave of him, and intends in a little time to compel you to reside at your deanery. He lays some other things to your charge, which you shall know in a little time.[b]

We hourly expect my lord-lieutenant. The Whigs begin to be sensible they must expect no great countenance from him, and begin to be a little down in the mouth since they find Broderick is not to be their speaker.[c] I am, with very great truth, your most obedient humble servant, CONSTANTINE PHIPPS.

FROM DR. DAVENANT[d]

Windsor, November 3, 1713.

SIR,—You have the character of employing in good offices to others the honour and happiness you have of being often with my lord-treasurer. This use of your access to him is an uncommon instance of generosity, deserving the highest praises; for, most commonly, men are most apt to convert such advantages to their own single interest, without any regard of others; though, in my poor opinion, not so wisely. Acts of friendship create friends, even among strangers, that taste not of them; and, in my experience, I hardly ever knew a man friendly in the course of his proceedings, but he was supported in the world; ingratitude being the vice of which the generality of men are most ashamed to be thought guilty.

My son and I have reasons to return you our thanks for what you have already done of this kind in his favour, and we beg the continuance of it. Ministers of state have such multiplicity of business that it is no wonder if they forget low individuals; and, in such a case, private persons must be beholden to some good-natured man to put those in power in mind of them; otherwise they may be forgotten till old age overtakes them. Such well-disposed remembrancers deserve access, familiarity, and interest with great men; and perhaps they are the most useful servants they can countenance in their hours of leisure.

I need not tell you that, in point of time, he is above all pretenders to foreign business; that his affairs have now depended almost three years; that, in the interim, it has gone very hard with him; and that he gave a very early instance of his zeal to the present administration. But what he builds his hopes most upon is the promise my lord-treasurer was pleased to make to the duke of Shrewsbury, just as his grace left Windsor, that a provision should be made for Mr. Davenant. We must entreat you to find some lucky moment of representing to my lord that the young man is pressed by a nearer concern than that of making his fortune, and that lovers can hardly be persuaded to be as patient as other men. The duke has carried his mistress from him, and will not consent to make him happy till he sees him in some way of being settled: in which how anxious any delay must be (possession depending upon it) he leaves you to judge, who have so well studied mankind, and who know that love is a passion in one of his age much stronger than ambition I beg your pardon for this long trouble, and am, sir, your most humble and most obedient servant,

CHARLES DAVENANT.

EXTRACT FROM THE MS. DIARY OF BISHOP KENNET.[a]

"1713. DR. SWIFT came into the coffeehouse, and had a bow from everybody but me. When I came to the antechamber to wait before prayers, Dr. Swift was the principal man of talk and business, and acted as a master of requests. He was soliciting the earl of Arran to speak to his brother the duke of Ormond to get a chaplain's place established in the garrison of Hull for Mr. Fiddes, a clergyman in that neighbourhood, who had lately been in gaol, and published sermons to pay fees. He was promising Mr. Thorold to undertake with my lord-treasurer that, according to his petition, he should obtain a salary of 200*l.* per annum, as minister of the English church at Rotterdam. He stopped F. Gwynne, esq., going in with the red bag to the queen, and told him aloud he had something to say to him from my lord-treasurer. He talked with the son of Dr. Davenant to be sent abroad, and took out his pocket-book, and wrote down several things, as *memoranda*, to do for him. He turned to the fire, and took out his gold watch, and, telling him the time of the day, complained it was very late. A gentleman said 'he was too fast.' 'How can I help it,' says the doctor, 'if the courtiers give me a watch that won't go right?' Then he instructed a young nobleman that the best poet in England was Mr. Pope, (a Papist,) who had begun a translation of Homer into English verse, for which 'he must have them all subscribe;' 'for,' says he, 'the author *shall not* begin to print till *I have* a thousand guineas for him.' Lord-treasurer, after leaving the queen, came through the room, beckoning Dr. Swift to follow him: both went off just before prayers.

"Nov. 3.—I see and hear a great deal to confirm a doubt, that the pretender's interest is much at the bottom of some hearts: a whisper that Mr. Nelson had a prime hand in the late book for hereditary right; and that one of them was presented to majesty itself, whom God preserve from the effect of such principles and such intrigues!"

FROM THE DUCHESS OF ORMOND.

November 3, 1713 Eleven at night.

DOCTOR,—I hope your servant has told you I sent to beg the favour of you to come hither to-night; but, since you could not conveniently, I hope you will not deny me the satisfaction of seeing you to-morrow morning. My lord joins with me in that request, and will see no company but you. I hope you will come before ten o'clock, because he is to go at that hour to Windsor. I beg your pardon for sending so early as I have ordered them to carry this: but the fear of your being gone abroad, if they went later, occasioned that trouble given you by, sir, your most sincere and most faithful humble servant, M. ORMOND.

TO LORD-TREASURER OXFORD.

ON THE DEATH OF HIS DAUGHTER, THE MARCHIONESS OF CAERMARTHEN.[b]

November 21, 1713.

MY LORD,—Your lordship is the person in the world to whom everybody ought to be silent upon such an

[a] The archbishop of Dublin.

[b] This is proof that there was no cordiality between Swift and archbishop King.

[c] He was chosen speaker by a majority of four voices.

[d] Charles Davenant, LL.D., inspector-general of imports and exports.

[a] Formerly in the library of the late marquis of Lansdowne, and now in the British Museum.

[b] The marchioness was married November 15, 1712; brought to bed of a son (afterwards Duke of Leeds) November 6, 1713; and died November 20, aged 28. The letter of consolation is beautifully and feelingly written.

occasion as this, which is only to be supported by the greatest wisdom and strength of mind: wherein, God knows, the wisest and best of us, who would presume to offer their thoughts, are far your inferiors. It is true, indeed, that a great misfortune is apt to weaken the mind and disturb the understanding. This, indeed, might be some pretence to us to administer our consolations, if we had been wholly strangers to the person gone. But, my lord, whoever had the honour to know her, wants a comforter as much as your lordship: because, though their loss is not so great, yet they have not the same firmness and prudence to support the want of a friend, a patroness, a benefactor, as you have to support that of a daughter. My lord, both religion and reason forbid me to have the least concern for that lady's death upon her own account; and he must be an ill Christian, or a perfect stranger to her virtues, who would not wish himself, with all submission to God Almighty's will, in her condition. But your lordship, who has lost such a daughter, and we, who have lost such a friend, and the world, which has lost such an example, have, in our several degrees, greater cause to lament than perhaps was ever given by any private person before: for, my lord, I have sat down to think of every amiable quality that could enter into the composition of a lady, and could not single out one which she did not possess in as high a perfection as human nature is capable of. But as to your lordship's own particular, as it is an inconceivable misfortune to have lost such a daughter, so it is a possession which few can boast of to have had such a daughter. I have often said to your lordship "That I never knew any one by many degrees so happy in their domestics as you;" and I affirm you are so still, though not by so many degrees: from whence it is very obvious that your lordship should reflect upon what you have left, and not upon what you have lost.

To say the truth, my lord, you began to be too happy for a mortal; much more happy than is usual with the dispensations of Providence long to continue. You had been the great instrument of preserving your country from foreign and domestic ruin: you have had the felicity of establishing your family in the greatest lustre, without any obligation to the bounty of your prince, or any industry of your own: you have triumphed over the violence and treachery of your enemies by your courage and abilities: and, by the steadiness of your temper, over the inconstancy and caprice of your friends. Perhaps your lordship has felt too much complacency within yourself upon this universal success: and God Almighty, who would not disappoint your endeavours for the public, thought fit to punish you with a domestic loss, where he knew your heart was most exposed; and, at the same time, has fulfilled his own wise purposes, by rewarding in a better life that excellent creature he has taken from you.

I know not, my lord, why I write this to you, nor hardly what I am writing. I am sure it is not from any compliance with form; it is not from thinking that I can give your lordship any ease. I think it was an impulse upon me that I should say something: and whether I shall send you what I have written I am yet in doubt, &c. JONATHAN SWIFT.

FROM JUDGE NUTLEY.

Dublin, November 21, 1713.

SIR,—I cannot help telling you that I think you do me great wrong in charging me with being too civil, and with want of plainness in my letters to you. If you will be abundant in your favours to me, how can I forbear thanking you? And if you will call that by a wrong name, that is your fault, and not mine. I hope I shall be able to convince you of your mistake, by putting you in the place of the party obliged; and then I will show you that I can be as ready as you are in doing good offices for a friend, and when I have done them can treat you as you do me, as if you were the benefactor and I had received the favour: I am sorry I did not keep a copy of my letter to you, that I might compare it with that which I shall have from you whenever I shall be so happy as to receive one from you upon that subject; for I am thoroughly persuaded you will then as much outdo me in civility of expression as you do now in the power of conferring favours.

By this time I hope I have satisfied you that it is fit for me (and I am resolved) to express the sense I have of your friendship in as high a manner as I can, until I have an opportunity of making a better return: but to show you that it is as uneasy to me to write civil things as it can be to you to read them, I will, as often as I can, do you services, that I may not be at the trouble, or bear the reproach, of being complaisant.

I am so much a philosopher as to know that to be great is to be, but not to be thought, miserable; and I am of the opinion of those among them who allow retaliation; and therefore, since you have declared your intention of loading me with cares, I will, as far as I can, make you sensible of the hurt you do me by laying a like burden upon you.

I thank you most sincerely for the clear and full information you have given me of your grand church affair. It entirely agrees with my judgment; for I do think that what you propose will be the best service that has been done to this church and kingdom since the Restoration, and the doing it soon will be of great advantage to the queen's affairs at this juncture. For it has been given out among the party, that the ministry have an eye toward the Whigs, and that if they now exert themselves they will soon have an open declaration in their favour: we have a remarkable proof of this; for Mr. Broderick has engaged a considerable number of the parliament-men (many of them not of his party) to promise him their votes for speaker, by telling them he has the approbation of the ministry and lord-lieutenant; and since his grace has made known her majesty's pleasure, a new word is given out, that the liberties of the people are in the last danger, and that the crown is attempting the nomination of a speaker. I own I am no politician; but I think I understand the posture of affairs here, and I am assured that the church party is so strong, that, if anything be done on your side to excite their zeal and discourage their adversaries, there will be but a short struggle here. But if the Whigs are permitted to hope, or, what is as bad, to boast of their expectations, and nothing is done to enable others to confute them, they will, it is probable, be able to give trouble to the government; and what is now easy to be effected, will become difficult by delay; and I fear the want of doing this in time will occasion some uneasiness to the duke of Shrewsbury; for to this is owing the doubtful dispute who shall be speaker.

I have showed your letter to the gentleman chiefly concerned in it: this I did, because I knew it would produce a full expression of his sentiments; and I can assure you, whatever occasion may have been given you to think what you say in your letter, he has a true sense of your friendship to him. I will be guarantee that according to the power he has he will be ready to serve you, and that in kind.

My lord-chancellor will send you his own thanks. I am, most truly and sincerely, yours, &c.

FROM MR. POPE.

Binfield, December 8, 1713.

SIR,—Not to trouble you at present with a recital of all my obligations to you, I shall only mention two things, which I take particularly kind of you: your desire that I should write to you, and your proposal of giving

me twenty guineas to change my religion; which last you must give me leave to make the subject of this letter.

Sure no clergyman ever offered so much out of his own purse for the sake of any religion. It is almost as many pieces of gold as an Apostle could get of silver, from the priests of old, on a much more valuable consideration. I believe it will be better worth my while to propose a change of my faith by subscription than a translation of Homer. And, to convince you how well disposed I am to the reformation, I shall be content, if you can prevail with my lord-treasurer and the ministry to rise to the same sum each of them, on this pious account, as my lord Halifax has done on the profane one. I am afraid there is no being at once a poet and a good Christian; and I am very much straitened between the two, while the Whigs seem willing to contribute as much to continue me the one as you would to make me the other. But, if you can move every man in the government, who has above 10,000*l.* a-year, to subscribe as much as yourself, I shall become a convert, as most men do, when the Lord turns it to my interest. I know they have the truth of religion so much at heart, that they would certainly give more to have one good subject translated from popery to the church of England than twenty heathenish authors out of any known tongue into ours. I therefore commission you, Mr. Dean, with full authority to transact this affair in my name, and to propose as follows:— First, that as to the head of our church, the pope, I may engage to renounce his power whensoever I shall receive any particular indulgences from the head of your church, the queen.

As to communion in one kind, I shall also promise to change it for communion in both as soon as the ministry will allow me

For invocations to saints, mine shall be turned to dedications to sinners when I shall find the great ones of this world as willing to do me any good as I believe those of the other are.

You see I shall not be obstinate in the main points; but there is one article I must reserve, and which you seemed not unwilling to allow me, prayer for the dead. There are people to whose souls I wish as well as to my own; and I must crave leave humbly to lay before them, that, though the subscriptions above mentioned will suffice for myself, there are necessary perquisites and additions which I must demand on the score of this charitable article. It is also to be considered that the greater part of those whose souls I am most concerned for were unfortunately heretics, schismatics, poets, painters, or persons of such lives and manners as few or no churches are willing to save. The expense will therefore be the greater to make an effectual provision for the said souls.

Old Dryden, though a Roman Catholic, was a poet; and it is revealed in the visions of some ancient saints, that no poet was ever saved under some hundreds of masses. I cannot set his delivery from purgatory at less than fifty pounds sterling.

Walsh was not only a Socinian, but (what you will own is harder to be saved) a Whig. He cannot modestly be rated at less than a hundred.

L'Estrange being a Tory, we compute him but at twenty pounds; which I hope no friend of the party can deny to give, to keep him from damning in the next life, considering they never gave him sixpence to keep him from starving in this.

All this together amounts to 170*l.*

In the next place, I must desire you to represent that there are several of my friends yet living, whom I design, God willing, to outlive, in consideration of legacies; out of which it is a doctrine in the reformed church, that not a farthing shall be allowed, to save their souls who gave them.

There is one * * * * who will die within these few months; with * * * * * * * * one Mr. Jervas, who hath grievously offended, in making the likeness of almost all things in heaven above and earth below. And one Mr. Gay, an unhappy youth, who writes pastorals during the time of divine service; whose case is the more deplorable, as he hath miserably lavished away all that silver he should have reserved for his soul's health, in buttons and loops for his coat.

I cannot pretend to have these people honestly saved under some hundred pounds, whether you consider the difficulty of such a work, or the extreme love and tenderness I bear them; which will infallibly make me push this charity as far as I am able.

There is but one more whose salvation I insist upon, and then I have done; but indeed it may prove of so much greater charge than all the rest, that I will only lay the case before you and the ministry, and leave to their prudence and generosity what sum they shall think fit to bestow upon it.

The person I mean is Dr. Swift: a dignified clergyman, but one who, by his own confession, has composed more libels than sermons. If it be true, what I have heard often affirmed by innocent people, "That too much wit is dangerous to salvation," this unfortunate gentleman must certainly be damned to all eternity. But I hope his long experience in the world, and frequent conversation with great men, will cause him (as it has some others) to have less and less wit every day. Be it as it will, I should not think my own soul deserved to be saved, if I did not endeavour to save his; for I have all the obligations in nature to him. He has brought me into better company than I cared for, made me merrier when I was sick than I had a mind to be, and put me upon making poems on purpose that he might alter them, &c.

I once thought I could never have discharged my debt to his kindness; but have lately been informed, to my unspeakable comfort, that I have more than paid it all. For Monsieur de Montaigne has assured me, "That the person who receives a benefit obliges the giver:" for, since the chief endeavour of one friend is to do good to the other, he who administers both the matter and occasion is the man who is liberal. At this rate, it is impossible Dr. Swift should be ever out of my debt, as matters stand already; and, for the future, he may expect daily more obligations from his most faithful and affectionate humble servant,

A. POPE.

I have finished the "Rape of the Lock;" but I believe I may stay here till Christmas without hinderance of business.

TO BISHOP STERNE.

London, December 19, 1713.

MY LORD,—I have two letters from you to acknowledge, one of the 5th, and another of the 11th instant. I am very glad it lies in my way to do any service to Mr. Worral, and that his merits and my inclinations agree so well. I write this post to Dr. Synge, to admit him. I am glad your lordship thinks of removing your palace to the old, or some better place. I wish I were near enough to give my approbation; and if you do not choose till summer, I shall, God willing, attend you. Your second letter is about Dr. Marsh, who is one I always loved, and have shown it lately, by doing everything he could desire from a brother. I should be glad for some reasons that he would get a recommendation from the lord-lieutenant, or at least that he be named. I cannot say more at this distance, but assure you that all due care is taken of him. I have had an old scheme, as your lordship may remember, of dividing the bishoprics of Kilmore and Ardagh.[a] I

[a] Which sees were then vacant, and were the month following granted to the lord-lieutenant's chaplain, Dr. Godwyn.

advised it many months ago, and repeated it lately; and the queen and ministry, I suppose, are fallen into it. I did likewise lay very earnestly before proper persons the justice, and indeed necessity, of choosing to promote those of the kingdom, which advice has been hearkened to, and I hope will be followed. I would likewise say something in relation to a friend of your lordship's; but I can only venture thus much, that it was not to be done, and you may easily guess the reasons.

I know not who are named among you for the preferments; and, my lord, this is a very nice point to talk of at the distance I am. I know a person there better qualified, perhaps, than any that will succeed. But, my lord, our thoughts here are that your kingdom leans too much one way; and believe me, it cannot do so long while the queen and administration here act upon so very different a foot. This is more than I care to say. I should be thought a very vile man if I presumed to recommend to———[a] my own brother if he were the least disinclined to the present measures of her majesty and ministry here. Whoever is thought to do so must shake off that character, or wait for other junctures. This, my lord, I believe you will find to be true; and I will for once venture a step further than perhaps discretion should let me; that I never saw so great a firmness in the court as there now is to pursue those measures upon which this ministry began, whatever some people may pretend to think to the contrary: and were certain objections made against some persons we both know, I believe I might have been instrumental to the service of some whom I much esteem. Pick what you can out of all this, and believe me to be ever, &c. JONATHAN SWIFT.

FROM LORD PRIMATE LINDSAY.

December 26, 1713.

SIR,—Yours of December the 8th I have received, and have obeyed your commands; but am much troubled to find that the trade of doing ill offices is still continued. As for my part, I can entirely clear myself from either writing or saying anything to any one's prejudice upon this occasion;[b] and if others have wounded me in the dark, it is no more than they have done before; for archbishop Tillotson formerly remarked that if he should hearken to what the Irish clergy said of one another, there was not a man in the whole country that ought to be preferred.

We are now adjourned for a fortnight, and the commons for three weeks. I hear our lord-lieutenant is not well pleased that we have adjourned short of them; and I fancy the queen will not be well pleased that the commons have had so little regard to the despatch of public business as to make so long an adjournment as three weeks; and indeed they lately seem to intimate that, if the lord-chancellor [sir Constantine Phipps] is not removed by that time, they will give her majesty no more money; and indeed some of them do not stick to say as much, and think it a duty incumbent on the crown to turn out that minister (how innocent soever he be) whom the commons have addressed against.

I think it is plain to any who know the state of affairs here that no party hath strength enough directly to oppose a money-bill in this kingdom, when the government thinks fit to exert itself, as to be sure it always will do upon such occasions; and the half-pay officers, no doubt, will readily come in to that supply out of which they are to receive their pay. But should all fail, yet the queen still may make herself easy by disbanding two or three regiments and striking off some unnecessary pensions.

Hobbes, in his Behemoth, talks of a height in time as well as place: and if ever there was a height in time here, it is certainly now; for some men seem to carry things higher, according to their poor power, than they did in England in 1641. And they now threaten (and I am pretty well assured have resolved upon it) that if the chancellor is not discarded, they will impeach him before the lords in England. But if they have no more to say against him than what their address contains, I think they will go upon no very wise errand.

I question not but that you will receive the votes, addresses, and representations of both houses from other hands, and therefore I have not troubled you with them; but if the parliament should continue to sit, you may expect a great product of that kind; for the commons have taken upon themselves to be a court of judicature, have taken examinations out of the judges' hands about murder, (which is treason here,) without ever applying to the government for them; and before trial have voted the sheriffs and officers to have done their duty, and acquitted themselves well, when possibly the time may yet come that some may still be hanged for that fact; which, in my poor opinion, is entirely destructive of liberty and the freedom of elections. I am your most humble servant, &c.

TO ARCHBISHOP KING.

London, December 31, 1713.

MY LORD,—Your grace's letter, which I received but last post, is of an earlier date than what have since arrived. We have received the addresses for removing the chancellor, and the counter-addresses from the lords and convocation; and you will know, before this reaches you, our sentiments of them here. I am at a loss what to say in this whole affair. When I writ to you before, I dropped a word on purpose for you to take notice of; that our court seemed resolved to be very firm in their resolutions about Ireland. I think it impossible for the two kingdoms to proceed long upon a different scheme of politics. The controversy with the city I am not master of: it took its rise before I ever concerned myself in the affairs of Ireland, further than to be an instrument of doing some services to the kingdom, for which I have been ill requited. But, my lord, the question with us here is, whether there was a necessity that the other party should be a majority? There was put into my hands a list of your house of commons by some who know the kingdom well: I desired they would (as they often do here) set a mark on the names of those who would be for the ministry, who I found amounted to one hundred and forty-three, which I think comes within an equality: twenty names besides they could not determine upon; so that, suppose eight to be of the same side, there would be a majority by one; but, besides, we reckon that the first number, one hundred and forty-three, would easily rise to a great majority by the influence of the government, if that had been thought fit. This is demonstration to us; for the government there has more influence than the court here: and yet our court carried it for many years against a natural majority and a much greater one. I shall not examine the reasons among you for proceeding otherwise; but your grace will find that we are determined upon the conclusion, which is, that Ireland must proceed on the same foot with England. I am of opinion, my lord, that nothing could do more hurt to the Whig party in both kingdoms than their manner of proceeding in your house of commons. It will confirm the crown and ministry that there can be no safety while those people are able to give disturbance; and indeed the effects it has already produced here are

[a] "A bishopric," doubtless.

[b] There was at this time a great difference between the house of lords and commons in Ireland about the lord chancellor Phipps of that kingdom; the latter addressing the queen to remove him from his post, and the former addressing in his favour.

hardly to be believed: neitner do we here think it worth our while to be opposed, and encourage our enemies, only for 70,000*l.* a-year: to supply which it may not be hard to find other expedients; and when there shall be occasion for a parliament, we are confident a new one may be called, with a majority of men in the interest of the queen and church; for, when the present majority pretends to regard either, we look upon such professions to signify no more than if they were penned by my lord Wharton or Mr. Molesworth. I have suffered very much for my tenderness to some persons of that party, which I still preserve; but I believe it will not be long in my power to serve those who may want it. It would be endless to recount to your grace the reproaches that have been made me on account of your neighbour.

It is true, my lord, we do not care to be troubled with the affairs of Ireland; but, there being no war or meeting of parliament, we have leisure at present: besides, we look upon ourselves as touched in the tenderest part. We know the Whig party are preparing to attack us next session, and then prevailing in Ireland would, we think, be a great strength and encouragement to them here: besides our remissness would dishearten our friends, and make them think we acted a trimming game. There are some things which we much wonder at, as they are represented: the address for removing the chancellor is grounded upon two facts, in the former of which he was only concerned with several others. The criminal was poor and penitent; and a *noli prosequi* was no illegal thing. As to Moore's business, the chancellor's speech on that occasion has been transmitted hither, and seems to clear him from the imputation of prejudging. Another thing we wonder at is, to find the commons in their votes approve the sending for the guards, by whom a man was killed. Such a thing would, they say, look monstrous in England.

Your grace seems to think they will not break on money matters; but we are taught another opinion, that they will not pass the great bill until they have satisfaction about the chancellor; and what the consequence of that will be, I suppose you may guess from what you know by this time.

My lord, we can judge no otherwise here than by the representations made to us. I sincerely look upon your grace to be master of as much wisdom and sagacity as any person I have known; and from my particular respect to you and your abilities, shall never presume to censure your proceedings until I am fully apprised of the matter. Your grace is looked upon here as altogether in the other party, which I do not allow when it is said to me. I conceive you to follow the dictates of your reason and conscience: and whoever does that will, in public management, often differ as well from one side as another.

As to myself, I take Ireland to be the worst place to be in while the parliament sits, and probably I may think the same of England in a month or two. I have few obligations (further than personal friendship and civilities) to any party: I have nothing to ask for but a little money to pay my debts, which I doubt they never will give me; and wanting wisdom to judge better, I follow those who I think are most for preserving the church and state, without examining whether they do so from a principle of virtue or of interest.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

FROM LORD-PRIMATE LINDSAY.

January 5, 1714

SIR,—Yours I received the 2nd instant, and immediately got Mr. justice Nutley to write to the bishop of Killaloe [Dr. William Lloyd], at Kells, to know of him whether, if he could get him translated to the bishopric of Raphoe, he would accept of it: and this day we received his answer, that it was not worth his while to carry his family so far northward for so little advantage as that bishopric would bring him; his own being upward of a thousand pounds a-year, and Raphoe not much above eleven hundred. The reason why I got judge Nutley to write was, because I apprehended it might seem irksome to him to be persuaded by myself to accept of what I left: though at the same time I can assure you I have done little more than saved myself whole by that bishopric; and he might, if he pleased, in a little time have received sixteen or seventeen hundred pounds for fines; so that, if this comes time enough to your hands, you will prevent any further motion that way. But if Meath drops, I believe it would be an acceptable post; and the truth is, he has always, in the worst of times, voted honestly and behaved himself as a true son of the church. In the mean time, be assured, the judge knows not that you are concerned in this affair.

There is a gentleman, whom I believe you must have heard of, Dr. Andrew Hamilton,[a] archdeacon of Raphoe, a man of good learning and abilities, and one of great interest in that country, whom I could wish you would move for (since the bishop of Killaloe refuses) to succeed me in Raphoe, as one that is the most likely to do good in that part of the country of any one man I know.

And now be pleased to accept my thanks for the great services you have done me: and as you have contributed much to my advancement, so I must desire you, upon occasion, to give me your further assistance for the service of the church.

The parliament is prorogued to the 18th instant; but the Whigs continuing obstinate and deaf to all persuasions to carry on the queen's business with peace and gentleness, we conclude it must be dissolved.

If this should not come time enough to your hands to prevent the bishop of Killaloe's letter for a translation to Raphoe, I will labour all I can to make him easy.

FROM LORD CHANCELLOR PHIPPS.

Dublin, January 15, 1714.

DEAR SIR,—Many of my letters from London tell me how much I am obliged to you for your friendly solicitation on my son's behalf, which will be always remembered by us both with the same gratitude as if it had succeeded. I had congratulations from the duke of Ormond, my lord Bolingbroke, and others, on account of my son's having the place, for they sent me word it was actually done; and several other persons had letters of it, and our friends were extremely rejoiced at the well timing of it, and it was a great addition to the mortification of the Whigs; and the disappointment will be a cause of great joy to them. But in this, and in all other things, I submit to the judgment of my superiors, who know best what is fit to be done. As to looking out for anything else for my son, there is nothing else here that I know is fit for him; and if anything worth his having falls in England, it will be disposed of before I can have notice of it.

We are told by everybody that the rest of our vacant bishoprics will be filled to our satisfaction; if they are, you must be one of them. But if you are resolved that you will not yet *episcopari* here, give me leave to recommend to you an affair of my lord Abercorn's, which is, that you would consent to the agreement the vicars choral have made him for renewing his lease.[b]

[a] Though recommended by the primate to succeed him in the see of Raphoe, he was not preferred to it; Dr Edward Synge being then advanced to that bishopric

[b] This lease was for the greatest part of York-street, in which lord Abercorn lived; and by the terms of their charter the

I am informed there are some misunderstandings between you. It is very unhappy there should be any difference between two such sure and great friends to the common cause. I do assure you we are very much obliged to my lord Abercorn for his great service in these times of difficulty; he is as good a friend as any in the world, and as bad an enemy; and I am very sure, if you would make him a compliment and oblige him in this matter, you would gain an entire true friend of him for the future, and oblige a great many of your friends here, who have all a great value and esteem for him.

I heartily congratulate you on her majesty's recovery, and the good effect it has had in uniting our friends. That, together with the resolution that is taken to support the church interest, will, without doubt, in a little time render all things easy and quiet in both kingdoms; though as yet our Whigs here are as obstinate and perverse as ever. The commons are resolved they will give no money till I am removed; and the aldermen will not own my lord-mayor, nor proceed to any election, notwithstanding the opinion of all the judges here, and of the attorney-general, and all the queen's counsel, (except sir Joseph Jekyll,) in England.

I wish you many happy new years, and should be very proud to receive your commands here, being, with the utmost sincerity and esteem, your most obedient humble servant, CONSTANTINE PHIPPS.

FROM THE EARL OF ANGLESEY.

Dublin, January 16, 1714

MR. DEAN,—You judged extremely right of me that I should, with great pleasure, receive what you tell me, that my endeavours to serve her majesty in this kingdom are agreeable to my lord-treasurer and the rest of the ministers. I have formerly so freely expressed to you the honour I must always have for his lordship, that I think I cannot explain myself more fully on that subject. But what his lordship has already done for the church and the church interest here, and what we have assurance will soon be done, will give his lordship so entire a command in the affections of all honest men here, (which are not a few,) that I am persuaded he will soon find Ireland an easy part of the administration. For it is my firm opinion that steady and vigorous measures will so strengthen the hands of our friends in both kingdoms, that after the efforts of despair (which never last long) are over, her majesty and her ministers will receive but little trouble from the faction, either on this or on your side of the water.

You are very kind to us in your good offices for Mr. Phipps, because a mark of favour so seasonably, as at this time, conferred on lord-chancellor's son, will have a much greater influence and reach further than his lordship's person. I am preparing for my journey, and I hope I shall be able to lay such a state of this kingdom before my lord-treasurer as may prevent future disappointments when it shall be thought necessary to hold a parliament. If this parliament is not to sit after the present prorogation, I do think, were I with you, I could offer some reasons why the filling the vacant bishoprics should be deferred for a little time. I praise God for his great goodness in restoring her majesty to her health; the blessing of which, if we had no other way of knowing, we might learn from the mortification it has given a certain set of men here.

I shall trouble you with no compliments, because I hope soon to tell you how much I am, dear sir, yours,

ANGLESEY.

vicars choral cannot make leases without the consent of the dean and chapter.

FROM THE EARL OF PETERBOROUGH.

March 5, 1714.

QUERIES FOR DR. SWIFT, NEXT SATURDAY, AT DINNER.

WHETHER any great man or minister has favoured the earl of Peterborough with one single line since he left England;[a] for as yet he has not received one word from any of them, nor his friend of St. Patrick's?

Whether, if they do not write till they know what to write, he shall ever hear from them?

Whether anything can be more unfortunate than to be overcome when strongest, outwitted having more wit, and baffled having most money?

Whether betwixt two stools the bottom goes to the ground (reverend dean) be not a good old proverb, which may give subject for daily meditation and mortification?

I send the lazy scribbler a letter from the extremities of the earth, where I pass my time, admiring the humility and patience of that power heretofore so terrible; and the new scene which we see, to wit, the most christian king waiting with so much resignation and respect to know the emperor's pleasure as to peace or war.

Where I reflect with admiration upon the politics of those who, breaking with the old allies, dare not make use of the new ones; who, pulling down the old rubbish and structure, do not erect a new fabric on solid foundations. But this is not so much to the purpose; for in the world of the moon, provided toasting continue, the church and state can be in no danger.

But, alas! in this unmerry country, where we have time to think, and are under the necessity of thinking, where impiously we make use of reason, without a blind resignation to Providence, the bottle, or chance, what opinion think you we have of the present management in the refined parts of the world, where there are just motives of fear? When neither steadiness nor conduct appears, and when the evil seems to come on apace, can it be believed that extraordinary remedies are not thought of?

Heavens! what is our fate? What might have been our portion, and what do we see in the age we live in? France and England, the kings of Spain and Sicily, perplexed and confounded by a headstrong youth;[b] one who has lost so many kingdoms by pride and folly; and all these powerful nations at a gaze, ignorant of their destiny; not capable of forming a scheme which they can maintain against a prince who has neither ships, money, nor conduct. Some of the ministers assisted and supported with absolute power, others with a parliament at their disposal, and the most inconsiderable of them with the Indies at their tail.

And what do I see in the centre, as it were, of ignorance and bigotry? The first request of a parliament to their king is to employ effectual means against the increase of priests; the idle devourers of the fat of the land. We see churches, shut up by the order of the pope, set open by dragoons, to the general content of the people. To conclude, it fell out that one of our acquaintance[c] found himself, at a great table, the only unexcommunicated person by his holiness; the rest of the company eating and toasting, under anathemas, with the courage of a hardened heretic.

Look upon the prose I send you. See, nevertheless, what a sneaking figure he makes at the foot of the parson. Who could expect this from him? But he thinks, resolves, and executes.

If you can guess from whence this comes, address your letter to him, "à Messieurs *Raffnell* et *Fretti Sacerdotti, Genoa.*"

[a] Indorsed, "lord Peterborough, abroad on embassies."

[b] Charles XII of Sweden

[c] Probably the rev. Mr. George Berkeley, fellow of Dublin college, who went chaplain and secretary to the earl of Peterborough to Sicily, at the recommendation of Dr. Swift.

FROM LORD-TREASURER OXFORD.

[Indorsed, "Lord treasurer Oxford's letter to me in a counterfeit hand, with the bill when the printers were prosecuted by the house of lords for a pamphlet. Letter with bill of 100*l*. Received March 14, 1713-14."]

Wednesday Night.

I HAVE heard that some honest men, who are very innocent, are under trouble touching a printed pamphlet. A friend of mine, an obscure person, but charitable, puts the enclosed bill in your hands, to answer such exigencies as their case may immediately require. And I find he will do more, this being only for the present. If this comes safe to your hands, it is enough.[a]

TO LORD TREASURER OXFORD.[b]

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR LORDSHIP, March 18, 1714.

PURSUANT to her majesty's proclamation of the fifteenth of this instant March, for discovering the author of a false, malicious, and factious libel, entitled, "The Public Spirit of the Whigs;" wherein her majesty is graciously pleased to offer a reward of 300*l*. to be paid by your lordship; which said discovery I can make, but your lordship, or some persons under your lordship, have got such an ill name in paying such rewards: Instance two poor men, viz., John Greenwood and John Bouch, who took and brought to justice six persons, vulgarly Mohocks; which the said two poor men never received but twenty pounds, and the latter thirty; and they had no partners concerned with them, as appears by the attorney-general's reports to your lordship; which, if I should be so served, to cause any persons to be so punished, and be no better rewarded, will be no encouragement for me to do it; for these two poor men being so plain a precedent for me to go by. Your lordship's most humble and most obedient servant, L. M.

HUMOROUS LINES, BY LORD TREASURER OXFORD, SENT TO DR. SWIFT, DR. ARBUTHNOT, MR. POPE, AND MR. GAY.

April 14, 1714. Back stairs, past eight.

GAY.—In a summons so large, which all clergy contains,
I must turn Dismal's[c] convert, or part with my brains,
Should I scruple to quit the back-stairs for your blind ones,
Or refuse your true juncto[d] for one of ——.

The following is their Answer to his Lordship, chiefly written by the Dean.

Let not the Whigs our Tory club rebuke,
Give us our earl,[e] the devil take their duke.[f]
Quædam quæ attinent ad Scriblerum,
Want your assistance now to clear 'em.
One day it will be no disgrace,
In Scribler to have had a place;
Come then, my lord, and take your part in
The important history of Martin.

THE DEAN.—A pox on all senders
For any pretenders,
Who tell us these troublesome stories
In their dull humdrum key,
Of *Arma virumque,*
Hanoniæ[a] *qui primus ab oris.*
A pox, too, on Hanmer,
Who prates like his gran-mere,
And all his old friends would rebuke:
In spite of the carle,
Give us but our earl,
The devil may take their duke.
Then come and take part in
The memoirs of Martin;
Lay down your white staff and gray habit:
For trust us, friend Mortimer,
Should you live years forty more,
Hæc olim meminisse juvabit.

MORE LINES OF HUMOUR, BY THE LORD-TREASURER.

April 14, 1714.

I HONOUR the men, sir,
Who are ready to answer,
When I ask them to stand by the queen:
In spite of orators,
And blood-thirsty praters,
Whose hatred I highly esteem.
Let our faith's defender
Keep out every pretender,
And long enjoy her own;
Thus you four, five,
May merrily live
Till faction is dead as a stone.

FROM THE DUCHESS OF ORMOND.

April 24, 1714.

BROTHER,[b]—I should sooner have thanked you for your letter, but that I hoped to have seen you here by this time. You cannot imagine how much I am grieved, when I find some people I wish well to run counter to their own interest, and give their enemies such advantages, by being so hard upon their friends as to conclude, if they are not without fault, they are not to be supported, or scarce conversed with. Fortune is a very pretty gentlewoman; but how soon she may be changed nobody can tell. Fretting her, with the seeing all she does for people only makes them despise her, may make her so sick as to alter her complexion; but I hope our friends will find her constant, in spite of all they do to shock her: and remember the story of the arrows,[c] that were very easily broke singly; but, when tied up close together, no strength of man could hurt them. But that you may never feel any ill consequences from whatever may happen, are the sincere wishes of, brother, yours, with all sisterly affection, M. ORMOND.

TO THE EARL OF PETERBOROUGH.

London, May 18, 1714.

MY LORD,—I had done myself the honour of writing to your excellency about a month before yours of March the 5th came to my hands. The Saturday's dinners have not been resumed since the queen's return from Windsor; and I am not sorry, since it became so mingled an assembly, and of so little use either to … that I … ud your queries to our two great friends. The treasurer stuck at them all; but the secretary acquitted himself of the first, by assuring me he had often written to your excellency.

[a] This letter was sent to Dr. Swift, when the printer Morphew was prosecuted by the house of lords for "The Public Spirit of the Whigs," a pamphlet written in answer to a tract … Richard Steele's, called "The Crisis," and published on the 2nd of March, 1713-14. All the Scots lords then in London … nt to the queen and complained of the affront put on the … and their nation by the author; upon which a proclamation was published by her majesty offering a reward of 300*l*. to discover him.

[b] Indorsed, "A letter to lord treasurer, offering to discover the author of the pamphlet called 'The Public Spirit of the Whigs.'"

[c] Dismal was lord Nottingham.

[d] Dr. Swift, Dr. Arbuthnot, Mr. Pope, and Mr. Gay, were writing the "History of Martinus Scriblerus."

[e] Of Oxford.

[f] Of Marlborough.

[a] The duchy of Hainault.

[b] The duke of Ormond was one of the sixteen brothers; the duchess, therefore, calls Swift brother in her lord's right.

[c] In this letter the duchess alludes to the division then subsisting among the ministers at court

I was told the other day of an answer you made to somebody abroad who inquired of you the state and dispositions of our court: "That you could not tell, for you had been out of England a fortnight." In your letter you mention the world of the moon, and apply it to England; but the moon changes but once in four weeks. By both these instances it appears you have a better opinion of our steadiness than we deserve: for I do not remember, since you left us, that we have continued above four days in the same view, or four minutes with any manner of concert. I assure you, my lord, for the concern I have for the common cause, with relation to affairs both at home and abroad, and from the personal love I bear to our friends in power, I never led a life so thoroughly uneasy as I do at present. Our situation is so bad, that our enemies could not, without abundance of invention and ability, have placed us so ill, if we had left it entirely to their management. For my own part, my head turns round; and, after every conversation, I come away just one degree worse informed than I went. I am glad, for the honour of our nation, to find by your excellency's letter that some other courts have a share of frenzy, though not equal nor of the same nature with ours. The height of honest men's wishes at present is, to rub off this session: after which nobody has the impudence to expect that we shall not immediately fall to pieces: nor is anything I write the least secret, even to a Whig footman.

The queen is pretty well at present; but the least disorder she has puts all in alarm; and when it is over we act as if she were immortal. Neither is it possible to persuade people to make any preparations against an evil day. There is a negotiation now in hand, which I hope will not be abortive: the States-General are willing to declare themselves fully satisfied with the peace and the queen's measures, &c., and that is too popular a matter to slight. It is impossible to tell you whether the prince of Hanover intends to come over or not. I should think the latter, by the accounts I have seen; yet our adversaries continue strenuously to assert otherwise, and very industriously give out that the lord-treasurer is at the bottom: which has given some jealousies, not only to his best friends, but to some I shall not name; yet I am confident they do him wrong. This formidable journey is the perpetual subject both of court and coffeehouse chat.

Our mysterious and unconcerted ways of proceeding have, as is natural, taught everybody to be refiners, and to reason themselves into a thousand various conjectures. Even I, who converse most with people in power, am not free from this evil: and, particularly, I thought myself twenty times in the right by drawing conclusions very regularly from premises which have proved wholly wrong. I think this, however, to be a plain proof that we act altogether by chance, and that the game, such as it is, plays itself.

By the present enclosed in your excellency's letter, I find the Sicilians to be bad delineators, and worse poets. As sneakingly as the prince looks at the bishop's foot, I could have made him look ten times worse, and have done more right to the piece, by placing your excellency there, representing your mistress the queen, and delivering the crown to the bishop with orders where to place it. I should like your new king very well if he would make Sicily his constant residence, and use Savoy only as a *commendam*. Old books have given me great ideas of that island. I imagine every acre there worth three in England; and that a wise prince, in such a situation, would, after some years, be able to make what figure he pleased in the Mediterranean.

The duke of Shrewsbury, not liking the weather on our side the water, continues in Ireland, although he formally took his leave there six weeks ago. Tom Harley is every hour expected here, and writes me word, "he has succeeded at Hanover to his wishes." Lord Stafford writes the same, and gives himself no little merit upon it.

Barber the printer was, some time ago, in great distress, upon printing a pamphlet, of which evil tongues would needs call me the author:[a] he was brought before your house, which addressed the queen in a body, who kindly published a proclamation with three hundred pounds to discover. The fault was, calling the Scots "a fierce, poor northern people." So well protected are those who scribble for the government! Upon which, I now put one query to your excellency, What has a man without employment to do among ministers, when he can neither serve himself, his friends, nor the public?

In my former letter, which I suppose was sent to Paris to meet you there, I gave you joy of the government of Minorca. One advantage you have of being abroad, that you keep your friends; and I can name almost a dozen great men who thoroughly hate one another, yet all love your lordship. If you have a mind to preserve their friendship, keep at a distance; or come over, and show your power, by reconciling at least two of them; and remember, at the same time, that this last is an impossibility. If your excellency were here, I would speak to you without any constraint; but the fear of accidents in the conveyance of the letter makes me keep to generals. I am sure you would have prevented a great deal of ill if you had continued among us; but people of my level must be content to have their opinion asked, and to see it not followed; although I have always given it with the utmost freedom and impartiality. I have troubled you too much; and as a long letter from you is the most agreeable thing one can receive, so the most agreeable return would be a short one. I am ever, with the greatest respect and truth, my lord, your excellency's most obedient and most humble servant,

JONATHAN SWIFT.

FROM CHIVERTON CHARLTON, ESQ.,

CAPTAIN OF THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD.

May 22, 1714.

SIR,—Hearing from honest John[b] that you still persist in your resolution of retiring into the country, I cannot but give you my thoughts of it, at the same time that I am sensible how intruding it may appear in me to trouble you with what I think: but you have an unlucky quality, which exposes you to the forwardness of those who love you: I mean good-nature. From which, though I did not always suspect you guilty of it, I now promise myself an easy pardon. So that, without being in much pain as to the censure you may pass upon my assurance, I shall go on gravely to tell you I am entirely against your design.

I confess a just indignation at several things, and particularly at the return your services have met with, may give you a disgust to the court; and that retirement may afford a pleasing prospect to you, who have lived so long in the hurry, and have borne so great a share of the load, of business; and the more so at this juncture, when the distraction among your friends is enough to make any one sick of a courtier's life. But on these very accounts you should choose to stay, and convince the world that you are as much above private resentment, where the public is concerned, as you are incapable of being tired out in the service of your country; and that you are neither afraid nor unwilling to face a storm in a good cause.

[a] "The Public Spirit of the Whigs."

[b] John Barber, then the dean's printer; in 1722 an alderman, and in 1733 lord-mayor of London.

It is true you have less reason than any one I know to regard what the world says of you; for I know none to whom the world has been more unjust. Yet, since the most generous revenge is to make the ungrateful appear yet more ungrateful, you should still persecute the public with fresh obligations; and the rather, because some there are of a temper to acknowledge benefits, and it is to be hoped the rest may not always continue stupid. At least (suppose the worst), the attempt to do good carries along with it a secret satisfaction, with which if you are not sensibly affected, I am at a loss how to account for many of your actions. I remember very well what you have sometimes said upon this subject; as if you were now grown useless, &c. To which I have this to answer, that, though your efforts are in vain to-day, some unforeseen incident may make them otherwise to-morrow; and that, should you by your absence lose any happy opportunity, you will be the first to reproach yourself with running away, and be the last man in the world to pardon it. If I denied self-interest to be at the bottom of all I have said, I know you would think I lied villanously, and perhaps not think amiss neither; for I still flatter myself with the continuance of that favour you have on many occasions been pleased to show me; and am vain enough to fancy I should be a considerable loser if you were where I could have an opportunity of clubbing my shilling with you now and then at *good eating*. But as much as I am concerned on this account, I am not so selfish to say what I have done if it were not my real opinion; which whether you regard or not, I could not deny myself the satisfaction of speaking it, and of assuring you that I am, with the utmost sincerity and respect, sir, your most obliged and most faithful humble servant,

CH. CHARLTON.

My lady duchess [Ormond], I can answer for her, is very much your servant, though I have not her commands to say so. She is gone to see the duke of Beaufort, who is so ill it is feared he cannot recover.' She went this morning so early, I have had no particular account how he is: but am told, he does nothing but doze. The messenger came to her at three in the morning, and she went away immediately afterward.

Lady Betty desires me to thank you for your letter, and would be glad, since the provost is graciously pleased to stay her majesty's time, to know where it is he designs to stay.

Honest Townshend and I have the satisfaction to drink your health as often as we do drink together. Whether you approve of your being toasted with the bishop of London and such people, I cannot tell; but at present we have disposed you in the first list of rank Tories.

A servant is just now come from the duchess of Ormond, and gives such an account of the duke of Beaufort that it is thought he cannot possibly

FROM MR. GAY.[a]

London, June 8, 1714.

SIR,—Since you went out of the town my lord Clarendon was appointed envoy extraordinary to Hanover in the room of lord Paget; and by making use of those friends, which I entirely owe to you, he has accepted me for his secretary. This day, by appointment, I met his lordship at Mr. Secretary Bromley's office;[b] he then ordered me to be ready by Saturday. I am quite off from the duchess of Monmouth.[c] Mr. Lewis was very ready to serve me upon this occasion, as were Dr. Arbuthnot and Mr. Ford. I am every day attending my lord-treasurer for his bounty, in order to set me out: which he has promised me upon the following petition, which I sent him by Dr. Arbuthnot:

The epigrammatical Petition of John Gay.

I'm no more to converse with the swains,
But go where fine people resort:
One can live without money on plains,
But never without it at court.

If, when with the swains I did gambol,
I array'd me in silver and blue:
When abroad, and in courts, I shall ramble,
Pray, my lord, how much money will do?

We had the honour of the treasurer's company last Saturday, when we sat upon Scriblerus.[a] Pope is in town, and has brought with him the first book of Homer.

I am this evening to be at Mr. Lewis's with the provost,[b] Mr. Ford, Parnell, and Pope. It is thought my lord Clarendon will make but a short stay at Hanover. If it was possible that any recommendation could be procured to make me more distinguished than ordinary during my stay at that court, I should think myself very happy, if you could contrive any method to prosecute it; for I am told, that their civilities very rarely descend so low as to the secretary. I have all the reason in the world to acknowledge this as wholly owing to you. And the many favours I have received from you, purely out of your love for doing good, assures me you will not forget me in my absence. As for myself, whether I am at home or abroad, gratitude will always put me in mind of the man to whom I owe so many benefits. I am your most obliged humble servant,

JOHN GAY.

TO MISS VANHOMRIGH.

Upper Letcombe near Wantage, Berks, June 8, 1714.

I HAVE not much news to tell you from hence, nor have I had one line from anybody since I left London, of which I am very glad: but to say the truth, I believe I shall not stay here so long as I intended; I am at a clergyman's house, whom I love very well; but he is such a melancholy, thoughtful man, partly from nature and partly by a solitary life, that I shall soon catch the spleen from him. Out of ease and complaisance, I desire him not to alter any of his methods for me, so we dine exactly between twelve and one. At eight we have some bread and butter and a glass of ale; and at ten he goes to bed. Wine is a stranger, except a little I sent him; of which, one evening in two, we have a pint between us. His wife has been this month twenty miles off, at her father's, and will not return these ten days. I never saw her; and perhaps the house will be worse when she comes. I read all day, or walk: and do not speak as many words as I have now writ in three days; so that, in short, I have a mind to steal to Ireland, unless I find myself take more to this way of living, so different, in every circumstance, from what I left. This is the first syllable I have writ to anybody since you saw me. I shall be glad to hear from you, not as you are a Londoner, but as a friend; for I care not threepence for news, nor have heard one syllable since I came here. The pretender or duke of Cambridge may both be landed, and I never the wiser: but if this place were ten times worse, nothing shall make me return to town while things are in the situation I left them. I give a guinea a-week for my board, and can eat anything.

[a] Indorsed "The dean sent Gay abroad."
[b] Bromley was joint secretary with Bolingbroke.
[c] Mr. Gay had been secretary to the duchess of Monmouth.

[a] Memoirs of Martinus Scriblerus.
[b] Of Dublin college, Dr. Benjamin Pratt.

FROM MR BARBER.

London, June 8, 1714.

DEAR SIR,—I have enclosed all the letters that have come to my hands. I saw my lord-treasurer to-day, who asked me where you were gone? I told his lordship you were in Berkshire.[a] He answered, "It is very well; I suppose I shall soon hear from him." My lord Bolingbroke was very merry with me upon your journey, and hoped the world would be the better for your retirement, and that I should soon be the midwife. The schism bill was read the second time yesterday, and committed for to-morrow, without a division. Everybody is in the greatest consternation at your retirement, and wonders at the cause. I tell them it is for your health's sake. Mr. Gay is made secretary to my lord Clarendon, and is well pleased with his promotion. The queen is so well, that the Sicilian ambassador has his audience to night. She can walk, thank God, and is well recovered. ******** consent, I will appoint the happy day; as does, sir, your most obedient humble servant, TYRANT.

I forgot to tell you that I saw Mr. Harley, who told me he would instantly send for the horse from Herefordshire, but that, being at grass, he had ordered his man not to ride hard; but that you should have him with all convenient speed.

FROM DR ARBUTHNOT.[b]

St James's, June 12, 1714

DEAR BROTHER,[c]—I am glad your proud stomach is come down, and that you submit to write to your friends. I was of opinion that, if they managed you right, they might bring you to be even fond of an article in the Post-Boy, or Flying Post." As for the present state of our court affairs, I thank God I am almost as ignorant as you are, to my great ease and comfort. I have never inquired about anything since my lady Masham told the dragon[d] that she would carry no more messages, nor meddle nor make, &c. I do not know whether things were quite so bad when you went. The dragon manages this bill[e] pretty well; for you know that it is his *forte*, and I believe, at the rate they go on, they will do mischief to themselves, and good to nobody else.

You know that Gay goes to Hanover, and my lord-treasurer has promised to equip him. Monday is the day of departure; and he is now dancing attendance for money to buy him shoes, stockings, and linen. The duchess has turned him off, which I am afraid will make the poor man's condition worse, instead of better.

The dragon was with us on Saturday night last, after having sent us really a most excellent copy of verses. I really believe, when he lays down, he will prove a very good poet. I remember the first part of his verses was complaining of ill usage; and at last he concludes,

> "He that cares not to rule will be sure to obey,
> When summon'd by Arbuthnot, Pope, Parnell, and Gay."

Parnell has been thinking of going chaplain to my lord Clarendon, but they will not say whether he should or not. I am to meet our club at the Pall-mall coffeehouse about one to-day, where we cannot fail to remember you. The queen is in good health; much in the same circumstances with the gentleman I mentioned, in attendance upon her ministers for something she cannot obtain. My lord and my lady Masham and lady Fair remember you kindly; and none with more sincere respect than your affectionate brother and humble servant, JOSEPH ARBUTHNOT.

FROM MR. POPE.

June 18, 1714.

WHATEVER apologies it might become me to make at any other time for writing to you, I shall use none now to a man who has owned himself as splenetic as a cat in the country. In that circumstance I know by experience a letter is a very useful as well as amusing thing. if you are too busied in state affairs to read it, yet you may find entertainment in folding it into divers figures, either doubling it into a pyramidical, or twisting it into a serpentine form, to light a pipe, or, if your disposition should not be so mathematical, in taking it with you to that place where men of studious minds are apt to sit longer than ordinary; where, after an abrupt division of the paper, it may not be unpleasant to try to fit and rejoin the broken lines together. All these amusements I am no stranger to in the country, and doubt not (by this time) you begin to relish them in your present contemplative situation.

I remember a man who was thought to have some knowledge in the world used to affirm that no people in town ever complained they were forgotten by their friends in the country: but my increasing experience convinces me he was mistaken, for I find a great many here grievously complaining of you upon this score. I am told farther that you treat the few you correspond with in a very arrogant style, and tell them you admire at their insolence in disturbing your meditations, or even inquiring of your retreat: but this I will not positively assert, because I never received any such insulting epistle from you. My lord Oxford says you have not written to him once since you went; but this perhaps may be only policy in him or you: and I, who am half a Whig, must not entirely credit anything he affirms. At Button's it is reported you are gone to Hanover, and that Gay goes only on an embassy to you. Others apprehend some dangerous state treatise from your retirement; and a wit, who affects to imitate Balzac, says that the ministry now are like those heathens of old who received their oracles from the woods. The gentlemen of the Roman Catholic persuasion are not unwilling to credit me when I whisper that you are gone to meet some Jesuits commissioned from the court of Rome, in order to settle the most convenient methods to be taken for the coming of the pretender. Dr. Arbuthnot is singular in his opinion, and imagines your only design is to attend at full leisure to the "Life and Adventures of Scriblerus." This, indeed, must be granted of greater importance than all the rest; and I wish I could promise so well of you. The top of my own ambition is to contribute to that great work, and I shall translate Homer by the by. Mr. Gay has acquainted you what progress I have made in it. I cannot name Mr. Gay without all the acknowledgments which I shall ever owe you on his account. If I writ this in verse, I would tell you you are like the sun, and, while men imagine you to be retired or absent, are hourly exerting your indulgence, and bringing things to maturity for their advantage. Of all the world you are the man (without flattery) who serve your friends with the least ostentation: it is almost ingratitude to thank you, considering your temper, and this is the period of all my letter which I fear you will think the most impertinent. I am, with the truest affection, yours, &c.

[a] Swift having in vain endeavoured to bring about a reconciliation between the lords Oxford and Bolingbroke, retired about this time to the house of his friend the Rev Mr. Gery, at Letcombe, Berks; where he wrote "Free Thoughts on the Present State of Affairs."

[b] At that time the queen's domestic physician.

[c] One of the sixteen.

[d] Lord-Treasurer Oxford.

[e] "To prevent the growth of schism, and for the further security of the Church of England as by law established."

FROM THOMAS HARLEY, ESQ.[a]

June 19, 1714.

SIR,—Your letter gave me a great deal of pleasure. I do not mean only the satisfaction one must always find in hearing from so good a friend, who has distinguished himself in the world, and formed a new character, which nobody is vain enough to pretend to imitate.[b] But you must know, the moment after you disappeared I found it was to no purpose to be unconcerned, and to slight (as I really have done) all the silly stories and schemes I meet with every day; the effects of self-conceit, and a frightened, hasty desire of gain. They asked me, "Has not the dean left the town? Is not Dr. Swift gone into the country?"—Yes; and I would have gone into the country too if I had not learned one cannot be hurt till one turns one's back; for which reason I will go no more on their errands. But, seriously, you never heard such bellowing about the town of the state of the nation, especially among the sharpers, sellers of bear-skins [stock-jobbers], and the rest of that kind; nor such crying and squalling among the ladies; insomuch that it has at last reached the house of commons; which I am sorry for, because it is hot and uneasy sitting there in this season of the year. But I was told to-day that in some countries people are forced to watch day and night to keep wild beasts out of their corn. Do you not pity me for yielding to such grave sayings, to be stifled every day in the house of commons?

When I was out of England I used to receive five or six letters each post, with this passage: "As for what passes here, you will be informed by others much better: therefore I shall not trouble you with anything of that sort." You will give me leave to use it now, as my excuse to you for not writing news. I hope honest Gay will be better supplied by some friend or other. Before I received your direction I had ordered my servant, who comes next Monday out of Herefordshire, to leave your horse at the Crown in Faringdon, where you can easily send for him. I hear he was so fat they could not travel him till he was taken down; and I ordered he should go short journeys: he is of a good breed, and therefore I hope will prove well; if not, use him like a bastard, and I will choose another for you. I am, sir, your most faithful humble servant,

THOMAS HARLEY.

FROM MR. THOMAS, SECRETARY TO THE LORD-TREASURER.

June 22, 1714.

REVEREND SIR,—It was with some difficulty that I prevailed with myself to forbear acknowledging your very kind letter. I can only tell you it shall be the business of my life to endeavour to deserve the opinion you express of me, and thereby to recommend myself to the continuance of your friendship.

My lord-treasurer does, upon all occasions, do justice to your merit; and he has expressed to all his friends the great esteem he has for so hearty and honest a friend, and particularly on occasion of the letter you mention to have lately writ to him. And all his friends can inform you with what pleasure he communicated it to them.

And now for business; I am to acquaint you that last Thursday I received the 50*l.* (which now waits your orders) and dated your receipt accordingly, which I delivered to Mr. Wetham, who paid me the money.

I do not pretend to tell you how matters go. Our friend says very bad. I am sanguine enough to hope not worse. I am, with all possible esteem, ever yours,

WILLIAM THOMAS.

[a] This ge

[b] A judicious and well-merited compliment

FROM DR. ARBUTHNOT.

Kensington, June 26, 1714.

DEAR BROTHER,—I had almost resolved not to write to you, for fear of disturbing so happy a state as you describe. On the other hand, a little of the devil, that cannot endure anybody should enjoy a paradise, almost provoked me to give you a long and melancholy state of our affairs. For you must know that it is just my own case. I have with great industry endeavoured to live in ignorance, but at the same time would enjoy Kensington-garden: and then some busy discontented body or another comes just cross me and begins a dismal story; and before I go to supper I am as full of grievances as the most knowing of them.

I will plague you a little by telling you the dragon dies hard. He is now kicking and cuffing about him like the devil: and you know parliamentary management is the *forte*, but no hopes of any settlement between the two champions. The dragon said last night to my lady Masham and me that it is with great industry he keeps his friends, who are very numerous, from pulling all to pieces. Gay had a hundred pounds in due time, and went away a happy man. I have solicited both lord-treasurer and lord Bolingbroke strongly for the Parnellian, and gave them a memorial the other day. Lord-treasurer speaks mighty affectionately of him, which you know is an ill sign in ecclesiastical preferments. Witness some that you and I know, when the contrary was the best sign in the world. Pray remember Martin ["Martinus Scriblerus"], who is an innocent fellow and will not disturb your solitude. The ridicule of medicine is so copious a subject, that I must only here and there touch it. I have made him study physic from the apothecaries' bills, where there is a good plentiful field for a satire upon the present practice. One of his projects was, by a stamp upon blistering plasters, and melilot by the yard, to raise money for the government, and to give it to Radcliffe and others to farm. But there was likely to be a petition from the inhabitants of London and Westminster, who had no mind to be flayed. There was a problem about the doses of purging medicines, published four years ago, showing that they ought to be in proportion to the bulk of the patient. From thence Martin endeavours to determine the question about the weight of the ancient men by the doses of physic that were given them. One of his best inventions was a map of diseases for three cavities of the body, and one for the external parts; just like the four quarters of the world. Then the great diseases are like capital cities, with their symptoms all like streets and suburbs, with the roads that lead to other diseases. It is thicker set with towns than any Flanders map you ever saw. Radcliffe is painted at the corner of the map, contending for the universal empire of this world, and the rest of the physicians opposing his ambitious designs, with a project of a treaty of partition to settle peace.

There is an excellent subject of ridicule from some of the German physicians, who set up a sensitive soul as a sort of a first minister to the rational. Helmont calls him Archæus. Dolæus calls him Microcosmetor. He has under him several other genii, that reside in the particular parts of the body, particularly prince Cardimelech in the heart; Gasteronax in the stomach; and the Plastic Prince in the organs of generation. I believe I could make you laugh at the explication of distempers from the wars and alliances of those princes, and how the first minister gets the better of his mistress *anima rationalis*.

The best is, that it is making reprisals upon the politicians, who are sure to allegorize all the animal economy into state affairs. Pope has been collecting high flights of poetry, which are very good; they are to be solemn nonsense.

I thought upon the following the other day, as I was going into my coach, the dust being troublesome:

The dust in smaller particles arose
Than those which fluid bodies do compose:
Contraries in extremes do often meet,
'Twas now so dry, that you might call it wet.

I do not give you these hints to divert you, but that you may have your thoughts, and work upon them.

I know you love me heartily, and yet I will not own that you love me better than I love you. My lord and lady Masham love you too, and read your letter to me with pleasure. My lady says she will write to you, whether you write to her or not.—Dear friend, adieu.

TO THE LORD-TREASURER OXFORD.

July 1, 1714.

MY LORD,—When I was with you I have said more than once that I would never allow quality or station made any real difference between men. Being now absent and forgotten,[a] I have changed my mind: you have a thousand people who can pretend they love you with as much appearance of sincerity as I; so that, according to common justice, I can have but a thousandth part in return of what I give. And this difference is wholly owing to your station. And the misfortune is still the greater, because I always loved you just so much the worse for your station; for in your public capacity you have often angered me to the heart, but, as a private man, never once. So that, if I only look toward myself, I could wish you a private man to-morrow; for I have nothing to ask; at least nothing that you will give, which is the same thing: and then you would see whether I should not with much more willingness attend you in a retirement, whenever you please to give me leave, than ever I did at London or Windsor. From these sentiments I will never write to you if I can help it otherwise than as to a private person, or allow myself to have been obliged to you in any other capacity.

The memory of one great instance of your candour and justice I will carry to my grave; that, having been in a manner domestic with you for almost four years, it was never in the power of any public or concealed enemy to make you think ill of me, though malice and envy were often employed to that end. If I live, posterity shall know that and more; which, though you and somebody that shall be nameless, seem to value less than I could wish, is all the return I can make you. Will you give me leave to say how I would desire to stand in your memory? As one who was truly sensible of the honour you did him, though he was too proud to be vain upon it; as one who was neither assuming, officious, nor teasing; who never wilfully misrepresented persons or facts to you, nor consulted his passions when he gave a character; and lastly, as one whose indiscretions proceeded altogether from a weak head, and not an ill heart. I will add one thing more, which is the highest compliment I can make, that I never was afraid of offending you, nor am now in any pain for the manner I write to you in. I have said enough; and, like one at your levee, having made my bow, I shrink back into the crowd. I am, &c.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

FROM MR. BARBER.

London, July 6, 1714.

HONOURED SIR,—I had yours of the 3rd instant, and am heartily glad of your being in health, which I hope will continue. Pray draw what bills you please; I will pay them on demand.

I will take care of Mrs. Rolt's affair. I wish you would write to her. I had a visit from Mrs. Brackley to-day; she gives her humble service, and desired my assistance with general Hill. I told her it was best to stay till there was a *master;*[a] and I did not doubt but something would be done.

I fortunately met lord Bolingbroke yesterday, the minute I had your letter. I attacked him for some wine, and he immediately ordered you two dozen of red French wine and one dozen of strong Aaziana white wine. The hamper will be sent to-morrow by Robert Stone, the Wantage carrier, and will be there on Friday. I am afraid it will cost you 5*s.* to George, my lord's butler; but I would do nothing without order. My lord bid me tell you this morning that he will write to you, and let you know that, as great a philosopher as you are, you have had the pip; that the public affairs are carried on with the same zeal and quick despatch as when you were here; nay, that they are improved in several particulars; that the same good understanding continues; that he hopes the world will be the better for your retirement; that your *inimitable* pen was never more wanted than now; and more, which I cannot remember. I believe he expects you should write to him. He spoke many affectionate and handsome things in your favour. I told him your story of the spaniel, which made him laugh heartily.

FROM MR. BARBER TO MR. FORD.[b]

Lambeth-hill, July 6, 1714.

SIR,—I thankfully acknowledge the receipt of a packet[c] sent last Sunday. I have shown it only to one person,[d] who is charmed with it, and will make some alterations and additions to it, with your leave. You will the easier give leave when I tell you that it is one of the best pens in England. Pray favour me with a line. I am, sir, your most obedient servant, JOHN BARBER.

FROM MR. THOMAS.

July 6, 1714.

REVEREND SIR,—I should not have presumed to break in upon your retirement, nor so much as inquire for your address, had not the enclosed given me a fair occasion to ask after your health. I need not add anything to what the papers will inform you touching that affair. The person mentioned in the baron's letter has not yet called upon me. When you have indorsed the letter of attorney, please to return that and the baron's letter, that I may punctually follow his directions. I dare not mention anything of politics to one that has purposely withdrawn himself from the din of it. I shall only tell you that your friends applaud your conduct with relation to your own ease; but they think it hard you should abdicate at a juncture your friendship seems to be of most use to them. I am sure some of them want your advice as well as assistance. You will forgive this digression from business, when I tell you I shall not repeat this trouble, not having so much as kept a copy of your direction. You may direct your commands to me, under cover, to our common friends. I hope you believe me too sensible of obligations to need formal assurances of the sincere respect wherewith I am, reverend sir, your most obedient and most humble servant, WILLIAM THOMAS.

FROM ERASMUS LEWIS, ESQ.[e]

Whitehall, July 6, 1714.

SIR,—You give me such good reasons for your desire of knowing what becomes of our grand affair, that, to

[a] The dean was now retired to Letcombe.

[a] *i. e.* A new premier: Oxford's dimission was daily expected.

[b] This letter was disguisedly directed "To Samuel Bridges, esq., at St. Dunstan's Coffeehouse, Fleet street;" and is thus indorsed by the dean: "John Barber's letter about the pamphlet."

[c] "Free Thoughts on the present State of Affairs."

[d] This was lord Bolingbroke.

[e] Indorsed, "Lord treasurer Oxford begins to decline at court."

oblige you, and perhaps to give myself vent, I will tell you what I think on it. The two ladies[a] seem to have determined the fall of the dragon [lord-treasurer Oxford], and to entertain a chimerical notion that there shall be no *monsieur le premier*, but that all power shall reside in one, and profit in the other. The man of Mercury [lord Bolingbroke] soothes them in this notion with great dexterity and reason, for he will be *monsieur le premier* then of course, by virtue of the little seal. His character is too bad to carry the great ensigns; therefore he takes another method, and I think it very artful, viz. to continue his present station, to which the power may altogether be as properly attached as to the wand. In this brangle I am no otherwise concerned than that I must lose part of the pleasure I had in the conversation of my friends. And that I am really apprehensive the two ladies may suffer by the undertaking; for the man of Mercury's bottom is too narrow, his faults of the first magnitude; and we cannot find that there is any scheme in the world how to proceed. Mercurialis [lord Bolingbroke] complains that the dragon has used him barbarously; that he is in with the democraticals and never conferred a single obligation upon him since he had the wand. *Le temps nous éclaircira.*

I propose to move on the 2nd of August to Bath, and to stay there, or go from thence, according as our chaos settles here. I believe I shall not go to Abercothy, otherwise I would attend you. Shall not we meet at Bath? Before I began this paragraph I should have added something to the former, which is, that the dragon is accused of having betrayed his friends yesterday upon the matter of the three explanatory articles of the Spanish treaty of commerce, which he allowed not to be beneficial, and that the queen might better press for their being changed if it was the sense of the house they ought to be so. The address then passed without a negative.

I thank you for the account you give me of the farm in Buckinghamshire. I could like the thing and the price too very well; but when it comes to a point, I own my weakness to you. I can't work myself up to a resolution while I have any hope of the 200*l*. a-year I told you of in my own parish; it lies now at sale; if I miss, I would catch greedily at the other.

When I am at the Bath I will set down the hints you desire.

FROM CHARLES FORD, ESQ.

London, July 6, 1714.[b]

If Barber be not a very great blockhead, I shall soon send you a letter in print in answer to your last: I hope it may be next post, for he had it on Sunday. I took care to blot the *ee's* out of *onely*, and the *a's* out of *schaeme*, which I suppose is the meaning of your question whether I corrected it? I do not know any other alteration it wanted; and I made none except in one paragraph, that I changed the present to the past tense four times, and I am not sure I did right in it neither. There is so great a tenderness and regard shown all along to the ——,[c] that I could have wished this expression had been out [" the uncertain, timorous nature of the ——"[c]]. But there was no striking it out without quite spoiling the beauty of the passage: and, as if I had been the author myself, I preferred beauty to discretion. I really think it is at least equal to anything you have writ; and I dare say it will do great service as matters stand at present.

The colonel [lord Oxford] and his friends give the game for lost on their side; and I believe by next week we shall see lord Bolingbroke at the head of affairs. The bishop of Rochester is to be lord privy seal. They talk of several other alterations, as that my lord Trevor is to be president of the council; lord Abingdon, chamberlain; lord Anglesey, lord-lieutenant of Ireland; that Mr. Bromley[a] is to go out, and a great many more in lesser employments. I fancy these reports are spread to draw in as many as they can to oppose the new scheme. I can hardly think anybody will be turned out of the cabinet except the treasurer and the privy-seal [lord Dartmouth]. Perhaps my lord Poulett [lord-steward] may lay down. Certainly the secretary may continue in if he pleases, and I do not hear that he is disposed to resign, or that he is so attached to any minister as to enter into their resentments. What has John of Bucks[b] done? and yet the report is very strong that he is to be succeeded by my lord Trevor.[c] The duke of Shrewsbury was one out of eight or nine lords that stood by my lord Bolingbroke yesterday in the debate about the Spanish treaty, and spoke with a good deal of spirit. Is it likely he is to be turned out of all? The lords have made a representation to the queen, in which they desire her to surmount the insurmountable difficulties the Spanish trade lies under by the last treaty. It is thought there was a majority in the house to have prevented such a reflection upon the treaty if they had come to a division. The clamour of the merchants, Whig and Tory, has been too great to have passed a vote in vindication of it as it stands ratified. But my lord Anglesey and his squadron seemed willing to oppose any censure of it; and yet this representation was suffered to pass, nobody knows how. To-day they are to take into consideration the queen's answer to their address, desiring to know who advised her to ratify the explanation of the three articles. She sent them word she thought there was little difference between that and what was signed at Utrecht. When they rise I will tell you what they have done. The last money-bill was sent up yesterday; so that in all probability the parliament will be up in two or three days, and then we shall be entertained with court affairs. I hope you got mine last post, and one a fortnight ago. Will the change of the ministry affect Elwood? He is in pain about it. I am told the people of Ireland are making a strong opposition against the present provost.

The consideration of the queen's answer is deferred till to-morrow. I am now with lord Guildford and three other commissioners of trade, who were examined to-day at the house of lords. They are prodigiously pleased with what has been done. But I do not understand it well enough to give you an account of it. For the rapture they are in hinders them from explaining themselves clearly. I can only gather from their manner of discourse that they are come off without censure.

FROM CHARLES FORD, ESQ.

London, Friday, July 10, 1714.

Sir,—What answer shall I send? I am against any alteration; but additions, I think, ought by no means to be allowed. I wish I had called sooner at St. Dunstan's; but I did not expect it would have come out till Thursday, and therefore did not go there till yesterday. Pray let me know what you would have done. Barber was a blockhead to show it at all; but who can help that? Write an answer either for yourself or me; but I beg of you to make no condescensions.

Yesterday put an end to the session and to your pain. We gained a glorious victory at the house of

[a] Lady Masham and duchess of Somerset.

[b] This letter is indorsed, "Affairs go worse."

[c] These blanks are thus in the original. Query, should the word be *queen*?

[a] Secretary for the northern provinces.

[b] John Sheffield, duke of Buckinghamshire.

[c] Lord chief justice of the common pleas.

lords the day before: the attack was made immediately against Arthur Moor,[a] who appeared at the bar, with the other commissioners of trade. The South Sea Company had prepared the way for a censure by voting him guilty of a breach of trust, and incapable of serving them in any office for the future. This passed without hearing what he had to say in his defence, and had the usual fate of such unreasonable reflections. Those who proposed the resolutions were blamed for their violence: and the person accused, appearing to be less guilty than they made him, was thought to be more innocent than I doubt he is. The Whigs proposed two questions in the house of lords against him, and lost both, one by twelve, and the other, I think, by eighteen votes.

Court affairs go on as they did. The cry is still on the captain's side.[b] Is not he the person Barber means by one of the best pens in England? It is only my own conjecture, but I can think of nobody else. Have you the queen's speech, the lords' address, &c., or shall I send them to you? and do you want a comment? Have Pope and Parnell been to visit you, as they intended?

I had a letter yesterday from Gay, who is at the Hague, and presents his humble service to you. He has writ to Mr. Lewis too, but his respect makes him keep greater distance with him; and I think mine is the pleasanter letter, which I am sorry for.

We were alarmed by B. [John Barber] two days ago: he sent Tooke word our friend was ill in the country, which we did not know how to interpret till he explained it. It was Mrs. M.[c] he meant; but she is in no danger. Pray write immediately, that there may be no further delay to what we ought to have had a week ago.

FROM DR ARBUTHNOT

[Indorsed, "Affairs still worse"]

Kensington, July 10, 1714.

DEAR BROTHER,—I have talked of your affairs to nobody but my lady Masham. She tells me "That she has it very much at heart, and would gladly do it for her own sake and that of her friends; but thinks it not a fit season to speak about it." We are indeed in such a strange condition as to politics that nobody can tell now who is for who. It were really worth your while to be here for four-and-twenty hours only, to consider the oddness of the scene; I am sure it would make you relish your country-life the better.

The dragon holds fast with a dead gripe the little machine [his treasurer's staff]. If he would have taken but half so much pains to have done other things as he has of late to exert himself against the esquire, he might have been a *dragon* instead of a *Dagon*. I would no more have suffered and done what he has, than I would have sold myself to the galleys. *Hæc inter nos.* However, they have now got rid of the parliament, and may have time to think of a scheme: perhaps they may have one already. I know nothing, but it is fit to rally the broken forces under some head or another. They really did very well the last day but one in the house of lords; but yesterday they were in a flame about the queen's answer, till the queen came in and put an end to it.

The dragon showed me your letter, and seemed mightily pleased with it. He has paid 10*l.* for a manuscript, of which I believe there are several in town. It is a history of the last invasion of Scotland, wrote just as plain, though not so well, as another history which you and I know,[a] with characters of all the men now living, the very names, and invitation that was sent to the pretender. This by a flaming Jacobite, that wonders all the world are not so. Perhaps it may be a Whig that personates a Jacobite. I saw two sheets of the beginning, which was treason every line. If it goes on at the same rate of plain dealing, it is a very extraordinary piece, and worth your while to come up to see it only. Mr. Lockhart, they say, owns it. It is no more his than it is mine. Do not be so dogged; but after the first shower come up to town for a week or so. It is worth your while. Your friends will be glad to see you, and none more than myself. Adieu.

FROM LORD BOLINGBROKE.[b]

July 13, 1714.

I NEVER laughed, my dear dean, at your leaving the town: on the contrary, I thought the resolution of doing so, at the time when you took it, a very wise one. But I confess I laughed, and very heartily too, when I heard that you affected to find, within the village of Letcombe, all your heart desired. In a word, I judged of you, just as you tell me in your letter that I should judge. If my grooms did not live a happier life than I have done this great while, I am sure they would quit my service. Be pleased to apply this reflection. Indeed I wish I had been with you, with Pope and Parnell,[c] *quibus neque animi candidiores*. In a little time, perhaps, I may have leisure to be happy. I continue in the same opinions and resolutions as you left me in; I will stand or fall by them. Adieu. No alteration in my fortune or circumstances can alter that sincere friendship with which I am, dear dean, yours.

I fancy you will have a visit from that great politician and casuist, the duke. He is at Oxford with Mr. Clarke.[d]

FROM CHARLES FORD, ESQ.

London, July 15, 1714.

YOU see I was in the right; but I could wish the booby [Barber] had not convinced me by naming my lord Bolingbroke, and then I should have dealt well enough with him. Since it has happened so, the best remedy I could think of was to write him a very civil answer; in which, however, I have desired to see the alterations: this is mentioned with great respect to my lord. Though he is promised to have it again to-morrow, it is probable he may be disappointed, and there may be time enough for me to receive your directions what I shall do when I get it into my hands. If the alterations are material, shall I send it to some other printer as it was first written? Reflect upon everything you think likely to happen, and tell me beforehand what is proper to be done, that no more time may be lost. I hate the dog for making his court in such a manner.

I am very sorry you have had occasion to remove your premier minister. We are told now we shall have no change in ours, and that the duke of Shrewsbury will perfectly reconcile all matters. I am sure you will not believe this any more than I do; but the dragon [earl of Oxford] has been more cheerful than usual for three or four days; and therefore people conclude the breaches are healed. I rather incline to the opinion of those who say he is to be made a duke and to have a pension. Another reason given why there is to be no change is, because the parliament was not adjourned to issue new writs in the room of those

[a] One of the commissioners of trade and plantations.

[b] Lord Bolingbroke; alluding to his difference with lord Oxford.

[c] Mrs. Manley, the writer of the "Atalantis," who at this time lived with Mr. Barber.

[a] History of the Four Last Years.

[b] Indorsed, "Lord Bolingbroke on my retiring."

[c] Who had both visited Swift in his retirement at Letcombe.

[d] George Clarke, doctor of laws, fellow of All Souls.

who were to come in upon the new scheme, that they might sit in the house at the next meeting. But I cannot see why an adjournment may not do as well at the beginning as at the end of a session; and certainly it will displease less in January or February than it would have done in July. The Whigs give out the duke of Marlborough is coming over, and his house is now actually fitting up at St. James's. We have had more variety of lies of late than ever I remember. The history we were formerly talking of would swell to a prodigious size if it was carried on. There was a fire last night on Tower-hill that burnt down forty or fifty houses. You say nothing of coming to town. I hope you do not mean to steal away to Ireland without seeing us.

FROM CHARLES FORD, ESQ.

London, July 17, 1714.

A SECOND to-morrow is almost past, and nothing has been yet left at St. Dunstan's. Barber will lose by his prodigious cunning; but that is nothing to the punishment he deserves. Had it been only his fear, he would have chosen somebody else to consult with; but the rogue found it was well written, and saw the passages that galled. I am heartily vexed at the other person [lord Bolingbroke], from whom one might have expected a more honourable proceeding. There is something very mean in his desiring to make alterations, when I am sure he has no reason to complain, and is at least as fairly dealt with as his competitor [lord Oxford]. Besides, a great part of it is as much for his service as if he had given directions himself to have it done. What relates to the pretender is of the utmost use to him; and therefore I am as much surprised at his delay as at his ungenerous manner of treating an unknown author to whom he is so much obliged. But perhaps I may wrong him, and he would not desire to turn the whole to his own advantage. If it had come to me yesterday or to-day I was resolved to have sent it to some other printer without any amendment; but now I shall wait till I have your directions. I wish you had employed somebody else at first; but what signifies wishing now? After what Barber writ in his last, I can hardly think he will be such a —— as not to let me have it; and in my answer I have given him all manner of encouragement to do it. He has as much assurance as he can well desire that the alterations shall be complied with, and a positive promise that it shall be returned to him the same day he leaves it at St. Dunstan's.

I cannot imagine why we have no mischief yet. Sure we are not to be disappointed at last, after the bustle that has been made. It is impossible they can ever agree, and I want something to make my letters still entertaining. I doubt you will hardly thank me for them now the parliament is up; but as soon as anything happens you shall know it.

The queen has not yet appointed the time for removing to Windsor. My lord chief-baron Ward is dead, and we have already named seven successors, among whom is our lord-chancellor Phipps. Frank Annesley was to have had his place under my lord Anglesey, so that it is well for him we have provided him with another for life.

FROM ERASMUS LEWIS, ESQ

July 17, 1714.

I AM sorry to find, by those that have fresher advices from you than yours of the 11th to me, that Parvisol's[b] conduct puts you under a necessity of changing the administration; for it will probably draw you to Ireland whether you will or not. However, I hope to see you at Bath three weeks hence, whatever happens. I meet with no man or woman who pretends upon any probable grounds to judge who will carry the great point. Our female friend [A] told the dragon [B] in her own house, last Thursday morning, these words: "You never did the queen any service, nor are you capable of doing her any." He made no reply, but supped with her and Mercurialis [C] that night, at her own house. His revenge is not the less meditated for that. He tells the words clearly and distinctly to all mankind. Those who range under his banner call her ten thousand bitches and kitchen-wenches. Those who hate him do the same. And, from my heart, I grieve that she should give such a loose to her passion; for she is susceptible of true friendship, and has many social and domestic virtues. The great attorney,[a] who made you the sham offer of the Yorkshire living, had a long conference with the dragon on Thursday, kissed him at parting, and cursed him at night. He went to the country yesterday; from whence some conjecture nothing considerable will be done soon. Lord Harley[b] and lady Harriot[c] went this morning to Oxford. He has finished all matters with lord Pelham[d] as far as can be done without an act of parliament. The composition was signed by the auditor, and Naylor, brother-in-law to Pelham. This day se'ennight lord Harley is to have the whole Cavendish estate, which is valued at 10,000*l.* per annum, and has upon it 40,000*l.* worth of timber. But 3000*l.* out of this 10,000*l.* a-year he had by the will. He remits to lord Pelham the 20,000*l.* charged for lady Harriot's fortune on the Holles estate; and gives him some patches of land that lie convenient to him, to the value of about 20,000*l.* more. According to my computation, lord Harley gets by the agreement (if the timber is worth 40,000*l.*) 140,000*l.*; and, when the jointures fall in to him, will have 16,000*l.* a year. But the cant is, 26,000*l.* Lord Pelham will really have 26,000*l.* a-year from the Newcastle family, which, with his paternal estate, will be twice as much as lord Harley's. The estate of the latter is judged to be in the best condition; and some vainglorious friends of ours say it is worth more than the other's; but let that pass. Adieu.

FROM LORD HARLEY.

July 17, 1714.

BROTHER SWIFT,[e]—Your sister[f] has at last got rid of her lawyers. We are just setting out for Oxford, where we hope to see you. I am your affectionate brother,

HARLEY.

FROM DR. ARBUTHNOT.

London, July 1., 1714.

DEAR BROTHER,—I thought it necessary to speak to lady Masham about that affair, because I believe it will be necessary to give her majesty the same notion of it which the memorial does,[g] and not that you are asking a little scandalous salary for a sinecure. Lewis despairs of it, and thinks it quite over since a certain affair. I will not think so. I gave your letter, with the enclosed memorial, *cavalièrement*, to lord Boling-

[a] Lords Oxford and Bolingbroke

[b] Dr Swift's agent in Ireland. The Dean's observations on the names marked A, B, C, are thus written on the blank part of the original letter —

[A] "Mrs Masham who was the queen's favourite, fell out in a rage, reproaching lord Oxford very injuriously"

[B] "The dragon, lord-treasurer Oxford, so called by the Dean by contraries, for he was the mildest, wisest, and best minister that ever served a prince"

[C] "Lord Bolingbroke, called so by Mr Lewis."

Perhaps lord-chancellor Harcourt

[b] Edward son to the lord treasurer Oxford.

[c] Wife of lord Harley.

[d] Afterwards duke of Ne

[e] As one of the Club of Brothers, so often mentioned.

[f] Lady H Harley, wife of lord Harley.

[g] Swift's memorial to the queen, humbly desiring her majesty to appoint him historiographer.

broke. He read it, and seemed concerned at some part of it, expressing himself thus: "That it would be among the eternal scandals of the government to suffer a man of your character, that had so well deserved of them, to have the least uneasy thought about those matters." As to the fifty pounds, he was ready to pay it; and, if he had had it about him, would have given it me. The dragon was all the while walking with the duke of Shrewsbury. So my lord Bolingbroke told me, "I would immediately stir in this matter, but I know not how I stand with some folks;" for the duke of Shrewsbury has taken himself to the dragon in appearance. "I know how I stand with that man, (pointing to the dragon,) but as to the other, I cannot tell; however, I will claim his promise:" and so he took the memorial.

Do not think I make you a bare compliment in what I am going to say; for I can assure you I am in earnest. I am in hopes to have 200*l.* before I go out of town, and you may command all or any part of it you please, as long as you have occasion for it. I know what you will say: "To see a scoundrel pretend to offer to lend me money." Our situation at present is, in short, thus:—they have *rompu en visière* with the dragon, and yet do not know how to do without him. My lady Masham has in a manner bid him defiance, without any scheme, or likeness of it, in any form or shape as far as I can see. Notwithstanding, he visits, cringes, flatters, &c., which is beyond my comprehension.

I have a very comical account of Letcombe and the dean of St. Patrick's from Pope, with an episode of the burning-glass. I was going to make an epigram upon the *imagination* of your burning your own history with the burning-glass. I wish Pope or Parnell would put it into rhyme. The thought is this: Apollo speaks,—"that since he had inspired you to reveal those things which were hid even from his own light, such as the feeble springs of some great events; and perceiving that a faction, who could not bear their deeds to be brought to light, had condemned it to an ignominious flame; that it might not perish so, he was resolved to consume it with his own—a celestial one." And then you must conclude with some simile. Thus, &c. There are two or three that will fit it.

Whiston has at last published his project of the longitude; the most ridiculous thing that ever was thought on. But a pox on him! he has spoiled one of my papers of Scriblerus, which was a proposal for the longitude, not very unlike his, to this purpose: that, since there was no pole for east and west, that all the princes of Europe should join and build two prodigious poles, upon high mountains, with a vast lighthouse to serve for a pole-star. I was thinking of a calculation of the time, charges, and dimensions. Now you must understand his project is by lighthouses, and explosion of bombs at a certain hour.

Lewis invited me to dinner to-day, and has disappointed me. I thought to have said something more about you. I have nothing more to add, but, my dear friend, adieu.

MEMORIAL TO THE QUEEN APRIL 15, 1714.

The change of ministry about four years ago, the fall of the duke of Marlborough, and the proceedings since in relation to the peace and treaties, are all capable of being very maliciously represented to posterity, if they should fall under the pen of some writer of the opposite party, as they probably may.

Upon these reasons, it is necessary, for the honour of the queen, and in justice to her servants, that some able hand should be immediately employed to write the history of her majesty's reign; that the truth of things may be transmitted to future ages, and bear down the falsehood of malicious pens.

The dean of St. Patrick's is ready to undertake this work; humbly desiring her majesty will please to appoint him her historiographer, not from any view of the profit, (which is so inconsiderable, that it will hardly serve to pay the expense of searching offices,) but from an earnest desire to serve his queen and country; for which that employment will qualify him, by an opportunity of access to those places where papers and records are kept, which will be necessary to any who undertake such an history.

TO THE DUKE OF ORMOND.[a]

July 17, 1714.

My Lord,—I never expected that a great man should remember me in absence, because I knew it was unreasonable, and that your grace is too much troubled with persons about you to think of those who are out of the way. But if Dr. Pratt has done me right, I am mistaken; and your grace has almost declared that you expected a letter from me; which you should never have had if the ministry had been like you: for then I should have always been near enough to have carried my own messages. But I was heartily weary of them: and your grace will be my witness that I despaired of any good success, from their manner of proceeding, some months before I left town; where I thought it became me to continue no longer, when I could do no service either to myself, my friends, or the public. By the accounts I have from particular friends, I find the animosity between the two great men does not at all diminish; though I hear it is given out that your grace's successor[b] has undertaken a general reconcilement. If it be true, this will succeed like the rest of his late undertakings.

I must beg your grace's pardon if I entreat you, for several reasons, to see lady Masham as often as you conveniently can: and I must likewise desire you to exert yourself in the disposal of the bishoprics in Ireland. It is a scandal to the crown, and an injury to the church, that they should be so long delayed. There are some hot-headed people on the other side the water who understand nothing of our court, and would confound everything; always employed to raise themselves upon the ruins of those characters they have blasted. I wish their intermeddling may not occasion a worse choice than your grace approved of last winter. However, I beg you will take care that no injury be done to Dr. Pratt, or Dr. Elwood,[c] who have more merit and candour than a hundred of their detractors. I am, with the greatest respect, my lord, your grace's most obedient and most obliged humble servant,

JONATHAN SWIFT.

FROM CHARLES FORD, ESQ.

London, July 20, 1714.

Who would ever do anything for them, when they are so negligent of their own interest? The captain must see what use is would be to him to have it published, and yet he has not returned it.[d] You have another copy by you: I wish you would send it; and if you do not care it should appear in your own hand, I will get it transcribed. My secretary is a boy of ten or eleven years old, and no discovery can be made by him. I do not know what my lord Bolingbroke may

[a] The duke of Ormond was lord lieutenant of Ireland in 1710. He succeeded the duke of Marlborough in the command of the army, and his duchess was lady of the bedchamber.

[b] The duke of Shrewsbury.

[c] Fellows of Trinity college, Dublin.

[d] Alluding to the "Free Thoughts," the manuscript of which was, it seems, in the hands of Bolingbroke, or of Barber.

do, but I dare say Barber does not suspect from whence it comes. However, I wonder he has not mentioned it to you.

I thought you had heard the historiographer's place had been disposed of this fortnight. I know no more of him who has it than that his name is Madox [Thomas Madox, esq.]. It would be impudence in them to send for you; but I hope you will come. A reconcilement is impossible; and I can guess no reason why matters are delayed, unless it be to gain over some lords who stick firm to the dragon, and others that are averse to the captain [lord Bolingbroke]. The duke of Shrewsbury declares against him in private conversation; I suppose because he is against every chief minister, for it is known he has no kindness for the colonel [lord Oxford]. Lord Anglesey rails at the chancellor for some opinion the attorney and solicitor-general have given relating to Ireland. Who can act, when they have so much caprice to deal with?

Mr. Lewis says "He will speak to Mr. Bromley for his part, and will engage it shall be paid as soon as lord Bolingbroke has given his." But it was mentioned before my lord-treasurer, and he immediately took the whole upon himself. If they lived near one another and a house between them was on fire, I fancy they would contend who should put it out until the whole street were burned. Mr. Lewis goes into Wales the week after next. I shall have the whole town to myself. Now it is my own, I begin not to value it. Pope and Parnell tell me you design them a visit. When do you go? If you are with them in the middle of a week, I should be glad to meet you there. Let me know where you are to be in Herefordshire, and I will send you some claret. It is no compliment, for I am overstocked, and it will decay before I drink it. You shall have either old or new; I have too much of both.

I paid the woman for your handkerchiefs; but should not have given her so much if she had not assured me you had agreed with her. I think you may very well shake off the old debt, and she will have no reason to complain. So I told her; but if you would have me, I will pay her.

Pray send me the other copy,* or put me in a way of recovering the former. I am, &c.

FROM THE DUKE OF ORMOND.

July 22, 1714.

Sir,—I am very glad to hear from you. I thought you had hid yourself from the world, and giver over all thoughts of your friends. I am very sorry for the reason of your retirement. I am a witness to your endeavours to have made up what I believe the great man [the duke of Shrewsbury] you mention will hardly compass. I am of your opinion, that it is shameful that the vacant bishoprics are not disposed of. I shall do all that lies in my power to serve the gentlemen that I have already mentioned to the queen, and hope with good success.

For the lady you mention [lady Masham], I shall endeavour to see her as often as I can. She is one that I have a great esteem for. I send you some Burgundy, which I hope you will like. It is very good to cure the spleen. Believe me, with great truth, sir, your most affectionate friend and humble servant,

Ormond.

FROM ERASMUS LEWIS, ESQ.

Whitehall, July 22, 1714.

Sir,—I received a letter from you last Monday, for my lord-treasurer, in a blank cover. Last Friday lord-chancellor went into the country, with a design to stay there till the 10th of August; but last Tuesday he was sent for express by lord Bolingbroke. Next Tuesday the queen goes to Windsor. What changes we are to have will probably appear before she goes. Dr. Arbuthnot dines with me to-day, and in the evening we go to Kensington.

* Of the "Free Thoughts."

FROM CHARLES FORD, ESQ.

London, July 22, 1714.

Pray send me the other copy, and let us have the benefit of it, since you have been at the trouble of writing. Unless [the lord-treasurer] be served against his will, it is not likely to be done at all; but I think you used to take a pleasure in good offices of that kind, and I hope you would not let the cause suffer; though I must own in this particular the person who has the management of it does not deserve any favour. Nothing being left for me at St. Dunstan's, I sent to Barber for an answer to my last. He says it is not yet restored to him; as soon as it is I shall have it. This delay begins to make me think all ministers are alike: and as soon as the captain is a colonel he will act as his predecessors have done.

The queen goes to Windsor next Tuesday, and we expect all matters will be settled before that time. We have had a report that my lord privy-seal is to go out alone, but the learned only laugh at it. The captain's [Bolingbroke] friends think themselves secure, and the colonel's [Oxford] are so much of the same opinion, that they only drink his health while he is yet alive. However, it is thought he will fall easy, with a pension of 4000*l.* a-year and a dukedom. Most of the stanch Tories are pleased with the alteration; and the whimsicals pretend the cause of their disgust was, because the Whigs were too much favoured.

In short we propose very happy days to ourselves as long as this reign lasts; and if the *uncertain, timorous nature of* [the queen] does not disappoint us, we have a very fair prospect. The dragon and his antagonist [Bolingbroke] meet every day at the cabinet. They often eat, and drink, and walk together, as if there was no sort of disagreement; and when they part I hear they give one another such names as nobody but ministers of state could bear without cutting throats. The duke of Marlborough is expected here every day. Dr. Garth says he comes only to drink the Bristol waters for a diabetes. The Whigs are making great preparations to receive him! But yesterday I was offered considerable odds that not one of those who go out to meet him will visit him in half a year. I durst not lay, though I can hardly think it. My lord Marr is married to lady Frances Pierrepoint; and my lord Dorchester, her father, is to be married next week to lady Bell Bentinck. Let me know if you go to Pope's, that I may endeavour to meet you there. I am, &c.

FROM CHARLES FORD, ESQ.

London, July 24, 1714.

We expected the grand affair would have been done yesterday, and now everybody agrees it will be to-night.* The bishop of London, lord Bathurst, Mr. Bridges, sir William Windham, and Campion, are named for commissioners of the treasury; but I have not sufficient authority for you to depend upon it. They talk of the duke of Ormond for our lord-lieutenant. I cannot get the pamphlet back. What shall I do? I wish you would send me the other copy. My lord Anglesey goes next Monday to Ireland. I hear he is only angry with the chancellor, and not at all with the captain.

* The dismission of lord Oxford.

FROM ERASMUS LEWIS, ESQ.

Whitehall, July 24, 1714.

I saw lord Harley this morning. He tells me that he left you horridly in the dumps. I wish you were here; for after giving a quarter of an hour's vent to our grief for the departure of our don Quixote,[a] we should recover ourselves, and receive consolation from each other. The triumph of the enemy makes me mad. I feel a strange tenderness within myself, and scarce bear the thoughts of dating letters from this place, when my old friend is out whose fortune I have shared for so many years. But *fiat voluntas tua* The damned thing is we are to do all dirty work We are to turn out Monckton,[b] and I hear we are to pass the new commission of the treasury.[c] For God's sake write to lady Masham in favour of poor Thomas,[d] to preserve him from ruin. I will second it. I intended to have writ you a long letter; but the moment I turned this page I had intelligence that the dragon has broke out in a fiery passion with my lord-chancellor [lord Harcourt], sworn a thousand oaths he would be revenged, &c. This impotent, womanish behaviour vexes me more than his being out. This last stroke shows *quantula sint hominum corpuscula.* I am determined for the Bath on the second or the ninth of August at furthest.

FROM DR. ARBUTHNOT.

July 24, 1714

Dear Brother,—I suppose you have read the account of St. Kilda. There is an officer there, who is a sort of *tribunus plebis*, whose office it is to represent the grievances of the people to the laird of M'Leod, who is supposed to be their oppressor. He is bound to contradict the laird till he gives him three strokes with a cane over the head, and then he is at liberty to submit. This I have done, and so has your friend Lewis. It has been said that we and the dean were the authors of all that has sin happened, by keeping the dragon in when there was an offer to lay down. I was told to my face, that what I said in this case went for nothing; that I did not care if the great person's affairs went to entire ruin so I could support the interests of the dragon; that I did not know the half of his proceedings. Particularly it was said, though I am confident it was a mistake, that he had attempted the removing her from the favour of a great person. In short, the fall of the dragon does not proceed altogether from his old friend, but from the great person, whom I perceive to be highly offended, by little hints that I have received. In short, the dragon has been so ill used, and must serve upon such terms for the future, if he should, that I swear I would not advise Turk, Jew, nor infidel to be in that state. Come up to town and I can tell you more. I have been but indifferently treated myself, by somebody at court, in small concerns. I cannot tell who it is. But mum for that. Adieu.

TO THE EARL OF OXFORD.[e]

July 25, 1714.

My Lord,—To-morrow sevennight I shall set out from hence to Ireland: my licence for absence being so near out that I can stay no longer without taking another. I say this that, if you have any commands, I shall have just time enough to receive them before I go. And if you resign in a few days, as I am told you design to do, you may possibly retire to Herefordshire, where I shall readily attend you if you soon withdraw; or, after a few months' stay in Ireland, I will return at the beginning of winter, if you please to command me. I speak in the dark, because I am altogether so, and what I say may be absurd. You will please to pardon me: for as I am wholly ignorant, so I have none of your composure of mind. I pray God Almighty direct and defend you, &c.

FROM THE EARL OF OXFORD.

July 27, 1714.[a]

If I tell my dear friend the value I put upon his undeserved friendship, it will look like suspecting you or myself. Though I have had no power since July 25, 1713,[b] I believe now, as a private man I may prevail to renew your licence of absence, conditionally you will be present with me; for to-morrow morning I shall be a private person. When I have settled my domestic affairs here, I go to Wimple; thence alone to Herefordshire. If I have not time for you tête-à-tête, fling away so much time upon one who loves you. And I believe, in the mass of souls, ours were placed near each other.

I send you an imitation of Dryden, as I went to Kensington:

To serve with love, And shed your blood, Approved is above;	But here below, Th' examples show, 'Tis fatal to be good.

FROM ERASMUS LEWIS, ESQ.

Whitehall, July 27, 1714.

Sir,—I have yours of the 25th. You judge very right; it is not the going out, but the manner, that enrages me. The queen has told all the lords the reasons of her parting with him, viz., "that he neglected all business; that he was seldom to be understood; that when he did explain himself, she could not depend upon the truth of what he said; that he never came to her at the time she appointed; that he often came drunk; lastly, to crown all, he behaved himself towards her with bad manners, indecency, and disrespect."—*Pudet hæc opprobria nobis, &c.*

I am distracted with the thoughts of this, and the pride of the conqueror [lord Bolingbroke]. I would give the world I could go out of town to-morrow; but the secretary says I must not go till he returns, which will not be till the 16th of August, or perhaps the 23rd; but I am in hopes I may go towards Bath the 16th.

The runners are already employed to go to all the coffeehouses. They rail to the pit of hell. I am ready to burst for want of vent.

The stick[c] is yet in his hand, because they cannot agree who shall be the new commissioners. We

[a] Lord Oxford, who was at this time dismissed from his employment as first minister, and immediately succeeded by lord Bolingbroke.

[b] Robert Monckton, one of the commissioners for trade and plantations, who had given information against Arthur Moore, one of his brother commissioners, for accepting a bribe from the Spanish court to get the treaty of commerce continued.

[c] The design of Bolingbroke was to put the treasury into commission. Sir William Wyndham was fixed upon as one of the commissioners.

[d] Mr Thomas had been secretary under the old commission of the treasury; and he wrote to the dean by the same post for a recommendation to lady Masham.

[e] On hearing his intentions to resign his staff.

[a] Indorsed, "Just before the loss of his staff."

[b] The earl of Oxford, in his "Brief Account of Public Affairs, presented to the queen on the 9th of June, 1714, and published in the Report of the Secret Committee," mentions that he wrote a large letter, dated July 25th, 1713, to lord Bolingbroke, containing his scheme of the queen's affairs, and what was necessary for lord Bolingbroke to do;" which was answered by that lord on the 27th of that month.

[c] On the night of Tuesday, July 27, a cabinet council was held (after the earl of Oxford had resigned the staff, which he did on that day) to consult what persons to put in commission for the management of the treasury. The number to be five. Sir William Wyndham, chancellor of the exchequer, was to be one; but they could not agree in the choice of the other four. Their debate about the matter lasted till near two o'clock in the morning, at which the queen being present, it raised a violent agitation in her spirits which affected her head.

suppose the blow will be given to-night or to to-morrow morning. The sterility of good and able men is incredible. When the matter is over I will wait upon our she-friend [lady Masham]. If she receives me as usual I will propose to her that I will serve where I do, provided I may be countenanced, and at full liberty to pay my duty to all the Harleian family in the same manner I used to do. If that is not allowed me in the utmost extent consistent with my trust here I will propose an employment in the revenues, or to go out without anything; for I will not be debarred going to him. If she does not receive me as she used to do I will never go again. I flatter myself she will be so friendly as to enter into the consideration of my private circumstances and preserve her old goodness to me.

There is no seeing the dragon till he is out, and then I will know his thoughts about your coming to Brampton. I hear he goes out of town instantly to Wimple, and my lady to Brampton; that he will join her there after a few days' stay at Wimple. Adieu.

FROM LADY MASHAM.

July 29, 1714.

My good Friend,—I own it looks unkind in me not to thank you, in all this time, for your sincere kind letter; but I was resolved to stay till I could tell you the queen had got so far the better of the dragon as to take her power out of his hands. He has been the most ungrateful man to her, and to all his best friends, that ever was born. I cannot have so much time now to write all my mind, because my dear mistress is not well, and I think I may lay her illness to the charge of the treasurer, who, for three weeks together, was teazing and vexing her without intermission, and she could not get rid of him till Tuesday last [July 27]. I must put you in mind of one passage in your letter to me, which is, "I pray God send you wise and faithful friends to advise you at this time, when there are so great difficulties to struggle with." That is very plain and true; therefore will you, who have gone through so much, and taken more pains than anybody, and given wise advice (if that wretched man had had sense enough and honesty to have taken it)—I say, will you leave us and go into Ireland? No, it is impossible; your goodness is still the same, your charity and compassion for this poor lady, who has been barbarously used, won't let you do it. I know you take delight to help the distressed; and there cannot be a greater object than this good lady, who deserves pity. Pray, dear friend, stay here; and do not believe us all alike to throw away good advice, and despise everybody's understanding but their own. I could say a great deal upon the subject, but I must go to her, for she is not well. This comes to you by a safe hand, so that neither of us need be in any pain about it.

My lord and brother are in the country. My sister and girls are your humble servants.

FROM ERASMUS LEWIS, ESQ.

July 29, 1714.

Sir,—I have yours of the 27th. I write this in the morning, for I go in the evening to Kensington. If I am well received, I will continue my homage; if not, they shall hear of me no more. Where shall I write to you again? for I cannot stir from hence till the 16th of August at soonest. Nothing could please me more than to pass a few months with you at Abercathy [Caermarthenshire]; but I am yet uncertain whether I shall go there at all. All I am sure of is, that I will go out of town to some place for some time; first to the Bath, for I cannot bear staying in this room. I want physic to help my digestion of these things, though the 'squire[a] is kinder to me than before. I am not mortified at what you tell me of Mercurialis; only I would know whether any disrespectful conduct of mine has brought it upon me; or whether it is only a general dislike of me, because I am not a man of parts, or because I am in other interests? They would not give the dragon the least quarter, excepting only a pension, if he will work journeywork by the quarter. I have long thought his parts decayed, and am more of that opinion than ever. The new commission is not yet named. Would not the world have roared against the dragon for such a thing? Mercurialis entertained Stanhope, Craggs, Pulteney, and Walpole. What if the dragon had done so? The duke of Somerset dines to-day with the fraternity at Greenwich, with Withers. Nobody goes out with the dragon; but many will sit very loose. Some say the new men will be Lexington, Wyndham, Strangeways, sir John Stonehouse, and Campion.

FROM MR. BARBER.

July 31, 1714. Six at night.

Dear Sir,—I am heartily sorry I should be the messenger of so ill news as to tell you the queen is dead, or dying: if alive it is said she cannot live till morning. You may easily imagine the confusion we are all in on this sad occasion. I had set out yesterday to wait on you but for this sad accident, and should have brought letters from lord Bolingbroke and lady Masham to have prevented your going. Pray do not go, for I will come to you when I see how things stand. My lord Shrewsbury is made lord-treasurer, and everything is ready for the proclaiming the duke of Brunswick king of England. The parliament will sit to-morrow and choose a new speaker; for sir Thomas Hanmer is in Wales.

For God's sake do not go; but either come to London or stay till I come to you.

FROM ERASMUS LEWIS, ESQ.

Kensington, Saturday, July 31, 1714.
Six in the evening.

Sir,—At the same time I am writing the breath is said to be in the queen's nostrils, but that is all. No hope left of her recovery. Lord Oxford is in council, so are the Whigs. We expect the demise to-night. There is a prospect that the elector will meet with no opposition, the French having no fleet, nor being able to put one out soon. Lady Masham did receive me kindly. Poor woman, I heartily pity her. Now, is not the dragon under a happy planet, to be out of the scrape? Dr. Arbuthnot thinks you should come up. You will not wonder if all my country resolutions are in suspense. Pray come up to see how things go.

FROM CHARLES FORD, ESQ.

London, July 31, 1714. Three in the afternoon

I do not doubt but you have heard the queen is dead, and perhaps we may be so unfortunate before this comes to you; but at present she is alive, and much better than could have been expected. I am just come from Kensington, where I have almost spent these two whole days. I am in great haste; but till dinner comes up I will write to you and give you as full an account as I can of her illness.

Her disorder began between eight and nine yesterday morning. The doctors ordered her head to

[a] William Bromley, esq., secretary of state.

be shaved; and while it was doing she fell into a fit of convulsion, or as they thought an apoplexy. This lasted near two hours, and she was speechless and showed little sign of life during that time, but came to herself upon being blooded.

As soon as she recovered my lord Bolingbroke went to her and told her the privy council was of opinion it would be for the public service to have the duke of Shrewsbury made lord-treasurer. She immediately consented, and gave the staff into the duke's hand. The great seal was put to the patent by four o'clock. She continued ill the whole day. In the evening I spoke to Dr. Arbuthnot, and he told me he did not think her distemper was desperate. Radcliffe was sent for to Carshalton about noon, by order of council; but said he had taken physic, and could not come. In all probability he had saved her life; for I am told the late lord Gower had been often in the same condition with the gout in his head, and Radcliffe kept him alive many years after.[a] This morning, when I went there before nine, they told me she was just expiring. That account continued above three hours, and a report was carried to town that she was actually dead. She was not prayed for even in her own chapel at St. James's; and what is more infamous, stocks arose three per cent. upon it in the city. Before I came away she had recovered a warmth in her breast and one of her arms, and all the doctors agreed she would in all probability hold out till to-morrow, except Mead, who pronounced several hours before she could not live two minutes, and seems uneasy it did not happen so. I did not care to talk much to Arbuthnot, because I heard him cautious in his answers to other people; but by his manner I fancy he does not yet absolutely despair. The council sat yesterday all day and night, taking it by turns to go out and refresh themselves. They have now adjourned, upon what the doctors said, till five. Last night the speaker and my lord chief-justice Parker were sent for, and the troops from Flanders. This morning the Hanoverian envoy was ordered to attend with the black box,[a] and the heralds to be in readiness to proclaim the new king. Some of the Whigs were at council yesterday, but not one failed to-day; and most of the members of that party in each house are already come to town. If any change happens before the post goes out I will send you word in a postscript; and you may conclude her alive if you hear no more from me, and have no better authority than post-letters to inform you of the contrary. For God's sake do not think of removing from the place where you are till matters are a little settled. Ireland is the last retreat you ought to think of; but you can never be better than you are now till we see how things go.

I had yours with the printed pamphlet, as well as the other, and should have sent it away to-morrow. Pray let me hear from you.

Have you had all mine? I have failed you but one post (I think it was the last) for a fortnight or more.

Eleven at night.

The queen is something better, and the council again adjourned till eight in the morning.

TO MISS VANHOMRIGH.

August 1, 1714.

WHO told you I was going to Bath? No such thing I had fixed to set out to-morrow for Ireland, but poor lord Oxford desires I will go with him to Herefordshire, and only expect his answer whether I shall go there before or meet him hereabouts; or to Wimple (his son's house), and so go with him

[a] In the account that is given of Dr. Radcliffe in the "Biographia Britannica," it is said that the queen was "struck with death the 28th of July; that Dr. Radcliffe's name was not once mentioned, either by the queen or any lord of the council; only that lady Masham sent to him without their knowledge two hours before the queen's death." In this letter from Mr. Ford to Dr. Swift, which is dated the 31st of July, it is said that the queen's disorder began between eight and nine the morning before, which was the 30th; and that about noon the same day Radcliffe was sent for by an order of council. These accounts being contradictory, the reader will probably want some assistance to determine what were the facts. As to the time when the queen was taken ill Mr. Ford's account is most likely to be true, as he was upon the spot, and in a situation which insured him the best intelligence. As to the time when the doctor was sent for, the account in the "Biographia" is manifestly false; for if the doctor had been sent for only two hours before the queen's death, which happened incontestibly on the 1st of August, Mr. Ford could not have mentioned the fact on the 31st of July, when his letter was dated. Whether Radcliffe was sent for by lady Masham or by order of council is therefore the only point to be determined. That he was generally reported to have been sent for by order of council is certain; but a letter is printed in the "Biographia," said to have been written by the doctor to one of his friends, which, supposing it to be genuine, will prove that the doctor maintained the contrary. On the 5th of August, four days after the queen's death, a member of the house of commons, a friend of the doctor's, who was also a member, and one who always voted on the same side, moved that he might be summoned to attend in his place in order to be censured for not attending on her majesty. Upon this occasion the doctor is said to have written the following letter to another of his friends.—

"Carshalton, August 7, 1714.

"DEAR SIR,—I could not have thought that so old an acquaintance and so good a friend as sir John always professed himself would have made such a motion against me. God knows my will to do her majesty any service has ever got the start of my ability; and I have nothing that gives me greater anxiety and trouble than the death of that great and glorious princess. I must do that justice to the physicians that attended her in her illness, from a sight of the method that was taken for her preservation by Dr. Mead, as to declare nothing was omitted for her preservation; but the people about her (the plagues of Egypt fall on them!) put it out of the power of physic to be of any benefit to her. I know the nature of attending crowned heads in their last moments too well to be fond of waiting upon them without being sent for by a proper authority. You have heard of pardons being signed for physicians before a sovereign's demise; however, ill as I was, I would have went to the queen in a horse-litter had either her majesty or those in commission next to her commanded me so to do. You may tell sir John as much, and assure him from me that his zeal for her majesty will not excuse his ill-usage of a friend who has drank many hundred bottles with him; and cannot, even after this breach of a good understanding that ever was preserved between us, but have a very good esteem for him. I must also desire you to thank Tom Chapman for his speech in my behalf, since I hear it is the first he ever made, which is taken more kindly; and to acquaint him that I should be glad to see him at Carshalton; since I fear (for so the gout tells me) that we shall never more sit in the house of commons together. I am, &c. "JOHN RADCLIFFE."

But whatever credit may now be paid to this letter, or however it may now be thought to justify the doctor's refusal to attend her majesty, he became at that time so much the object of popular resentment that he was apprehensive of being assassinated, as appears by the following letter directed to Dr. Mead, at Child's coffeehouse in St. Paul's churchyard:—

"Carshalton, August 3, 1714.

"DEAR SIR,—I give you and your brother many thanks for the favour you intend me to-morrow, and if there is any other friend that will be agreeable to you he shall meet with a hearty welcome from me. Dinner shall be on the table by two, when you may be sure to find me ready to wait upon you. Nor shall I be at any other time from home, because I have received several letters which threaten me with being pulled to pieces if ever I come to London. After such menaces as these, it is easy to imagine that the conversation of two such very good friends is not only extremely desirable, but the enjoyment of it will be a great happiness and satisfaction to him who is, &c.

"JOHN RADCLIFFE."

Radcliffe died on the 1st of November the same year, having survived the queen just three months; and it is said that the dread he had of the populace, and the want of company in the country village, which he did not dare to leave, shortened his life. He was just sixty-four years old. He was buried in St. Mary's church, Oxford.

[a] Containing the instrument nominating the persons, in number thirteen, to be added as lords-justices to the seven great officers of the realm.

down; and I expect to leave this in two or three days one way or other. I will stay with him until the parliament meets again, if he desires it. I am not of your opinion about lord Bolingbroke; perhaps he may get the staff, but I cannot rely on his love to me: he knew I had a mind to be historiographer, though I valued it not but for the public service, yet it is gone to a worthless rogue that nobody knows. I am writ to earnestly by somebody to come to town and join with those people now in power, but I will not do it. Say nothing of this, but guess the person. I told lord Oxford I would go with him when he was out, and now he begs it of me, and I cannot refuse him. I meddle not with his faults, as he was a minister of state; but you know his personal kindness to me was excessive; he distinguished and chose me above all other men while he was great; and his letter to me the other day was the most moving imaginable. When I am fixed anywhere perhaps I may be so gracious to let you know, but I will not promise. Adieu.

FROM MR. JOHN BIRCH.

Wantage, one o'clock, August 1, 1714.

MR. DEAN,—At twelve o'clock lord Bolingbroke's man rode through Wantage to call Mr. Packer to London, the queen being dead. I am confounded at the melancholy news; yet could not forbear sending it to you. Your truly humble servant,

JOHN BIRCH.[a]

FROM LORD BOLINGBROKE.

August 3, 1714.

DEAR DEAN,—The earl of Oxford was removed on Tuesday: the queen died on Sunday. What a world is this! and how does Fortune banter us! John Barber tells me you have set your face toward Ireland. Pray do not go. I am against it. But this is nothing; John is against it. Ireland will be the scene of some disorder, at least it will be the scene of mortification to your friends. Here everything is quiet and will continue so. Besides which, as prosperity divided, misfortune may perhaps, to some degree unite us. The Tories seem to resolve not to be crushed; and that is enough to prevent them from being so. Pope has sent me a letter from Gay: being learned in geography, he took Binfield[b] to be the ready way from Hanover to Whitehall. Adieu. But come to London, if you stay no longer than a fortnight. Ever yours, dear Jonathan, most sincerely.

I have lost all by the death of the queen but my spirit; and I protest to you I feel that increase upon me. The Whigs are a pack of Jacobites; that shall be the cry in a month, if you please.

FROM ERASMUS LEWIS ESQ.

Tuesday, August 3, 1714.

I AM overwhelmed with business, and therefore have only time to tell you I received yours of August 1st, and think you should come to town to see how the world goes: for all old schemes, designs, projects, journeys, &c., are broke by the great event. We are ill prognosticators. Everything goes on with a tranquillity we durst not hope for. Earl Berkeley commands the fleet. Lord Dorset compliments the king. The duke of Bolton, lord-lieutenant of Southampton. Addison, secretary to the regents.

[a] Directed "To the Reverend the Dean of St. Patrick's, Letcombe;" and indorsed "Mr. Birch of Wantage. Received half after one on Sunday afternoon, August 1, 1714. Queen's death. She died at seven that morning."

[b] A village where Mr. Pope's father lived, and whence several of Mr. Pope's letters were written. It is in Windsor forest, and lies in Berkshire.

FROM MR. BARBER.

August 3, 1714.

HONOURED SIR,—You may easily imagine the concern we were all in on the sudden surprise of the queen's death. I have hardly recovered it yet. Lord Bolingbroke told me last Friday that he would reconcile you to lady Somerset, and then it would be easy to set you right with the queen; and that you should be made easy here and not go over. He said twenty things in your favour, and commanded me to bring you up, whatever was the consequence. He said further, he would make clear work with them. But all vanished in a minute: and he is now threatened and abused every day by the party, who publicly rejoice and swear they will turn out every Tory in England.

Enclosed you have a letter from my lord: he desires you would come up and be anywhere *incognito*. Why not at the queen's house?

The earl of Berkeley is to command the fleet to fetch over the king; and the duke of Argyle is to go to Scotland. I send you the list of the twenty-five kings.[a] Poor lady Masham is almost dead with grief.

The parliament meets to-morrow, which will hinder me from coming down for three or four days; but if you resolve to stay in the country further, I will certainly come down, for I must needs see you. Pray favour me with a line. I am, sir, your most obedient humble servant. Pray, come up.

When my lord gave me the letter, he said "he hoped you would come up and help to save the constitution, which, with a little good management, might be kept in Tory hands."

FROM CHARLES FORD, ESQ.

London, August 5, 1714.

I HAVE written to Dawson[b] for a licence of absence for you; but you know you must take the oaths in Ireland within three months. There are a great many here in the same circumstances: and, in all probability, some of them will desire an act of parliament to have leave to do it here. In that case it will be no difficult matter to have you included. Mr. Lewis tells me he wrote to you to come up to town, and I see no reason why you should not. All matters go on very quiet, and we are not apprehensive of any disturbances. Stocks never rose so much in so few days. This is imputed to the hatred of the old treasurer and the popularity of the new one. The Whigs were not in council when he was recommended. Lord Bolingbroke proposed it there, as well as to the queen; and I hope they two are upon very good terms, though Mr. Lewis seems positive of the contrary. I never heard of any pique the duke had to him, but that he was to be chief minister; and that being at an end, why may they not be reconciled? The dragon was thought to show more joy upon proclaiming the king than was consistent with the obligation he had received from ——. He was hissed all the way by the mob, and some of them threw halters into his coach. This was not the effect of party; for the duke of Ormond was huzzaed throughout the whole city, and was followed by a vast crowd to his own house, though he used all possible endeavours to prevent it. There was an attempt to affront the captain in the cavalcade, but it did not succeed; and, though a few hissed, the acclamations immediately drowned the noise. Not a single man showed the least respect to the colonel; and last night my lord

[a] The lords of the regency.

[b] J. Dawson, esq., secretary to the lords justices of Ireland.

Bingley[a] was beaten by mistake, coming out of his house. I doubt he has disobliged both sides so much that neither will ever own him; and his enemies tell stories of him that I shall not believe till I find you allow them.

The lords-justices made a speech to the parliament to-day. If it comes out time enough I will send it you; but I hear it only contains their proceedings upon the queen's death; that they have yet received no directions from the king; and to desire the commons to continue the funds, which are expired. I am told our regents are already divided into four parties. The greatest use they have made yet of their power is to appoint my lord Berkeley to command the fleet which is to bring over the king, and to make the duke of Bolton lord-lieutenant of Hampshire.

I send you a Gazette, though I am ashamed to have it seen. I had writ a great deal more of the queen's illness, an account of her birth, &c., but I could not find out Mr. Lewis, and had nobody to consult with, and therefore chose rather to say too little than anything I doubted might be improper. Yesterday the duke of Marlborough made his public entry through the city: first came about two hundred horsemen, three in a row, then a company of train-bands, with drums, &c., his own chariot with himself; then his duchess, followed by sixteen coaches with six horses, and between thirty and forty with two horses. There was no great mob when he passed through the Pall-mall, but there was in the city, and he was hissed by more than huzzaed. At Temple-bar, I am assured, the noise of hissing was loudest, though they had prepared their friends to receive him, and the gathering of others was only accidental. You may guess how great a favourite he is by some old stories of his behaviour at the camp when —— was there, and afterwards at Hanover; and by the share he and his family have in the regency. But, to be sure, this discreet action will endear him more than any subject in England. We had bonfires, &c., at night. From the list of lords-justices and some other things we imagine to ourselves there will not be many changes; but the vacancies for some time will be filled up with Whigs.

What I blotted out in my last was something that passed between the captain [lord Bolingbroke] and Barber relating to you. After I had written they told me all letters would be opened, which made me blot out that passage. Barber says he gave you some account of it, though not a full one. I really believe lord Bolingbroke was very sincere in the professions he made to you, and he could have done anything. No minister was ever in that height of favour: and lady Masham was at least in as much credit as she had been in any time of her life. But these are melancholy reflections. Pray send me your poem.[b] *Hoc erat*, &c., or bring it up yourself. Barber told me he had been several hours with the captain upon a thing that should have come out, but was now at an end.[c] He did not tell what it was; and I would not ask many questions for fear of giving him suspicion.

FROM ERASMUS LEWIS, ESQ.

Whitehall, August 7, 1714.

Sir,—It is true you have nothing to do here; but what have you to do anywhere else till you go to Ireland, where you must indeed be before three months' end in order to qualify yourself? The law requires it as much as if your deanery was but now conferred upon you.

Arbuthnot is removed to Chelsea, and will settle there. The town fills every moment. We are as full in the house of commons as at any time. We are gaping and staring to see who is to rule us. The Whigs think they shall engross all. We think we shall have our share. In the mean time, we have no division at council or in parliament. I sent twice to Kensington to inquire after lady Masham's health. Next week I will go to see her, and will keep up my acquaintance, in all events, if she thinks fit. I doubt she and her sister are not perfectly easy in their affairs; but you forgot one who is worse than either, that is Mrs. Hill, who has not a sous. I will stay here till our commission is either renewed to us or given to another. I am yours, &c.

TO LADY MASHAM.

August 7, 1714.

Madam,—I had the honour of a letter from your ladyship a week ago; and the day after came the unfortunate news of the queen's death, which made it altogether unseasonable, as perhaps it may be still, to give your ladyship this kind of trouble. Although my concern be as great as that of any other good subject for the loss of so excellent a princess, yet I can assure you, madam, it is little to what I suffer upon your ladyship's particular account. As you excel in the several duties of a tender mother, a true friend, and a loving wife, so you have been the best and most faithful servant to your mistress that ever any sovereign had. And although you have not been rewarded suitably to your merits, I doubt not but God will make it up to you in another life, and to your children and posterity in this. I cannot go about to comfort your ladyship in your great affliction otherwise than by begging you to make use of your own piety and your own wisdom, of both which you have so great a share. You are no longer a servant; but you are still a wife, a mother, and a friend; and you are bound in conscience to take care of your health in order to acquit yourself of these duties as well as you did of the other, which is now at an end.

I pray God to support your ladyship under so great a share of load in this general calamity; and remain, with the greatest respect and truth, madam, your ladyship's most obedient and most obliged servant, Jonathan Swift.

I most heartily thank your ladyship for the favourable expressions and intentions in your letter, written at a time when you were at the height of favour and power.

TO LORD BOLINGBROKE.

August 7, 1714.

My Lord,—I had yours of the 3rd; and our country post is so ordered that I could acknowledge it no sooner. It is true, my lord, the events of five days last week might furnish morals for another volume of Seneca. As to my lord Oxford, I told him freely my opinion before I left the town, that he ought to resign at the end of the session. I said the same thing often to your lordship and my lady Masham, although you seemed to think otherwise, for some reasons; and said so to him one afternoon, when I met you there with my lord-chancellor. But I remember one of the last nights I saw him (it was at lady Masham's lodgings), I said to him "that upon the foot your lordship and he then were it was impossible

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[a] Who had been appointed ambassador-extraordinary to the court of Spain.

[b] Swift's imitation of part of the sixth satire of the second book of Horace:—
"I often wish'd that I had clear,
For life, six hundred pounds a-year."

[c] "Free Thoughts."

you could serve together two months;" and I think I was just a week out in my calculation. I am only sorry that it was not a resignation rather than a removal, because the personal kindness and distinction I always received from his lordship and you gave me such a love for you both (if you great men will allow that expression in a little one), that I resolved to preserve it entire, however you differed between yourselves, and in this I did for some time follow your commands and example. I impute it more to the candour of each of you than to my own conduct, that, having been for two years almost the only man who went between you, I never observed the least alteration in either of your countenances towards me. I will swear for no man's sincerity, much less for that of a minister of state; but thus much I have said, wherever it was proper, that your lordship's proposals were always the fairest in the world, and I faithfully delivered them as I was empowered: and although I am no very skilful man at intrigue, yet I durst forfeit my head that, if the case were mine, I could either have agreed with you or put you *dans votre tort*. When I saw all reconciliation impracticable I thought fit to retire, and was resolved for some reasons (not to be mentioned at this distance) to have nothing to do with whomever was to be last in. For either I should not be needed or not be made use of. And, let the case be what it would, I had rather be out of the way. All I pretended was to speak my thoughts freely, to represent persons and things without any mingle of my interest or passions, and sometimes to make use of an evil instrument, which was likely to cost me dear, even from those for whose service it was employed. I did believe there would be no further occasion for me upon any of those accounts. Besides, I had so ill an opinion of the queen's health that I was confident you had not a quarter of time left for the work you had to do; having let slip the opportunity of cultivating those dispositions she had got after her sickness at Windsor. I never left pressing my lord Oxford with the utmost earnestness (and perhaps more than became me), that we might be put in such a condition as not to lie at mercy on this great event; and I am your lordship's witness that you have nothing to answer for in that matter. I will, for once, talk in my trade, and tell you that I never saw anything more resemble our proceedings than a man of fourscore or in a deep consumption going on in his sins, although his physician assured him he could not live a week. Those wonderful refinements, of keeping men in expectation, and not letting your friends be too strong, might be proper in their season—*Sed nunc non erat his locus*. Besides, you kept your bread and butter till it was too stale for anybody to care for it. Thus your machine of four years' modelling is dashed to pieces in a moment: and as well by the choice of the regents as by their proceedings, I do not find there is any intention of managing you in the least. The whole nineteen[a] consist either of the highest party-men or (which mightily mends the matter) of such who left us upon the subject of the peace and affected jealousies about the succession. It might reasonably be expected that this quiet possession might convince the successor of the good dispositions of the church-party towards him; and I ever thought there was a mighty failure somewhere or other that this could not have been done in the queen's life. But this is too much for what is past; and yet, whoever observed and disliked the causes has some title to quarrel with the effects. As to what is to come, your lordship is in the prime of your years, *plein des esprits qui fournissent les espérances*; and you are now again to act that part (though in another assembly) which you formerly discharged so much to your own honour and the advantage of your cause. You set out with the wind and tide against you, yet at last arrived at your port, from whence you are now driven back into open sea again. But not to involve myself in an allegory, I doubt whether, after this disappointment, you can go on with the same vigour you did in your more early youth. Experience, which has added to your wisdom, has lessened your resolution. You are now a general, who, after many victories, have lost a battle, and have not the same confidence in yourself or your troops. Your fellow-labourers have either made their fortunes, or are past them, or will go over to seek them on the other side.—Yet, after all, and to resume a little courage; to be at the head of the church interest is no mean station; and that, as I take it, is now in your lordship's power. In order to which I could heartily wish for that union you mention, because I need not tell you that some are more dexterous at pulling down their enemies than, &c. We have certainly more heads and hands than our adversaries; but it must be confessed they have stronger shoulders and better hearts. I only doubt my friends, the rabble, are at least grown trimmers; and that setting up the cry of "trade and wool," against "Sacheverell and the church," has cooled their zeal. I take it for granted there will be a new parliament against winter, and if they will retain me on the other side as their counsellor I will engage them a majority. But since it is possible I may not be so far in their good graces, if your lordship thinks my service may be of any use in this new world, I will be ready to attend you by the beginning of winter. For the misfortune is, that I must go to Ireland to take the oaths, which I never reflected on till I had notice from some friends in London; and the sooner I go the better, to prevent accidents, for I would not willingly want a favour at present. I think to set out in a few days, but not before your lordship's commands and instructions may reach me. I cannot conclude without offering my humblest thanks and acknowledgments for your lordship's kind intentions towards me (if this accident had not happened), of which I received some general hints. I pray God direct your lordship: and I desire you will believe me to be what I am, with the utmost truth and respect, your lordship's most obedient, &c.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

[a] On the demise of the queen the following were lords of the regency until the arrival of George I. from Hanover:—archbishop Tenison; lord Harcourt, lord chancellor; the duke of Buckingham, president of the council; the duke of Shrewsbury, lord-lieutenant of Ireland and lord-high-treasurer of England; the earl of Dartmouth, lord privy-seal; the earl of Strafford, first lord-commissioner of the admiralty; and sir Thomas Parker, lord-chief justice of the king's bench; who were appointed by act of parliament. To which the elector of Hanover was pleased to add the following:—the archbishop of York, the dukes of Somerset, Bolton, Devonshire, Kent, Argyll, Montrose, and Roxburgh; the earls of Pembroke, Anglesea, Carlisle, Nottingham, Abingdon, Scarborough, and Orford; lord viscount Townshend, lord Halifax, and lord Cowper.

TO ARCHDEACON WALLS.

Letcombe, August 8, 1714.

If I had but fixed a week sooner for my journey to Ireland I should have avoided twenty inconveniencies that have since happened to me, and been with you the time I am now writing. Upon the earl of Oxford's removal he desired I would go with him into Herefordshire, which I consented to, and wrote you word of it, desiring you would renew my licence of absence at the end of this month, for I think it then expires. Two days after I had earnest invita-

tion from those in power to go up to town and assist them in their new ministry; which I resolved to excuse; but, before I could write, news came of the queen's death, and all our schemes broke to shatters I am told I must take the oaths in Ireland in three months; and I think it is better travelling now than later; and although I am earnestly pressed by our broken leaders to come up to town, I shall not do it; but hope to set out on the 16th instant toward Ireland, and if it please God be with you in nine or ten days after this come to your hands. However, let my licence be renewed before it expires. I think I answered yours in my last. I leave all things entirely to you and Mr. Forbes. My service to gossip Doll, Goody Stoyte, and Martha, and Mr. Manley and lady. Mr. Manley is, I believe, now secure in his post, and it will be my turn to solicit favours from him. I have taken up Mr. Fetherston's money to pay some debts in London. I desire you will pay him 50*l.* with the usual exchange at twenty days' sight, or later if it be convenient.

FROM ERASMUS LEWIS, ESQ.

Whitehall, August 10, 1714.

I NEVER differed from you in opinion in any point so much as in your proposal to accommodate matters between the dragon and his *quondam* friends. I will venture to go so far with you as to say he contributed to his own disgrace, by his petitesses, more than they did or ever had it in their power to do. But since they would admit of no terms of accommodation when he offered to serve them in their own way, I had rather see his dead carcase than that he should now tamely submit to those who have loaded him with all the obloquy malice could suggest and tongues utter. Have not Chartres,[a] Brinsden,[b] and all the runners been employed to call him dog, villain, sot, and worthless? And shall he after this join them? To what end? I have great tenderness for lady [Masham], and think her best way is to retire and enjoy the comforts of a domestic life. But sure the earth has not produced such monsters as Mercurialis [lord Bolingbroke], and his companion [probably the lord-chancellor Harcourt], and the prelate [the bishop of Rochester]. The last openly avows he never had obligations to the dragon, and loads him with ten thousand crimes; though his greatest in reality was preferring him. But to come out of this rant; what should they be friends for? *Cui bono?* Are we in a dream? Is the queen alive again? Can the lady [lady Masham] hereafter make any figure but a *persona muta* in a drama? If the dragon declares against the man of mercury, he may strike in with the *tertium quid* that will probably arise; but with him he can never be otherwise than spurned and hated. The natural result of this is, that, however I may for my private satisfaction desire to see you here, I cannot but think you should go to Ireland to qualify yourself, and then return hither when the chaos will be jumbled into some kind of order. If the king keeps some Tories in employment, the notion of Whig and Tory will be lost; but that of court and country will arise.[c] The regency has declared in favour of the Whigs in Ireland. I believe Mr. Thomas will stand his ground. We shall be dissolved as soon as we have settled the civil list. We have no appearance that any attempt will be formed by the pretender.

FROM LORD BOLINGBROKE.

August 11, 1714.

I SWEAR I did not imagine that you could have held out through two pages, even of small paper, in so grave a style. Your state of late passages is right enough. I reflect upon them with indignation, and shall never forgive myself for having trusted so long to so much real pride and awkward humility; to an air of such familiar friendship, and a heart so void of all tenderness; to such a temper of engrossing business and power, and so perfect an incapacity to manage one, with such a tyrannical disposition to abuse the other, &c.[a]

But enough of this I cannot load him as a knave, without fixing fool on myself.

For you I have a most sincere and warm affection, and in every part of my life will show it. Go into Ireland, since it must be so, to swear,[b] and come back into Britain to bless: to bless me and those few friends who will enjoy you.

Johannes Tonsor [John Barber] brings you this. From him you will hear what is doing. Adieu, love me, and love me the better because, after a greater blow than most men ever felt, I keep up my spirit; am neither dejected at what has passed, nor apprehensive at what is to come. *Meâ virtute me involvo.*

FROM CHARLES FORD, ESQ.

London, August 12, 1714.

OUR justices sit several hours every day without affording us the least news. I do not hear anything they have done worth mentioning, except some orders they have given about the dispute in the city of Dublin. You may be sure they are not such as will please our friends; but I think you and I agreed in condemning those proceedings in our own people. My lord Derby is made lord-lieutenant of Lancashire. That and Hampshire are the only vacant employments they have filled up; I suppose under pretence of their being maritime counties. If the Whigs had directed the list of regents, Marlborough, Sunderland, and Wharton had not been left out. There are five Tories, too, that would not have been in. Though they were a little whimsical for three or four days about the succession, they seem to recant and own themselves in an error by the later votes. Every one of them approved the peace, and were for the address at the end of the last session, that it was safe, honourable, and advantageous. Considering what ministers were employed here by the court of Hanover, and that the king himself had little information but what he received from them, I think his list shows no ill disposition to the Tories: and they say he is not apt to be hasty in removing the persons he finds in employment. The bill is brought in for granting him the old duties for the civil list. One Wykes,[c] of Northampton, moved to tack the place-bill to it; but nobody seconded him, and he was extremely laughed at. He happens unlukily to be a Tory.

Did you receive your papers last post? The first copy[d] is not yet left at St. Dunstan's.[e] Should I send to Barber for it in lord Bolingbroke's name? I have writ to him to bring in his bill, and as soon as he comes I will pay him. I suppose I shall see him tomorrow. I wish you a good journey to Ireland. But if I hear Saturday's post comes into Wantage on Sunday, I shall trouble you again. Pray let me know when you land in Ireland, that I may write to you if anything happens worth while. I shall be very impatient for what you promise me from thence. I should be very glad to hear from you while you are on the road.

[a] The notorious colonel Chartres.
[b] An oculist, and lord Bolingbroke's private agent.
[c] A prediction we have seen fulfilled.

[a] He means lord Oxford.
[b] To take the oaths to the government on king George's accession.
[c] William Wykes, M.P. for Northampton in two parliaments. 1713 and 1714.
[d] The first draught of the "Free Thoughts."
[e] The coffeehouse so called.

Lord Anglesey came to town last Tuesday. They are all here now except Pembroke and Strafford.

Charles Eversfield[a] is making his court to the dukes of Somerset and Argyle; he declares he will keep his place if he can, and that he will not stir for Campion's election in the county of Sussex. Campion and he have had some high words upon that account. Lord Orford told the commissioners of the admiralty they were ignorant, negligent of their duty, and wanted zeal for the king's service.

FROM DR. ARBUTHNOT.

August 12, 1714.

My dear Friend, — I thank you for your kind letter, which is very comfortable upon such a melancholy occasion. My dear mistress's days were numbered even in my imagination, and could not exceed such certain limits; but of that small number a great deal was cut off by the last troublesome scene of this contention among her servants. I believe sleep was never more welcome to a weary traveller than death was to her; only it surprised her too suddenly before she had signed her will; which no doubt her being involved into so much business hindered her from finishing. It was unfortunate that she had been persuaded, as is supposed by Lowndes, that it was necessary to have it under the great seal. I have figured to myself all this melancholy scene; and even, if it be possible, worse than it has happened, twenty times; so that I was prepared for it. My case is not half so deplorable as poor lady Masham's and several of the queen's servants; some of whom have no chance for their bread but the generosity of his present majesty, which several people that know him very much commend. So far is plain from what has happened in public affairs, that what one party has affirmed of the settlement has proved true, and that it was firm; that it was in some measure an advantage to the successor not to have been here, and so obliged to declare himself in several things in which he is now at liberty. And indeed never any prince in this respect came to the crown with greater advantage. I can assure you the peaceable scene that now appears is a disappointment to more than one set of people.

I have an opportunity calmly and philosophically to consider that treasure of vileness and baseness that I always believe to be in the heart of man; and to behold them exert their insolence and baseness: every new instance, instead of surprising and grieving me as it does some of my friends, really diverts me and in a manner improves my theory; though I think I have not met with it in my own case except from one man, and he was very far mistaken, for to him I would not abate one grain of my proud spirit. Dear friend, the last sentence of your letter quite [illegible] me. Never repeat that melancholy tender word, that you will endeavour to forget me. I am sure I never can forget you till I meet with (what is impossible) another whose conversation I can delight so much in as Dr. Swift's; and yet that is the smallest thing I ought to value you for. That hearty sincere friendship, that plain and open ingenuity in all your commerce, is what I am sure I never can find in another. Alas! I shall often want a faithful monitor, one that would vindicate me behind my back, and tell me my faults to my face. God knows I write this with tears in my eyes. Yet do not be obstinate, but come up for a little time to London; and if you must needs go, we may concert a manner of correspondence wherever we are. I have a letter from Gay just before the queen's death. Is he not a true poet who had not one of his own books to give to the princess that asked for one?

[a] Member for Horsham.

TO MISS VANHOMRIGH.

August 12, 1714.

I had your letter last post, and before you can send me another I shall set out for Ireland. I must go and take the oaths; and the sooner the better. If you are in Ireland when I am there I shall see you very seldom. It is not a place for any freedom; but it is where everything is known in a week, and magnified a hundred degrees. These are rigorous laws that must be passed through: but it is probable we may meet in London in winter; or if not, leave all to fate that seldom comes to humour our inclinations. I say all this out of the perfect esteem and friendship I have for you. These public misfortunes have altered all my measures and broke my spirits. God Almighty bless you. I shall I hope be on horseback in a day after this comes to your hand. I would not answer your questions for a million; nor can I think of them with any ease of mind. Adieu.

FROM CHARLES FORD, ESQ.

August 14, 1714.[a]

I hope you did not pay the two shillings for postage. If you did, pray send me the cover that I may inquire into the meaning of it.

I suppose you expect news upon Cragg's return from Hanover; but I do not hear a word more than what you have in the lords-justices' speech. Yesterday morning after he came the Whigs looked dejected, and our friends very much pleased; though I do not know any reason for either, unless it was expected by both sides that he would have brought orders for alterations. It seems the dragon's entertainment was on a family account, upon the agreement between lord Harley and lord Pelham; and only those who were concerned in their affairs were invited. But slighter grounds would have served to raise a story at this time, and it was sufficient that my lord Townshend and lord Cowper dined at his house. However, we look upon him as lost to our side; and he has certainly made advances of civility to the Whigs, which they have returned with the utmost contempt. I am told Dismal [earl of Nottingham] begins to declare for his old friends, and protests he was really afraid for the protestant succession, which made him act in the manner he did. The foreign peers are certainly deprived of their right of voting by the express words of the act of succession; and it appears it was the intention of the legislature at that time, for prince George of Denmark was excepted by name; but it is thought the lords will interpret it otherwise when it comes to be tried. They do not lose the other privileges of peerage, and their posterity born here may sit in the house. The same clause extends to the house of commons; and no foreigner can enjoy any employment civil or military. They may be favourable to the lords, who are all Whigs; but I doubt poor duke Disney will lose his regiment. I suppose Barber has given you an account of lord Bolingbroke's pamphlet. If you and he are not come to an *éclaircissement* upon it, I shall send to him for it. I long for the other. Yesterday the commons voted *nemine con.* to pay the Hanover troops that deserted us in 1712. To-day sir William Wyndham, Campion, and two or three more, gave some opposition to it, for which they were extremely blamed. I think

[a] On the back of this letter is the following note of the dean: —"Memorandum,—I left Letcombe, August 16, 1714, in order to go to Ireland."

they had acted right if they had spoke against it yesterday; but it seems they were not then in the house. They had not strength enough to-day to come to a division.

Once more I wish you a good journey and a quick return; and I hope you will find things go better than you expect.

FROM MR. GAY TO DR. ARBUTHNOT, OR THE DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S.

Hanover, August 16, 1714.

You remember I suppose that I was to write you abundance of letters from Hanover; but as one of the most distinguishing qualities of a politician is secrecy, you must not expect from me any arcanas of state. There is another thing that is necessary to establish the character of a politician; which is to seem always to be full of affairs of state; to know the consultations of the cabinet council, when at the same time all his politics are collected from newspapers. Which of these two causes my secrecy is owing to I leave you to determine. There is yet one thing more that is extremely necessary for a foreign minister, which he can no more be without than an artisan without his tools; I mean the terms of his art. I call it an art, or a science, because I think the king of France has established an academy to instruct the young Machiavelians of his country in the deep and profound science of politics. To the end that I might be qualified for an employment of this nature, and not only be qualified myself, but (to speak in the style of sir John Falstaff) be the cause of qualifications in others, I have made it my business to read memoirs, treatises, &c. And as a dictionary of law-terms is thought necessary for young beginners, so I thought a dictionary of terms of state would be no less useful for young politicians. The terms of politics being not so numerous as to swell into a volume, especially in time of peace (for in time of war all the terms of fortification are included), I thought fit to extract them in the same manner for the benefit of young practitioners, as a famous author has compiled his learned treatise of the law called the "Doctor and Student." I have not made any great progress in this piece; but however I will just give you a specimen of it, which will make you in the same manner a judge of the design and nature of this treatise.

Politician. What are the necessary tools for a prince to work with?

Student. Ministers of state

Pol. What are the two great qualities of a minister of state?

Stud. Secrecy and despatch.

Pol. Into how many parts are the ministers of state divided?

Stud. Into two. First, ministers of state at home; secondly, ministers of state abroad, who are called foreign ministers.

Pol. Very right. Now, as I design you for the latter of these employments, I shall waive saying anything of the first of these. What are the different degrees of foreign ministers.

Stud. The different degrees of foreign ministers are as follow:—first, plenipotentiaries; second, ambassadors extraordinary; third, ambassadors in ordinary; fourth, envoys-extraordinary: fifth, envoys in ordinary; sixth, residents; seventh, consuls; and eighth, secretaries.

Pol. How is a foreign minister to be known?

Stud. By his credentials.

Pol. When are a foreign minister's credentials to be delivered?

Stud. Upon his first admission into the presence of the prince to whom he is sent, otherwise called his first audience.

Pol. How many kinds of audiences are there?

Stud. Two, which are called a public audience, and a private audience.

Pol. What should a foreign minister's behaviour be when he has his first audience?

Stud. He should bow profoundly, speak deliberately, and wear both sides of his long periwig before, &c.

By these few questions and answers you may be able to make some judgment of the usefulness of this politic treatise. Wicquefort it is true can never be sufficiently admired for his elaborate treatise of the conduct of an ambassador in all his negotiations: but I design this only as a compendium, or the ambassador's manual, or *vade mecum.*

I have written so far of this letter and do not know who to send it to; but I have now determined to send it either to Dr. Arbuthnot, the dean of St. Patrick's, or to both. My lord Clarendon is very much approved of at court, and I believe is not dissatisfied with his reception. We have not much variety of diversions; what we did yesterday and to-day we shall do to-morrow; which is to go to court, and walk in the gardens at Herenhausen. If I write any more my letter will be just like my diversions, the same thing over and over again.—So, sirs, your most obliged humble servant,

JOHN GAY.

I would have written this letter over again, but I had not time. Correct all my errata.

FROM MR. JERVAS TO MR. POPE.

August 20, 1714.

I HAVE a particular to tell you at this time, which pleases me so much that you must expect a more than ordinary alacrity in every turn. You know how I could keep you in suspense for twenty lines, but I will tell you directly that Mr. Addison and I have had a conversation that it would have been worth your while to have been placed behind the wainscot or behind some half-length picture to have heard. He assured me that he would make use not only of his interest but of his art to do you some service; he did not mean his art of poetry, but his art at court; and he is sensible that nothing can have a better air for himself than moving in your favour, especially since insinuations were spread that he did not care you should prosper too much as a poet. He protests that it shall not be his fault if there is not the best intelligence in the world and the most hearty friendship, &c. He owns he was afraid Dr. Swift might have carried you too far among the enemy during the heat of the animosity; but now all is safe, and you are escaped even in his opinion. I promised in your name, like a good godfather, not that you should renounce the devil and all his works, but that you should be delighted to find him your friend merely for his own sake; therefore prepare yourself for some civilities.

I have done Homer's head,[a] shadowed and heightened carefully; and I enclose the outline of the same size, that you may determine whether you would have it so large, or reduced to make room for feuillage or laurel round the oval, or about the square of the busto? perhaps there is something more solemn in the image itself if I can get it well performed.

If I have been instrumental in bringing you and Mr. Addison together with all sincerity, I value my-

[a] Prefixed to the first edition of Pope's translation of the "Iliad.

self upon it as an acceptable piece of service to such a one as I know you to be.

Yours, &c.

FROM MR. POPE TO MR. JERVAS.

August 27, 1714.

I AM just arrived from Oxford, very well diverted and entertained there. Every one is much concerned for the queen's death. No panegyrics ready yet for the king.

I admire your Whig principles of resistance exceedingly, in the spirit of the Barcelonians: I join in your wish for them. Mr. Addison's verses on Liberty in his letter from Italy would be a good form of prayer in my opinion.

"O Liberty! thou goddess heavenly bright!" &c.

What you mention of the friendly office you endeavoured to do betwixt Mr. Addison and me deserves acknowledgments on my part. You thoroughly know my regard to his character, and my propensity to testify it by all ways in my power. You as thoroughly know the scandalous meanness of that proceeding which was used by Philips to make a man I so highly value suspect my dispositions towards him. But as, after all, Mr. Addison must be the judge in what regards himself, and has seemed to be no very just one to me, so I must own to you I expect nothing but civility from him, how much soever I wish for his friendship. As for any offices of real kindness or service which it is in his power to do me, I should be ashamed to receive them from any man who had no better opinion of my morals than to think me a party-man; nor of my temper, than to believe me capable of maligning or envying another's reputation as a poet. So I leave it to time to convince him as to both, to show him the shallow depths of those half-witted creatures who misinformed him, and to prove that I am incapable of endeavouring to lessen a person whom I would be proud to imitate, and therefore ashamed to flatter. In a word, Mr. Addison is sure of my respect at all times, and of my real friendship whenever he shall think fit to know me for what I am.

For all that passed betwixt Dr. Swift and me, you know the whole (without reserve) of our correspondence. The engagements I had to him were such as the actual services he had done me in relation to the subscription for Homer obliged me to. I must have leave to be grateful to him and to any one who serves me, let him be never so obnoxious to any party: nor did the Tory party ever put me to the hardship of asking this leave, which is the greatest obligation I owe to it; and I expect no greater from the Whig party than the same liberty—a curse on the word *party*, which I have been forced to use so often in this period! I wish the present reign* may put an end to the distinction, that there may be no other for the future than that of honest and knave, fool and man of sense; these two sorts must always be enemies; but for the rest, may all people do as you and I—believe what they please, and be friends.—I am, &c. ALEXANDER POPE.

FROM DR. ARBUTHNOT TO MR. POPE.

London, September 7, 1714.

I AM extremely obliged to you for taking notice of a poor old distressed courtier, commonly the most despisable thing in the world. This blow has so roused *Scriblerus* that he has recovered his senses, and thinks and talks like other men. From being frolicsome and gay he is turned grave and morose. His lucubrations lie neglected among old newspapers, cases, petitions, and abundance of unanswerable letters. I wish to God they had been among the papers of a noble lord [Bolingbroke] sealed up: then might Scriblerus have passed for the pretender; and it would have been a most excellent and laborious work for the "Flying Post," or some such author, to have allegorized all his adventures into a plot, and found out mysteries somewhat like the "Key to the Lock."

Martin's office is now the second door on the left hand in Dover-street, where he will be glad to see Dr. Parnell, Mr. Pope, and his old friends, to whom he can still afford a half-pint of claret. It is with some pleasure that he contemplates the world still busy, and all mankind at work for him. I have seen a letter from dean Swift. He keeps up his noble spirit; and though like a man knocked down, you may behold him still with a stern countenance, and aiming a blow at his adversaries. I will add no more, being in haste; only that I will never forgive you if you cannot use my foresaid house in Dover-street with the same freedom as you did that in St. James's; for as our friendship was not begun upon the relation of a courtier, so I hope it will not end with it. I shall always be proud to be reckoned amongst the number of your friends and humble servants.

TO LORD BOLINGBROKE.

Dublin, September 14, 1714.

MY LORD,—I hope your lordship, who were always so kind to me while you were a servant, will not forget me now in your greatness. I give you this caution, because I really believe you will be apt to be exalted in your new station of retirement, which was the only honourable post that those who gave it you were capable of conferring. And as, in other employments, the circumstances with which they are given are sometimes said to be equally valuable with the gift itself, so it was in your case. The sealing up your office, and especially without any directions from the king, discovered such sentiments of you in such persons as would make any honest man proud to share them.

I must be so free as to tell you that this new office of retirement will be harder for you to keep than that of secretary: and you lie under one great disadvantage, besides your being too young; that, whereas none but knaves and fools desire to deprive you of your former post, all the honest men in England will be for putting you out of this.

I go on in writing though I know not how to send you my letter. If I were sure it would be opened by the sealers of your office, I would fill it with some terms of art that they would better deserve than relish.

It is a point of wisdom too hard for me not to look back with vexation upon past management. Divines tell us often from their pulpits "that half the pains which some men take to be damned would have compassed their salvation:" this, I am sure, was extremely our case. I know not what motions your lordship intends, but if I see the old Whig measures taken in the next elections, and that the court, the bank, East India, and South Sea, act strenuously, and procure a majority, I shall lie down and beg of Jupiter to heave the cart out of the dirt.

I would give all I am worth, for the sake of my country, that you had left your mantle with somebody in the house of commons, or that a dozen honest men among them had only so many shreds of

* Unfortunately it did not put an end to party distinctions; but, by proscribing the Tories, heightened and continued the animosity of both parties.—How appositely may this be applied to the present reign!

it.—And so, having despatched all our friends in England, off flies a splinter, and knocks two governors of Ireland dead. I remember we never had leisure to think of that kingdom. The poor dead queen is used like the giant Longaron in Rabelais. Pantagruel took Longaron by the heels, and made him his weapon to kill twenty other giants; then flung him over a river into the town and killed two ducks and an old cat. I could talk very wisely to you, but you would regard me not. I could bid you *non desperare de republicâ;* and say that *res nolunt diu malè administrari.* But I will cut all short, and assure you that if you do not save us I will not be at the pains of racking my invention to guess how we shall be saved; and yet I have read Polybius.

They tell me you have a very good crop of wheat, but the barley is bad. Hay will certainly be dear unless we have an open winter. I hope you found your hounds in good condition, and that Bright has not made a stirrup-leather of your jockey-belt.

I imagine you now smoking with your humdrum squire (I forget his name), who can go home at midnight and open a dozen gates when he is drunk.

I beg your lordship not to ask me to lend you any money. If you will come and live at the deanery, and furnish up an apartment, I will find you in victuals and drink, which is more than ever you got by the court: and, as proud as you are, I hope to see you accept a part of this offer before you die.

The —— take this country; it has in three weeks spoiled two as good sixpenny pamphlets as ever a proclamation was issued against. And since we talk of that, there will not be * * * * * * *.[a] I shall be cured of loving England as the fellow was of his ague, by getting himself whipped through the town.

I would retire too if I could; but my country-seat, where I have an acre of ground, is gone to ruin. The wall of my own apartment is fallen down, and I want mud to rebuild it, and straw to thatch it. Besides, a spiteful neighbour has seized on six feet of ground, carried off my trees, and spoiled my grove. All this is literally true, and I have not fortitude enough to go and see those devastations.

But in return, I live a country life in town, see nobody, and go every day once to prayers, and hope in a few months to grow as stupid as the present situation of affairs will require.

Well, after all, parsons are not such bad company, especially when they are under subjection; and I let none but such come near me.

However, pray God forgive them by whose indolence, neglect, or want of friendship, I am reduced to live with twenty leagues of salt water between your lordship and me, &c. JONATHAN SWIFT.

FROM DR. ARBUTHNOT.

October 19, 1714.

DEAR BROTHER,—Even in affliction your letter made me melancholy, and communicated some of the spleen which you had when you wrote it, and made me forfeit some of my reputation of cheerfulness and temper under afflictions. However, I have so many subjects amongst my friends and fellow-servants to be grieved for, that I can easily turn it off myself with credit. The queen's poor servants are, like so many poor orphans, exposed in the very streets: and those whose past obligations of gratitude and honour ought to have engaged them to have represented their case, pass by them like so many abandoned creatures, without the possibility of ever being able to make the least return for a favour; which has added to my theory of human virtue.

I wish I did not only haunt you in the obliging and affectionate sense you are pleased to express it, but were personally present with you; and I think it were hardly in the power of fortune not to make some minutes pleasant. I dine with my lord and lady Masham to-day, where we will as usually remember you.

You have read, ere this time, "The History of the White Staff,"[a] which is either contrived by an enemy, or by himself, to bring down vengeance: and I have told some of his nearest friends so. All the dragon [earl of Oxford] can say will not give him one single friend amongst the whole party; and therefore I even wonder at him, which you will say is a strange thing. The very great person of all [probably king George I.] can hardly speak of him with patience. The Conde [earl of Peterborough] acts like a man of spirit, makes up to the king and talks to him, and would have acted with more sense than any of them, could he have had anybody to have acted along with him: *nos numerus sumus,* &c. The man you speak of is just as you describe, so I beg pardon. Shadwell says he will have my place at Chelsea. Garth told me his merit was, giving intelligence about his mistress's health. I desired he would do me the favour to say that I valued myself upon quite the contrary, and I hoped to live to see the day when his majesty would value me the more for it too. I have not seen anything as yet to make me recant a certain inconvenient opinion I have, that one cannot pay too dear for peace of mind.

Poor philosopher Berkeley has now the idea[b] of health, which was very hard to produce in him; for he had an idea of a strange fever upon him so strong that it was very hard to destroy it by introducing a contrary one. Poor Gay is much where he was, only out of the duchess's [duchess of Monmouth] family and service. He has some confidence in the princess and countess of Picborough; I wish it may be significant to him. I advised him to make a poem upon the princess before she came over, describing her to the English ladies; for it seems the princess does not dislike that. (She is really a person that I believe will give great content to everybody.) But Gay was in such a groveling condition as to the affairs of the world, that his Muse would not stoop to visit him. I can say no more of news than that you will find the proceedings hitherto have been comparatively gentle. Adieu.

FROM DR. ARBUTHNOT TO MR. FORD.[c]

October 19, 1714.

DEAR SIR,—I thank you kindly for yours, with the enclosed from our friend. I would have obeyed your commands as to "The History of the White Staff;" but there really is no answer to it, more than a thing that rises just out of what is said in the history; one writ on purpose by any one that knows matters of fact, or can contradict what he says; or indeed writ by concert of the persons that are attacked. And I reckon any other is not worth your while to read. The dragon denies it; but, as I told the governor, it is necessary for him to do that in a very solemn and strong manner, else there will be a ripping answer, as you say. All things go on at the usual rate. I

[a] Here two or three words in the manuscript totally erased and illegible.

[a] A pamphlet by Mr. Daniel De Foe—"The Secret History of the White Staff; being an account of affairs under the conduct of some late ministers, and of what might probably have happened if her majesty had not died."

[b] This alludes to his book, in which he attempts to prove that all things supposed to depend upon a material world subsist only in idea.

[c] Written on the same paper with the last.

am at an uncertainty still as to my little office. I leave them to do just as they please. George Fielding and brigadier Briton are grooms of the bedchamber, which does not seem altogether the doing of a certain great man. The groom of the stole is still uncertain, lying between two that you know. I am told that the great person of all has spoken more contemptibly of the dragon than of anybody, and in very hard terms. Has not he managed finely at last? The princess gives great content to everybody. I will add no more, being to write on the other side to the dean, which pray forward.

TO SIR ARTHUR LANGFORD.

Trim, October 30, 1714.

Sir,—I was to wait on you the other day, and was told by your servant that you are not to be seen till toward evening, which, at the distance I am at this time of the year, cannot easily be compassed. My principal business was to let you know that since my last return from England many persons have complained to me that I suffered a conventicle to be kept in my parish, and in a place where there never was any before. I mentioned this to your nephew Rowley in Dublin when he came to me with this message from you: but I could not prevail with him to write to you about it. I have always looked upon you as an honest gentleman, of great charity and piety in your way; and I hope you will remember at the same time that it becomes you to be a legal man, and that you will not promote nor encourage, much less give a beginning to, a thing directly contrary to the law. You know the dissenters in Ireland are suffered to have their conventicles only by connivance, and that only in places where they formerly used to meet. Whereas this conventicle of yours is a new thing, in a new place, entirely of your own erection, and perverted to this ill use from the design you outwardly seemed to have intended it for. It has been the weakness of the dissenters to be too sanguine and assuming upon events in the state which appeared to give them the least encouragement; and this, in other turns of affairs, has proved very much to their disadvantage. The most moderate churchmen may be apt to resent when they see a sect, without toleration by law, insulting the established religion. Whenever the legislature shall think fit to give them leave to build new conventicles, all good churchmen will submit: but till then we can hardly see it without betraying our church. I hope, therefore, you will not think it hard if I take those methods which my duty obliges me to prevent this growing evil as far as it lies in my power, unless you shall think fit, from your own prudence, or the advice of some understanding friends, to shut up the doors of that conventicle for the future. I am, with true friendship and esteem, sir, your most obedient humble servant, B.

FROM ERASMUS LEWIS, ESQ.

November 4, 1714.

Sir,—I have one letter from you to acknowledge, which I will do very soon. In the mean time I send this to acquaint you that, if you have not already hid your papers in some private place in the hands of a trusty friend, I fear they will fall into the hands of our enemies. Sure you have already taken care in this matter, by what the public prints told you of the proceedings of the great men toward the earl of Strafford and Mr. Prior. However, for greater caution, this is sent you by ——. I am, &c.

FROM MISS VANHOMRIGH.

Dublin, 1714.

You once had a maxim, which was to act what was right and not mind what the world would say. I wish you would keep to it now. Pray, what can be wrong in seeing and advising an unhappy young woman? I cannot imagine. You cannot but know that your frowns make my life unsupportable. You have taught me to distinguish, and then to leave me miserable. Now all I beg is, that you will for once counterfeit (since you cannot otherwise) that indulgent friend you once were, till I get the better of these difficulties.

FROM THE SAME.

Dublin, 1714.

You bid me be easy and you would see me as often as you could. You had better have said, as often as you could get the better of your inclinations so much; or as often as you remembered there was such a one in the world. If you continue to treat me as you do you will not be made uneasy by me long. It is impossible to describe what I have suffered since I saw you last. I am sure I could have borne the rack much better than those killing words of yours. Sometimes I have resolved to die without seeing you more; but those resolves, to your misfortune, did not last long. For there is something in human nature that prompts one so to find relief in this world I must give way to it, and beg you would see me and speak kindly to me, for I am sure you would not condemn any one to suffer what I have done could you but know it. The reason I write to you is, because I cannot tell it to you should I see you. For when I begin to complain, then you are angry; and there is something in your looks so awful that it strikes me dumb. Oh! that you may have but so much regard for me left that this complaint may touch your soul with pity. I say as little as ever I can; did you but know what I thought, I am sure it would move you to forgive me, and believe I cannot help telling you this and live.[a]

FROM DR. ARBUTHNOT TO MR. FORD.[b]

November, 1714.

Dear Friend,—I hope this will find you in good health, and I hope in greater tranquillity of mind than when we used to lament together at your office for the eternal faults of our friends. I have seen the dragon thrice since I wrote to you. He is without shadow of change, the greatest example of an unshaken tranquillity of mind that ever I yet saw, seeming perfectly well satisfied with his own conduct in every particular. You know we have often said that there is but one dragon *in rerum naturâ*. I do not know what he thinks, but I am perfectly well satisfied that there will not be that one dragon left if some people have their will. Haly Bassa, they say, struggles for his son-in-law. It is generous and grateful. There is a prodigious quarrel between him and the president about it.[c] I have given you the trouble of the adjoined for the dean, as also a scrap of a letter for him which we had begun at our club, but did not finish; Dr. Parnell not going as he said. I am not yet out, but expect to be soon Adieu.

I had almost forgotten to tell you of the pretender's declaration, in which there are words to this pur-

[a] A letter from Dr. Swift, dated Philipstown, November 5, 1714, says that he was going to a friend upon a promise, being then a mile from Trim, when Miss Vanhomrigh's servant overtook him with a letter. She was then at Kilrhohid, and would go to town on the Monday following, to her lodging in Turnstile-alley. He concludes thus. "I have rode a tedious journey to-day, and can say no more. Nor shall you know where I am till I come, and then I will see you. A fig for your letters and messages. Adieu."

[b] Indorsed, "Received December 2, 1714.

[c] Daniel earl of Nottingham.

pose:—"That he had no reason to doubt of the good intention of his sister, which was the reason that he sat quiet in her time, but now was disappointed by the deplorable accident of her sudden death."

FROM THE SAME.

November, 1714.

Dear Brother,—I send you the scrap of a letter begun to you by the whole society, because I suppose you even value the fragments of your friends. The honest gentleman[a] at whose lodgings we wrote is gone for France. I really value your judgment extremely in choosing your friends. I think worthy Mr. Ford is an instance of it, being an honest, sensible, firm, friendly man, *et qualis ab inceptu processerat*, &c. Though, by the way, praising your judgment is a little compliment to myself, which I am apt to fall into of late, nobody now being at the trouble of doing it for me. The Parnellian, who was to have carried this letter, seems to have changed his mind by some sudden turns in his affairs, but I wish his hopes may not be the effect of some accidental thing working upon his spirits, rather than any well-grounded project.

If it be any pleasure to you, I can assure you that you are remembered kindly by your friends, and I believe not altogether forgot by your enemies. I think both is for your reputation. I am told that I am to lose my little preferment:[b] however, I hope to be able to keep a little habitation warm in town. I cannot but say I think there is one thing in your circumstance that must make any man happy, which is, a liberty to preach. Such a prodigious privilege, that, if it did not border upon simony, I could really purchase it for a sum of money. For my part, I never imagine any man can be uneasy that has the opportunity of venting himself to a whole congregation once a-week. And you may pretend what you will, I am sure you think so too, or you do not judge right. As for news, I never inquire about any. *Fuimus Troes, &c. Sed nunc ferox Jupiter transtulit omnia ad Argos.*

My present politics is to give no disturbance to the present folks in the due exercise of their power, for fear of forcing them to do very strange things, rather than part with what they love so well. Untoward reports in the country will make elections dearer, which I am sorry for. The dragon I am afraid will be struck at. Adieu, in haste.

I must not forget to tell you a passage of the pretender's declaration to this purpose:—"That he had no reason to doubt of the good intention of his sister, which was the reason that he sat quiet in her time; but now was disappointed by the deplorable accident of her sudden death."

TO MONSIEUR GIRALDI
[Secretary to the duke of Tuscany].

De Dublin, en Irelande.
Février 25, 1714-15.

Monsieur,—Je prends la liberté de vous présenter le porteur de celui-ci, Monsieur Howard, gentilhomme savant et de condition de ce pays-ci, qui prétend de faire le tour d'Italie; et qui, étant chanoine en mon doyenné et professeur de college ici, veut en voyageant parmi les catholiques s'opiniatrer le plus dans son hérésie. Et après tout, monsieur, il n'est que juste, puisque vous avez dérobé notre franchise Angloise pour l'ajouter à votre politesse Italienne, que quelques-uns de nous-autres tramontanes devoient en voyageant chez vous faire des représailles. Vous me souffriez aussi de vous prier de présenter mes très humbles devoirs à son altesse royale le grand duc.

Pour mon particulier, monsieur, je prends la liberté de vous dire que, deux mois devant la mort de la reine, voyant, qu'il étoit tout-à-fait impossible de raccommoder mes amis du ministère, je me retirai à la campagne en Berkshire, d'où après ce triste événement je venois en Irelande, où je demeure en mon doyenné, et attends avec la résignation d'un bon chrétien la ruine de notre cause et de mes amis, menacés tous le jours par la faction dominante. Car ces messieurs sont tout-à-fait résolu de trancher une demi-douzaine de têtes des meilleures d'Angleterre, et que vous avez fort bien connues et estimées. Dieu sait quel en sera l'événement. Pour mois, j'ai quitté pour jamais la politique, et avec la permission des bonnes gens qui sont maintenant en vogue, je demeurerai la reste de ma vie en mon hermitage pour songer à mon salut.

Adieu, monsieur, et me faites la justice de croire que je suis, avec beaucoup de respect, monsieur votre, &c

TO MR. GIRALDI.

Dublin, February 25, 1714-15.

Sir,—I take the liberty to recommend to you the bearer, Mr. Howard, a learned gentleman of good family in this country, who intends to make the tour of Italy, and being a canon in my deanery, and professor of a college in this university, would fain be confirmed in his heresy by travelling among catholics. And after all, sir, it is but just that, since you have borrowed our English frankness and sincerity to ingraft on your Italian politeness, some of us tramontanes should make reprisals on you by travelling. You will also permit me to beg you will be be so kind as to present my most humble duty to his royal highness the grand duke.

With regard to myself, I will be so free as to tell you that two months before the queen's decease, finding that it was impossible to reconcile my friends of the ministry, I retired to a country-house in Berkshire; from whence after the melancholy event I came over to Ireland, where I now reside upon my deanery, and with christian resignation wait for the destruction of our cause and of my friends, which the reigning faction are daily contriving. For these gentlemen are absolutely determined to strike off half a dozen heads of the best men in England, whom you intimately knew and esteemed. God knows what will be the consequence. For my part I have bid adieu to politics, and with the good leave of the honest men who are now in power, I shall spend the remainder of my days in my hermitage, and attend entirely to my own private affairs. Adieu, sir, and do me the justice to believe that I am, with great respect, sir, yours, &c.

TO MR. POPE.

Dublin, June 28, 1715.

My lord bishop of Clogher[a] gave me your kind letter full of reproaches for my not writing. I am naturally no very exact correspondent, and when I leave a country without probability of returning, I think as seldom as I can of what I loved or esteemed in it, to avoid the *desiderium* which of all things makes life most uneasy. But you must give me leave to add one thing, that you talk at your ease, being wholly unconcerned in public events: for if your friends the

[a] Written on the same paper with the last
[b] Physician to the royal household.

[a] Dr. St. George Ashe, a fellow of Trinity college, Dublin (to whom the dean was pupil), afterwards bishop of Clogher, 1697, and translated to the see of Derry in 1716-17. He married Swift to Mrs Johnson, 1716-17, and performed the ceremony in a garden.

Whigs[a] continue you may hope for some favour; if the Tories return[b] you are at least sure of quiet. You know how well I loved both lord Oxford and Bolingbroke, and how dear the duke of Ormond is to me: do you imagine I can be easy while their enemies are endeavouring to take off their heads? *I nunc, et versus tecum meditare canoros.*—Do you imagine I can be easy when I think of the probable consequences of these proceedings, perhaps upon the very peace of the nation, but certainly of the minds of so many hundred thousand good subjects? Upon the whole, you may truly attribute my silence to the eclipse, but it was that eclipse which happened on the 1st of August.[c]

I borrowed your Homer from the bishop (mine is not yet landed), and read it out in two evenings.

If it pleases others as well as me, you have got your end in profit and reputation; yet I am angry at some bad rhymes and triplets; and pray in your next do not let me have so many unjustifiable rhymes to war and gods. I tell you all the faults I know, only in one or two places you are a little too obscure: but I expected you to be so, in one or two and twenty. I have heard no foul talk of it here, for indeed it is not come over, nor do we very much abound in judges, at least I have not the honour to be acquainted with them. Your notes are perfectly good, and so are your preface and essay. You were pretty bold in mentioning lord Bolingbroke in that preface. I saw the "Key to the Lock" but yesterday: I think you have changed it a good deal to adapt it to the present times.

God be thanked, I have yet no parliamentary business, and if they have none with me I shall never seek their acquaintance. I have not been very fond of them for some years past, not when I thought them tolerably good; and therefore if I can get leave to be absent I shall be much inclined to be on that side when there is a parliament on this: but truly I must be a little easy in my mind[d] before I can think of Scriblerus.

You are to understand that I live in the corner of a vast unfurnished house: my family consists of a steward, a groom, a helper in the stable, a footman, and an old maid, who are all at board-wages; and when I do not dine abroad or make an entertainment (which last is very rare), I eat a mutton-pie and drink half a pint of wine: my amusements are defending my small dominions against the archbishop, and endeavouring to reduce my rebellious choir. *Perditur hæc inter misero lux.* I desire you will present my humble service to Mr. Addison, Mr. Congreve, Mr. Rowe, and Gay.—I am, and will be always, extremely yours, &c. JONATHAN SWIFT.

TO THE EARL OF OXFORD.

Dublin, July 19, 1715.

MY LORD,—It may look like an idle or officious thing in me to give your lordship any interruption under your present circumstances; yet I could never forgive myself if, after being treated for several years with the greatest kindness and distinction by a person of your lordship's virtue, I should omit making you at this time the humblest offers of my poor service and attendance. It is the first time I ever solicited you in my own behalf; and if I am refused it will be the first request you ever refused me. I do not think myself obliged to regulate my opinions by the proceedings of a house of lords or commons; and therefore, however they may acquit themselves in your lordship's case, I shall take the liberty of thinking and calling your lordship the ablest and faithfullest minister and truest lover of your country that this age has produced; and I have already taken care that you shall be so represented to posterity, in spite of all the rage and malice of your enemies. And this I know will not be wholly indifferent to your lordship, who, next to a good conscience, always esteemed reputation your best possession. Your intrepid behaviour under this prosecution astonishes every one but me, who know you so well, and how little it is in the power of human actions or events to discompose you. I have seen your lordship labouring under great difficulties and exposed to great dangers, and overcoming both by the providence of God and your own wisdom and courage. Your life has been already attempted by private malice; it is now pursued by public resentment. Nothing else remained. You were destined to both trials; and the same power which delivered you out of the paws of the lion and the bear will I trust deliver you out of the hands of the uncircumcised.

I can write no more. You suffer for a good cause; for having preserved your country, and for having been the great instrument under God of his present majesty's peaceable accession to the throne. This I know, and this your enemies know; and this I will take care that all the world shall know, and future ages be convinced of. God Almighty protect you, and continue to you that fortitude and magnanimity he has endowed you with!—Farewell.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

FROM DR. ARBUTHNOT.

August 6, 1715.

RECEIVED your very Heraclitian letter. I am kinder than you: I desire to hear your complaints, and will always share them when I cannot remove them. I should have the same concern for things as you, were I not convinced that a comet will make much more strange revolutions upon the face of our globe than all the petty changes that can be occasioned by governments and ministers. And you will allow it to be a matter of importance to think of methods to save oneself and family in such a terrible shock, when this whole earth will turn upon new poles, and revolve in a new orbit. I consider myself as a poor passenger, and that the earth is not to be forsaken nor the rocks removed from me. But you are certainly some first minister of a great monarch, who for some misbehaviour are condemned in this revolution of things to govern a chapter and a choir of singing-men. I am sure I should think myself happy if I had only such a province as the latter. Certainly your chapter is too peaceable, and not like other chapters, else they would give you more occupation. You see I begin with philosophy. As to business, I this moment saw the dragon. He had four letters, and showed them to me some time ago, and seems to be mighty fond of the project; only he is to be at Wimple, and not in Herefordshire and it

[a] Pope for some time preserved a sort of neutrality in politics.

[b] In a manuscript letter of lord Bolingbroke it is said "that George I. set out from Hanover with a resolution of oppressing no set of men that would be quiet subjects. But as soon as he came into Holland a contrary resolution was taken at the earnest importunity of the allies, and particularly of Heinsius and some of the Whigs. Lord Townshend came triumphing to acquaint lord Somers with all the measures of proscription and persecution which they intended, and to which the king had at last consented. The old peer asked what he meant, and shed tears on the foresight of measures like those of the Roman Triumvirate."

[c] Alluding to the death of queen Anne on the 1st of August.

[d] Never was exhibited so strong and lamentable a picture of disappointed ambition as in this and some other letters of the dean. When we consider the fidelity and ability with which he served the queen's last ministry, we are surprised that they gave him no higher preferment, but banished him, as it were, to Ireland.

is but a step farther.[a] He is to write this night, if you believe him, to that very purpose; nay, I am to have the letter to enclose, and I intend to keep mine open till eleven. It is strange that you should imagine the dragon had cast his *exuviæ* in his den,[b] or that confinement is a cure for inactivity; so far from it, all these habits are ten times stronger upon him than ever. Lewis will furnish you with a collection of new stories that are as far beyond the old ones as you can imagine. Therefore I say again, come, and you will be far from finding any such dismal scenes as you describe. Your own letter will furnish you with topics to conquer your melancholy. For in such a mutability what is it that must not in time cast up? Even the return of that brother[c] you mention. And as philosophical as I am, I should be very sad if I did not think that very probable and feasible. As to your friends, though the world is changed to them, they are not changed to you; and you will be caressed as much as ever, and by some that bore you no good will formerly. Do you think there is no pleasure in hearing the Hanover Club[d] declaim upon the clemency and gentleness of the late reign, and a thousand stranger things? As for the constitution, it is in no more danger than a strong man that has got a little surfeit by drunkenness. All will be well, and people recover their sober senses every day. Several of your friends dine with me to-day; lady Masham, Jo. Drummond, the judge, &c.; when you will be remembered. I wish I could return your compliments as to my wife and bairns. Sure you are a very ill husband, for you had the complete thousand when you was in England, and sixpence of another thousand given by the dragon. I remember that full well. Lewis is gone his progress. I shall be at Bath in a fortnight. Come that way. Adieu.

I really think the person I recommended will do well; he will be quite another thing before Michaelmas, with Rosingrave's teaching, &c. He has a good voice.

FROM THE REV. DR. ROBERT FRIEND
(Master of Westminster school).

Westminster, September 20, 1715.

MR. DEAN,—I am much obliged to lady Kerry for giving you an occasion of writing, and shall always be pleased in receiving any commands from you. Mr. Fitzmaurice[e] is very promising, and a favourite of mine already. I had never seen or heard from any one that was concerned for him till I had the favour of yours; but as I had taken a particular notice of him on his own account, I shall now do it much more upon yours. This will be brought to you by your kinsman Mr. Rolt. I am glad I can tell you that he has behaved himself very well here. He is not of the highest sort, but is very sober and industrious, and will work out his way, and I believe deserve any encouragement you are pleased to give him. Things are in an odd posture with us at present; and the state of banishment you are in may be endured without much regret; however, I shall hope in a little time to see you here, when more of your friends are in town.

The bishop[f] and my brother John are much yours, and very desirous of a happy meeting with you. Before this can be with you, you will be able to guess how soon that may happen. May it be as soon as is wished by, sir, your most obedient and faithful humble servant, ROBERT FRIEND.

FROM THE DUCHESS OF ORMOND

October 17, 1715.

SIR,—I was extremely pleased to find you had not forgot your friends when it is so hard for them to write to you, and by their concern for you put you in mind of them. But I find no misfortunes can lessen your friendship, which is so great as to blind you on the side of their faults, and make you believe you see virtues in them it were happy for them they enjoyed in any degree; for I am sure some of those you named are much wanted at this time. I was, as you heard, very well pleased that my friend[a] was safe as to his person, but very uneasy at seeing his reputation so treated. As to his fortune, it is yet in dispute. However, as long as he is well, I am satisfied. It is with difficulty I do hear; but now and then a straggling body brings me an account of him: for there has been no encouragement to write by the post, all letters miscarrying that either he or I have wrote that way; that we have given it over now, and trust to accident for the news of each other. I hope I shall hear from you oftener than I have done for some months past; for no friend you have has more respect for you than your most humble servant.

Your niece Betty[b] is your humble servant.

TO BISHOP ATTERBURY.

Dublin, March 24, 1716.

MY LORD,—As much of your lordship's thoughts and time are employed at present, you must give me leave to interrupt them, and—which is worse—for a trifle; though, by the accidents of time and party, of some consequence and great vexation to me. I am here at the head of three-and-twenty dignitaries and prebendaries, whereof the major part, differing from me in principles, have taken a fancy to oppose me upon all occasions in the chapter-house; and a ringleader among them has presumed to debate my power of proposing, or my negative, though it is what the deans of this cathedral have possessed for time immemorial, and what has never been once disputed. Our constitution was taken from that of Sarum; and the knowledge of what is practised there in the like case would be of great use to me. I have written this post to Dr. Younger,[c] to desire he would inform me in this matter; but having only a slender acquaintance with him, I would beg your lordship to second my request that the dean would please to let me know the practice of his cathedral and his power in this point. I would likewise desire your lordship to let me know how it is at Westminster and the two other cathedrals, with whose customs you may be acquainted.

Pray, my lord, pardon this idle request from one that loves and esteems you, as you know I do. I once thought it would never be my misfortune to entertain you at so scurvy a rate, at least not at so great a distance, or with so much constraint?

"Sis felix, nostrumque leves [I do not like *quicunque*[d]] laborem:
Et quo sub cœlo tandem, quibus orbis in oris
Jactemur, doceas."[e]

The greatest felicity I now have is that I am

[a] Alluding to the visit Swift offered him.
[b] He was sent to the Tower.
[c] Bolingbroke.
[d] Hanover club, of which Ambrose Philips, esq., was secretary.
[e] He had been placed at the school by Swift.
[f] Dr. Francis Atterbury, bishop of Rochester.

[a] The duke, who, being suspected of treason, went abroad.
[b] Her grace's daughter
[c] Of Magdalen college, Oxford, and dean of Salisbury.
[d] The *quæcunque* of Virgil was more favourable to the zealous admirers of the memory of queen Anne.
[e] "But tell a stranger, long in tempests toss'd,
What earth we tread, or who commands the coast."
DRYDEN, *Æn.* i. 457.

utterly ignorant of the most public events that happen in the world:

"Multa gemens ignominiam plagasque," &c.

I am, with the greatest respect and truth, my lord, your lordship's most dutiful and most humble servant,

JONATHAN SWIFT.

FROM BISHOP ATTERBURY.

Bromley Palace, April 6, 1716.

GOOD MR. DEAN,—My gout kept me so long a prisoner at Westminster this winter that I have fixed at Bromley this spring much sooner than ever I yet did; for which reason my meeting with Dr. Younger will be more difficult than it would be had I been still at the deanery.[a]

The best (or rather the worst) is, that I believe he can say nothing to you upon the matter about which you write which will please you. His deanery [of Salisbury] is of the old foundation, and in all such foundations the deans have no extraordinary power or privilege, and are nothing more then residentiaries, with a peculiar corps belonging to them as deans; the first of the chapter, but such whose presence is not necessary toward the despatch of any one capitular act, the senior residentiary supplying their absence in every case with full authority. Thus I say the case generally is in the old deaneries, unless where the local statutes may have expressly reserved some peculiar power or privilege to the deans of those churches. But none of them I dare say have a negative, either by common law, custom, or local statute. Thus much to show you that a nice search into the peculiar rights of the dean of Sarum will be needless if not mischievous to you. The three deaneries [Carlisle, Christ-church, and Westminster] which I have had are all of the new foundation by Henry VIII. or queen Elizabeth. In the charters of all there is a clause empowering the dean to make, punish, and unmake all the officers. In the statutes of one of them (Carlisle) the dean's consent in all the *graviores causæ* is made expressly necessary, and in the other two nothing from the foundation of those churches ever passed the seal without the dean's *sigilletur* first written on the lease, patent, presentation, &c., which is a manifest and uncontested proof of his negative. As to the power of proposing, that I apprehend not to be exclusive to the other members of the chapter. It is a point chiefly of decency and convenience; the dean being the principal person, and supposed best to be acquainted with the affairs of the church and in what order they are fittest to be transacted. But if any one else of the body will propose anything, and the rest of the chapter will debate it, I see not how the dean can hinder them, unless it be by leaving the chapter; and that itself will be of no moment in churches where his absence does not break up and dissolve the chapter, as it does where his consent to anything there treated of is expressly required before it can pass into an act. Where, indeed, he is allowed such a negative, he is generally allowed to make all proposals, because it would be to no purpose for any one to make a proposition which he can quash by a dissent: but this is not, I say, a matter of right, but prudence.

Upon the whole, the best advice I can give you is, whatever your powers are by statute or usage, not to insist on them too strictly in either of the cases mentioned by you, unless you are very sure of the favour and countenance of your visitor. The lawyers you will find, whenever such points come before them for a decision, are very apt to disregard statutes and customs in such cases; and to say that their books make the act of the majority of the corporation the legal act of the body, without considering whether the dean be among the minority or not. And therefore your utmost dexterity and address will be necessary in order to prevent such a trial of your right at common law; which, it is ten to one, (especially as things now stand,) will go against you. If the refractory part of your chapter are stout, and men of any sense, or supported underhand (the last of these is highly probable), you had better make use of expedients to decline the difficulty than bring it at present to a decision. These are the best lights and this the best advice I can give you, after a long experience of the natural consequences of such struggles, and a careful search into the foundation of the powers and privileges claimed and disputed on the one side and the other. I wish I could say anything more to your satisfaction, but I cannot, and I think in all such cases the best instance I can give you of my friendship is not to deceive you.

There is a statute in the latter end of king Henry VIII.'s reign worthy of your perusal. The title of it relates to the leases of hospitals, &c., and the tenor of it did in my apprehension seem always to imply that, without the dean, master, &c., nothing could be legally done by the corporation. But the lawyers will not allow this to be good doctrine, and say that statute (notwithstanding a constant phrase of it) determines nothing of this kind, and at the most implies it only as to such deaneries, &c., where the dean, master, &c., have the right of a negative by statute or usage. And few lawyers there are who will allow even thus much. I cannot explain myself further on that head, but when you peruse the statute you will see what I mean; though after all it does not I believe include Ireland. However, I look upon it as a declaration of the common law here in England.

I am sorry you have any occasion to write to me on these heads, and much sorrier that I am not able to give you any tolerable account of them. God forgive those who have furnished me with this knowledge by involving me designedly into those squabbles. I thank God I have forgiven them.

I will enter into nothing but the inquiries of your letter, and therefore add not a word more either in English or Latin, but that I am, with great esteem, good Mr. Dean, your very affectionate, humble servant,

FR. ROFFEN.

TO BISHOP ATTERBURY.

April 18, 1716.

MY LORD,—I am extremely obliged to your lordship for the trouble you have given yourself in answering at length a very insignificant letter. I shall entirely follow your lordship's advice to the best of my skill. Your conjectures from whence my difficulties take their rise are perfectly true. It is all party. But the right is certainly on my side, if there be anything in constant immemorial custom. Besides, though the first scheme of this cathedral was brought from Sarum, yet by several subsequent grants from popes, kings, archbishops, and acts of parliament, the dean has great prerogatives. He visits the chapter as ordinary, and the archbishop only visits by the dean. The dean can suspend and sequester any member, and punishes all crimes except heresy, and one or two more reserved for the archbishop. No lease can be let without him. He holds a court-leet in his district, and is exempt from the lord-mayor, &c. No chapter can be called but by him, and he dissolves them at pleasure. He disposes absolutely of

[a] Of Westminster, which has long been connected with the bishopric of Rochester.

the petty canons and vicars-choral places. All th dignitaries, &c., swear canonical obedience to him These circumstances put together I presume ma alter the case in your lordship's judgment. However, I shall, as your lordship directs me, do my utmost to divert this controversy as much as I can I must add one thing, that no dignitary can preside without a power from the dean, who in his absence makes a sub-dean, and limits him as he pleases And so much for deaneries, which I hope I shal never trouble your lordship with again.

I send this enclosed and without superscription to be sent or delivered to you by a famous friend o mine, and devoted servant of your lordship's.

I congratulate with England for joining with u here in the fellowship of slavery. It is not so terrible a thing as you imagine: we have long lived under it; and whenever you are disposed to know how you ought to behave yourself in your new condition, you need go no further than me for a director. But because we are resolved to go beyond you, we have transmitted a bill to England, to be returned here, giving the government and six of the council power for three years to imprison whom they please for three months, without any trial or examination and I expect to be among the first of those upon whom this law will be executed. We have also outdone you in the business of Ben Hoadly, and have recommended to a bishopric one[a] whom you would not allow a curate in the smallest of your parishes. Does your lordship know that, as much as I have been used to lies in England, I am under a thousand uneasinesses about some reports relating to a person that you and I love very well! I have writ to a lady [lady Bolingbroke] upon that subject, and am impatient for an answer. I am gathering up 1000*l*., and intend to finish my life upon the interest of it in Wales.

God Almighty preserve your lordship *miseris succurrere rebus*, whether you understand or relish Latin or no. But it is a great deal your fault if you suffer us all to be undone; for God never gave such talents without expecting they should be used to preserve a nation. There is a doctor [Dr. R. Friend] in your neighbourhood to whom I am a very humble servant. I am, with great respect, your lordship's most dutiful, &c. JONATHAN SWIFT.

Some persons go this summer for England; and if Dr. Younger be talked with, I hope you will so order it that it may not be to my disadvantage.[b]

FROM LADY BOLINGBROKE.

London, May 5, 1716.

MR. DEAN,—Your letter came in very good time to me, when I was full of vexation and trouble, which all vanishes, finding that you were so good to remember me under my afflictions, which have been not greater than you can think, but much greater than I can express. I am now in town; business called me hither, and when that is finished I shall retire with more comfort than I came. Do not forsake an old friend, nor believe reports which are scandalous and false. You are pleased to inquire after my health; I can give you no good account of it at present; but that country whither I shall go next week will I hope set me up. As to my temper, if it is possible I am more insipid and dull than ever, except in some places, and there I am a little fury, especially if they dare mention my dear lord without respect, which sometimes happens; for good manners and relationship are laid aside in this town; it is not hard for you to guess whom I mean. I have not yet seen the duchess of Ormond, but design it in a day or two: we have kept a constant correspondence ever since our misfortunes, and her grace is pleased to call me sister. There is nobody in the world has a truer respect and value for her than myself. I send this to my friend John Barber, your printer, and beg when you do me the favour of an answer to send it to him, who will take care to convey it to me in the country; for your letter lay a long while before it came to my hands. I beg you to look with a friendly eye upon all my faults and blots in this letter, and that you will believe me what I really am, your most faithful humble servant,

F. B.

TO ARCHBISHOP KING.

Gaulstown, June 17, 1716.

MY LORD,—I have an account by this post that your grace intends in two or three days to go for England. I heartily wish you a good voyage and a speedy return, with a perfect recovery of your health, and success in all your undertakings for the service of the church. I lately applied myself to some persons who I thought had credit with your grace, that they would prevail on you to consent that Mr. Dopping should have St. Nicholas, and that Mr. Chamberlain, upon surrendering a sinecure (fallen by the late promotion) to Mr. Wall, might succeed to St. Luke's; and having heard your grace was not disinclined to this scheme, I thought you had authority enough to make it go down with Mr. Chamberlain, who would be a gainer by the exchange, and, having already a plentiful fortune, would have as good an opportunity of showing his abilities in one parish as in the other. I should add my humble entreaties to your grace to consent to this proposal, if I had not so many reasons to apprehend that it would succeed just so much the worse for my solicitation. I confess every friend I have discovered long before myself that I had wholly lost your grace's favour, and this to a degree that all whom I was disposed to serve were sure to thrive the worse for my friendship to them: particularly, I have been assured that Mr. Wall would not have failed of the prebend of Malahiddart if he had not been thought too much attached to me; for it is alleged that, according to your grace's own scheme of uniting the prebends to the vicarages, it would almost have fallen to him of course; and I remember the poor gentleman had always a remote hope of that prebend whenever Dr. Moor should quit it. Mr. Wall came lately down to me to Trim upon that disappointment, and I was so free as to ask him whether he thought my friendship had done him hurt; but he was either so meek or so fearful of offending that he would by no means impute his misfortune to anything beside his want of merit and some misrepresentations; which latter I must confess to have found with grief to have more than once influenced you against some who by their conduct to your grace have deserved a quite different treatment. With respect to myself, I can assure your grace that those who are most in your confidence make it no manner of secret that several clergymen have lost your grace's favour by their civilities to me. I do not say anything of this by way of complaint, which I look upon to be an office too mean for any man of spirit and integrity, but merely to know whether it be possible for me to be upon any better terms with your grace, without which I shall be able to do very little good in the small station I am placed. The friendship I had with the late ministry, and the trust they were pleased to repose in me,

[a] Dr. Charles Carr, bishop of Killaloe.

[b] This seems to imply a wish in Swift to exchange his deanery of St Patrick's for that of Sarum.

were chiefly applied to do all the service to the church that I was able. I had no ill designs, nor ever knew any in them. I was the continual advocate for all men of merit without regard of party; for which it is known enough that I was sufficiently censured by some warm men, and in a more particular manner for vindicating your grace in an affair where I thought you were misrepresented, and you seemed desirous to wish to be set right. And upon the whole, this I can faithfully assure your grace, that I was looked upon as a trimmer and one that was providing against a change, for no other reason but defending your grace's principles in church and state; which I think might pass for some kind of merit in one who never either had or expected any mark of your favour. And I cannot but think it hard that I must upon all occasions be made uneasy in my station, have dormant prebends revived on purpose to oppose me, and this openly acknowledged by those who say they act under your grace's direction. That, instead of being able to do a good office to a deserving friend, as all my predecessors have been, it is thought a matter of accusation for any one to cultivate my acquaintance. This I must think to be hard treatment, and though I regard not the consequences as far as they are intended to affect myself, yet your grace may live to lament those which from thence may happen to the church.

When I was first made dean your grace was pleased, in a very condescending manner, to write to me that you desired my friendship: I was then in the service of the ministry, and the peace was made; and if I had any share in their ill designs, I was then guilty, but I do not know that I have ever done anything since to forfeit your good opinion: I confess I lost many friends by the queen's death, but I will never imagine your grace to be of the number.

I have given your grace too long a trouble. I humbly beg your blessing, and shall remain ever, with the greatest truth and respect, my lord, your grace's most dutiful, and most humble servant,

Jonathan Swift.

FROM MR. POPE.

June 20, 1716.

I cannot suffer a friend to cross the Irish seas without bearing a testimony from me of the constant esteem and affection I am both obliged and inclined to have for you. It is better he should tell you than I how often you are in our thoughts and in our cups, and how I learn to sleep less[a] and drink more whenever you are named among us. I look upon a friend in Ireland as upon a friend in the other world, whom (popishly speaking) I believe constantly well disposed towards me, and ready to do me all the good he can in that state of separation, though I hear nothing from him, and make addresses to him but very rarely. A protestant divine cannot take it amiss that I treat him in the same manner with my patron saint.

I can tell you no news but what you will not sufficiently wonder at, that I suffer many things as an author militant: whereof in your days of probation you have been a sharer, or you had not arrived at that triumphant state you now deservedly enjoy in the church. As for me, I have not the least hopes of the cardinalate, though I suffer for my religion in almost every weekly paper. I have begun to take a pique at the psalms of David, if the wicked may be credited, who have printed a scandalous one[b] in my name. This report I dare not discourage too much, in a prospect I have at present of a post under the marquis de Langallerie, wherein if I can but do some signal service against the pope, I may be considerably advanced by the Turks, the only religious people I dare confide in. If it should happen hereafter that I should write for the holy law of Mahomet, I hope it may make no breach between you and me; every one must live, and I beg you will not be the man to manage the controversy against me. The church of Rome I judge (from many modern symptoms, as well as ancient prophecies) to be in a declining condition; that of England will in a short time be scarce able to maintain her own family; so churches sink as generally as banks in Europe, and for the same reason: that religion and trade, which at first were open and free, have been reduced into the management of companies and the roguery of directors.

I do not know why I tell you all this, but that I always loved to talk to you; but this is not the time for any man to talk to the purpose. Truth is a kind of contraband commodity which I would not venture to export, and therefore the only thing tending that dangerous way which I shall say is, that I am and always will be, with the utmost sincerity, yours, &c.

Alexander Pope.

FROM LADY BOLINGBROKE.

London, August 4, 1716.

Dear Sir,—I wish your last had found me in the country, but, to my misfortune, I am still kept in town, soliciting my unfortunate business. I have found great favour from his majesty. But form is a tedious thing to wait upon. Since it is my fate I must bear it with patience, and perfect it if I can; for there is nothing like following business oneself. I am unwilling to stir without the seals, which I hope to have soon. I have been very ill; this place never agreeing with me, and less now than ever, it being prodigious hot weather.

I know not what to say as to one part of yours; only this, that you will forgive the fears of a woman if she says she is glad it is as it is, though it has almost ruined her. I hope, one time or other, his majesty will find my lord has been misrepresented; and by that means he may be restored to his country once more with honour; or else, however harsh it may sound out of my mouth, I had rather wear black. These are my real sentiments. I never thought myself nor my health of any consequence till lately; and since you tell me it is so to the unworthy, as you please to term it, I shall take care of it; for the worthy, which I once thought so, they are good for nothing but to neglect distressed friends. Those few friends I meet with now are worth a thousand relations: that I found long ago. We have the happiness of odd, half-witted relations, and silly, obstinate, opiniatre friends, that are a severe plague to me. I never could have the pleasure of talking one moment to the duchess of Ormond. She had always company, and some that I wish she had not. She is now out of town, and we do not correspond at present. I wish her all happiness, and in better hands as to her business. You have a much better opinion of me than I deserve; but I will study all I can to merit that favour which you are kind to assure me of.

I wish it were possible for us to meet, that I might assure you in person that I am yours most faithfully.

P.S. Yours came safe: I hope this will to you. There is a lady who never forgets you, and a par-

[a] Alluding to the custom of sleeping after dinner.

[b] An objectionable paraphrase of the first psalm, published by Curll in his Miscellanies.

ticular friend to me, and has been a great comfort to me in my trouble; I mean my tenant: she is now in the country, to my grief.

TO MR POPE.

August 30, 1716.

I HAD the favour of yours by Mr. Ford, of whom, before any other question relating to your health or fortune, or success as a poet, I inquired your principles in the common form—"Is he a Whig or a Tory?" I am sorry to find they are not so well tallied to the present juncture as I could wish. I always thought the terms of *facto* and *jure* had been introduced by the poets, and that possession of any sort in kings was held an unexceptionable title in the court of Parnassus. If you do not grow a perfect good subject in all its present latitudes, I shall conclude you are become rich, and able to live without dedications to men in power, whereby one great inconvenience will follow, that you and the world and posterity will be utterly ignorant of their virtues. For either your brethren have miserably deceived us these hundred years past, or power confers virtue as naturally as five of your popish sacraments do grace.—You sleep less and drink more.—But your master Horace was *vini somnique benignus*;[a] and, as I take it, both are proper for your trade. As to wine, there are a thousand poetical texts to confirm the one; and as to the other, I know it was anciently the custom to sleep in temples for those who would consult the oracles, "Who dictates to me slumbering," &c.[b]

You are an ill catholic, or a worse geographer; for I can assure you Ireland is not paradise, and I appeal even to any Spanish divine whether addresses were ever made to a friend in hell or purgatory. And who are all those enemies you hint at? I can only think of Curll, Gildon, 'squire Burnet, Blackmore, and a few others, whose fame I have forgot: tools, in my opinion, as necessary for a good writer as pen, ink, and paper. And besides, I would fain know whether every draper does not show you three or four damned pieces of stuff to set off his good one? However, I will grant that one thorough bookselling rogue is better qualified to vex an author than all his contemporary scribblers in critic or satire, not only by stolen copies of what was incorrect or unfit for the public, but by downright laying other men's dulness at your door. I had a long design upon the ears of that Curll when I was in credit; but the rogue would never allow me a fair stroke at them, although my penknife was ready drawn and sharp. I can hardly believe the relation of his being poisoned, although the historian pretends to have been an eye-witness; but I beg pardon, sack might do it, although ratsbane would not.[c] I never saw the thing you mention as falsely imputed to you; but I think the frolics of merry hours, even when we are guilty, should not be left to the mercy of our best friends until Curll and his resemblers are hanged.

With submission to the better judgment of you and your friends, I take your project of an employment under Langallerie to be idle and unnecessary. Have a little patience and you will find more merit and encouragement at home by the same methods. You are ungrateful to your country; quit but your own religion and ridicule ours, and that will allow you a free choice for any other, or for none at all, and pay you well into the bargain. Therefore, pray do not run and disgrace us among the Turks by telling them you were forced to leave your native home because we would oblige you to be a christian; whereas we will make it appear to all the world that we only compelled you to be a Whig.

There is a young ingenious quaker[a] in this town who writes verses to his mistress, not very correct, but in a strain purely what a poetical quaker should do, commending her look and habit, &c. It gave me a hint that a set of quaker pastorals might succeed if our friend Gay[b] could fancy it, and I think it a fruitful subject; pray hear what he says. I believe further the pastoral ridicule is not exhausted; and that a porter, footman, or chairman's pastoral might do well. Or what think you of a Newgate pastoral among the whores and thieves there?

Lastly, to conclude, I love you never the worse for seldom writing to you. I am in an obscure scene where you know neither thing nor person. I can only answer yours, which I promise to do after a sort, whenever you think fit to employ me. But I can assure you the scene and the times have depressed me wonderfully, for I will impute no defect to those two paltry years which have slipped by since I had the happiness to see you. I am, with the truest esteem, yours, &c.

FROM THE DUCHESS OF ORMOND.

September 14, 1716.

SIR,—I had the ill fortune to miss of that letter you upbraided me with. I had deserved any reproaches you could make me if it had come to my hands and I not made due acknowledgments for your inquiries after me. I will make you wish you had not been so angry with me: for I will scrawl out myself what you would rather Betty or my maid had, for they would have made shorter work of it; but I will answer every part of yours that you obliged me with by Mr. Ford.

First, as to the lady you mention, the reason I had not seen her in a great while was my being in the country. To tell you the truth, I believe her husband has been a better courtier than either she or any of her sex could be; because men have it in their power to serve, and I believe hers has effectually done what lay in him.

You kindly ask how my affairs go. There is yet no end of them, and God only knows when there will be. For when everything was thought done, a sudden blast has blown all hopes away, and then they give me fresh expectations. In the mean time I am forced to live upon the borrow; my goods all taken away that I shall not have so much as a bed to lie upon but what I must buy, and no money of my own to do that with; so that you may imagine me in a cheerful way. I pray God support me.

The gentleman [the duke] you inquired after is very well now. The illness you heard he had he has been subject to a good while. What you desire I wish were in the power of either his brother or me; but all will go from both of us of every kind. Only they say that the clothes upon my back I may perhaps call my own, and that's all. I was obliged to leave the country. I was so ill there that if I had not come to the physicians I cannot tell what might have happened. My daughter is your most humble servant, and is pretty well in health.

Am not I one of my word, and troubled you twice as long as you would have wished? But you will find by this that a woman's pen should no more be set at work than her tongue; for she never knows when to let either of them rest. But my paper puts me in mind that I have but just room to tell you I

[a] "Indulgent to himself in sleep and wine."
[b] Milton's "Paradise Lost", book ix. verse 23.
[c] This story originated in a joke upon Curll, by Pope giving him an emetic in a glass of sack.

[a] George Rooke, linendraper.
[b] Gay did write a pastoral of this kind, published in his works.

wish much to see you here, if it could be with your satisfaction; and that I am, with great sincerity, sir, your faithful humble servant, M. ORMOND.

FROM LORD BOLINGBROKE.[a]

October 23, 1716.

IT is a very great truth that among all the losses which I have sustained none affected me more sensibly than that of your company and correspondence; and yet even now I should not venture to write to you did not you provoke me to it. A commerce of letters between two men who are out of the world and who do not care one farthing to return into it again must be of little moment to the state; and yet I remember enough of that world to know that the most innocent things become criminal in some men as the most criminal pass applauded in others.

Your letter breathes the same spirit as your conversation, at all times inspired, even when the occasions of practising the severest rules of virtuous fortitude seemed most remote; if such occasions could ever seem remote to men who are under the direction of your able and honest friend sir Roger.[b]

To write about myself is no agreeable task, but your commands are sufficient at once to determine and excuse me. Know therefore that my health is far better than it has been a great while; that the money which I brought over with me will hold out some time longer; and that I have secured a small fund which will yield in any part of the world a revenue sufficient for one *qui peut se retrancher même avec plaisir dans la médiocrité*. I use a French expression because I have not one that pleases me ready in English. During several months after leaving that obscure retreat into which I had thrown myself last year, I went through all the mortifying circumstances imaginable. At present I enjoy, as far as I consider myself, great complacency of mind; but this inward satisfaction is embittered when I consider the condition of my friends. They are got into a dark hole where they grope about after blind guides, stumble from mistake to mistake, jostle against one another and dash their heads against the wall; and all this to no purpose. For assure yourself that there is no returning to light; no going out but by going back. My style is mystic, but it is your trade to deal in mysteries, and therefore I add neither comment nor excuse. You will understand me; and I conjure you to be persuaded that if I could have half an hour's conversation with you, for which I would barter whole hours of life, you would stare, haul your wig, and bite paper more than ever you did in your life. Adieu, dear friend; may the kindest influence of heaven be shed upon you. Whether we may ever meet again that heaven only knows; if we do, what millions of things shall we have to talk over! In the mean while, believe that nothing sits so near my heart as my country and my friends; and that among these you ever had and ever shall have a principal place.

If you write to me, direct "*A Monsieur Charlot, chez Monsieur Cantillon, banquier, rue de l'Arbre sec.*" Once more adieu.

FROM CHARLES FORD, ESQ.

Paris, October 28, 1716.

SIR,—If I was to see you again you would give twice as much as you offered six weeks ago not to have seen me. By the same rule you might afford something not to hear from me; but the enclosed[a] came this morning to me, and I could not send it away without adding a few lines to the cover. They are not to put you again into the spleen, but only to ask how you do, and how you employ yourself? Do the great designs go on at Laracor? Or have the rains put a stop to your improvements as well as to my journey? It will cost you but a penny and a few minutes to answer these questions; and in return you shall know anything you desire to know of me in my travels. I shall go on as soon as we have five or six days sunshine to dry the roads and make the finest country in the world supportable. I am laughed at here when I talk of travelling, and yet of waiting for fair weather; but to me the journey is the greatest part of the pleasure. And whereas my companion is continually wishing himself at Rome, I wish Rome was a thousand leagues further, that I might have more way to pass in France and Italy.

If you will do me the favour to write to me, direct to be left with Mr. Cantillon, banker in Paris.—I am, &c.

TO ARCHBISHOP KING.

Dublin, November 13, 1716.

MY LORD,—The reason I never gave your grace the trouble of a letter was, because it could only be a trouble without either entertainment or use; for I am so much out even of this little world that I know not the commonest occurrences in it; neither do I now write to your grace upon any sort of business, for I have nothing to ask but your blessing and favourable thoughts: only I conceived it ought not to be said that your grace was several months absent in England without one letter from the dean to pay his respects. My schemes are all circumscribed by the cathedral and the liberties about it; where nothing of moment happened since your grace left it, except the election of Mr. Chamberlain to St. Nicholas, which passed quietly while I was absent in the country. I am purchasing a glebe by the help of the trustees for the vicarage of Laracor; and I have vanity enough to desire it might be expressed by a clause in the deeds, as one consideration, that I had been instrumental in procuring the first-fruits; which was accordingly inserted, but hints were given it would not pass. Then the bishops of Ossory and Killaloe had as I am told a sum of money for their labour in that affair; who, upon my arrival at London to negotiate it, were one of them gone to Bath and the other to Ireland: but it seems more reasonable to give bishops money for doing nothing than a private gentleman thanks for succeeding where bishops have failed. I am only sorry I was not a bishop that I might at least have got money. The Tory clergy here seem ready for conversion, provoked by a parcel of obscure zealots in London, who as we hear are setting up a new church of England by themselves. By our intelligence it seems to be a complication of as much folly, madness, hypocrisy, and mistake as ever was offered to the world. If it be understood so on your side, I cannot but think there would be a great opportunity of regaining the body of the clergy to the interest of the court; who, if they were persuaded by a few good words to throw off their fears, could never think of the pretender without horror; under whom it is obvious that those refiners would have the greatest credit, and consequently everything be null since the time of the revolution, and more havoc made in a few months than the most desponding among the Tories can justly apprehend from the present management in as many years. These at

[a] Indorsed "The Squire.—Received November 7, 1716."

[b] Sir Roger is the name given to lord-treasurer Oxford in the "History of John Bull." As Bolingbroke is known to have hated and despised the treasurer, the words *able* and *honest* must be taken ironically.

[a] Letter of lord Bolingbroke.

least are as I am told the thoughts and reasonings of the high-church people among us; but whether court in the midst of strength and security will conceive it worth their while to cultivate the dispositions of people in the dust, is out of my reach.

The bishop of Dromore has never been in town since he went to his diocese, nor does he say anything of coming up. He is in good health.

I was told a week or two ago a confused story of the anatomy lecturer at the college turned out by the provost,[a] and another put in his place. I know not the particulars, but am assured he is blamed for it both by the prince and your grace. I take the provost to be a very honest gentleman, perfectly good-natured, and the least inclined to speak ill of others of almost any person I have known. He has very good intentions; but the defect seems to be that his views are short, various, and sudden; and I have reason to think he hardly ever makes use of any other counsellor than himself. I talked to him of this matter since it was done, and I think his answers satisfied me; but I am an ill retainer of facts wherein I have no concern: my humble opinion is that it would be much to his own ease and of theirs who dislike him if he were put into another station; and if you will not afford him a bishopric, that you will let him succeed some rich country dean. I dare be confident that the provost had no other end in changing that lecturer than a design of improving anatomy as far as he could; for he would never have made such a step as choosing the prince[b] chancellor but from a resolution of keeping as fair as he possibly could with the present powers, in regard both to his ease and his interest; and in hopes of changing a post wherein, to say the truth, he has been used by judges and governors like any dog, and has suffered more by it in his health and honour than I, with his patrimonial estate, would think it were worth. Here has been one Whittingham in an ordination sermon calling the clergy a thousand dumb dogs, and treating episcopacy as bad as Boyse;[c] yet no notice at all shall be taken of this, unless to his advantage upon the next vacant bishopric; and wagers are laid already whether he or one Monk will be the man. But I forget myself; and therefore shall only add that I am, with the greatest respect and truth, my lord, your grace's most dutiful and most humble servant, &c. JONATHAN SWIFT.

FROM ARCHBISHOP KING.

London, Suffolk-street, November 22, 1716.

SIR,—I read yours of the 13th instant with great satisfaction. It is not only an advantage to you and me that there should be a good correspondence between us, but also to the public; and I assure you I had much ado to persuade people here that we kept any tolerable measures with one another; much less that there was anything of a good inteligence: and therefore you judged right that it ought not to be said, that in so many months I had not received any letter from you.

I do a little admire that those that should be your fastest friends should be so opposite to acknowledge the service you did in procuring the twentieth parts and first-fruits: I know no reason for it except the zeal I showed to do you justice in that particular from the beginning. But since I only did it, as obliged to bear testimony to the truth in a matter which I certainly knew, and would have done the same for the worst enemy I had in the world, I see no reason why you should suffer because I among others was your witness. But be not concerned, ingratitude is warranted by modern and ancient custom, and it is more honour for a man to have it asked why he had not a suitable return to his merits than why he was overpaid? *Benefacere et male audire* is the lot of the best men. If calumny or ingratitude could have put me out of my way, God knows where I should have wandered by this time.

I am glad the business of St. Nicholas[a] is over any way: my inclination was Mr. Wall; that I might have joined the vicarage of Castleknock to the prebend of Malahidart, which would have made a good provision for one man, served the cures better, and yielded more then to the incumbent than it can do now when in different hands. But I could not compass it without using more power over my clergy than I am willing to exert. But as I am thankful to you for your condescension in that affair, so I will expect that those with whom you have complied should show their sense of it by a mutual return of the like compliance when there shall be occasion. Such reciprocal kind offices are the ground of mutual confidence and friendship, and the fuel that keeps them alive; and I think nothing can contribute more to our common ease and the public good than maintaining these between you and me and with the clergy.

We have a strong report that my lord Bolingbroke will return here and be pardoned; certainly it must not be for nothing. I hope he can tell no ill story of you. I add only my prayers for you, and am, sir, your most humble servant and brother,

WILLIAM DUBLIN.

TO THE ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN.

Trim, December 16, 1716.

MY LORD,—I should be sorry to see my lord Bolingbroke following the trade of an informer, because he is a person for whom I always had, and still continue, a very great love and esteem. For I think, as the rest of mankind do, that informers are a detestable race of people, although they may be sometimes necessary. Besides, I do not see whom his lordship can inform against except himself: he was three or four days at the court of France while he was secretary, and it is barely possible he might then have entered into some deep negotiation with the pretender, although I would not believe him if he should swear it, because he protested to me that he never saw him but once, and that was at a great distance, in public, at an opera. As to any other of the ministry at that time, I am confident he cannot accuse them, and that they will appear as innocent with relation to the pretender as any who are now at the helm. And as to myself, if I were of any importance, I should be very easy under such an accusation; much easier than I am to think your grace imagines me in any danger, or that lord Bolingbroke should have an ill story to tell of me. He knows, and loves, and thinks too well of me, to be capable of such an action. But I am surprised to think your grace could talk, or act, or correspond with me for some years past, while you must needs believe me a most false and vile man, declaring to you on all occasions my abhorrence of the pretender, and yet privately engaged with a ministry to bring him in; and therefore warning me to look to myself, and prepare my defence against a false brother coming over to discover such secrets as would hang me.

[a] Dr. Pratt, afterwards dean of Down.
[b] George prince of Wales, afterwards George II.
[c] An eminent dissenting teacher, minister of Wood street meeting-house in Dublin.

[a] The dean and chapter of St. Patrick's are the appropriators of that church, and have the right of bestowing the cure on whom they please.

Had there been ever the least overture or intent of bringing in the pretender during my acquaintance with the ministry, I think I must have been very stupid not to have picked out some discoveries or suspicions. And although I am not sure I should have turned informer, yet I am certain I should have dropped some general cautions, and immediately have retired. When people say things were not ripe at the queen's death, they say they know not what. Things were rotten; and had the ministers any such thoughts, they should have begun three years before; and they who say otherwise understand nothing of the state of the kingdom at that time.

But whether I am mistaken or not in other men, I beg your grace to believe that I am not mistaken in myself. I always professed to be against the pretender; and am so still. And this is not to make my court (which I know is vain), for I own myself full of doubts, fears, and dissatisfactions, which I think on as seldom as I can: yet if I were of any value, the public may safely rely on my loyalty, because I look upon the coming of the pretender as a greater evil than any we are likely to suffer under the worst Whig ministry that can be found.

I have not spoke or thought so much of party these two years, nor could anything have tempted me to it but the grief I have in standing so ill in your grace's opinion. I beg your grace's blessing, and am, &c.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

TO THE ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN.

Trim, December 22, 1716.

MY LORD,—I have been here some days to finish the purchase of a glebe for my country parish. I prevailed on a gentleman to alienate twenty acres for 200*l.* to be had from the trustees of the first-fruits. He then sets me twenty-three acres more for 999 years. Upon these last twenty-three acres I am, by agreement, to lay out the said 200*l.* in building, and to give the gentleman immediately 55*l.* out of my own pocket, and to pay him 14*l.* per annum for ever, which is near the value of the whole forty acres; these last twenty-three acres, after I have built and improved, I design to leave my successor,[a] who will then have forty three acres of good glebe, with house, gardens, &c., for 14*l.* per annum. I reckon to lay out of my own money above 250*l.*, and so to be an humble imitator of your grace, *longo intervallo.* This expedient was a project of Dr. Raymond, minister of this town, to deal with a Jew, who would not lessen his rent-roll, to save all the churches in Christendom. Dr. Coghill and everybody else approves the thing, since it is a good bargain to the church, a better to the gentleman, and only a bad one to myself, and I hope your grace will have the same thoughts.

Since I came down here I received the honour of a large, and therefore an agreeable letter from your grace, of November 22. I have reason to think myself hardly dealt with by those of the side in power, who will not think I deserve any place in your good thoughts; when they cannot but know that while I was near the late ministry I was a common advocate for those they called the Whigs, to a degree that a certain great minister told me I had always a Whig in my sleeve; neither did I ever fail to interpose in any case of merit or compassion, by which means several persons in England and some in this kingdom kept their employments, for I cannot remember my lord Oxford ever refused me a request of that kind. And for the rest, your grace may very well remember that I had the honour of corresponding with you during the whole period with some degree of confidence; because I know your grace had wished the same things, but differed only in opinion about the hands that should effect them. It was on account of this conduct that certain warm creatures of this kingdom, then in London, and not unknown to your grace, had the assurance to give me broad hints that I was providing against a change; and I observe those very men are now the most careful of all others to creep as far as they can out of harm's way.

The system of new zealots, which your grace extracted, must be very suitable to my principles, who was always a Whig in politics. I have been told that, upon the death of the last nonjuring bishop, Dodwell[a] and his followers thought the schism at an end. My notion was, that these people began to set up again, upon despair of their cause by the rebellion[b] being brought to an end; else their politics are, if possible, worse than their divinity. Upon the whole, it is clear that the game is entirely in the hands of the king and his ministers; and I am extremely glad of your grace's opinion that it will be played as it ought; or if we must suffer for a name, however, I had rather be devoured by a lion than a rat.

That maxim of the injuring person never forgiving the person injured is I believe true in particulars, but not of communities. I cannot but suppose that the clergy thought there were some hardships and grounds for fears, otherwise they must be very wicked or very mad; to say more would be to enter into a dispute upon a party subject; a dog or a horse knows when he is kindly treated; and besides, a wise administration will endeavour to remove the vain as well as the real fears of those they govern.

I saw the provost yesterday in this neighbourhood, and had some little talk with him upon the occasion of the bishop of Killaloe's death: I believe he would accept of the deanery of Derry if Dr. Bolton, the dean, should be promoted; but I said nothing of it to him. I believe he has written to Mr. Molyneux.[c] I find, since he cannot be trusted with a bishopric, that he desires to leave his station with as good a grace as he can, and that it may not be thought that what he shall get is only to get rid of him. I said in general that such a circumstance, as things stood, was hardly worth the quiet of a man's whole life; and so we parted, only with telling him I intended to write to your grace in answer to a letter I had from you.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

FROM ERASMUS LEWIS, ESQ.

London, January 12, 1717.

SIR,—About two months ago I sent you a very long epistle, and was in hopes you would either have made us a visit or have let us hear from you. Since you have done neither, we must flatter ourselves that you will be better the new year than the former.

Our friend Prior, not having had the vicissitude of human things before his eyes, is likely to end his days in as forlorn a state as any other poet has done before him, if his friends do not take more care of him than he did of himself. Therefore, to prevent the evil, which we see is coming on very fast, we have a project of printing his "Solomon," and other poetical works, by subscription; one guinea to be

[a] See the dean's will.

[a] Henry Dodwell, a very learned nonconforming divine.

[b] In Scotland, in the year 1715.

[c] Samuel Molyneux, esq., a gentleman of great abilities and large property in Ireland, secretary to the prince of Wales, chancellor of the university of Dublin.

paid in hand, and the other on delivery of the book. He, Arbuthnot, Pope, and Gay, are now with me, and remember you. It is our joint request that you will endeavour to procure some subscriptions: you will give your receipts for the money you receive, and when you return it hither you shall have others in lieu. There are no papers printed here, nor any advertisements to be published; for the whole matter is to be managed by friends, in such a manner as shall be least shocking to the dignity of a plenipotentiary.

I am told the archbishop of Dublin shows a letter of yours reflecting on the high-flying clergy. I fancy you have writ to him in an ironical style, and that he would have it otherwise understood. This will bring to your mind what I have formerly said to you on that figure. Pray condescend to explain this matter to me. The removal of my lord Townshend has given a little spirit, but that will soon flag if the king, at his return, does not make further changes. What measures his majesty will take is uncertain; but this we are very sure of, that the division of the Whigs is so great, that, morally speaking, nothing but another rebellion can ever unite them. Sunderland, Stanhope, and Cadogan, are of one side; Townshend, Walpole, Orford, Devonshire, and the chancellor,[a] on the other. The latter seem at present to be strongest; but when the former appear with a German reinforcement they will undoubtedly turn the balance. They are both making their court to the Tories, who, I hope, will be a body by themselves, and not serve as recruits to either of the other two. Lord Townshend's friends give out that his disgrace is owing to refusing four things, viz. to keep up the army, repeal the limitations of the succession act, to send money to Germany for carrying on a war against Sweden, and to attaint lord Oxford. When lord Sunderland[b] comes over he will probably cry "whore" again, and endeavour to saddle lord Townshend in his turn. For these reproaches now are like that of jacobitism in former reigns. We are told that lord Bolingbroke has permission to stay in France, notwithstanding the late treaty, provided he retires from Paris.

TO ARCHBISHOP KING.

London, March 9, 1717.

My Lord,—I had yesterday the honour of a letter from your grace, wherein you first mention Mr. Duncan's accident, who, as it falls out, is quite recovered, and, they say, is since better of his asthma: I believe, whenever he dies, I shall be in some difficulties, although I am wholly indifferent who may succeed him, provided he may be a deserving person, unless I might say that my inclinations are a little turned to oblige Mr. Dopping,[c] on account of his brother, for whom I have always had a very great esteem. It will be impossible for me to carry any point against that great majority of the chapter who are sure to oppose me whenever party interferes; and in those cases I shall be very ready to change my nomination, only choosing those I least dislike among such as they will consent to; wherein I hope I shall have your grace's approbation.

About a week ago I wrote to your grace in relation to the provost. My lord bishop of Dromore, Dr. Coghill, and I, were yesterday using our rhetoric to no purpose. The topic he perpetually adheres to is, that the court offers him a deanery because they look upon him as a man they cannot trust, which, he says, affects his reputation; that he professes to be as true to the present king as any person in employment; that he has always shown himself so; that he was sacrificed by the Tories in the late reign, on account of the dispute in the college, and other matters; that he publicly argues and appears against the same party now upon all occasions, and expects as little favour from them, if ever they should come into power, as any man now in employment. As to any hints dropped to him of any danger or uneasiness from parliament or visitation, he declares himself perfectly safe and easy; and if it might not affect the society he should be glad of such inquiries in order to vindicate himself; that he should like the deanery of Down full as well and perhaps better than the bishopric of Dromore, provided the deanery was given him in such a manner, and with some mark of favour and approbation, that the world would not think he was driven into it as a man whom the king could not trust; and if any such method could be thought on he would readily accept it; that he is very sensible he should be much happier in the other station, and much richer, and, which weighs with him more, that it would be much for the present interest of the college to be under another head; but that the sense of his own loss of credit prevails with him above all consideration; and that he hopes in some time to convince the world, and the court too, that he has been altogether misrepresented.

This is the sum of his reasoning, by all I could gather after several conversations with him, both alone and with some of his best friends, who all differ from him, as, he allows, most of his acquaintance do. I am no judge of what consequence his removal may be to the service of the college, or of any favours to be shown it. But I believe it would be no difficult matter to find a temper in this affair; for instance (I speak purely my own thoughts), if the prince would graciously please to send a favourable message by his secretary, to offer him the deanery in such a manner as might answer the provost's difficulty. I cannot but think your grace might bring such a thing about; but that I humbly leave to your grace.

My lord bishop of Dromore received letters yesterday from your grace and the bishop of Derry, with an account of his succeeding to Clogher, of which I am sure all parties will be exceeding glad.

I wish your grace a good journey to the Bath, and a firm establishment of your health there. I am, with the greatest respect, my lord, your grace's most dutiful and most humble servant,

Jonathan Swift.

Not knowing but your grace might be gone to the Bath, I have mentioned something of the provost's affair in a letter this post to my lord bishop of Derry.

TO ARCHBISHOP KING.

Dublin, March 22, 1717.

My Lord,—Your grace's letter was a long time before it reached me; for I was several weeks in the country despatching the affair of the glebe, which, however, is not yet quite finished. Your grace does rightly conceive the nature of my purchase, and that I am likely to be 200*l.* poorer for it: only I shall endeavour to lose by degrees, which is all I have for it. I shall endeavour as much as I can to prevent the evil you foresee of my successors neglecting my improvements and letting them all go to ruin. I

[a] William earl Cowper.

[b] By whose intrigues lord Townshend had been removed from the office of secretary of state, and was given to general, afterward earl of, Stanhope.

[c] Mr. Dopping was made bishop of Ossory in 1741, and died the year following.

shall take the best advice I can, and leave them to be fools as well as knaves if they do so; for I shall make so many plantations and hedges, that the land will let for double the value, and after all I must leave something to fortune.

As to what your grace mentions of a practice in the late reign of engaging people to come into the queen's measures, I have a great deal to say on that subject not worth troubling you with at present, further than that I am confident those who pretend to say most of it are conscious their accusation is wrong: but I never love myself so little as when I differ from your grace; nor do I believe I ever shall do it but where I am master of the fact, and your grace has it only by report.

I have been speaking much to the provost about the deanery of Derry, or whatever other employment, under a bishopric, may be designed him upon these promotions. I find Dr. Coghill[a] has been upon the subject with him, but he is absolutely positive to take nothing less at present; and his argument is, that, whatever shall be given him now, beneath the station his predecessors were called to, will be a mark of his lying under the displeasure of the court, and that he is not to be trusted; whereas he looks upon himself to have acted with principles as loyal to the present government as any the king employs. He does not seem to dislike either of the deaneries of Derry or Down, but is persuaded it will reflect upon his reputation; and unless it could be contrived that he might have some mark of favour and approbation along with such a preferment, I believe your grace may be assured he will not accept it. I only repeat what he says to me and what I believe he will adhere to.

For my own part, who am not so refined, I gave my opinion that he should take what was given him; but his other friends differ from me, and, for aught I know, they may be in the right; and if the court thinks it of consequence that the present provost should be removed, I am not sure but a way may be found out of saving his credit, which is all he seems to require; although I am confident that if he were a bishop the government might be very secure of him, since he seems wholly fallen out with the Tories and the Tories with him; and I do not know any man who, in common conversation, talks with more zeal for the present establishment and against all opposers of it than he. The only thing he desires at present in his discourse with me is, that no proposal of a deanery should be at all made to him, but that he may go on as he is, until further judgment shall be made of him by his future conduct.

I thought it proper to say thus much to your grace, because I did not know whether you and he perfectly understood each other.

I hear your grace intends this spring for the Bath. I shall pray, for the good of the church, that you may then establish your health. I am, with the greatest respect, your grace's most dutiful and most humble servant,

JONATHAN SWIFT.

Among other things, the provost argued that Dr. Foster was promoted to a bishopric from being a fellow; and therefore he must conclude that offering him a less preferment is a mark of displeasure, with which circumstance he is determined not to leave his present station.

TO ARCHBISHOP KING

Magherlyn, May 23, 1717.

MY LORD,—Your grace's letter of March 23rd was brought to me at Trim, where I went a month ago to finish my lease and purchase for my country parish. In some days after I met my lord bishop of Clogher at Drogheda, by appointment: we went together to Clogher, where he was enthroned, and after three days came to this place, where his lordship is settling everything against the coming of the new bishop, who is expected here next week. My great business at Clogher was to seduce his lordship to lay out 2000*l.* in a new house, and for that end we rode about to find a situation. I know not whether I shall prevail, for he has a hankering after making additions to the old one, which I never will consent to, and would rather he should leave all to the generosity of a successor. My notion is, that when a bishop with good dispositions happens to arise, it should be every man's business to cultivate them. It is no ill age that produces two such, and therefore, if I had credit with your grace and his lordship, it should be all employed in pushing you both upon works of public good without the least mercy to your pains or your purses. An expert tradesman makes a few of his best customers answer, not only for those whom he gets little or nothing by, but for all who die in his debt.

I will suppose your grace has heard of Mr. Duncan's death. I am sure I have heard enough of it, by a great increase of disinterested correspondents ever since. It is well I am at free cost for board and lodging, else postage would have undone me. I have returned no answer to any, and shall be glad to proceed with your grace's approbation, which is a less compliment, because I believe my chapter are of opinion I can hardly proceed without it. I only desire two things; first, that those who call themselves my friends may have no reason to reproach me; and the second, that in the course of this matter I may have something to dispose of to some one I wish well to.

Some weeks before Mr. Duncan's death, his brother-in-law, Mr. Lawson, minister of Galtrim, went for England, by Mr. Duncan's consent, to apply for an adjoining living, called Kilmore, in Mr. Duncan's possession, and now in the crown by his death. I know not his success; but heartily wish, if it be intended for him, that the matter might take another turn: that Mr. Warren, who is landlord of Galtrim, might have that living and Kilmore adjoining, both not 150*l.*, and Mr. Lawson to go down to Mr. Warren's living in Clogher diocese, worth above 200*l.* But this is all at random, because I know not whether Kilmore may not be already disposed of, for I hear it is in your grace's turn.

I heard lately from the provost, who talked of being in the north in a month; but our Dublin account is, that they know not when the deanery is to be given him. I do not find any great joy in either party on account of the person who it is supposed will succeed him.[a] The wrong custom of making that post the next step to a bishopric has been, as your grace says, of ill consequence; and although, as you add, it gives them no rank, yet they think fit to take it and make no scruple of preceding, on all occasions, the best private clergyman in the kingdom; which is a trifle of great consequence when a man's head is possessed with it.

I pray God preserve your grace, for the good of the church and the learned world; and for the happiness of those whom you are pleased to honour with your friendship, favour, or protection. I beg your grace's blessing; and remain, with the greatest truth and respect, my lord, your grace's most dutiful and most humble servant,

JONATHAN SWIFT.

[a] Marmaduke Coghill, LL.D., judge of the prerogative court.

[a] Dr Richard Baldwin.

FROM ERASMUS LEWIS, ESQ.

London, June 15, 1717.

Sir,—Last night I received yours of the 5th inst.; and since you tell me I am your only correspondent, I think I ought to be the more punctual in my returns, and the more full in what relates to our friends here. You will see by the public prints that Monday next come se'nnight is appointed for the trial of my lord Oxford, and that no less than six-and-twenty doughty members are appointed to manage it. The lords have likewise settled the whole forms of the proceedings. My lord has asked that two lawyers more might be added to his counsel: yet is all this but a farce; for there is not a creature living who thinks he will ever be tried: for they publicly own that they neither have nor ever had any evidence; and laugh at impeachments and attainders and party gambols; and say that all people deserve to be so punished who presume to dispossess the Whigs of their indefeasible right to the administration. But since he is not to be tried, the next question is, in what manner he is to be brought off so as to save the honour of his prosecutors? I think it will be by an act of grace. Others say, it will be by the commons asking more time and the lords of their party agreeing to refuse it. But as we are wholly ignorant of their intentions, it is possible neither of these guesses may be right, and that they may keep him yet another year in prison; which my lord Marlborough seems passionately to desire.

We labour here under all the disadvantages in the world in every respect; for the tide of party runs still very strong everywhere, but in no place more than in Westminster-hall. Those on this side, whose honour and interest both require that all people who pay obedience should be protected, seem to want a capacity to govern: and the similitude of circumstances between the king and the regent render the latter a firm ally, contrary to the natural interest of France. Thus we are secure from any foreign enemy.

I agree with you that Snape's letter[a] is really but a letter, and that it is much too short and too slight for such a subject. However, his merit was great in being the first to give the alarm to his brethren, and setting himself in the front of the battle against his adversaries. In those respects his letter has had its full effect.

I desire you will be as quick as you can in the assistance you intend Prior; for those who subscribed here are impatient to have their books; and we cannot keep it off much longer without passing for common cheats. Dr. Arbuthnot and Mr. Charleton and I remember you often. Lady Masham always asks for you very affectionately. By the way, I am perfectly restored to grace there and am invited to their house in the country. As soon as lord Oxford's affair is over, I intend to go amongst my friends in the country, not to return hither till about Michaelmas. But if you will direct to me at my house in town, your letters will be conveyed to me wherever I am. Mr. Rochfort[b] seems to have a great many good qualities, and I am heartily glad he has met with success. Adieu.

FROM ERASMUS LEWIS, ESQ.

London, June 18, 1717.

Having acquainted you in my letter of last post that it was the universal opinion the commons would not proceed to the trial of my lord Oxford, I think myself obliged to tell you that we begin now to be something doubtful; for the managers, who are twenty-seven in number, strenuously give out that they shall be ready to proceed on Monday next.

[a] To the bishop of Bangor, Dr. Hoadley, occasioned by his lordship's sermon preached before the king on March 31, 1717.

[b] Lord chief-baron of the exchequer in queen Anne's reign.

Therefore, if you have any thoughts of coming over let not anything which I have said in my last have any weight with you to alter that resolution. I am wholly taken up with the men of the law, and therefore have nothing to say to you at present upon any public matters. I shall only just trouble you with one word relating to a private affair. My brother is chaplain to sir Charles Hotham's regiment, which is now ordered to Ireland. If you could find any young fellow who would buy that commission, my brother thinks his patron (my lord Carlisle) will easily prevail with my lord duke of Bolton for leave to dispose of it. I should be very glad you could find him a chapman.

FROM ERASMUS LEWIS, ESQ.

London, July 2, 1717.

I have the pleasure to inform you that lord Oxford's impeachment was discharged last night[a] by the unanimous consent of all the lords present; and, as nearly as I could count, their number was 106, the duke of Marlborough, my lord Cadogan, lord Coningsby, and a few others of the most violent, having withdrawn themselves before the lords came into Westminster-hall. The acclamations were as great as upon any occasion; and our friend, who seems more formed for adversity than prosperity, has at present many more friends than ever he had before in any part of his life. I believe he will not have the fewer from a message he received this morning from the king by my lord-chamberlain to forbid him the court. You know the prosecution was at first the resentment of a party; but it became at last a ridiculous business, weakly carried on by the impotent rage of a woman (I mean of my lady Marlborough), who is almost distracted that she could not obtain her revenge.

I am now going out of town, with an intention to roll about from place to place, till about Michaelmas next. If you write to me, direct to me hither, as

[a] A story has been told, bearing the safety of Harley to have been extorted from the duke and duchess of Marlborough at the price of his concealing some secret of importance:—

"After the accession of king George I., when the earl of Oxford was impeached and committed to the Tower, and preparations were made for his trial, it is well known that a stop was suddenly put to it, to the great disappointment of a large part of the nation. There is a traditional story relative to this event, in which the duke of Marlborough is concerned. It is said that at that time Mr. auditor Harley waited upon the duchess of Marlborough, and showed her a letter formerly written by the duke which proved his correspondence with the pretender. Mr. Harley, after having read the letter, threatened that it should be produced at his brother the earl of Oxford's trial unless the proceedings against him were stopped. The duchess, watching her opportunity, seized the letter out of Mr. Harley's hand, threw it instantly into the fire, and then defied his malice. Upon this he replied, 'Madam, I knew your grace too well to trust you: the letter you have burnt is only a copy; the original is safe in my possession.' A similar anecdote, the original for which we are able to assign, has been communicated to us by a worthy friend. Before the earl of Oxford's intended trial he sent his son, lord Harley, together with serjeant Comyns (afterwards chief-baron of the exchequer), to the duke of Marlborough, requesting his grace's attendance at the trial. The duke, in some concern, inquired what the earl wanted with him. Mr. serjeant Comyns replied, it was only to ask his grace a question or two. The duke walked about the room for about a quarter of an hour without giving any answer, and seemed greatly disturbed; after which he asked for what purpose his attendance was required. Lord Harley said it was only as to his hand. 'What,' said his grace, 'has your father any letters of mine?'—'Yes,' replied lord Harley, 'all the letters your grace ever wrote to him since the revolution.' Upon this the duke continued to walk about the room in the greatest uneasiness, and even flung his wig off in a passion. Mr. serjeant Comyns interrogating him what answer they should return to the unfortunate lord, he said 'I will certainly be there.' This was the true reason why the earl of Oxford was never brought to a trial. The late James West, esq., member for St Alban's and president of the Royal Society, gave the account of the fact to the late counsellor Gregg, in whose hand-writing it is now preserved. Mr. West assured Mr. Gregg that he received it from serjeant Comyns's own mouth."—Biogr. Brit. Lond. 1784, vol. iii. 562.

usual, and your letter will be conveyed to me wherever I am.

Dr. Arbuthnot, Mr. Charleton, and Mr. Currey, have dined with me to-day, and you have not been forgotten. I was in hopes we should have seen you ere this. The doctor says you wait for the act of grace. Is it so? I hope to see you by next winter.

TO ROBERT COPE, ESQ.[a]

Dublin, July 9, 1717.

SIR,—I received the favour of your letter before I came to town; for I stayed three weeks at Trim after I left you, out of perfect hatred to this place, where at length business dragged me against my will. The archdeacon, who delivers you this, will let you know I am but an ill solicitor for him. The thing is indeed a little difficult and perplexed, yet a willing mind would make it easy; but that is wanted, and I cannot work it up. However, it shall not be my fault if something be not made of it one time or other; but some people give their best friends reason to complain. I have at a venture put you down among poor Mr. Prior's benefactors; and I wonder what exemption you pretend to, as appears by your letter to Mr. Stewart. It seems you took the 1000*l.* a-year in a literal sense, and even at that rate, I hope you would not be excused. I hope your sheep-shearing in the county of Louth hath established your health; and that Dr. Tisdall, your brother of the spleen, comes sometimes and makes you laugh at a pun or a blunder. I made a good many advances to your friend Bolton[b] since I came to town, and talked of you, but all signified nothing, for he has taken every opportunity of opposing me in the most unkind and unnecessary manner, and I have done with him. I could with great satisfaction pass a month or two among you if things would permit. The archdeacon carries you all the news, and I need say nothing. We grow mightily sanguine, but my temper has not fire enough in it. They assure me that lord Bolingbroke will be included in the act of grace; which, if it be true, is a mystery to me.

You must learn to winter in town, or you will turn a monk, and Mrs. Cope a nun; I am extremely her humble servant.

I have ventured to subscribe a guinea for Mr. Brownlowe, because I would think it a shame not to have his name in the list. Pray tell him so.

I doubt whether Mrs. Cope will be pleased with the taste of snuff I have sent her.

Present my humble service to your mother and brother; and believe me to be, with great truth and esteem, sir, your most obedient humble servant,

JONATHAN SWIFT.

TO BISHOP ATTERBURY.

Dublin, July 18, 1717.

MY LORD,—Some persons of distinction, lately come from England, and not unknown to your lordship, have made me extremely pleased and proud, by telling me that your lordship was so generous as to defend me against an idle story that passed in relation to a letter of mine to the archbishop of Dublin. I have corresponded for many years with his grace, though we generally differed in politics, and therefore our letters had often a good mixture of controversy. I confess likewise that I have been his grace's advocate where he had not many others. About nine months ago I wrote a letter to him in London (for in my little station it is convenient there should be some commerce between us), and in a short time after I had notice from several friends that a passage in my letter[a] was shown to several persons, and a consequence drawn from thence that I was wholly gone over to other principles more in fashion, and wherein I might better find my account. I neglected this report, as thinking it might soon die; but found it gathered strength, and spread to Oxford and this kingdom; and some gentlemen who lately arrived here assured me they had met it a hundred times, with all the circumstances of disadvantage that are usually tacked to such stories by the great candour of mankind. It should seem as if I were somebody of importance; and if so I should think the wishes not only of my friends, but of my party, might dispose them rather to believe me innocent than condemn me unheard. Upon the first intelligence I had of this affair, I made a shift to recollect the only passage in that letter which could be any way liable to misinterpretation.

I told the archbishop "we had an account of a set of people in London who were erecting a new church, upon the maxim that everything was void, since the revolution, in the church as well as the state —that all priests must be re-ordained, bishops again consecrated, and in like manner of the rest—that I knew not what there was in it of truth—that it was impossible such a scheme should ever pass—and that I believed, if the court, upon this occasion, would show some good will to the church, discourage those who ill-treated the clergy, &c., it would be the most popular thing they could think of."

I keep no copies of letters; but this I am confident was the substance of what I wrote; and that every other line in the letter which mentioned public affairs would have atoned for this, if it had been a crime, as I think it was not in that juncture, whatever may be my opinion at present; for I confess my thoughts change every week, like those of a man in an incurable consumption, who daily finds himself more and more decay.

The trouble I now give your lordship is an ill return to your goodness in defending me; but it is the usual reward of goodness, and therefore you must be content. In the mean time, I am in a hopeful situation, torn to pieces by pamphleteers and libellers on that side the water, and by the whole body of the ruling party on this; against which all the obscurity I live in will not defend me. Since I came first to this kingdom it has been the constant advice of all my church friends that I should be more cautious. To oppose me in everything relating to my station is made a merit in my chapter; and I shall probably live to make some bishops as poor as Luther made many rich.

I profess to your lordship that what I have been writing is only with regard to the good opinion of your lordship, and of a very few others with whom you will think it of any consequence to an honest man that he should be set right. I am sorry that those who call themselves churchmen should be industrious to have it thought that their number is lessened, even by so inconsiderable a one as myself. But I am sufficiently recompensed that your lordship knows me best, to whom I am so ambitious to be best known. God be thanked, I have but a few to satisfy. The bulk of my censurers are strangers, or ill judges, or worse than either; and if they will not obey your orders to correct their sentiments of me, they will meet their punishment in your lordship's disapprobation; which I would not incur for all their good words put together and printed in twelve volumes folio. I am, with great respect, my lord, your lordship's most dutiful and most humble servant, JONATHAN SWIFT.

[a] A gentleman of learning, good family, and fortune, and a great admirer of Dr Swift.

[b] Dr. Theophilus Bolton.

[a] See Mr. Lewis's letter of January 12, 1717.

FROM MR PRIOR.[a]

Duke-street, Westminster, July 30, 1717.

DEAR SIR,—I have the favour of four letters from you of the 9th, 13th, 16th, and 20th instant. They all came safe to me, however variously directed. But the last to me, at my house in Duke-street, is the rightest. I find myself equally comforted by your philosophy and assisted by your friendship. You will easily imagine that I have a hundred things to say to you, which, for as many reasons, I omit, and only touch upon that business to which in the pride of your heart you give the epithet of *sorry*.[b] I return you the names of those who have been kind enough to subscribe, that you may see if they are rightly spelt and the just titles put to them, as likewise if it has happened that any has subscribed for more than one volume. You will please to look over the catalogue. You see that our calculation comes even, the gentleman's name that desired it being omitted. I am sensible that this has given you too much trouble; but it is too late now to make an apology. Let Mr. Lewis, who is now with me, do it for me, at what time and in what manner he pleases. I take it for granted, that whatever I write as whatever is writ to me will be broke open; so you will expect nothing from me but what you may have as particularly from the postboy. We are all pretty well in health. I have my old whoreson cough, and I think I may call it mine for life. The earl of Oxford is *semper idem*. Lord Harley is in the country. Our brotherhood is extremely dispersed; but so as that we have been three or four times able to get as many of the society together, and drink to our absent friends. I have been made to believe that we may see your reverend person this summer in England: if so I shall be glad to meet you at any place; but when you come to London do not go to the Cocoa-tree, (as you sent your letter), but come immediately to Duke-street, where you shall find a bed, a book, and a candle: so pray think of sojourning nowhere else. Pray give my service to all friends in general. I think, as you have ordered the matter, you have made the greater part of Ireland list themselves of that number. I do not know how you can recompense them but by coming over to help me to correct the book which I promise them.

You will pardon my having used another hand, since it is so much better than my own; and believe me ever, with the greatest truth, dear sir, yours, &c. &c.

MATTHEW PRIOR.

FROM THE EARL OF OXFORD.

August 6, 1717.

Two years' retreat has made me taste the conversation of my dearest friend with a greater relish than even at the time of my being charmed with it in our frequent journeys to Windsor. Three of your letters have come safe to my hands. The first about two years since: that my son keeps as a family monument. The other two arrived since the 1st of July. My heart is often with you, but I delayed writing in expectation of giving a perfect answer about my going to Brampton; but the truth is, the warmth of rejoicing in those parts is so far from abating,[c] that I am persuaded by my friends to go into Cambridgeshire, where you are too just not to believe you will be welcome before any one in the world. The longing your friends have to see you must be submitted to the judgment yourself makes of all circumstances. At present this seems to be a cooler climate than your island is likely to be, when they assemble, &c. Our impatience to see you should not draw you into uneasiness. We long to embrace you, if you find it may be of no inconvenience to yourself.

[a] Indorsed, "Received August 6, 1717. Answered the same day."

[b] Subscriptions for Mr. Prior's poems, procured by the dean.

[c] Rejoicings at his acquittal.

FROM MR. PRIOR.

Heathrop, August 24, 1717.

YOURS, my good friend, of the 6th, finds me in Oxfordshire with the duke of Shrewsbury, which would sooner have been acknowledged, had I stayed in London. Before I left that pious city, I made due inquiry into the methods and regularity of your correspondence with the earl of Oxford. He has received your letters; he will answer them—but not to-day, *sicut olim*.[a] Nothing can change him. I can get no positive answer from him, nor can any man else; so trouble yourself no more on that head than he does. He is still in London, and possibly has answered you, while I am a little arraigning his neglect; but in all cases *liberavi animam meam*.

I wish you were in England, that you might a little look over the strange stuff that I am to give our friends for their money. I shall be angry if you are near and not with me; but when I see you that weighty question may be easily decided. In the mean time, I am taking your good counsel, and will be in the country as much as I can.

You have found two mistakes in the list, but have not corrected them. I presume we shall have it of the best edition when you send the list back again; of which I say no haste is required.

Give my service and thanks to all friends; reserve only to yourself the assurance of my being beyond expression my friend, yours, &c.

FROM MR. ADDISON.

March 20, 1718.

DEAR SIR,—Multiplicity of business and a long dangerous fit of sickness have prevented me from answering the obliging letter you honoured me with some time since: but God be thanked, I cannot make use of either of these excuses at present, being entirely free both of my office[b] and my asthma. I dare not however, venture myself abroad yet, but have sent the contents of your last to a friend of mine, (for he is very much so, though he is my successor,[c]) who I hope will turn it to the advantage of the gentleman whom you mention. I know you have so much zeal and pleasure in doing kind offices for those you wish well to, that I hope you represent the hardship of the case in the strongest colours that it can possibly bear. However, as I always honoured you for your good nature, which is a very odd quality to celebrate in a man who has talents so much more shining in the eyes of the world, I should be glad if I could any way concur with you in putting a stop to what you say is now in agitation.

I must here condole with you upon the loss of that excellent man the bishop of Derry,[d] who has scarce left behind him his equal in humanity, agreeable conversation, and all kinds of learning. We have often talked of you with great pleasure: and upon this occasion I cannot but reflect upon myself, who, at the same time that I omit no opportunity of expressing my esteem for you to others, have been so negligent in doing it to yourself. I have several times taken up my pen to write to you, but have been always interrupted by some impertinence or other; and to tell you unreservedly, I have been unwilling to answer so

[a] Alluding to lord Oxford's dilatory habits.

[b] Of secretary of state, which post Mr. Addison resigned on the 14th of March, 1718, and had a pension granted him of 1500*l.* a-year.

[c] James Craggs, esq.

[d] Dr. St George Ashe

agreeable a letter as that I received from you with one written in form only; but I must still have continued silent had I deferred writing till I could have made a suitable return. Shall we never again talk together in laconic? Whenever you see England, your company will be the most acceptable in the world at Holland-house,[a] where you are highly esteemed by lady Warwick and the young lord; though by none anywhere more than by, sir, your most faithful and most obedient humble servant, J. ADDISON.

FROM LORD HARLEY.

April 12, 1718.

HIS lordship writes to the dean, "that he hopes to see him at Wimple this year; that lord Oxford was well, and talked of going into Herefordshire." He adds, "your sister[b] is obliged to go to Bath; presents her humble service, and desires you to accept of a little etui. I beg you will not deny me the favour to take the snuff-box which comes along with it to supply the place of that which was broke by accident some time ago. I am, with true respect, your most humble servant and brother, HARLEY."

FROM MR. PRIOR.

May 1, 1718.

DEAR SIR,—A pretty kind of amusement I have been engaged in: commas, semicolons, italics, and capitals, to make nonsense more pompous, and furbelow bad poetry with good printing. My friends' letters, in the mean time, have lain unanswered; and the obligations I have to them, on account of the very book itself, are unacknowledged. This is not all; I must beg you once more to transfer to us an entire list of my subscribers, with their distinct titles that they may for my honour be printed at the beginning of my book. This will easily be done by revising the list which we sent to you. I must pray of you that it may be exact. The money I received of Mitford, as mentioned in your last.

The earl of Oxford has not at all disappointed my expectations. He is *semper idem*, and has as much business to do now as when he was governing England or impeached for treason. He is still in town, but going in a week or ten days into Herefordshire. Lord and lady Harley are at the Bath, and as soon as I shall have settled my affairs of the printing-press (sad business! as you very well call it) I shall go into the country to them.

My health, I thank you, is pretty good. My courage better. I drink very often to your health with some of our friends here; and am always, with the greatest truth and affection, dear sir, your obliged and most obedient servant, MATTHEW PRIOR.

FROM MR. PRIOR.

May 29, 1718.

DEAR SIR,—I have received yours of the 6th, with the list corrected. I have two colon-and-comma men. We correct, and design to publish, as fast as the nature of this great or sorry work, as you call it, will bear; but we shall not be out before Christmas, so that our friends abroad may complete their collection till Michaelmas, and be returned soon enough to have their names printed and their books got ready for them. I thank you most heartily for what you have been pleased to do in this kind. Give yourself no further trouble; but if any gentleman, between this and Michaelmas, desires to subscribe, do not refuse it. I have received the money of Mr. Mitford.

I am going to-morrow morning to the Bath to meet lord Harley there. I shall be back in a month.

The earl of Oxford is still here. He will go into Herefordshire some time in June. He says he will write to you himself. Am I particular enough? Is this prose? And do I distinguish tenses? I have nothing more to tell you, but that you are the happiest man in the world; and if you are once got into *la bagatelle* you may despise the world. Besides contriving emblems, such as Cupids, torches, and hearts for great letters, I am now unbinding two volumes of printed heads, to have them bound together in better order than they were before. Do not you envy me? For the rest, matters continue *sicut olim*. I will not tell you how much I want you, and I cannot tell you how well I love you. Write to me, my dear dean, and give my service to all our friends. Yours ever,

MATTHEW PRIOR.

FROM PETER LUDLOW, ESQ.[a]

September 10, 1718.

I SEND you the enclosed pamphlet by a private hand, not daring to venture it by the common post; for it is a melancholy circumstance we are now in, that friends are afraid to carry on even a bare correspondence, much more to write news, or send papers of consequence (as I take the enclosed to be) that way. But I suppose I need make no apology for not sending it by post, for you must know, and own too, that my fears are by no means groundless. For your friend, Mr. Manley,[b] has been guilty of opening letters that were not directed to him, nor his wife, nor really to one of his acquaintance. Indeed, I own, it so happened that they were of no consequence, but secrets of state, secrets of families, and other secrets (that one would by no means let Mr. Manley know), might have been discovered; besides, a thousand, nay, for aught I know, more than a thousand calamities might have ensued; I need not, I believe, enumerate them to you; but to be plain with you, no man or woman would (with their eyes open) be obliged to show all they had to Mr. Manley. These I think sufficient reasons for sending it in the manner I do; but submit them and myself to your candour and censure.

The paper, I believe, you'll find very artfully written, and a great deal couched under the appearance (I own at first) of blunders and a silly tale. For who, with half an eye, may not perceive that by the old woman's being drowned at Ratcliff-highway, and not dead yet, is meant the church, which may be sunk or drowned, but, in all probability, will rise again. Then the man who was followed and overtaken is easily guessed at. He could not tell (the ingenious author says) whether she was dead: true: but maybe he will tell soon. But then the author goes on (who must be supposed a high-churchman) and inquires of a man riding a-horseback upon a mare. That's preposterous, and must allude to a great man who has been guilty (or he is foully belied) of very preposterous actions; when the author comes up to him, the man takes him for a robber, or Tory, and ran from him, but you find he pursued him furiously. Mark that: and the horse. This is indeed carrying a figure further than Homer does: he makes the shield or its device an epithet sometimes to his warrior, but never, as I remember, puts it in place of the person; but there is a figure for this in rhetoric, which I own I do not remember; by which we often say, He is a good fiddle, or rather, as by the gown is often meant particular parsons. Well then, you find the horse, seeing himself dead or undone,

[a] The dean had lodgings at Kensington in 1712; and Mr. Addison lived there at the same time, being some years before his marriage with the countess of Warwick.

[b] Lady Harley, so named from her husband being a member of the club with Swift, who called themselves brothers.

[a] Of Arsulagh, in the county of Meath, esq., grandson of the famous Ludlow, who wrote the "Memoirs of his Own Times."

[b] Postmaster-general of Ireland, whom Dr. Swift had greatly befriended in queen Anne's time.

ran away as fast as he could, and left the preposterous fellow to go a-foot. During this their misfortune, the candid author (whom I cannot mention without a profound respect) calls them friends, and means to do them no harm; only inquires after the welfare of the church.—Ah! dear sir, this is the true character of the Tories. And here I cannot but compare the generosity and good nature of the one with the sullen ingratitude of the other; we find the horse gone, and they footing it give a surly answer; while the other (though a conqueror) offers his friendship, and asks the question with a "Pray inform me."

I have gone, my dear friend, thus far with the paper to show you how excellent a piece I take it to be, and must beg the favour of you to give me your opinion of it, and send me your animadversions upon the whole; which I am confident you will not refuse me when you consider of how great an advantage they will be to the whole earth, who, maybe, to this day, have read over these sheets with too superficial an understanding; and especially since it is the request of, learned sir, your most dutiful and obedient humble servant,

SIR POLITIC WOULD-BE.

I submit it to your better judgment (when you make a more curious inquiry into the arcana of this piece) to consider whether, by sir John Vangs (who you find lives by the water-side) must not be meant the Dutch; since you find too, that he eats bag-pudding freezing hot; this may seem a paradox, but I have been assured by a curious friend of mine of great veracity, who had lived many winters in Holland, that nothing is more common than for hot pudding to freeze in that cold country: but then, what convinces me that by sir John the Dutch must be meant is, that you find he creeps out of a stopper-hole, which alludes to their mean origin. I must observe too, that gammer Vangs had an old woman to her son. That's a bob for Glorious.[a] —But I am under great concern to find so hard a sentence passed upon poor Swift, because he's little. I think him better than any of them, and hope to see him greater.

FROM MR. PRIOR.[b]

London, September 25, 1718.

MY DEAR DEAN,—I have now made an end of what you in your haughty manner have called wretched work. My book is quite printed off; and if you are as much upon the *bagatelle* as you pretend to be, you will find more pleasure in it than you imagine. We are going to print the subscribers' names: if therefore you have any by you which are not yet remitted, pray send them over by the next post. If you have not, pray send me word of that too; that, in all cases, I may at least hear from you. The earl of Oxford has been in town all this summer, is now going into Herefordshire, and says I shall see you very soon in England. I would tell you with what pleasure this would be, if I knew upon what certainty the hopes of it were founded. Write me word of this too; for upon it I would order my matters so that I may be as much with you as I can; and this you will find no little favour; for I assure you we are all so changed that there is very little choice of such company as you would like; and, except about eighteen hundred that have subscribed to my book, I do not hear of as many more in this nation that have common sense. My cousin Pennyfeather and Will Phillips drink your health. I cough, but I am otherwise well; and, till I cease to cough, *i. e.* to live, I am, with entire friendship and affection, dear sir, your most obedient and humble servant, MATTHEW PRIOR.

[a] The common appellation in Ireland for king William III.

[b] On the back of this letter the dean has written—"Levanda est enim paupertas eorum hominum, qui diu reipublicæ viventes, pauperes sunt, et nullorum magis."

FROM MR. ADDISON.

Bristol, October 1, 1718.

DEAR SIR,—I have received the honour of your letter at Bristol, where I have just finished a course of water-drinking, which I hope has pretty well recovered me from the leavings of my last winter's sickness. As for the subject of your letter, though you know an affair of that nature cannot well nor safely be treated of in writing, I desired a friend of mine to acquaint sir Ralph Gore that I was under a pre-engagement, and not at my own choice to act in it, and have since troubled my lady Ashe with a letter to the same effect, which I hope has not miscarried. However, upon my return to London I will further inquire into that matter, and see if there is any room left for me to negotiate as you propose.

I live still in hopes of seeing you in England, and if you would take my house at Bilton,[a] in your way, (which lies upon the road within a mile of Rugby,) I would strain hard to meet you there, provided you would make me happy in your company for some days. The greatest pleasure I have met with for some months is in the conversation of my old friend Dr. Smalridge [bishop of Bristol], who since the death of the excellent man you mention is to me the most candid and agreeable of all bishops; I would say clergymen, were not deans comprehended under that title. We have often talked of you: and when I assure you he has an exquisite taste of writing, I need not tell you how he talks on such a subject. I look upon it as my good fortune that I can express my esteem to you, even to those who are not of the bishops' party, without giving offence. When a man has so much compass in his character, he affords his friends topics enough to enlarge upon, that all sides admire. I am sure a sincere and zealous friendly behaviour[b] distinguishes you as much as your many more shining talents; and as I have received particular instances of it, you must have a very bad opinion of me if you do not think I heartily love and respect you; and that I am ever, dear sir, your most obedient and most humble servant, J. ADDISON.

FROM DR. ARBUTHNOT.

London, October 14, 1718.

DEAR SIR,—This serves for an envelope to the enclosed; for I cannot tell whether you care to hear from any of your friends on this side. In your last I think you desired me to let you alone to enjoy your own spleen. Can you purchase your 50*l*. a-year in Wales as yet? I can tell you, beforehand, Lewis scorns to live with you there. He keeps company with the greatest, and is principal governor in many families. I have been in France, six weeks at Paris, and as much at Rouen: where I can assure you I hardly heard a word of news or politics, except a little clutter about sending some impertinent *présidents du parliament* to prison, that had the impudence to talk for the laws and liberties of their country. I was asked for Monsieur Swift by many people, I can assure you; and particularly by the duke d'Aumont. I was respectfully and kindly treated by many folks, and even by the great Mr. Law.[c] Amongst other things I had the honour to carry an Irish lady[d] to court, that was admired beyond all the ladies in France for her beauty. She had great honours done her. The hussar himself was ordered to bring her the

[a] A small village in Warwickshire, where Mr. Addison's only daughter long resided, and died in 1797, at a very advanced age.

[b] Addison was appealed to by both parties in the dispute between Swift and Steele.

[c] The projector of the Mississippi scheme in France.

[d] The celebrated beauty Miss Nelly Bonnet, on whom the lines were written, which begin,

For when, as Nelly came to France,
(Invited by her cousins,) &c.—See p. ——

king's cat to kiss. Her name is Bennet. Among other folks, I saw your old friend lord Bolingbroke, who asked for you. He looks just as he did. Your friends here are in good health; not changed in their sentiments towards you. I left my two girls in France with their uncle, which was my chief business. I do not know that I have any friends on your side, beside Mr. Ford, to whom give my service, and to Dr. Parnell and Mr. Jervas.

If it be possible for you, obey the contents of the enclosed; which I suppose is a kind invitation. The dragon is just as he was, only all his old habits ten times stronger upon him than ever. Let me beg of you not to forget me, for I can never cease to love and esteem you; being ever your most affectionate and obliged humble servant, JO. ARBUTHNOT.

FROM THE DUKE OF WHARTON.

Monday morning.

DEAR DEAN,—I shall embark for England to-morrow. It would be necessary for me to take leave of lord Molesworth on many accounts; and as Young is engaged in town, I must infallibly go alone, unless your charity extends itself to favour me with your company there this morning.

I beg you would send me your answer, and believe me sincerely your faithful friend and servant,

WHARTON.

P.S. If you condescend so far, come to me about eleven of the clock.

FROM DR. ARBUTHNOT.

London, December 11, 1718.

DEAR BROTHER,—For so I had called you before, were it not for a certain reverence I pay to deans—I find you wish both me and yourself to live to be old and rich. The second goes in course along with the first: but you cannot give seven (that is the tithe of seventy) good reasons for either. Glad at my heart should I be if Dr. Helsham[a] or I could do you any good. My service to Dr. Helsham; he does not want my advice in the case. I have done good lately to a patient and a friend in that complaint of a vertigo, by cinnabar of antimony and castor, made up into boluses with confect. of alkermes. I had no great opinion of the cinnabar: but trying it amongst other things, my friend found good of this prescription. I had tried the castor alone before, not with so much success. Small quantities of *tinctura sacra*, now and then, will do you good. There are twenty lords I believe would send you horses if they knew how. One or two have offered to me, who I believe would be as good as their word. Mr. Rowe, the poet-laureate, is dead, and has left a damned jade of a Pegasus. I will answer for it, he will not do as your mare did, having more need of Lucan's present than sir Richard Blackmore. I would fain have Pope get a patent for life for the place, with a power of putting in D'Urfey his deputy.

I sent for the two Rosingraves, and examined the matter of fact. The younger had no concern in the note of 20*l*. The elder says that he thought the 20*l*. due to him for the pains and some expense he had been at about the young fellow; and his master, Bethel, who had given Mr. Rosingrave the elder ten guineas before, thought the same reasonable. He says he did not take it by way of bribe, but as his due; and did never intend to make use of it but when the young fellow was in circumstances to pay him. The younger Rosingrave was begged and entreated both by Bethel and the young fellow (who would not go without him) to accompany him to Ireland; and did believe that bearing his expenses, which was done by Bethel, was the least he could take. There is one thing in this fellow's paper that I know to be a lie, his being ill used by Rosingrave at lord Carnarvon's. He sung there, I believe, once or twice for his own instruction or trial, and lord Carnarvon gave him a guinea. He went sometimes to hear the music for his improvement. This is what they tell me. However, I have reprimanded the elder Rosingrave for taking the note. When this fellow came first to town I thought his voice might do, but found it did not improve. It is mighty hard to get such a sort of a voice. There is an excellent one in the king's chapel; but he will not go. The top one of the world is in Bristol choir, and I believe might be managed; though your Rosingrave is really much improved: so do not totally exclude the young fellow till you have more maturely considered the matter.

The dragon [the earl of Oxford] is come to town, and was entering upon the detail of the reasons of state that kept him from appearing at the beginning, &c., when I did believe at the same time it was only a law of nature, to which the dragon is most subject, *Remanere in statu in quo est, nisi deturbetur ab extrinseco.* Lord Harley and lady Harley give you their service. Lewis is in the country with lord Bathurst, and has writ me a most dreadful story of a mad dog that bit their huntsman; since which accident I am told he has shortened his stirrups three bores; they were not long before. Lord Oxford presented him with two horses. He has sold one and sent the other to grass, *avec beaucoup de sagesse.* I do not believe the story of lord Bolingbroke's marriage, for I have been consulted about the lady, and, by some defects in her constitution, I should not think her appetite lay much toward matrimony. There is some talk about reversing his attainder; but I wish he may not be disappointed. I am for all precedents of that kind. They say the pretender is likely to have his chief minister impeached too. He has his wife prisoner like a ****. The footmen of the house of commons choose their speaker, and impeach, &c. I think it were proper that all monarchs should serve their apprenticeships as pretenders, that we might discover their defects. Did you ever expect to live to see the duke of Ormond fighting against the Protestant succession, and the duke of Berwick fighting for it? France, in confederacy with England, to reduce the exorbitant power of Spain? I really think there is no such good reason for living till seventy as curiosity. You say you are ready to resent it as an affront if I thought a beautiful lady a curiosity in Ireland; but pray is it an affront to say that a lady hardly known or observed for her beauty in Ireland is a curiosity in France. All deans naturally fall into paralogisms. My wife gives you her kind love and service, and, which is the first thing that occurs to all wives, wishes you well married.

I have not clean paper more than to bid you adieu.

FROM LORD BOLINGBROKE.

March 17, 1719.

I HAVE not these several years tasted so sensible a pleasure as your letters of the 6th of January and 6th of February gave me; and I know enough of the tenderness of your heart to be assured that the letter I am writing will produce much the same effect on you. I feel my own pleasure, and I feel yours. The truest reflection, and at the same time the bitterest satire which can be made on the present age is this, that to think as you think will make a man pass for romantic. Sincerity, constancy, tenderness, are rarely to be found. They are so much out of use, that the man of mode imagines them to be out of nature. We meet with few friends; the greatest part of those who pass for

a An eminent mathematician and philosopher; also a great friend and medical adviser of dean Swift.

such are, properly speaking, nothing more than acquaintance; and no wonder, since Tully's maxim is certainly true, that friendship can subsist *non nisi inter bonos*. At that age of life when there is balm in the blood, and that confidence in the mind which the innocency of our own heart inspires, and the experience of other men's destroys, I was apt to confound my acquaintance and my friends together. I never doubted but that I had a numerous cohort of the latter. I expected, if ever I fell into misfortune, to have as many and as remarkable instances of friendship to produce as the Scythian in one of Lucian's dialogues draws from his nation. Into these misfortunes I have fallen. Thus far my propitious stars have not disappointed my expectations. The rest have almost entirely failed me. The fire of my adversity has purged the mass of my acquaintance; and, the separation made, I discover on one side a handful of friends, but on the other a legion of enemies, at least of strangers. Happily, this fiery trial has had an effect on me which makes me some amends. I have found less resources in other people and more in myself than I expected. I make good at this hour the motto,—

"Nec quærere, nec spernere, honorem,"

which I took nine years ago, when I was weak enough to list again under the conduct of a man [the earl of Oxford] of whom nature meant to make a spy, or, at most, a captain of miners, and whom fortune in one of her whimsical moods made a general.

I enjoy at this hour, with very tolerable health, great tranquillity of mind. You will I am sure hear this with satisfaction; and sure it is that I tell it you without the least affectation. I *live*, my friend, in a narrower circle than ever, but I *think* in a larger. When I look back on what is past, I observe a multitude of errors, but no crimes. I have been far from following the advice which Cælius gave to Cicero: *Id melius est statuere quod tutius sit;* and, I think, may say to myself what Dolabella says in one of his letters to the same Cicero, *Satisfactum est jam à te, vel officio, vel familiaritati: satisfactum etiam partibus, et ei reipublicæ, quam tu probabas. Reliquum est, ubi nunc est respublica, ibi simus potius, quàm, dum illam veterem sequamur, simus in nullâ.* What my memory has furnished on this head (for I have neither books nor papers here concerning home affairs) is writ with great truth, and with as much clearness as I could give it. If ever we meet, you will perhaps not think two or three hours absolutely thrown away in reading it. One thing I will venture to assure you of beforehand, which is, that you will think I never deserved more to be commended than while I was the most blamed; and that you will pronounce the brightest part of my character to be that which has been disguised by the nature of things, misrepresented by the malice of men, and which is still behind a cloud. In what is passed therefore I find no great source of uneasiness. As to the present, my fortune is extremely reduced, but my desires are still more so. Nothing is more certain than this truth, that all our wants beyond those which a very moderate income will supply are purely imaginary; and that his happiness is greater and better assured who brings his mind up to a temper of not feeling them, than his who feels them and has wherewithal to supply them.

"Vides, quæ maxima credis
Esse mala, exiguum censum, turpemque repulsam,
Quanto devites," &c.—Hor. Epist. i. lib. 1.

Which I paraphrased thus not long ago in my post-chaise:—

Survey mankind, observe what risks they run,
What fancied ills, through real dangers, shun;
Those fancied ills, so dreadful to the great,
A lost election, or impair'd estate.
Observe the merchant, who, intent on gain,
Affronts the terrors of the Indian main;
Though storms arise, and broken rocks appear,
He flies from poverty, and knows no other fear.
Vain men! who might arrive, with toil far less,
By smoother paths, at greater happiness;
For 'tis superior bliss not to desire
That trifling good which fondly you admire,
Possess precarious, and too dear acquire.
What hackney gladiator can you find,
By whom the Olympic crown would be declined?
Who, rather than that glorious palm to seize,
With safety combat and prevail with ease,
Would choose on some inglorious stage to tread,
And, fighting, stroll from wake to wake for bread?

As to what is to happen, I am not anxious about it; on which subject I have twenty fine quotations at the end of my pen; but I think it is better to own frankly to you that upon a principle (which I have long established) we are a great deal more mechanical than our vanity will give us leave to allow. I have familiarized the worst prospects to my sight; and, by staring want, solitude, neglect, and the rest of that train, in the face, I have disarmed them of their terrors. I have heard of somebody who, while he was in the Tower, used every morning to lie down on the block, and so act over his last scene.

Nothing disturbs me but the uncertainty of my situation, which the zeal of a few friends, and the inveteracy of a great many enemies, entertain. The more prepared I am to pass the remainder of my life in exile, the more sensibly shall I feel the pleasure of returning to you, if his majesty's unconditional favour (the offers of which prevented even my wishes) proves at last effectual.[a] I cannot apply to myself, as you bid me do,—

——————Non tibi parvum
Ingenium, non incultum est,

and what follows; and if ever we live in the same country together you shall not apply to me,

—————Quod si
Frigida curarum fomenta relinquere posses.

I have written to you, before I was aware of it, a long letter. The pleasure of breaking so long a silence transports me; and your sentiment is a sufficient excuse. It is not so easy to find one for talking so much about myself; but I shall want none with you upon this score. Adieu.

This letter will get safe to London; and from thence I hope the friend to whom I recommend it will find means of conveying it to you. For God's sake, no more apologies for your quotations, unless you mean, by accusing yourself, to correct me.

There never was a better application than yours of the story of Picrochole. Things are come to that pass the stocks will never come; and they must be porters all their lives. They are something worse; for I had rather be a porter than a tool: I would sooner lend out my back to hire than my name. They are at this time the instruments of a saucy gardener, who has got a gold cross on his stomach and a red cap on his head.[b]

A poor gentleman, who puts me often in mind of one of Scandal's pictures, in Congreve's play of "Love for Love," where a soldier is represented with his heart where his head should be, and no head at all, is the conductor of this doughty enterprise; which will end in making their cause a little more desperate than it is.[c] Again, adieu.

[a] Bolingbroke received the king's pardon as to life, and afterwards as to property.

[b] Cardinal Alberoni, who then managed the intrigues for the house of Stuart. His father was a gardener.

[c] An allusion to the duke of Ormond, who was designed to have headed a descent upon England, where a rising of the Jacobites was meditated.

Let me hear from you by the same conveyance that brings you this. I am in pain about your health. From the 6th of January to the 16th of February is a long course of illness.

TO LORD BOLINGBROKE.

May 1, 1719.

MY LORD,—I forget whether I formerly mentioned to you what I have observed in Cicero: that in some of his letters, while he was in exile, there is a sort of melancholy pleasure, which is wonderfully affecting. I believe the reason must be, that in those circumstances of life there is more leisure for friendship to operate, without any mixture of envy, interest, or ambition. But, I am afraid, this was chiefly when Cicero writ to his brethren in exile, or they to him; because common distress is a great promoter both of friendship and speculation; for I doubt prosperity and adversity are too much at variance ever to suffer a near alliance between their owners.

Friendship, we say, is created by a resemblance of humours. You allow that adversity both taught you to think and reason much otherwise than you did; whereas I can assure you that those who contrived to stay at home and keep what they had are not changed at all; and if they sometimes drink an absent friend's health, they have fully discharged their duty. I have been for some time nursing up an observation, which perhaps may be a just one; that no men are used so ill upon a change of times as those who acted upon a public view without regard to themselves. I do not mean from the circumstance of saving more or less money, but because I take it that the same grain of caution which disposes a man to fill his coffers will teach him how to preserve them upon all events. And I dare hold a wager that the duke of Marlborough, in all his campaigns, was never known to lose his baggage. I am heartily glad to hear of that unconditional offer you mention; because I have been taught to believe there is little good nature to be had from that quarter; and if the offer were sincere I know not why it has not succeeded, since everything is granted that can be asked for, unless there be an exception only for generous and good-natured actions. When I think of you with a relation to sir Roger [the earl of Oxford], I imagine a youth of sixteen marrying a woman of thirty for love; she decays every year, while he grows up to his prime; and when it is too late he wonders how he could think of so unequal a match, or what is become of the beauty he was so fond of.—I am told he outdoes himself in every quality for which we used to quarrel with him. I do not think that leisure of life and tranquillity of mind, which fortune and your own wisdom has given you, could be better employed than in drawing up very exact memoirs of those affairs wherein to my knowledge you had the most difficult and weighty part: and I have often thought, in comparing periods of time, there never was a more important one in England than that which made up the four last years of the late queen. Neither do I think anything could be more entertaining or useful than the story of it fully and exactly told, with such observations, in such a spirit, style, and method, as you alone are capable of performing it. One reason why we have so few memoirs written by principal actors is, because much familiarity with great affairs makes men value them too little: yet such persons will read Tacitus and Comines with wonderful delight. Therefore I must beg two things: first, that you will not omit any passage because you think it of little moment; and secondly, that you will write to an ignorant world, and not suppose your reader to be only of the present age, or to live within ten miles of London. There is nothing more vexes me in old historians than when they leave me in the dark in some passages which they suppose every one to know. It is this laziness, pride, or incapacity of great men, that has given way to the impertinents of the nation where you are, to pester us with memoirs full of trifling and romance. Let a Frenchman talk twice with a minister of state, he desires no more to furnish out a volume; and I, who am no Frenchman, despairing ever to see anything of what you tell me, have been some time providing materials for such a work, only upon the strength of having been always among you, and used with more kindness and confidence than it often happens to men of my trade and level. But I am heartily glad of so good a reason to think no farther that way, although I could say many things which you would never allow yourself to write. I have already drawn your character at length in one tract, and a sketch of it in another. But I am sensible that when Cæsar describes one of his own battles, we conceive a greater idea of him from thence than from all the praises any other writer can give him.

I read your paraphrase [of Horace.—See p.] with great pleasure; and the goodness of the poetry convinces me of the truth of your philosophy. I agree that a great part of our wants is imaginary; yet there is a different proportion, even in real want, between one man and another. A king deprived of his kingdom would be allowed to live in real want, although he had ten thousand a year: and the case is parallel in every degree of life. When I reason thus on the case of some absent friends, it frequently takes away all the quiet of my mind. I think it indecent to be merry, or to take satisfaction in anything, while those who presided in councils and armies, and by whom I had the honour to be beloved, are either in humble solitude, or attending, like Hannibal, in foreign courts, *donec Bithyno libeat vigilare tyranno.* My health (a thing of no moment) is somewhat mended; but, at best, I have an ill head and an aching heart. Pray God send you soon back to your country in peace and honour, that I may once more see him *cum quo morantem sæpe diem fregi*, &c. JONATHAN SWIFT.

FROM MR. PRIOR.

Westminster, May 5, 1719.

DEAR SIR,—Since I love you with all the ties of inclination and friendship, and wish you all the happiness of life, health especially the chiefest, you will pardon my being a little peevish when I received yours of the 28th past, which told me I must not expect to see you here, and that you were not perfectly well at Dublin. I hope there is a little spleen mixed with your distemper; in which case your horse may be your physician, and your physician may have the happiness of being your companion—an honour which many here would envy him. As to the *sang froid* of fifty, who has it not that is worth conversing with, except Harley and Bathurst? at least, make no more that sort of complaint to me. *Isthæc commemoratio est quasi exprobratio;* for fifty (as Mr. Locke observes) is equal to fifty; and a cough is worse than the spleen. My bookseller is a blockhead; so have they all been or worse, from Chaucer's Scrivener[a] down to John and Jacob;[b] Mr. Hyde only excepted, to whom my books in quires are consigned, and the greatest care taken that they are rightly put up. Several of the subscribers to you, requiring their books here, have had them. I need not repeat my thanks to you for the trouble this matter has given you; or entreat your favour for "Alma" and "Solomon." I shall perform your commands to the earl of Oxford, *semper*

[a] "Adam Scrivener," on whom the ancient bard imprecates a heavy curse.

[b] John Barber and Jacob Tonson.

idem; and drink your health with our friends, which is all I can do for you at this distance, till your particular order enjoins me anything by which I may show you that I am, and desire always to continue, with the greatest truth and regard, sir, your most obedient and most humble servant,

MATTHEW PRIOR.

TO MISS VANHOMRIGH.

May 12, 1719.

JE vous fais des complimens sur votre perfection dans la langue Françoise. Il faut vous connoître long temps avant de connoître toutes vos perfections; toujours en vous voyant et entendant, il en paroît des nouvelles, qui étoient auparavant cachées; il est honteux pour moi de ne savoir que le Gascon et le patois, au prix de vous. Il n'y a rien a redire dans l'ortographie, la propriété, l'élégance, le douceur, et l'esprit. Et que je suis sot moi de vous repondre en même langage, vous qui êtes incapable d'aucune sottise, si ce n'est l'estime qu'il vous plaît d'avoir pour moi; car il n'y a point de mérite, ni aucun preuve de mon bon goût, de trouver en vous tout ce que la nature a donné un mortel, je veux dire l'honneur, la vertu, le bon sens, l'esprit, la douceur, l'agrément, et la fermeté d'ame; mais en vous cachant, comme vous faites, le monde ne vous connoît pas, et vous perdez l'éloge des millions de gens. Depuis que j'ai l'honneur de vous connoître, j'ai toujours remarqué que, ni en conversation particulière ni générale, aucun mot a échappé de votre bouche qui pouvoit être mieux exprimé. Et je vous jure, qu'en faisant souvent la plus sévère critique, je ne pouvois jamais trouver aucun défaut en vos actions ni en vos paroles: la coquetterie, l'affectation, la pruderie sont des imperfections que vous n'avez jamais connues. Et avec tout cela, croyez pas vous qu'il est possible de ne pas vous estimer au dessus du reste du genre humain? Quelles bêtes en jupes sont les plus excellentes de celles que je vois semées dans le monde, au prix de vous: en les voyant, en les entendant, je dis cent fois le jour, ne parlez, ne regardez, ne pensez, ne faites rien comme ces misérables. Quelle calamité à faire mépriser autant de gens, qui, sans songer de vous, seroient assez supportables: mais il est temps de vous délasser, et de vous dire Adieu: avec tout le respect, la sincérité, et l'estime du monde, je suis, et serai toujours.

TO THE BISHOP OF MEATH.[a]

May 22, 1719.

I HAD an express sent to me yesterday by some friends, to let me know that you refused to accept my proxy, which I think was in a legal form, and with all the circumstances it ought to have. I was likewise informed of some other particulars relating to your displeasure for my not appearing. You may remember, if you please, that I promised last year never to appear again at your visitations; and I will most certainly keep my word if the law will permit me; not from any contempt of your lordship's jurisdiction, but that I would not put you under the temptation of giving me injurious treatment, which no wise man, if he can avoid it, will receive above once from the same person.

I had the less apprehension of any hard dealing from your lordship, because I had been more than ordinary officious in my respects to you from your first coming over. I waited on you as soon as I knew of your landing; I attended on you in your first journey to Trim; I lent you a useful book relating to your diocese, and repeated my visits till I saw you never intended to return them. And I could have no design to serve myself, having nothing to hope or fear from you. I cannot help it if I am called of a different party from your lordship; but that circumstance is of no consequence with me, who respect good men of all parties alike.

I have already nominated a person to be my curate, and did humbly recommend him to your lordship to be ordained, which must be done by some other bishop, since you were pleased, as I am told, to refuse it: and I am apt to think you will be of opinion that, when I have a lawful curate, I shall not be under the necessity of a personal appearance, from which I hold myself excused by another station. If I shall prove to be mistaken, I declare my appearance will be extremely against my inclinations. However, I hope that in such a case your lordship will please to remember in the midst of your resentments that you are to speak to a clergyman, and not to a footman. I am your lordship's most obedient humble servant,

JONATHAN SWIFT.

FROM MR PRIOR.

Westminster, December 8, 1719.

SIR,—Having spent part of my summer very agreeably in Cambridgeshire with dear lord Harley, I am returned without him to my own palace in Duke-street, whence I endeavour to exclude all the tumult and noise of the neighbouring court of requests, and to live *aut nihil agendo aut aliud agendo* till he comes to town. But there is worse than this yet; I have treated lady Harriot at Cambridge (good God! a fellow of a college treat!), and spoke verses to her in a gown and cap! What! the plenipotentiary, so far concerned in the damned peace at Utrecht—the man that makes up half the volume of terse prose that makes up the report of the committee, speaking verses! *Sic est, homo sum*; and am not ashamed to send those very verses to one who can make much better. And now let me ask you how you do, and what you do? How your Irish country air agrees with you, and when you intend to take any English country air? In the spring I will meet you where you will, and go with you where you will; but I believe the best rendezvous will be Duke-street, and the fairest field for action Wimple;[b] the lords of both these seats agreeing that no man shall be more welcome to either than yourself.

It is many months since the complaints of my subscribers are redressed, and that they have ceased to call the bookseller a blockhead, by transferring that title to the author. We have not heard from Mr. Hyde, but expect that at his leisure he will signify to Tonson what may relate to that whole matter, as to the second subscriptions. In the mean time, I hope the books have been delivered without any mistake: and shall only repeat to you that I am sensible of the trouble my poetry has given you, and return you my thanks in plain prose. Earl of Oxford, *pro more suo*, went late into the country, and continues there still. Our friends are all well; so am I; *nisi cum pituita molesta est*; which is at this present writing, and will continue so all the winter. So, with weak lungs and a very good heart, I remain always, sir, your most obedient humble servant,

MATTHEW PRIOR.

Service to Matthew Pennyfeather and all friends. Adieu.

TO LORD BOLINGBROKE.

December 19, 1719.

MY LORD,—I first congratulate with you upon growing rich; for I hope our friend's information is true, *omne solum diti patria*. Euripides makes the queen Jocasta

[a] John Evans, translated from the see of Bangor to that of Meath in 1715.

[a] Lady Harriot Harley, only daughter of Edward lord Harley.

[b] The seat of lord Harley.

ask her exiled son how he got his victuals: but who ever expected to see you a trader or dealer in stocks? I thought to have seen you where you are, or perhaps nearer; but *diis aliter visum.* It may be with one's country as with a lady: if she be cruel and ill-natured, and will not receive us, we ought to consider that we are better without her. But in this case we may add, she has neither virtue, honour, nor justice. I have gotten a mezzotinto (for want of a better) of Aristippus, in my drawing-room: the motto at the top is *Omnis Aristippum, &c.*, and at the bottom, *Tantâ fœdus cum gente ferire, commissum juveni.* But since what I heard of Mississippi, I am grown fonder of the former motto. You have heard that Plato followed merchandise three years, to show he knew how to grow rich as well as to be a philosopher: and I guess Plato was then about forty, the period which the Italians prescribe for being wise, in order to be rich at fifty.—*Senes ut in otia tuta recedant.* I have known something of courts and ministers longer than you, who know them so many thousand times better; but I do not remember to have ever heard of or seen one great genius who had long success in the ministry: and recollecting a great many in my memory and acquaintance, those who had the smoothest time were at best men of middling degree in understanding. But if I were to frame a romance of a great minister's life, he should begin it as Aristippus has done; then be sent into exile, and employ his leisure in writing the memoirs of his own administration; then be recalled, invited to resume his share of power, act as far as was decent; at last retire to the country, and be a pattern of hospitality, politeness, wisdom, and virtue. Have you not observed that there is a lower kind of discretion and regularity, which seldom fails of raising men to the highest stations, in the court, the church, and the law? It must be so: for Providence, which designed the world should be governed by many heads, made it a business within the reach of common understandings; while one great genius is hardly found among ten millions. Did you never observe one of your clerks cutting his paper with a blunt ivory knife? did you ever know the knife to fail going the true way? whereas, if he had used a razor or a penknife, he had odds against him of spoiling a whole sheet. I have twenty times compared the motion of that ivory implement to those talents that thrive best at court. Think upon lord Bacon, Williams, Strafford, Laud, Clarendon, Shaftesbury, the last duke of Buckingham; and of my own acquaintance, the earl of Oxford and yourself; all great geniuses in their several ways; and, if they had not been so great, would have been less unfortunate. I remember but one exception, and that was lord Somers, whose timorous nature, joined with the trade of a common lawyer and the consciousness of a mean extraction, had taught him the regularity of an alderman or a gentleman-usher. But of late years I have been refining upon this thought: for I plainly see that fellows of low intellectuals, when they are gotten at the head of affairs, can sally into the highest exorbitancies with much more safety than a man of great talents can make the least step out of the way. Perhaps it is for the same reason that men are more afraid of attacking a vicious than a mettlesome horse: but I rather think it owing to that incessant envy wherewith the common rate of mankind pursues all superior natures to their own. And I conceive, if it were left to the choice of an ass, he would rather be kicked by one of his own species than a better. If you will recollect that I am toward six years older than when I saw you last, and twenty years duller, you will not wonder to find me abound in empty speculations: I can now express in a hundred words what would have formerly cost me ten. I can write epigrams of fifty distichs, which might be squeezed into one. I have gone the round of all my stories three or four times with the younger people, and begin them again. I give hints how significant a person I have been, and nobody believes me: I pretend to pity them, but am inwardly angry. I lay traps for people to desire I would show them some things I have written, but cannot succeed: and wreak my spite in condemning the taste of the people and company where I am. But it is with place as it is with time. If I boast of having been valued three hundred miles off, it is of no more use than if I told how handsome I was when I was young. The worst of it is, that lying is of no use; for the people here will not believe one half of what is true. If I can prevail on any one to personate a hearer and admirer, you would wonder what a favourite he grows. He is sure to have the first glass out of the bottle, and the best bit I can carve. Nothing has convinced me so much that I am of a little subaltern spirit, *inopis, atque pusilli animi,* as to reflect how I am forced into the most trifling amusements to divert the vexation of former thoughts and present objects. Why cannot you lend me a shred of your mantle, or why did not you leave a shred of it with me when you were snatched from me? you see I speak in my trade, although it is growing fast a trade to be ashamed of.

I cannot but wish that you would make it possible for me to see a copy of the papers you are about; and I do protest it necessary that such a thing should be in some person's hands beside your own, and I scorn to say how safe they would be in mine. Neither would you dislike my censures, as far as they might relate to circumstantials. I tax you with two minutes a-day, until you have read this letter, although I am sensible you have not half so much from business more useful and entertaining.

My letter which miscarried was, I believe, much as edifying as this, only thanking and congratulating with you for the delightful verses you sent me. And I ought to have expressed my vexation at seeing you so much better a philosopher than myself; a trade you were neither born nor bred to: but I think it is observed that gentlemen often dance better than those that live by the art. You may thank fortune that my paper is no longer, &c. JONATHAN SWIFT.

FROM THE DUCHESS OF ORMOND.

April 18, 1720.

SIR,—You would have great reason to be angry with me if my long silence had been occasioned by anything but my care of you: for having no safe hand to send by till now, I would not write, for fear it might be construed a sort of treason (misprision at least) for you to receive a letter from one half of a proscribed man. I inquire of everybody I see, that I imagine has either seen you or heard from you, how you have your health; for wealth and happiness I do not suppose you abound in; for it is hard to meet with either in the country you are in, and be honest as you are. I thank God our parliament has taken them to task, and, finding how ill a use they made of their judicature when they had it, have thought it not fit to trust them with it any longer.[a] I hope the next thing will be to tax Ireland from hence, and then no more opportunities for bills of attainder, which is very happy; for else

[a] The house of peers in Ireland having transmitted to king George I. a long representation, setting forth their right to the final judicature of causes in that kingdom, the house of lords in England resolved, on the 8th of January, 1720, on the contrary, that the barons of the exchequer in Ireland had acted, in the affair of Annesley and Sherlock, with courage, according to law, in support of his majesty's prerogative, and with fidelity to the crown of Great Britain; and a bill was soon after brought in for the better securing the dependency of the kingdom of Ireland upon the crown of Great Britain.

young Hopeful[a] might have been in danger. They were so good and obedient to the powers above that, whether there were reason or not, or, as prince Butler[b] said, crime or no crime, the man was condemned, and a price set upon his head.

I want much to hear what you think of Great Britain; for all our relations here want much to see you, where are strange changes every day. You remember, and so do I, when the South Sea was said to be my lord Oxford's brat, and must be starved at nurse.[c] Now the king has adopted it, and calls it his beloved child; though, perhaps, you may say, if he loves it no better than his son, it may not be saying much: but he loves it as well as he does the duchess of Kendal,[d] and that is saying a good deal. I wish it may thrive, for many of my friends are deep in it: I wish you were so too. I believe, by this time, you are very sorry I have met with an opportunity of troubling you with this scrawl; but the strong must bear with the infirmities of the weak; and therefore, brother, I hope you will pardon the impertinencies of your poor sister, whose brain may be reasonably thought turned with all she has met with. But nothing will hinder her from being, as long as she lives, most sincerely, your very humble servant and faithful friend, M. ORMOND.

FROM MR. PRIOR.

Westminster, May 4, 1720.

SIR,—From my good friend the dean I have two letters before me, of what date I will not say, and I hope you have forgot, that call out for vengeance; or, as other readings have it, for an answer. You told me in one of them, you had been pursued with a giddy head; and I presume you judged by my silence that I have laboured under the same distemper. I do not know why you have not buried me as you did Partridge, and given the wits of the age, the Steeles and Addisons, a new occasion of living seven years upon one of your thoughts. When you have finished the copy of verses which you began in England, our writers may have another hint upon which they may dwell seven years longer.

Are you Frenchman enough to know how a Gascon sustains his family for a week?

Dimanche, une esclanche;
Lundi, froide et salade;
Mardi, j'aime la grillade;
Mercredi, hachée;
Jeudi, bon pour la capillotade;
Vendredi, point de gras;
Samedi, qu'on me casse les os, et les chiens
se creveront des restes de mon mouton.

We can provide such sort of cookery, if you will but send us the *esclanche;* but rather bring it with you, for it will eat much better when you are in the company.

Lord Oxford has been a twelvemonth in Herefordshire, as far from us, literally, though not geographically, as if he had been with you in Ireland. He has written no more to us than if we were still ministers of state. But in the balance of account, *per contra,* I have lord Harley at London; and have either lived with him at Wimple, or upon him here, ever since his father left us. I know no reason why you should not expect his picture, but that he promised it to you so often. I wrote to him six months since, and, instead of acknowledging my letter, he took a more compendious way of sending a gentleman to lady Harriot in Dover-street, and bid him call in Westminster, to know if I had anything to say to his lord. He was here to-day, when he was sure the scaffold was ready and the axe whetted; and is in Herefordshire when the consent of all mankind either justifies his ministry or follows the plan of it. The South-Sea Company have raised their stocks to three hundred and fifty, and he has not sixpence in it. Thou art a stranger in Israel, my good friend, and seemest to know no more of this lord than thou didst of the *Conde de Peterborough* when first I construed him to thee at the coffeehouse.

I labour under the distemper you complain of, deafness; especially upon the least cold. I did not take care of my ears till I knew if my head was my own or not; but am now syringing, and I hope to profit by it. My cousin is here, and well, and I see him sometimes; but I find he has had a caution, which depended upon his expecting more from court, and is justifiable in a man who, like him, has a great family. I have given your compliments to my two favourites. We never forget your health.

I have seen Mr. Butler, and served him to the utmost of my power with my *amici potentiores:* though he had a good cause and a strong recommendation, he trusted wholly to neither of them, but added the greatest diligence to his solicitations.

Auditor Harley thanks you for remembering him and his singing-man. As to the affair of subscriptions, do all at your leisure, and in the manner you judge most proper; and so I bid you heartily farewell, assuring you that I am ever most truly yours, M. P.

Friend Ford salutes you. Adieu.

Richardson, whom I take to be a better painter than any named in your letter, has made an excellent picture of me; from whence lord Harley (whose it is) has a stamp taken by Vertue. He has given me some of them for you to give to our friends at or about Dublin. I will send them by Tonson's canal to Hyde at Dublin, in such a manner as that I hope they may come safe to you.

TO ROBERT COPE, ESQ.

Dublin, May 26, 1720.

IF all the world would not be ready to knock me down for disputing the good nature and generosity of you and Mrs. Cope, I should swear you invited me out of malice; some spiteful people have told you I am grown sickly and splenetic; and, having been formerly so yourself, you want to triumph over me with your health and good humour, and she is your accomplice. You have made so particular a muster of my wants and humours, and demands and singularities, and they look so formidable that I wonder how you have the courage to be such an undertaker. What if I should add that once in five or six weeks I am deaf for three or four days together; will you and Mrs. Cope undertake to bawl to me, or let me mope in my chamber till I grow better?

Singula de nobis anni prædantur euntes.[a]
HOR. Ep. ii lib. ii. 55.

I hunted four years for horses, gave 26*l.* for one of three years and a half old, have been eighteen months training him, and when he grew fit to ride, behold, my groom gave him a strain in the shoulder: he is rowelled, and gone to grass. Show me a misfortune greater in its kind. Mr. Charleton has refused Wallman's living—why, God knows—and got the duchess to recommend his brother to it; the most unreasonable thing in the world. The day before I had your letter, I was working with Mr. Nutley and Mr. Whaley to see what could be done for your lad, in case Caulfield should get the living which Mr. Whaley (the primate's chap-

[a] The prince of Wales, afterward king George II., then upon ill terms with his father.

[b] A madman who was notorious about the streets of London.

[c] The South-Sea scheme began to rise into as much eminence in England, as the Mississippi project in France.

[d] Ermengard Melesina Schuylenberg, baroness of Schuylenberg in Germany. She was created duchess of Kendal by king George I., April 30, 1719.

[a] ——— The waning years apace
Steal off our thoughts and rifle every grace.—FRANCIS

lain) is to leave for Wadman's. Because, to say the truth, I have no concern at all for Charleton's brother, whom I never saw but once. We know not yet whether Whaley's present living will not be given to Dr. Kearney [treasurer of Armagh]; and I cannot learn the scheme yet, nor have been able to see Dr. Stone. The primate [Dr. Thomas Lindsay] is the hardest to be seen or dealt with in the world. Whaley seems to think the primate will offer Caulfield's living to young Charleton. I know not what will come of it. I called at sir William Fownes's:[a] but he is in the county of Wicklow. If we could have notice of anything in good time, I cannot but think that, mustering up friends, something might be done for Barclay; but really the primate's life is not upon a very good foot, though I see no sudden apprehensions. I could upon any occasion write to him very freely, and I believe my writing would be of some weight, for they say he is not wholly governed by *Crosse* [rector of St. Mary's, Dublin]. All this may be vision; however, you will forgive it. I do not care to put my name to a letter; you must know my hand. I present my humble service to Mrs. Cope, and wonder she can be so good to remember an absent man, of whom she has no manner of knowledge but what she got by his troubling her? I wish you success in what you hint to me, and that you may have enough of this world's wisdom to manage it. Pray God preserve you and your fireside. Are none of them yet in your lady's opinion ripe for Sheridan? I am still under the discipline of the bark, to prevent relapses. Charles Ford comes this summer to Ireland. Adieu.

FROM MISS VANHOMRIGH.

Selbridge, 1720.

Believe me, it is with the utmost regret that I now complain to you, because I know your good nature such that you cannot see any human creature miserable without being sensibly touched. Yet what can I do? I must either unload my heart and tell you all its griefs, or sink under the inexpressible distress I now suffer by your prodigious neglect of me. It is now ten long weeks since I saw you; and in all that time I have never received but one letter from you, and a little note with an excuse. Oh! have you forgot me? You endeavour by severities to force me from you. Nor can I blame you; for with the utmost distress and confusion I behold myself the cause of uneasy reflections to you, yet I cannot comfort you, but here declare that it is not in the power of art, time, or accident, to lessen the inexpressible passion, which I have for ——. Put my passion under the utmost restraint; send me as distant from you as the earth will allow; yet you cannot banish those charming ideas which will ever stick by me while I have the use of memory: nor is the love I bear you only seated in my soul; for there is not a single atom of my frame that is not blended with it. Therefore do not flatter yourself that separation will ever change my sentiments: I find myself unquiet in the midst of silence, and my heart is at once pierced with sorrow and love. For Heaven's sake, tell me what has caused this prodigious change in you which I have found of late. If you have the least remains of pity for me left, tell it me tenderly. No—do not tell it so that it may cause my present death: and do not suffer me to live a life like a languishing death, which is the only life I can lead if you have lost any of your tenderness for me.

[a] An alderman and lord-mayor of Dublin, father of Mr. Cope's lady. He was author of "Methods Proposed for Regulating the Poor, Supporting some, and Employing others, according to their Capacities. By Sir W. F., 1725." 8vo; and there is a letter of his to the dean, September 9, 1732, on the Utility of an Hospital for Lunatics.

TO MISS VANHOMRIGH.—1720.

If you knew how many little difficulties there are in sending letters to you, it would remove five parts in six of your quarrel. But since you lay hold of my promises, and are so exact to the day, I shall promise you no more, and rather choose to be better than my word than worse. I am confident you came chiding into the world, and will continue so while you are in it. I wonder what Molkin[a] meant by showing you my letter. I will write to her no more, since she can keep secrets no better. It was the first love-letter I have writ these dozen years; and since I have so ill success, I will write no more. Never was a belle passion so defeated. But the governor, I hear, is jealous; and, upon your word, you have a vast deal to say to me about it. Mind your nurse-keeping: do your duty, and leave off your huffing. One would think you were in love, by dating your letter August 29, by which means I received it just a month before it was written. You do not find I answer your questions to your satisfaction: prove to me first that it was even possible to answer anything to your satisfaction, so as that you would not grumble in half an hour. I am glad my writing puzzles you, for then your time will be employed in finding it out: and I am sure it costs me a great many thoughts to make my letters difficult. Yesterday I was half way toward you where I dined, and returned weary enough. I asked where that road to the left led, and they named the place. I wish your letters were as difficult as mine, for then they would be of no consequence if they were dropped by careless messengers. A stroke —— signifies everything that may be said to Cad—— at beginning or conclusion. It is I who ought to be in a huff, that anything written by Cad—— should be difficult to Skinage.

FROM MISS VANHOMRIGH.—1720.

Is it possible that again you will do the very same thing I warned you of so lately? I believe you thought I only rallied when I told you the other night I would pester you with letters. Once more I advise you, if you have any regard for your quiet, to alter your behaviour quickly, for I do assure you I have too much spirit to sit down contented with this treatment. Because I love frankness extremely, I here tell you not that I have determined to try all manner of human arts to reclaim you; and if all those fail, I am resolved to have recourse to the black one, which, it is said, never does. Now see what inconveniency you will bring both yourself and me into. Pray think calmly of it; is it not much better to come of yourself than to be brought by force, and that perhaps at a time when you have the most agreeable engagement in the world? for when I undertake anything, I do not love to do it by halves.

TO MISS VANHOMRIGH.

If you write as you do, I shall come the seldomer, on purpose to be pleased with your letters, which I never look into without wondering how a brat that cannot read can possibly write so well. You are mistaken: send me a letter without your hand on the outside, and I hold you a crown I shall not read it. But, raillery apart, I think it inconvenient, for a hundred reasons, that I should make your house a sort of constant dwelling-place. I will certainly come as often as I conveniently can; but my health, and the perpetual run of ill weather, hinder me from going out in the morning; and my afternoons are taken up I know not how, that I am in rebellion with a dozen of people beside yourself for not seeing them. For the rest,

[a] Miss Mary Vanhomrigh.

you need make use of no other black art beside your ink. It is a pity your eyes are not black, or I would have said the same: but you are a white witch, and can do no mischief. If you have employed any of your art on the black scarf, I defy it, for one reason—guess. Adieu.

TO MISS VANHOMRIGH.

I RECEIVED your letter when some company was with me on Saturday night, and it put me in such confusion that I could not tell what to do. This morning a woman who does business for me told me she heard I was in love with one—naming you, and twenty particulars; that little master —— and I visited you; and that the archbishop did so; and that you had abundance of wit, &c. I ever feared the tattle of this nasty town, and told you so: and that was the reason why I said to you long ago that I would see you seldom when you were in Ireland; and I must beg you to be easy if for some time I visit you seldomer, and not in so particular a manner. I will see you at the latter end of the week if possible. These are accidents in life that are necessary and must be submitted to; and tattle, by the help of discretion, will wear off.

FROM MISS VANHOMRIGH.

Selbridge, 1720.

TELL me sincerely if you have once wished with earnestness to see me since I wrote to you: no, so far from that, you have not once pitied me, though I told you how I was distressed. Solitude is insupportable to a mind which is not easy. I have worn out my days in sighing, and my nights with watching, and thinking of —, who thinks not of me. How many letters shall I send you before Can you deny me, in my misery, the only comfort which I can expect at present? O! that I could hope to see you here, or that I could go to you. I was born with violent passions, which terminate all in one, that unexpressible passion I have for you Consider the killing emotions which I feel from your neglect of me; and show some tenderness for me, or I shall lose my senses. Sure you cannot possibly be so much taken up but you might command a moment to write to me, and force your inclinations to so great a charity. I firmly believe, if I could know your thoughts, (which no human creature is capable of guessing at, because never any one living thought like you), I should find you had often in a rage wished me religious, hoping then I should have paid my devotions to Heaven: but that would not spare you; for were I an enthusiast, still you would be the deity I should worship. What marks are there of a deity but what you are to be known by? You are present everywhere: your dear image is always before my eyes. Sometimes you strike me with that prodigious awe I tremble with fear: at other times a charming compassion shines through your countenance, which revives my soul. Is it not more reasonable to adore a radiant form one has seen than one only described?

TO MISS VANHOMRIGH.[a]

October, 15, 1720.

I SIT down with the first opportunity I have to write to you, and the Lord knows when I can find conveniency to send this letter; for all the morning I am plagued with impertinent visits, below any man of sense or honour to endure if it were any way avoidable. Dinners and afternoons and evenings are spent abroad in walking, to keep and avoid spleen as far as I can; so that, when I am not so good a correspondent as I could wish, you are not to quarrel and be governor; but to impute it to my situation, and to conclude infallibly that I have the same respect and kindness for you I ever professed to have, and shall ever preserve; because you will always merit the utmost that can be given you, especially if you go on to read and still further improve your mind and the talents that nature has given you. I am in much concern for poor Mobkin; and the more because I am sure you are so too. You ought to be as cheerful as you can, for both our sakes, and read pleasant things that will make you laugh, and not sit moping with your elbows on your knees on a little stool by the fire. It is most infallible that riding would do Mobkin more good than any other thing, provided fair days and warm clothes be provided: and so it would to you; and if you lose any skin, you know Job says, "skin for skin will a man give for his life." It is either Job or Satan says so, for ought you know. I am getting an ill head in this cursed town, for want of exercise. I wish I were to walk with you fifty times about your garden, and then drink your coffee. I was sitting last night with half a score of both sexes for an hour, and grew as weary as a dog. Everybody grows silly and disagreeable, or I grow monkish and splenetic; which is the same thing. Conversation is full of nothing but South Sea, and the ruin of the kingdom, and scarcity of money.

FROM SIR THOMAS HANMER.

Mildenhall, October 22, 1720.

SIR,—I received the favour of a letter from you about ten days since, at which time the duke of Grafton was at London; but as he was soon expected in the country, and is now actually returned, I thought it best, rather than write, to wait for an opportunity of speaking to him; and yesterday I went over to his house, on purpose to obey your commands. I found he was not a stranger to the subject of my errand; for he had all the particulars of the story very perfect, and told me my lord Arran had spoke to him concerning it.[b] I added my solicitations, backed with the reasons with which you had furnished me; and he was so kind to promise he would by this post write to the chief-justice; how explicitly or how pressingly I cannot say, because men in high posts are afraid of being positive in their answers; but I hope it will be in such a manner as will be effectual.

If the thing is done, it will be best that the means should be a secret by which it is brought about; and for this reason you will excuse me if I avoid putting my name to the outside of my letter, lest it should excite the curiosity of the post-office. If this affair ends to your satisfaction, I am glad it has proved to me a cause of hearing from you, and an occasion of assuring you that I am, sir, your very humble servant,

THO. HANMER.

TO ALEXANDER POPE, ESQ.

Dublin, January 10, 1721.

A THOUSAND things[c] have vexed me of late years, upon which I am determined to lay open my mind to you. I rather choose to appeal to you than to my lord chief-justice Whitshed, under the situation I am in. For I take this cause properly to lie before you: you are a much fitter judge of what concerns the credit of a writer, the injuries that are done him, and the reparations he ought to receive. Besides, I doubt whether the arguments I could suggest to prove my own innocence would be of much weight from the gentlemen

[a] Miss Mary Vanhomrigh, who is mentioned before under this appellation.

[b] The prosecution of Waters.

[c] No piece of Swift contains more political knowledge, more love of the English constitution and rational liberty than appears in this celebrated letter.

of the long robe to those in furs; upon whose decision about the difference of style or sentiments I should be very unwilling to leave the merits of my cause.

Give me leave then to put you in mind (although you cannot easily forget it) that about ten weeks before the queen's death I left the town, upon occasion of that incurable breach among the great men at court, and went down to Berkshire, where you may remember that you gave me the favour of a visit. While I was in that retirement, I wrote a discourse,[a] which I thought might be useful in such a juncture of affairs, and sent it up to London; but upon some difference in opinion between me and a certain great minister [Bolingbroke] now abroad, the publishing of it was deferred so long that the queen died, and I recalled my copy, which hath been ever since in safe hands. In a few weeks after the loss of that excellent princess, I came to my station here; where I have continued ever since in the greatest privacy and utter ignorance of those events which are most commonly talked of in the world. I neither know the names nor number of the royal family which now reigns further than the Prayer-Book informs me. I cannot tell who is chancellor, who are secretaries, nor with what nations we are in peace or war. And this manner of life was not taken up out of any sort of affectation, but merely to avoid giving offence, and for fear of provoking party zeal.

I had indeed written some memorials of the four last years of the queen's reign, with some other informations, which I received as necessary materials to qualify me for doing something in an employment then designed me; but, as it was at the disposal of a person [duke of Kent] that had not the smallest share of steadiness or sincerity, I disdained to accept it.

These papers, at my few hours of health and leisure, I have been digesting into order by one sheet at a time,[b] for I dare not venture any further, lest the humour of searching and seizing papers should revive; not that I am in pain of any danger to myself, (for they contain nothing of present times or persons, upon which I shall never lose a thought while there is a cat or a spaniel in the house,) but to preserve them from being lost among messengers and clerks.

I have written in this kingdom a discourse to persuade the wretched people to wear their own manufactures, instead of those from England:[c] this treatise soon spread very fast, being agreeable to the sentiments of the whole nation, except of those gentlemen who had employments or were expectants. Upon which a person in great office here immediately took the alarm; he sent in haste for the chief-justice,[d] and informed him of a seditious, factious, and virulent pamphlet, lately published with a design of setting the two kingdoms at variance; directing, at the same time, that the printer should be prosecuted with the utmost rigour of law. The chief-justice had so quick an understanding that he resolved if possible to outdo his orders. The grand juries of the county and city were practised effectually with to represent the said pamphlet with all aggravating epithets, for which they had thanks sent them from England, and their presentments published for several weeks in all the newspapers. The printer was seized, and forced to give great bail. After his trial, the jury brought him in not guilty, although they had been culled with the utmost industry: the chief-justice sent them back nine times, and kept them eleven hours, until, being perfectly tired out, they were forced to leave the matter to the mercy of the judge, by what they call a special verdict. During the trial, the chief-justice, among other singularities, laid his hand on his breast, and protested solemnly that that author's design was to bring in the pretender; although there was not a single syllable of party in the whole treatise, and although it was known that the most eminent of those who professed his own principles publicly disallowed his proceedings. But the cause being so very odious and unpopular, the trial of the verdict was deferred from one term to another, until, upon the duke of Grafton, the lord-lieutenant's arrival, his grace, after mature advice and permission from England, was pleased to grant a *noli prosequi*.

This is the more remarkable because it is said that the man is no ill decider in common cases of property, where party is out of the question; but, when that intervenes, with ambition at heels to push it forward, it must needs confound any man of little spirit and low birth, who has no other endowment than that sort of knowledge which, however possessed in the highest degree, can possibly give no one good quality to the mind.

It is true I have been much concerned for several years past, upon account of the public, as well as for myself, to see how ill a taste for wit and sense prevails in the world, which politics, and South Sea, and party, and operas, and masquerades, have introduced. For, besides many insipid papers which the malice of some has entitled me to, there are many persons appearing to wish me well, and pretending to be judges of my style and manner, who have yet ascribed some writings to me of which any man of common sense and literature would be heartily ashamed. I cannot forbear instancing a treatise called "A Dedication upon Dedications," which many would have to be mine, although it be as empty, dry, and servile a composition, as I remember at any time to have read. But, above all, there is one circumstance which makes it impossible for me to have been author of a treatise wherein there are several pages containing a panegyric on king George, of whose character and person I am utterly ignorant, nor ever had once the curiosity to inquire into either, living at so great a distance as I do, and having long done with whatever can relate to public matters.

Indeed, I have formerly delivered my thoughts very freely, whether I was asked or not; but never affected to be a counsellor, to which I had no manner of call. I was humbled enough to see myself so far outdone by the earl of Oxford in my own trade as a scholar, and too good a courtier not to discover his contempt of those who would be men of importance out of their sphere. Besides, to say the truth, although I have known many great ministers ready enough to hear opinions, yet I have hardly seen one that would ever descend to take advice; and this pedantry arises from a maxim themselves do not believe at the same time they practise by it, that there is something profound in politics, which men of plain honest sense cannot arrive to.

I only wish my endeavours had succeeded better in the great point I had at heart, which was that of reconciling the ministers to each other. This might have been done, if others, who had more concern and more influence, would have acted their parts; and, if this had succeeded, the public interest both of church and state would not have been the worse, nor the Protestant succession endangered.

But whatever opportunities a constant attendance of four years might have given me for endeavouring to do good offices to particular persons, I deserve at least to find tolerable quarter from those of the other party, for many of which I was a constant advocate with the earl of Oxford; and for this I appeal to his lordship. He knows how often I pressed him in favour of Mr.

[a] "Some Free Thoughts on the Present State of Affairs."
[b] "The History of the Four Last Years of the Queen."
[c] "A Proposal for the Universal Use of Irish Manufactures, 1721."
[d] Lord chief-justice Whitshed.

Addison, Mr. Congreve, Mr. Rowe, and Mr. Steele, although I freely confess that his lordship's kindness to them was altogether owing to his generous notions, and the esteem he had for their wit and parts, of which I could only pretend to be a remembrancer. For I can never forget the answer he gave to the late lord Halifax, who, upon the first change of the ministry, interceded with him to spare Mr. Congreve; it was by repeating these two lines of Virgil:—

> "Non obtusa adeo gestamus pectora Pœni,
> Nec tam aversus equos Tyriâ Sol jungit ab urbe."

> "Our hearts are not so cold, nor flames the fire
> Of Sol so distant from the ra e of Tyro."—DRYDEN.

Pursuant to which, he always treated Mr. Congreve with the greatest personal civilities, assuring him of his constant favour and protection, adding that he would study to do something better for him.

I remember it was in those times a usual subject of raillery towards me among the ministers that I never came to them without a Whig in my sleeve: which I do not say with any view toward making my court; for the new principles fixed to those of that denomination I did then, and do now, from my heart abhor, detest, and abjure, as wholly degenerate from their predecessors. I have conversed in some freedom with more ministers of state of all parties than usually happens to men of my level; and I confess, in their capacity as ministers, I look upon them as a race of people whose acquaintance no man would court, otherwise than upon the score of vanity or ambition. The first quickly wears off, (and is the vice of low minds, for a man of spirit is too proud to be vain,) and the other was not my case. Besides, having never received more than one small favour, I was under no necessity of being a slave to men in power, but chose my friends by their personal merit, without examining how far their notions agreed with the politics then in vogue. I frequently conversed with Mr. Addison, and the others I named, (except Mr. Steele,) during all my lord Oxford's ministry: and Mr. Addison's friendship to me continued inviolable, with as much kindness as when we used to meet at my lord Somers' or Halifax', who were leaders of the opposite party.

I would infer from all this that it is with great injustice I have these many years been pelted by your pamphleteers, merely upon account of some regard which the queen's last ministers were pleased to have for me: and yet in my conscience I think I am a partaker in every ill design they had against the Protestant succession or the liberties and religion of their country; and can say with Cicero, "that I should be proud to be included with them in all their actions, *tanquam in equo Trojano*." But, if I have never discovered by my words, writings, or actions, any party virulence or dangerous designs against the present powers; if my friendship and conversation were equally shown among those who liked or disapproved the proceedings then at court, and that I was known to be a common friend of all deserving persons of the latter sort when they were in distress; I cannot but think it hard that I am not suffered to run quietly among the common herd of people, whose opinions unfortunately differ from those which lead to favour and preferment.

I ought to let you know that the thing we called a Whig in England is a creature altogether different from those of the same denomination here; at least it was so during the reign of her late majesty. Whether those on your side have changed or not, it has not been my business to inquire. I remember my excellent friend Mr. Addison, when he first came over hither secretary to the earl of Wharton, then lord-lieutenant, was extremely offended at the conduct and discourse of the chief managers here: he told me they were a sort of people who seemed to think that the principles of a Whig consisted in nothing else but damning the church, reviling the clergy, abetting the dissenters, and speaking contemptibly of revealed religion.

I was discoursing some years ago with a certain minister about that Whiggish or fanatical genius so prevalent among the English of this kingdom: his lordship accounted for it by that number of Cromwell's soldiers, adventurers established here, who were all of the sourest leaven and the meanest birth, and whose posterity are now in possession of their lands and their principles. However, it must be confessed that of late some people in this country are grown weary of quarrelling, because interest, the great motive of quarrelling is at an end; for it is hardly worth contending wh. shall be an exciseman, a country vicar, a crier in t. courts, or an under-clerk.

You will perhaps be inclined to think that a person so ill treated as I have been must at some time or other have discovered very dangerous opinions in government; in answer to which, I will tell you what my political principles were in the time of her late glorious majesty, which I never contradicted by any action, writing, or discourse.

First, I always declared myself against a popish successor to the crown, whatever title he might have by the proximity of blood: neither did I ever regard the right line, except upon two accounts; first, as it was established by law; and, secondly, as it has much weight in the opinions of the people. For necessity may abolish any law, but cannot alter the sentiments of the vulgar; right of inheritance being perhaps the most popular of all topics; and therefore in great changes, when that is broke, there will remain much heart-burning and discontent among the meaner people, which (under a weak prince and corrupt administration) may have the worst consequences upon the peace of any state.

As to what is called a revolution principle, my opinion was this: that whenever those evils which usually attend and follow a violent change of government were not in probability so pernicious as the grievances we suffer under present power, then the public good will justify such a revolution; and this I took to have been the case in the prince of Orange's expedition: although, in the consequence, it produced some very bad effects, which are likely to stick long enough by us.

I had likewise in those days a mortal antipathy against standing armies in times of peace; because I always took standing armies to be only servants hired by the master of the family for keeping his own children in slavery; and because I conceived that a prince who could not think himself secure without mercenary troops, must needs have a separate interest from that of his subjects. Although I am not ignorant of those artificial necessities which a corrupted ministry can create for keeping up forces to support a faction against the public interest.

As to parliaments, I adored the wisdom of that Gothic institution which made them annual, and I was confident our liberty could never be placed upon a firm foundation until that ancient law were restored among us. For who sees not that, while such assemblies are permitted to have a longer duration, there grows up a commerce of corruption between the ministry and the deputies, wherein they both find their accounts, to the manifest danger of liberty; which traffic would never answer the design nor expense if parliaments met once a-year.

I ever abominated that scheme of politics (now about thirty years old) of setting up a moneyed interest in opposition to the landed. For I conceived there could not be a truer maxim in our government than this, that the possessors of the soil are the best judges of

what is for the advantage of the kingdom. If others had thought the same way, funds of credit and South-Sea projects would never have been felt nor heard of.

I could never discover the necessity of suspending any law upon which the liberty of the most innocent persons depended: neither do I think this practice has made the taste of arbitrary power so agreeable as that we should desire to see it repeated. Every rebellion subdued and plot discovered contribute to the firmer establishment of the prince. In the latter case, the knot of conspirators is entirely broken, and they are to begin their work anew under a thousand disadvantages; so that those diligent inquiries into remote and problematical guilt, with a new power of enforcing them by chains and dungeons to every person whose face a minister thinks fit to dislike, are not only opposite to that maxim which declares it better that ten guilty men should escape than one innocent suffer, but likewise leave a gate wide open to the whole tribe of informers, the most accursed, and prostitute, and abandoned race that God ever permitted to plague mankind.

It is true the Romans had a custom of choosing a dictator, during whose administration the power of other magistrates was suspended; but this was done upon the greatest emergencies; a war near their doors, or some civil dissension; for armies must be governed by arbitrary power. But when the virtue of that commonwealth give place to luxury and ambition, this very office of dictator became perpetual in the persons of the Cæsars and their successors, the most infamous tyrants that have anywhere appeared in story.

These are some of the sentiments I had relating to public affairs while I was in the world; what they are at present is of little importance either to that or myself; neither can I truly say I have any at all, or if I had, I dare not venture to publish them; for, however orthodox they may be while I am now writing, they may become criminal enough to bring me into trouble before Midsummer. And indeed I have often wished for some time past that a political catechism might be published by authority four times a-year, in order to instruct us how we are to speak, and write, and act during the current quarter. I have by experience felt the want of such an instructor: for, intending to make my court to some people on the prevailing side, by advancing certain old Whiggish principles, which it seems had been exploded about a month before, I have passed for a disaffected person. I am not ignorant how idle a thing it is for a man in obscurity to attempt defending his reputation as a writer, while the spirit of faction has so universally possessed the minds of men that they are not at leisure to attend to anything else. They will just give themselves time to libel and accuse me, but cannot spare a minute to hear my defence. So, in a plot-discovering age, I have often known an innocent man seized and imprisoned, and forced to lie several months in chains, while the ministers were not at leisure to hear his petition until they had prosecuted and hanged the number they proposed.

All I can reasonably hope for by this letter is to convince my friends and others who are pleased to wish me well, that I have neither been so ill a subject nor so stupid an author as I have been represented by the virulence of libellers, whose malice has taken the same train in both, by fathering dangerous principles in government upon me, which I never maintained, and insipid productions which I am not capable of writing. For, however I may have been soured by personal ill-treatment, or by melancholy prospects for the public, I am too much a politician to expose my own safety by offensive words.[a] And if my genius and spirit be sunk by increasing years, I have at least discretion enough left not to mistake the measure of my own abilities by attempting subjects where those talents are necessary, which perhaps I may have lost with my youth.

FROM SIR CONSTANTINE PHIPPS.

Ormond-street, January 14, 1721.

SIR,—Having been a little indisposed, I went at Christmas into the country, which prevented me from sooner acknowledging the favour of your letter. As to Waters's[a] case, I was informed of it; and the last term I spoke to Mr. Attorney-general [sir Robert Raymond] about it; but he told me, he could not grant a writ of error in a criminal case without direction from the king; so that Waters is not likely to have much relief from hence, and therefore I am glad you have some hopes it will drop in Ireland. I think the chief-justice [Whitshed] should have that regard to his own reputation to let it go off so; for I believe the oldest man alive, or any law-book, cannot give any instance of such a proceeding. I was informed who was aimed at by the prosecution, which made me very zealous in it; which I shall be in everything wherein I can be serviceable to that gentleman, for whom nobody has a greater esteem than your most faithful humble servant,

CONSTANTINE PHIPPS.

FROM MR. PRIOR.

Westminster, February 28, 1721.

DEAR SIR,—If I am to chide you for not writing to me, or beg your pardon that I have not written to you, is a question, for our correspondence has been so long interrupted that I swear I do not know which of us wrote last. In all cases I assure you of my continual friendship and kindest remembrance of you; and with great pleasure expect the same from you. I have been ill this winter. Age, I find, comes on; and the cough does not diminish.—

Non sum qualis eram bonæ
Sub regno Cynaræ—Pass for that.

I am tired with politics, and lost in the South Sea. The roaring of the waves and the madness of the people were justly put together. I can send you no sort of news that holds either connexion or sense. It is all wilder than St. Anthony's dream; and the *bagatelle* is more solid than anything that has been endeavoured here this year. Our old friend Oxford is not well, and continues in Herefordshire. John of Bucks[b] died last night, and Coningsby[c] was sent last night to the Tower. I frequently drink your health with lord Harley, who is always the same good man, and grows daily more beloved as more universally known. I do so too with our honest good-natured friend Ford, whom I love for many good reasons, and particularly for that he loves you.

As to the subscriptions, in which I have given you a great deal of trouble already to make the rest of that

[a] Swift, in one sentence only of his admirable "Sentiments of a Church-of-England Man," demolished the slavish and absurd doctrine of passive obedience and non-resistance. "Many of the clergy," says he, "and other learned men, mistook the object to which passive obedience was due. By the supreme magistrate is properly understood the legislative power, which in all governments must be absolute and unlimited. But the word magistrate seeming to denote a single person, and to express the executive power, it came to pass, that the obedience due to the legislature was, for want of knowing or considering this easy distinction, misapplied to the administration."—DR. WARTON.

[a] Dr Swift's printer; who was prosecuted for printing "A Proposal for the Universal Use of Irish Manufactures," written in 1720. The dean, in the preceding letter to Pope, says, that "the jury which tried him had been culled with the utmost industry; but that, notwithstanding, they brought him in not guilty: that Whitshed, the judge, sent them out nine times and kept them eleven hours; till, being tired out, they were forced to leave the matter to the mercy of the judge by a special verdict. The duke of Grafton, lord-lieutenant, soon after, upon mature advice, and permission from England, granted a *noli prosequi*."

[b] John Sheffield, duke of Buckingham.

[c] Thomas earl of Coningsby, created by George I. in 1719.

trouble less, I desire you to send the enclosed letter to Mr. Hyde that he may raze out the names of those gentlemen who have taken out their books, and take what convenient care he can of the remaining books. And as to the pecuniary part, I find no better way than that you will remit it, as you did the former sum, by bill of exchange. Mr. Ford likewise judges this the best and securest method.

How do you do as to your health? Are we to see you this summer? Answer me these questions. Give my service to all friends, and believe me to be ever, with great truth and esteem, dear sir, yours,

MATTHEW PRIOR.

FROM MR. PRIOR.

Westminster, April 25, 1721.

DEAR SIR,—I know very well that you can write a good letter if you have a mind to it; but that is not the question. A letter from you sometimes is what I desire. Reserve your tropes and periods for those you love less; and let me hear how you do, in whatever humour you are; whether lending your money to the butchers, protecting the weavers, treating the women, or construing *propria quæ maribus* to the country curate. You and I are so established authors that we may write what we will without fear of censure; and if we have not lived long enough to prefer the *bagatelle* to anything else, we deserved to have had our brains knocked out ten years ago.

I have received the money punctually of Mr. Dan. Hayes, have his receipt, and hereby return you all the thanks that your friendship in that affair ought to claim, and your generosity does contemn. There is one turn for you: good.

The man you mentioned in your last [the earl of Oxford] has been in the country these two years, very ill in his health, and has not for many months been out of his chamber; yet what you observe of him is so true that his sickness is all counted for policy, that he will not come up till the public distractions force somebody or other (whom God knows) who will oblige somebody else to send for him in open triumph, and set him in *statu quo prius*. That, in the mean time, he has foreseen all that has happened; checkmated all the ministry; and to divert himself at his leisure hours, he has laid all those lime twigs for his neighbour Coningsby that keep that precious bird in the cage, out of which himself slipped so cunningly and easily.

Things, and the way of men's judging them, vary so much here that it is impossible to give you any just account of some of our friends' actions. *Roffen*[a] is more than suspected to have given up his party, as Sancho did his subjects, for so much a-head, *l'un portant l'autre*. His cause, therefore, which is something originally like that of Lutrin, is opposed or neglected by his ancient friends, and openly sustained by the ministry. He cannot be lower in the opinion of most men than he is; and I wish our friend Harcourt were higher than he is.

Our young Harley's vice is no more covetousness than plainness of speech is that of his cousin Tom. His lordship is really *amabilis*; and lady *Harriette*, *adoranda*.

I tell you no news, but that the whole is a complication of mistakes in policy, and of knavery in the execution of it: of the ministers I speak, for the most part as well ecclesiastical as civil. This is all the truth I can tell you, except one, which I am sure you receive very kindly, that I am ever your friend and humble servant, MATTHEW PRIOR.

Friend Shelton, commonly called Dear Dick, is with me. We drink your health. Adieu.

[a] Dr. Atterbury, bishop of Rochester.

TO [STELLA] MRS. JOHNSON.[a]

Deanery House, Sunday morning, April 30, 1721.

JACK GRATTAN said nothing to me of it till last night; it is none of my fault: how did I know but you were to dine abroad? You should have sent your messenger sooner; yes, I think the dinner you provided for yourselves may do well enough here, but pray send it soon. I wish you would give a body more early warning; but you must blame yourselves. Delany says he will come in the evening; and, for aught I know, Sheridan may be here at dinner: which of you was it that undertook this frolic? Your letter hardly explained your meaning, but at last I found it. Pray do not serve me these tricks often. You may be sure if there be a good bottle you shall have it. I am sure I never refused you, and therefore that reflection might have been spared. Pray be more positive in your answer to this.

Margoose[b] and not *Mergoose*: it is spelt with an *a*, simpleton.

No, I am pretty well after my walk. I am glad the archdeacon [Walls] got home safe, and I hope you took care of him. It was his own fault; how could I know where he was? and he could easily have overtaken me; for I walked softly on purpose; I told Delany I would.

TO THE REV. MR. WALLIS.

Dublin, May 18, 1721.

SIR,—I had your letter, and the copy of the bishop's circular enclosed, for which I thank you; and yet I will not pretend to know anything of it, and hope you have not told anybody what you did. I should be glad enough to be at the visitation, not out of any love to the business or the person, but to do my part in preventing any mischief. But in truth my health will not suffer it; and you, who are to be my proxy, may safely give it upon your veracity. I am confident the bishop would not be dissatisfied with wanting my company, and yet he may give himself airs when he finds I am not there. I now employ myself in getting you a companion to cure your spleen. I am your faithful humble servant, JONATHAN SWIFT.

TO THE BISHOP OF MEATH.[c]

July 5, 1721.

MY LORD,—I have received an account of your lordship's refusing to admit my proxy at your visitation, with several circumstances of personal reflections on myself, although my proxy attested my want of health; to confirm which, and to lay before you the justice and Christianity of your proceeding, above a hundred persons of quality and distinction can witness that, since Friday the 26th of May, I have been tormented with an ague, in as violent a manner as possible, which still continues, and forces me to make use of another hand in writing to you. At the same time I must be plain to tell you that if this accident had not happened, I should have used all endeavours to avoid your visitation, upon the public promise I made you three years ago, and the motives which occasioned it; because I was unwilling to hear any more very injurious treatment and appellations given to my brethren or myself; and by the grace of God I am still determined to absent myself on the like occasion, as far as I can possibly be dispensed with by any law, while your lordship is in that diocese, and I a member of it: in which resolution I could not conceive but your lordship would be easy; because, although my presence might possibly contribute to your real (at

[a] Indorsed by Mrs Johnson "An answer to no letter."
[b] *Chateau Margoux*, a sort of claret so called.
[c] Dr. Evans

least future) interest, I was sure it could not to your present satisfaction.

If I had had the happiness to have been acquainted with any one clergyman in the diocese of your lordship's principles, I should have desired him to represent me, with hopes of better success: but I wish you would sometimes think it convenient to distinguish men as well as principles; and not to look upon every person who happens to owe you canonical obedience as if ——.[a]

I have the honour to be ordinary over a considerable number of as eminent divines as any in this kingdom, who owe me the same obedience as I owe to your lordship, and are equally bound to attend my visitation; yet neither I, nor any of my predecessors, to my knowledge, did ever refuse a regular proxy.

I am only sorry that you, who are of a country famed for good nature, have found a way to unite the hasty passion of your own countrymen[b] with the long, sedate resentment of a Spaniard: but I have an honourable hope that this proceeding has been more owing to party than complexion. I am, my lord, your lordship's most humble servant,

JONATHAN SWIFT.

TO VANESSA.

Gallstown, near Kinnegad, July 5, 1721.

It was not convenient, hardly possible, to write to you before now, though I had a more than ordinary desire to do it, considering the disposition I found you in last; though I hope I left you in a better. I must here beg you to take more care of your health by company and exercise, or else the spleen will get the better of you, than which there is not a more foolish or troublesome disease, and what you have no pretences to in the world, if all the advantages of life can be any defence against it. Cadenus ——— assures me he continues to esteem, and love, and value you above all things, and so will do to the end of his life; but at the same time entreats that you would not make yourself or him unhappy by imaginations. The wisest men of all ages have thought it the best course to seize the minutes as they fly, and to make every innocent action an amusement. If you knew how I struggle for a little health, what uneasiness I am at in riding and walking, and refraining from everything agreeable to my taste, you would think it but a small thing to take a coach now and then, and to converse with fools or impertinents to avoid spleen and sickness. Without health you will lose all desire of drinking coffee, and be so low as to have no spirits. Pray write to me cheerfully, without complaints or expostulations, or else Cadenus shall know it, and punish you. What is this world without being as easy in it as prudence and fortune can make us? I find it every day more silly and insignificant, and I conform myself to it for my own ease. I am here as deeply employed in other folks' plantations and ditches as if they were my own concern; and think of my absent friends with delight, and hopes of seeing them happy, and of being happy with them. Shall you, who have so much honour and good sense, act otherwise to make Cad——— and yourself miserable? Settle your affairs, and quit this scoundrel island, and things will be as you desire. I can say no more, being called away. *Mais soyez assurée que jamais personne au monde n'a été aimée, estimée, adorée par votre ami que vous.* I have drunk no coffee since I left you, nor intend it till I see you again: there is none worth drinking but yours if myself may be the judge. Adieu.

[a] "He was your footman," may be implied, or left to his lordship's own conjecture.
[b] The bishop was a Welshman.

FROM LORD BOLINGBROKE.

July 28, 1721

I NEVER was so angry in all my life as I was with you last week, on the receipt of your letter of the 19th of June. The extreme pleasure it gave me takes away all the excuses which I had invented for your long neglect. I design to return my humble thanks to those men of eminent gratitude and integrity, the weavers and the judges, and earnestly to entreat them, instead of tossing you in the person of your proxy, who had need to have iron ribs to endure all the drubbings you will procure him, to toss you in your proper person, the next time you offend, by going about to talk sense or to do good to the rabble. Is it possible that one of your age and profession should be ignorant that this monstrous beast has passions to be moved, but no reason to be appealed to; and that plain truth will influence half a score men at most in a nation or an age, while mystery will lead millions by the nose?

Dear Jonathan, since you cannot resolve to write as you preach, what public authority allows, what councils and senates have decided to be orthodox, instead of what private opinion suggests, leave off instructing the citizens of Dublin. Believe me there is more pleasure, and more merit too, in cultivating friendship than in taking care of the state. Fools and knaves are generally best fitted for the last; and none but men of sense and virtue are capable of the other. How comes it then to pass that you who have sense, though you have wit, and virtue, though you have kept bad company in your time, should be surprised that I continue to write to you, and expect to hear from you, after seven years absence?

Anni prædantur euntes, say you: and time will lop off my luxuriant branches: perhaps it will be so. But I have put the pruning-hook into a hand which works hard to leave the other as little to do of that kind as may be. Some superfluous twigs are every day cut; and as they lessen in number, the bough which bears the golden fruit of friendship shoots, swells, and spreads.

Our friend told you what he heard, and what was commonly said, when he told you that I had taken the fancy of growing rich. If I could have resolved to think two minutes a-day about stocks, to flatter law half an hour a-week, or to have any obligation to people I neither loved nor valued, certain it is that I might have gained immensely. But not caring to follow the many bright examples of these kinds which France furnished, and which England sent us over, I turned the little money I had of my own, without being let into any secret, very negligently; and if I have secured enough to content me, it is because I was soon contented. I am sorry to hear you confess that the love of money has got into your head. Take care, or it will, ere long, sink into your heart, the proper seat of passions. Plato, whom you cite, looked upon riches, and the other advantages of fortune, to be desirable; but he declared, as you have read in Diogenes Laërtius, *Ea etsi non affluerint, nihilominus tamen beatum fore sapientem.* You may think it perhaps hard to reconcile his two journeys into Sicily with this maxim, especially since he got fourscore talents of the tyrant. But I can assure you that he went to the elder Dionysius only to buy books, and to the younger only to borrow a piece of ground, and a number of men, women, and children, to try his Utopia. Aristippus was in Sicily at the same time; and there passed some Billingsgate between these reverend persons. This philosopher had a much stronger fancy to grow rich than Plato; he flattered, he cracked jests, and danced over a stick to get some of the Sicilian gold: but still even he took care *sibi res, non se rebus submittere.* And I remember, with great edification, how he reproved one of his cate-

chumens, who blushed, and shrunk back, when his master showed him the way to the bawdy-house. *Non ingredi turpe est, sed egredi non posse turpe est.* Th conclusion of all is this; *un honnête homme* ought t have *cent mille livres de rente*, if you please; but a wise man will be happy with the hundredth part. Let us no refuse riches when they offer themselves; but let u give them no room in our heads or our hearts. Let u enjoy wealth without suffering it to become necessar to us. And, to finish with one of Seneca's quaint sen tences: "Let us place it so, that fortune may take i without tearing it from us." The passage you men tion does follow that which I quoted to you, and th advice is good. Solon thought so; nay, he went fur ther; and you remember the reason he gave for sitting in the council of Pisistratus, whom he ha' done his utmost to oppose, and who, by the way, proved a very good prince. But the epistle is not writ by Cicero, as you seem to think. It is, if I mistake not, an epistle of Dolabella to him. Cato, you say, would not be of the same mind. Cato is a most venerable name, and Dolabella was but a scoundrel with wit and valour; and yet there is better sense, nay, there is more virtue in what Dolabella advises, than in the conduct o Cato. I must own my weakness to you. This Cat so sung by Lucan in every page, an l so much better sung by Virgil in half a line, strikes me with no great respect. When I see him painted in all the glorious colours which eloquence furnishes, I call to mind that image of him which Tully gives in one of his letters to Atticus, or to somebody else; where he says, that having a mind to keep a debate from coming on in the senate, they made Cato rise to speak, and that he talked till the hour of proposing matters was over. Tully insinuates that they often made this use of him. Does not the moving picture shift? Do you not behold Clarke of Taunton-Dean, in the gown of a Roman senator, sending out the members to piss? The censor used sharp medicines; but in his time the patient had strength to bear them. The second Cato inherited this receipt without his skill; and, like a true quack, he gave the remedy, because it was his only one, though it was too late. He hastened the patient's death; he not only hastened it, he made it more convulsive and painful.

The condition of your wretched country is worse than you represent it to be. The healthful Indian follows his master who died of sickness to the grave; but I much doubt whether those charitable legislators, exact the same, when the master is a lunatic, and cuts his own throat. I mourn over Ireland with all my heart, but I pity you more. In reading your letter I feel your pulse; and I judge of your distemper as surely by the figures into which you cast your ink, as the learned doctor at "the hand and urinal" could do, if he pored over your water. You are really in a very bad way. You say your memory declines; I believe it does, since you forget your friends, and since repeated importunity can hardly draw a token of remembrance from you. There are bad airs for the mind as well as the body: and what do you imagine that Plato, since you have set me upon quoting him (who thanked Heaven that he was not a Bœtian), would have said of the *ultima Thule?* Shake off your laziness, ramble over hither, and spend some months in a kinder climate. You will be in danger of meeting but one plague here, and you will leave many behind you. Here you will come among people who lead a life singular enough to hit your humour: so near the world as to have all its conveniences; so far from the world as to be strangers to all its inconveniences; wanting nothing which goes to the ease and happiness of life; embarrassed by nothing which is cumbersome. I dare almost venture to say that you will like us better than the persons you live with, and that we shall be able to make you retrograde, (that I may use a canonical simile,) as the sun did on the dial of Hezekiah, and begin anew the twelve years which you complain are gone. We will restore to you the *nigros angusto fronte capillos;* and with them the *dulce loqui*, the *ridere decorum, et inter vina fugam Cynaræ mœrere protervæ. Hæc est vita solutorum miserâ ambitione gravique*, and not yours.

I was going to finish with my sheet of paper; but having bethought myself, that you deserve some more punishment, and calling all my anger against you to my aid, I resolve, since I am this morning in the humour of scribbling, to make my letter at least as long as one of your sermons: and if you do not mend, my next shall be as long as one of Dr. Manton's,[a] who taught my youth to yawn, and prepared me to be a high-churchman, that I might never hear him read, nor read him more.

You must know that I am as busy about my hermitage, which is between the chateau and the maison bourgeoise, as if I was to pass my life in it: and if I could see you now and then I should be willing enough to do so. I have in my wood the biggest and the clearest spring perhaps in Europe, which forms, before it leaves the park, a more beautiful river than any which flows ... Greek or Latin verse. I have a thousand projects about this spring, and, among others, one which will employ some marble. Now marble, you know, makes one think of inscriptions; and if you will correct this, which I have not yet committed to paper, it shall be graved, and help to fill the table-books of Spons and Missons[b] yet to come.

"Propter fidem adversus Reginam, et Partes,
Intemeratè servatam,
Propter operam in pace generali conciliandâ
Strenuè saltem navatam,
Impotentiâ vesanæ factioins
Solum vertere coactus,
Hîc ad aquæ lene caput sacræ
Injustè exulat,
Dulce vivit.
H De B. An." &c.

Ob were better than *propter*, but *ob operam* would never please the ear. In a proper place, before the front of the house which I have new built, I have a mind to inscribe this piece of patchwork:—

"Si resipiscat patria, in patriam rediturus;
Si non resipiscat, ubivis melius quam inter
Tales cives futurus,
Hanc villam instauro et orno:
Hinc, velut ex portu, alienos casus
Et fortunæ ludum insolentem
Cernere suave est.
Hic, mortem nec appetens nec timens,
Innocuis deliciis,
Doctâ quiete,
et
Felicis animi immotâ tranquillitate,
Fruiscor
Hic mihi vivam quod superest aut exilii,
Aut ævi."

If in a year's time you should find leisure to write to me, send me some mottos for groves, and streams, and fine prospects, and retreat, and contempt of grandeur, &c. I have one for my greenhouse, and one for an alley which leads to my apartment, which are happy enough. The first is, *Hic ver assiduum, atque alienis mensibus æstas.* The other is—*fallentis semita vitæ.*

You see I amuse myself *de la bagatelle* as much as you, but here lies the difference; your *bagatelle* leads to something better; as fiddlers flourish carelessly be-

a Thomas Manton, D.D., who had been ejected from the rectory of Covent-garden, for nonconformity, after the Restoration.

b James Spon, M.D., and Maximilian Misson, were two eminent travellers.

fore they play a fine air. But mine begins, proceeds, and ends in *bagatelle*.

Adieu: it is happy for you that my hand is tired.

I will take care that you shall have my picture, and I am simple enough to be obliged to you for asking for it. If you do not write to me soon, I hope it will fall down as soon as you have it, and break your head.

FROM THE DUCHESS OF ORMOND.

September 1, 1721.

SIR,—I DO not know how to account for your long silence, unless your time has been taken up in making an interest with those in power here for one of the two archbishoprics that we heard were void, but I am very glad are not so. Set your heart at rest, for they are promised; and therefore you may as well write to a sister, when next you honour this kingdom with any despatches, as to any greater people. It is a shame to think how you have neglected those of your own house. I had once determined to write to you no more, since no answer was to be expected; but then revenge came into my head, and I was resolved to teaze you, till at last, to be quiet, you will send me some plausible excuse, at least, for never inquiring after brother or sister. I wonder when you will be good-natured enough to come and see how we do; but Ireland has such powerful charms, that I question whether you would leave it to be one of our archbishops. I was at your brother Arran's a good while this summer, and have been much upon the ramble, or else you would have sooner had these just reproaches from me; whom you have no way of appeasing, but by a letter of at least four sides of paper: though I am so good a Christian, upon this occasion, as to be, notwithstanding all this ill-treatmen, sir, your most sincere friend and humble servant,

M. ORMOND.

TO MR WORRAL.

Gaulstown, September 14, 1721.

DEAR JACK,—I answered your letter long ago, and have little to say at present. I shall be in town by the beginning of next month, although a fit of good weather would tempt me a week longer; for I never saw or heard of so long a continuance of bad, which has hindered me from several little rambles I intended; but I row or ride every day in spite of the rain, in spite of a broken shin, or falling into the lakes, and several other trifling accidents. Pray what have you done with the Lichfield man? Has he mended his voice, or is he content to sit down with his Christ-church[b] preferment? I doubt Mrs. Brent will be at a loss about her industry-book,[c] for want of a new leaf, with a list drawn of the debtors. I know you are such a bungler you cannot do it, and therefore I desire that you would, in a loose sheet of paper, make a survey-list, in your bungling manner, as soon as she wants it, and let that serve till I come. Present my service to Mrs. Worral. I wonder how you, and she, and your heir[d] have spent the summer, and how often you have been at Dunleary,[e] and whether you have got her another horse, and whether she hates dying in the country as much as ever. Desire Mrs. Brent, if a messenger goes from hence, to give him my fustian waistcoat, because the mornings grow cold. I have now and then some threatenings with my head; but have never been absolutely giddy above a minute, and cannot complain of my health, I thank God. Pray send them enclosed to the post-office. I hear you have let your house to Mrs. Dopping, who will be a good tenant if she lives. I suppose your new house is finished, and, if Mrs. Worral does not air it well, it may get you a new wife, which I would not have you tell her, because it will do the business better than a boat at Dalky.[a] I hope you have ordered an account of absent vicars, and that their behaviour has not been so bad as usual during my sickness in town; if so, I have but an ill sub-dean. I am, sir, yours, &c.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

P.S.—Tell Mrs. Brent that, if Lloyd agrees, I shall be glad one of his hogsheads was left unracked.

[a] A member of the Club of Sixteen.
[b] One of the cathedrals in Dublin
[c] The book wherein Mrs Brent kept the account of the money lent by Dr Swift to poor tradesmen without interest
[d] Mr Fairbrother.
[e] A village on the coast near Dublin.

TO ARCHBISHOP KING.

Gaulstown, near Kinnegad, September 28, 1721.

MY LORD,—I had the honour of your grace's letter of the 1st instant; and, although I thought it my duty to be the last writer in corresponding with your grace, yet I know you are so punctual that, if I should write sooner, it would only be the occasion of giving you a new trouble before it ought in conscience to be put upon you. Besides, I was in some pain that your letter of Sept. 1st was not the first you had writ, because about ten days after a friend sent me word that your grace said you had writ to me six weeks before, and had no answer; whereas, I can assure your grace that I received but one from you; nor had I reason to expect it, having not done myself the honour to write to you before. I will tell you the secret of dating my letter; I was in fear lest the post should be gone, and so left a blank, and wisely huddled it up without thinking of the date; but we country gentlemen are frequently guilty of greater blunders; and in that article I grow more perfect every day.

I believe you seriously that you will take care of your health to prevent a successor; that is to say, I believe you tell truth in jest; for I know it is not the value of life that makes you desire to live, and am afraid the world is much of your mind; for it is out of regard to the public, or some of themselves, more than upon your own account, that they wish your continuance among us.

It seems you are a greater favourite of the lieutenant's[b] than you care to own; for we hear that he killed but two bucks, and sent you a present of one.

I hear you are likely to be the sole opposer of the bank:[c] and you will certainly miscarry, because it would prove a most perfidious thing. Bankrupts are always for setting up banks: how then can you think a bank will fail of a majority in both houses?

You are very perverse in misinterpreting the ladies' favour, as if you must die to obtain it; I assure you it is directly contrary, and, if you die, you will lose their favour for ever: I am commanded to tell you so; and therefore, at the peril of your life, and of their good graces, look to your health.

I hear the bishop of Bangor,[d] despairing of doing any good with you, has taken up with Hereford. I am a plain man, and would be glad at any time to see fifty such bishops hanged, if I could thereby have saved the life of his predecessor, for whom I had a great esteem and friendship. I do not much approve the compliments made you by comparisons drawn from good and bad emperors, because the inference falls short on both sides. If Julian had immediately succeeded Constantine, it would have been more to the purpose. Sir James of the Peak[e] said to Bouchier the gamester, "Sirrah, I

[a] A delightful island six miles from Dublin.
[b] Charles duke of Grafton
[c] Proposal for a national bank in Ireland, but rejected by parliament.
[d] Dr. Benjamin Hoadley.
[e] Sir James of the Peak, called Sir James Baker, a notorious gambler.

shall look better than you when I have been a month in my grave." A great man in England was blaming me for despising somebody or other; I assured him I did not at all despise the man he mentioned: that I was not so liberal of my contempt; nor would bestow it where there was not some degree of merit. Upon this principle, I can see no proper ground of opposition between your grace and that wretch of Bangor. I have read indeed that a dog was once made king of Norway, but I forgot who was his predecessor; and therefore am at a loss for the other part of the comparison.

I am afraid the clatter of ladies' tongues is no very good cure for a giddiness in the head. When your grace (as you say) was young, as I am not, the ladies were better company, or you more easily pleased. I am perpetually reproaching them for their ignorance, affectation, impertinence, (but my paper will not hold all,) except lady Betty Rochfort, your old acquaintance.

I own my head and your grace's feet would be ill joined; but give me your head and take my feet, and match us in the kingdom if you can.

My lord, I row after health like a waterman, and ride after it like a post-boy, and find some little success; but *subeunt morbi tristisque senectus.* I have a receipt to which you are a stranger; my lord Oxford and Mr. Prior used to join with me in taking it; to whom I often said, when we were two hours diverting ourselves with trifles, *vive la bagatelle.* I am so deep among the workmen at Rochfort's canals and lakes, so dexterous at the oar, such an alderman after the hare ————.[a]

I am just now told, from some newspapers, that one of the king's enemies, and my excellent friend, Mr. Prior,[b] is dead; I pray God deliver me from many such trials. I am neither old nor philosopher enough to be indifferent at so great a loss; and therefore I abruptly conclude, but with the greatest respect, my lord, your grace's most dutiful and obedient servant,

JONATHAN SWIFT.

TO THE REV. MR. JACKSON, AT GAULSTOWN.[c]

Dublin, October 6, 1721.

I HAD no mind to load you with the secret of my going, because you should bear none of the blame. I fell upon a supposition that Mr. Rochfort had a mind to keep me longer, which I will allow in him and you, but not one of the family besides, who, I confess, had reason enough to be weary of a man who entered into none of their tastes, nor pleasures, nor fancies, nor opinions, nor talk. I baited at Clencurry, and got to Leslip between three and four, saw the curiosities there, and the next morning came to Dublin by eight o'clock, and was at prayers in my cathedral. There's a traveller! I forgot a long treatise, copied by my Irish secretary, which I lent Clem. Barry.—Pray get it from him, and seal it up, and keep it till you get a convenience of sending it. Desire lady Betty to give you the old silver box that I carried the comfits in; it belongs to poor Mrs. Brent, and she asked me for it with a sigh. You may trust it with Arthur. You are now happy, and have nobody to teaze you to the oar or the saddle. You can sit in your nightgown till noon without any reproaches.

I left a note for you with James Doyle, with commissions, which I hope you will fulfil, though you borrow the money; I will certainly be out of your debt in all articles between us when you come to town, or before, if you draw a bill upon me; for now I have money, and value no man. I am told your tribe here is all well, though I have seen none but Jack Jackson.

Farewell; go to cards, and lose your money with great gravity.

My service to all your girls.

I gave James Doyle two crowns, and a strict order to take care of [my/our] gray colt, which I desire you will second.

I had a perfect summer journey, and if I had staid much longer I should have certainly had a winter one, which, with weak horses and bad roads, would have been a very unpleasant thing.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

TO THE REV. MR. WALLIS.

Dublin, November 3, 1721.

SIR,—You stole in and out of town without seeing either the ladies or me; which was very ungratefully done considering the obligations you have to us for lodging and dieting with you so long. Why did you not call in the morning at the deanery? Besides, we reckoned for certain that you came to stay a month or two, as you told us you intended. I hear you were so kind as to be at Laracor, where I hope you planted something; and I intend to be down after Christmas, when you must continue a week. As for your plan, it is very pretty, too pretty for the use I intend to make of Laracor. All I would desire is what I mention in the paper I left you, except a walk down to the canal. I suppose your project would cost me 10*l.* and a constant gardener. Pray come to town, and stay some time, and repay yourself some of your dinners. I wonder how a mischief you came to miss us. Why did you not set out a Monday, like a true country parson? Besides, you lay a load on us in saying one chief end of your journey was to see us: but I suppose there might be another motive, and you are like the man that died of love and the colic. Let us know whether you are more or less monkish, how long you found yourself better by our company, and how long before you recovered the charges we put you to? The ladies assure you of their hearty services; and I am, with great truth and sincerity, your most faithful humble servant,

JONATHAN SWIFT.

FROM LORD BOLINGBROKE.

January 1, 1722.

I RECEIVED your letter of the 29th of September above a fortnight ago; and should have set you an example by answering it immediately, (which I do not remember you ever set me,) if I had not been obliged to abandon the silence and quiet of this beloved retreat, and to thrust myself into the hurry and babble of an impertinent town. In less than ten days which I spent at Paris, I was more than ten times on the point of leaving my business there undone; and yet this business was to save four-fifths of 400,000 livres, which I have on the town-house; *restes misérables du naufrage de ma fortune.* Luckily I had the fear of you before my eyes; and though I cannot hope to deserve your esteem by growing rich, I have endeavoured to avoid your contempt by growing poor. The expression is equivocal; a fault which our language often betrays those who scribble hastily into; but your own conscience will serve for a comment, and fix the sense. Let me thank you for remembering me in your prayers, and for using your credit above so generously in my behalf. To despise riches with Seneca's purse, is to have at once all the advantages of fortune and philosophy.

Quid voveat dulci nutricula majus alumno?

[a] See the lively poem entitled "The Country Life," describing the pastimes of Gaulstown.
[b] September 18, 1721.
[c] Copied from the original, in the possession of two Irish ladies of the name of Shenton.

You are not like H. Guy,[a] who, among other excellent pieces of advice, gave me this when I first came to court: to be very moderate and modest in my applications for my friends, and very greedy and importunate when I asked for myself. You call Tully names, to revenge Cato's quarrel; and to revenge Tully's, I am ready to fall foul of Seneca. You churchmen have cried him up for a great saint; and as if you imagined that to have it believed that he had a month's mind to be a Christian would reflect some honour on Christianity, you employed one of those pious frauds, so frequently pratised in the days of primitive simplicity, to impose on the world a pretended correspondence between him and the great apostle of the Gentiles.[b] Your partiality in his favour shall bias me no more than the pique which Dion Cassius and others show against him. Like an equitable judge, I shall only tax him with avarice in his prosperity, adulation in his adversity, and affectation in every state of life. Were I considerable enough to be banished from my country, methinks I would not purchase my restoration at the expense of writing such a letter to the prince himself, as your Christian stoic wrote to the emperor's slave, Polibius.[c] Thus I think of the man, and yet I read the author with pleasure; though I join in condemning those points which he introduced into the Latin style; those eternal witticisms strung like beads together, and that impudent manner of talking to the passions before he has gone about to convince the judgment; which Erasmus, if I remember right, objects to him. He is seldom instructive, but he is perpetually entertaining; and when he gives you no new idea, he reflects your own back upon you with new lustre. I have lately writ an excellent treatise in praise of exile.[d] Many of the hints are taken from *Consolatio ad Helviam* and other parts of his works. The whole is turned on his style and manner; and there is as much of the spirit of the *portique* as I could infuse, without running too far into the *mirabilia, inopinata, et paradoxa*, which Tully, and I think Seneca himself, ridicules the school of Zeno for. That you may laugh at me in your turn, I own ingenuously that I began in jest, grew serious at the third or fourth page, and convinced myself before I had done of what perhaps I shall never convince any other, that a man of sense and virtue may be unfortunate, but can never be unhappy. Do not imagine, however, that I have a mind to quarrel with Aristippus: he is still my favourite among the philosophers: and if I find some faults in him, they are few and venial.

You do me much honour in saying that I put you in mind of lord Digby;[e] but say it to no one else, for fear of passing for partial in your parallels, which has done Plutarch more hurt than it has done good to his Grecian heroes. I had forgot, or I never knew, the remarkable passage which you mention. Great virtue, unjustly persecuted, may hold such language, and will be heard with applause; with general applause, I mean, not universal. There was at Athens a wretch who spit in the face of Aristides as he marched firm, calm, and almost gay, to execution. Perhaps there was not another man among the Athenians capable of the same vile action. And for the honour of my country I will believe, that there are few men in England, besides lord Oxford, capable of hearing that strain of eloquence without admiration. There is a sort of kindred in souls, and they are divided into more families than we are apt to imagine. Digby's and Harley's are absolute strangers to one another. Touch a unison, and all the unisons will give the same sound; but you may thrum a lute till your fingers are sore, and you will draw no sound out of a Jew's-harp.

I thank you for correcting my inscriptions, and I thank you still more for promising to gather up mottos for me, and to write often to me. I am as little given to beg correspondents as you are to beg pictures; but since I cannot live with you, I would fain hear from you. To grow old with good sense, and a good friend, was the wish of Thales, I add, with good health: to enjoy but one and a half of these three is hard. I have heard of Prior's death, and of his epitaph;[a] and have seen a strange book writ by a grave and eloquent doctor[b] about the duke of Buckinghamshire. People, who talk much in that moment, can have, as I believe, but one of these two principles, fear or vanity. It is therefore much better to hold one's tongue. I am sorry that the first of these persons, our old acquaintance Matt., lived so poor as you represent him. I thought that a certain lord,[c] whose marriage with a certain heiress was the ultimate end of a certain administration, had put him above want. Prior might justly enough have addressed himself to his young patron, as our friend Aristippus did to Dionysius; "you have money, which I want; I have wit and knowledge which you want." I long to see your "Travels;" [Gulliver's] for, take it as you will, I do not retract what I said. I will undertake to find, in two pages of your *bagatelles*, more good sense, useful knowledge, and true religion, than you can show me in the works of nineteen in twenty of the profound divines and philosophers of the age.

I am obliged to return to Paris in a month or six weeks' time, and from thence will send you my picture. Would to Heaven I could send you as like a picture of my mind; you would find yourself, in that draught, the object of the truest esteem and the sincerest friendship.

FROM DR. SNAPE.

Windsor, April 13, 1722.

REVEREND SIR,—I take the opportunity of two of our choir going over to try their fortune in your country, at once to return my thanks for a very obliging letter you favoured me with some years ago, and your kind interpretation of my endeavours at that time to assert the cause of our establishment against a prelate [bishop Hoadley] who was undermining it; and also to recommend to your favour the bearer, Mr. Elford, who, upon the encouragement of your worthy primate, is going to settle at Armagh. I cannot pretend to say he has the same compass of voice with his late brother, whom the good queen so much admired; but I will venture to say he has a greater compass of understanding, and, upon the whole, that he is a good choirman. The other that bears him company was a very useful

[a] Henry Guy, secretary to the Treasury during three successive reigns, died February 23, 1710.

[b] It consists of thirteen letters, which seemed to St. Jerome and St. Augustine to have been genuine.

[c] Seneca de Consolatione ad Polybium.

[d] Printed in his works under the title of "Reflections upon Exile."

[e] George lord Digby, afterward earl of Bristol. Dr. Swift, in a letter to lord Bolingbroke, April 5, 1729, styles lord Digby the prototype of lord Bolingbroke.

[a] In the following triplet, written by himself:—

"To me 'tis given to die: to you 'tis given
To live. Alas! one moment sets us even;
Mark how impartial is the will of Heaven!"

Bishop Atterbury, in a letter to Mr. Pope, dated Sept. 27, 1721, says, "I had not strength enough to attend Mr. Prior to his grave else I would have done it, to have showed his friends that I had forgot and forgiven what he wrote on me. He was buried as he desired, at the feet of Spenser. I will take care to make good, in every respect, what I said to him when living, particularly as to the triplet he wrote for his own epitaph; which, while we were on good terms, I promised him should never appear on his tomb while I was dean of Westminster." *Atterbury's Epistolary Correspondence*, 1799, vol. ii. p. 117.

[b] Richard Fiddes, D.D., published in 1721, in octavo, "A Letter in Answer to one from a Freethinker; occasioned by the late duke of Buckinghamshire's Epitaph."

[c] Edward lord Harley, who married in October, 1713, the lady Henrietta Cavendish Holles.

chorister to us. His voice, since its breaking, is somewhat harsh, but I believe will grow mellower. If you find either of them for your purpose, especially the bearer, when you have a vacancy in your church, I shall be much obliged to you for any favour you are pleased to show; and be ready to approve myself on any occasion, reverend sir, your most obliged and affectionate servant, A. SNAPE.

TO VANESSA.

Clogher, June 1, 1722.

THE weather has been so constantly bad that I have wanted all the healthy advantages of the country, and it seems likely to continue so. It would have been infinitely better once a-week to have met at Kendal, and so forth, where one might pass three or four hours in drinking coffee in the morning, or dining *tête-à-tete*, drinking coffee again till seven. God send you through your lawsuit and your reference. And remember that riches are nine parts in ten of all that is good in life, and health is the tenth; drinking coffee comes long after, and yet it is the eleventh; but without the two former you cannot drink it right: and remember the china in the old house, and Rider-street, and the colonel's journey to France, and the London wedding, and the sick lady at Kensington, and the indisposition at Windsor, and the strain by the box of books at London. Last year I writ you civilities, and you were angry. This year I will write you none, and you will be angry; yet my thoughts were still the same—*Croyez que je serai toujours tout ce que vous désirez.* Adieu.

TO VANESSA.

Loughgall, County of Armagh, July 13, 1722.

I AM well pleased with the account of your visit, and the behaviour of the ladies. I see every day as silly things among both sexes, yet endure them for the sake of amusement. The worst thing in you and me is, that we are too hard to please; and whether we have made ourselves so is the question; at least I believe we have the same reason. One thing that I differ from you in is, that I do not quarrel with my best friends. I believe you have ten angry passages in your letter, and every one of them enough to spoil two days apiece of riding and walking. We differ prodigiously in one point; I fly from the spleen to the world's end; you run out of your way to meet it. I doubt the bad weather has hindered you much from the diversions of your country-house, and put you upon thinking in your chamber. The use I have made of it was to read I know not how many diverting books of history and travels. I wish you would get yourself a horse, and have always two servants to attend you, and visit your neighbours; the worse the better: there is a pleasure in being reverenced; and that is always in your power, by your superiority of sense, and an easy fortune. The best maxim I know in this life is, to drink your coffee when you can; and when you cannot, to be easy without it; while you continue to be splenetic, count upon it I will always preach. Thus much I sympathise with you, that I am not cheerful enough to write; for I believe coffee once a-week is necessary to that. I can sincerely answer all your questions as I used to do; out then I give all possible way to amusements, because they preserve my temper, as exercise does my health; and without health and good humour I would rather be a dog. I have shifted scenes oftener than ever I did in my life, and I believe have lain in thirty beds since I left town, and always drew up the clothes with my left hand; which is a superstition I have learned these ten years. I long to see you in figure and equipage. Pray do not lose that taste. Farewell.

TO VANESSA.

August 7, 1722.

I AM this hour leaving my present residence; and if I fix anywhere shall let you know it.

A long vacation.—Law lies asleep, and bad weather. How do you wear away the time? Is it among the groves and fields of your country-seat, or among your cousins in town; or thinking in a train that will be sure to vex you; and then reaping, and forming teasing conclusions from mistaken thoughts? The best companion for you is a philosopher, whom you would regard as much as a sermon. I have read more trash since I left you than would fill all your shelves, and am abundantly the better for it, though I scarce remember a syllable. What a foolish thing is time; and how foolish is man, who would be as angry if time stopped as if it passed. But I will not proceed at this rate; for I am writing and thinking myself fast into the spleen, which is the only thing I would not compliment you by imitating. So adieu till the next place I fix in.

TO ROBERT COPE, ESQ.

Dublin, October 9, 1722.

I AM but just come to town, and therefore look upon myself to have just left Loughgall, and that this is the first opportunity I have of writing to you.

Strange revolutions since I left you: a bishop[a] of my old acquaintance in the Tower for treason, and a doctor of my new acquaintance made a bishop.[b] I hope you are returned with success from your Connaught journey, and that you tired yourself more than you expected in taking the compass of your new land; the consequence of which must be that you will continue needy some years longer than you intended. Your new bishop Bolton was born to be my tormentor; he ever opposed me as my subject,[c] and now has left me embroiled for want of him. The government, in consideration of the many favours they have shown me, would fain have me give St. Bride's to some one of their hang-dogs, that Dr. Howard may come into St. Werburgh's. So that I must either disoblige Whig and Tory in my chapter, or be ungrateful to my patrons in power. When you come to town you must be ready, at what time you hear the sound of tabret, harp, &c., to worship the brazen image set up, or else be cast into a cold watery furnace; I have not yet seen it, for it does not lie in my walks, and I want curiosity. The wicked Tories themselves begin now to believe there was something of a plot; and every plot costs Ireland more than any plot can be worth. The court has sent a demand here for more money by three times than is now in the hands of the Treasury and all the collectors of this kingdom put together. I escaped hanging very narrowly a month ago; for a letter from Preston directed to me was opened in the post-office, and sealed again in a very slovenly manner, when Manley found it only contained a request from a poor curate. This hath determined me against writing treason; however, I am not certain that this letter may not be interpreted as comforting his most excellent majesty's enemies, since you have been a state prisoner. Pray God keep all honest men out of the hands of lions and bears, and uncircumcised Philistines! — I hoped my brother Orrery[d] had loved his land too much to hazard it on

a Dr. Atterbury, bishop of Rochester, at this time imprisoned for his share in what was called Sayer's plot.

b Dr. Theophilus Bolton, bishop of Clonfert, Sept 12, 1722; and, in 1729, archbishop of Cashell.

c Dr. Bolton had been chancellor of St. Patrick's.

d Charles Boyle, earl of Orrery, an accomplished and literary character, inventor of the philosophical instrument to which he bequeathed his name, was about this time apprehended and committed to the Tower for some real or supposed accession to the plot which cost Atterbury so dear.

revolution principles. I am told that a lady of my acquaintance was the discoverer of this plot, having a lover among the true Whigs, whom she preferred before an old battered husband.

You never saw anything so fine as my new Dublin plantations of elms; I wish you would come and visit them; and I am very strong in wine, though not so liberal of it as you. It is said that Kelly the parson[a] is admitted to Kelly the squire;[b] and that they are cooking up a discovery between them for the improvement of the hempen manufacture. It is reckoned that the best trade in London this winter will be that of an evidence. As much as I hate the Tories I cannot but pity them as fools. Some think likewise that the pretender ought to have his choice of two caps, a red cap or a fool's cap. It is a wonderful thing to see the Tories provoking his present majesty, whose clemency, mercy, and forgiving temper have been so signal, so extraordinary, so more than humane, during the whole course of his reign; which plainly appears, not only from his own speeches and declarations, but also from a most ingenious pamphlet just come over, relating to the wicked bishop of Rochester. But enough of politics. I have no town news; I have heard nothing. Old Rochfort has got a dead palsy. Lady Betty has been long ill. Dean Percivale has answered the other dean's journal[c] in Grub-street, justly taxing him for avarice and want of hospitality. Madam Percivale absolutely denies all the facts; insists that she never made candles of dripping; that Charley never had the chincough, &c.

My most humble service to Mrs. Cope, who entertained that covetous lampooning dean much better than he deserved. Remember me to honest Nanty and boy Barclay. Ever yours, &c. JONATHAN SWIFT.

TO THE EARL OF OXFORD.

October 11, 1722.

MY LORD,—I often receive letters franked *Orford*, but always find them written and subscribed by your lordship's servant *Mynett*. His meaning is some business of his own, wherein I am his solicitor; but he makes his court by giving me an account of the state of your family; and perpetually adds a clause, "That your lordship soon intends to write to me." I knew you indeed when you were not so great a man as you are now, I mean when you were treasurer; but you are grown so proud since your retirement, that there is no enduring you; and you have reason, for you never acted so difficult a part of life before. In the two great scenes of power and persecution you have excelled mankind; and in this of retirement you have most injuriously forgotten your friends. Poor Prior often sent me his complaints on this occasion; and I have returned him mine. I never courted your acquaintance when you governed Europe, but you courted mine; and now you neglect me, when I use all my insinuations to keep myself in your memory. I am very sensible that, next to receiving thanks and compliments, there is nothing you more hate than writing letters; but, since I never gave you thanks, nor made you compliments, I have so much more merit than any of those thousands whom you have less obliged, by only making their fortunes, without taking them into your friendship, as you did me, whom you always countenanced in too public and particular a manner to be forgotten either by the world or myself; for which never man was more proud or less vain.

I have now been ten years soliciting for your picture; and if I had solicited you for a thousand pounds (I mean of your money, not the public) I could have prevailed in ten days. You have given me many hundred hours; can you not now give me a couple? have my mortifications been so few, or are you so malicious to add a greater than I ever yet suffered? did you ever refuse me anything I asked you? and will you now begin? In my conscience, I believe, and by the whole conduct of your life I have reason to believe, that you are too poor to bear the expense. I ever told you I was the richer man of the two: and I am now richer by five hundred pounds than I was at the time when I was boasting at your table of my wealth, before Diamond Pitt.[a]

I have hitherto taken up with a scurvy print of you, under which I have placed this lemma:—

——— Veteres actus primamque juventam,
Prosequar? ad sese mentem præsentia ducunt.

And this I will place under your picture, whenever you are rich enough to send it me. I will only promise in return that it shall never lose you the reputation of poverty; which, to one of your birth, patrimony, and employments, is one of the greatest glories of your life, and so shall be celebrated by me.

I entreat your lordship, if your leisure and your health will permit, to let me know when I can be a month with you at Brampton castle: because I have a great deal of business with you that relates to posterity. Mr. Mynett has, for some time, led me an uncomfortable life, with his ill accounts of your health; but, God be thanked, his style of late is much altered for the better.

My hearty and constant prayers are perpetually offered up for the preservation of you and your excellent family. Pray, my lord, write to me: or you never loved me, or I have done something to deserve your displeasure. My lord and lady Harriot, my brother and sister,[b] pretend to atone by making me fine presents; but I would have his lordship know that I would value two of his lines more than two of his manors, &c.

FROM MR. GAY.

London, December 22, 1722.

DEAR SIR,—After every post-day, for these eight or nine years, I have been troubled with an uneasiness of spirit, and at last I have resolved to get rid of it, and write to you. I do not deserve you should think so well of me as I really deserve; for I have not professed to you that I love you as much as ever I did: but you are the only person of my acquaintance almost that does not know it. Whomever I see that comes from Ireland, the first question I ask is after your health; of which I had the pleasure to hear very lately from Mr. Berkeley. I think of you very often: nobody wishes you better, or longs more to see you. Duke Disney, who knows more news than any man alive, told me I should certainly meet you at the Bath this season: but I had one comfort in being disappointed, that you did not want it for your health. I was there for near eleven weeks for a colic that I have been often troubled with of late; but have not found all the benefit I expected.

I lodge at present in Burlington-house, and have received many civilities from many great men, but very few real benefits. They wonder at each other for not providing for me: and I wonder at them all. Experience has given me some knowledge of them;

[a] George Kelly, who went under the name of Johnson, an Irish clergyman, was apprehended as an accessory to Sayer's plot.

[b] Captain Dennis Kelly, a gentleman of fortune in Ireland, apprehended as an active agent in Atterbury's plot.

[c] See the "Country Life," by dean Swift, in the poetical part.

[a] Thomas Pitt, esq., who amassed great riches as governor of Fort St. George, in the East Indies.

[b] The members of the Club of Sixteen all called one another brothers, and consequently their wives were sisters to the several members. This has before been noticed.

so that I can say that it is not in their power to disappoint me. You find I talk to you of myself: I wish you would reply in the same manner. I hope, though you have not heard of me so long, I have not lost my credit with you; but that you will think of me in the same manner as when you espoused my cause so warmly, which my gratitude never can forget. I am, dear sir, your most obliged and sincere humble servant, J. GAY.

P.S. Mr. Pope, upon reading over this letter, desired me to tell you that he has been just in the same sentiments with me in regard to you, and shall never forget his obligations to you.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

Dublin, December 22, 1722.

WHAT care we, whether you swim or sink? Is this a time to talk of boats, or a time to sail in them, when I am shuddering? or a time to build boat-houses, or pay for carriage? No; but toward summer I promise hereby under my hand to subscribe a (guinea[a]) shilling for one: or, if you please me, what is blotted out, or something thereabouts, and the ladies shall subscribe three thirteens between them, and Mrs. Brent a penny, and Robert and Archy halfpence a-piece, and the old man and woman a farthing each; in short I will be your collector, and we will send it down full of wine, a fortnight before we go at Whitsuntide. You will make eight thousand blunders in your planting, and who can help it? for I cannot be with you. My horses eat hay and I hold my visitation on January 7, just in the midst of Christmas. Mrs. Brent is angry, and swears as much as a fanatic can do that she will subscribe sixpence to your boat.——Well, I shall be a countryman when you are not; we are now at Mr. Faden's with Dan and Sam; and I steal out while they are at cards, like a lover writing to his mistress.—We have no news in our town. The ladies have left us to-day, and I promised them that you would carry your club to Arsellagh when you are weary of one another. You express your happiness with grief in one hand and sorrow on the other. What fowl have you but the weep? what hares but Mrs. Macfaden's grey hairs? what peas but your own? Your mutton and your weather are both very bad, and so is your wether mutton. Wild fowl is what we like.—How will this letter get to you?—A fortnight good from this morning you will find Quilca not the thing it was last August; nobody to relish the lake; nobody to ride over the downs; no trout to be caught; no dining over a well; no night heroics, no morning epics; no stolen hour when the wife is gone; no creature to call you names. Poor miserable Master Sheridan! No blind harpers! no journeys to Rantavan! Answer all this, and be my *Magnus Apollo*. We have new plays and new libels, and nothing valuable is old but Stella, whose bones she recommends to you. Dan desires to know whether you saw the advertisement of your being robbed—and so I conclude,

Yours, &c. T.

TO MR. GAY.

Dublin, January 8, 1723.

COMING home after a short Christmas ramble, I found a letter upon my table, and little expected when I opened it to read your name at the bottom. The best and greatest part of my life, until these last eight years, I spent in England; there I made my friendships, and there I left my desires. I am condemned for ever to another country; what is in prudence to be done? I think to be *oblitusque meorum, obliviscendus et illis*. What can be the design of your letter but malice, to wake me out of a scurvy sleep, which, however, is better than none? I am towards nine years older since I left you, yet that is the least of my alterations; my business, my diversions, my conversations, are all entirely changed for the worse, and so are my studies and my amusements in writing; yet after all, this humdrum way of life might be passable enough, if you would let me alone. I shall not be able to relish my wine, my parsons, my horses, nor my garden, for three months, until the spirit you have raised shall be dispossessed. I have sometimes wondered that I have not visited you, but I have been stopped by too many reasons besides years and laziness, and yet these are very good ones. Upon my return, after half a year among you, there would be to me *desiderio nec pudor nec modus*. I was three years reconciling myself to the scene, and the business to which fortune had condemned me, and stupidity was what I had recourse to. Besides, what a figure should I make in London, while my friends are in poverty, exile, distress, or imprisonment, and my enemies with rods of iron? Yet I often threatened myself with the journey and am every summer practising to ride and get health to bear it: the only inconvenience is that I grow old in the experiment. Although I care not to talk to you as a divine, yet I hope you have not been author of your colic: do you drink bad wine or keep bad company? Are you not as many years older as I? It will not be always *et tibi quos mihi dempserit apponet annos*. I am heartily sorry you have any dealings with that ugly distemper, and I believe our friend Arbuthnot will recommend you to temperance and exercise. I wish they could have as good an effect upon the giddiness I am subject to, and which this moment I am not free from. I should have been glad if you had lengthened your letter by telling me the present condition of many of my old acquaintance, Congreve, Arbuthnot, Lewis, &c., but you mention only Mr. Pope, who I believe is lazy, or else he might have added three lines of his own. I am extremely glad he is not in your case of needing great men's favour, and could heartily wish that you were in his. I have been considering why poets have such ill success in making their court, since they are allowed to be the greatest and best of all flatterers: the defect is, that they flatter only in print or in writing, but not by word of mouth: they will give things under their hand which they make a conscience of speaking. Besides, they are too libertine to haunt antechambers, too poor to bribe porters and footmen, and too proud to cringe to second-hand favourites in a great family. Tell me, are you not under original sin by the dedication of your eclogues to lord Bolingbroke? I am an ill judge at this distance; and besides, am for my ease utterly ignorant of the commonest things that pass in the world; but if all courts have a sameness in them, (as the parsons phrase it,) things may be as they were in my time, when all employments went to parliament-men's friends who had been useful in elections, and there was always a huge list of names in arrears at the treasury which would at least take up your seven years' expedient to discharge even one half. I am of opinion, if you will not be offended, that the surest course would be, to get your friend who lodgeth in your house to recommend you to the next chief governor who comes over here for a good civil employment, or to be one of his secretaries, which your parliament-men are fond enough of when there is no room at home. The wine is good and reasonable; you may dine twice a-week at the deanery-house; there is a set of company in this town sufficient for one man; folks will admire you because they have read you and read of you; and a good employment will make you live tolerably in London, or sumptuously here, or,

[a] The word *guinea* is struck through with a pen in the copy.

if you divide between both places, it will be for your health.

I wish I could do more than say I love you. I left you in a good way both for the late court and the successors; and, by the force of too much honesty or too little sublunary wisdom, you fell between two stools. Take care of your health and money; be less modest and more active; or else turn parson and get a bishopric here. Would to God they would send us as good ones from your side! I am ever, &c.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

FROM MR POPE.

January 12, 1723.

I FIND a rebuke in a letter of yours that both stings and pleases me extremely. Your saying that I ought to have writ a postscript to my friend Gay's makes me not content to write less than a whole letter; and your seeming to take his kindly gives me hopes you will look upon this as a sincere effect of friendship. Indeed, as I cannot but own the laziness with which you tax me, and with which I may equally charge you, for both of us have had (and one of us has both had and given[a]) a surfeit of writing; so I really thought you would know yourself to be so certainly entitled to my friendship that it was a possession you could not imagine stood in need of any further deeds or writings to assure you of it.

Whatever you seem to think of your withdrawn and separate state at this distance, and in this absence, dean Swift still lives in England, in every place and company where he would choose to live; and I find him in all the conversations I keep, and in all the hearts in which I desire any share.

We have never met these many years without mention of you. Besides my old acquaintance, I have found that all my friends of a later date are such as were yours before; lord Oxford, lord Harcourt, and lord Harley may look upon me as one entailed upon them by you;[b] lord Bolingbroke is now returned (as I hope) to take me, with all his other hereditary rights; and, indeed, he seems grown so much a philosopher as to set his heart upon some of them as little as upon the poet you gave him. It is surely my ill fate that all those I most loved, and with whom I most lived, must be banished. After both of you left England my constant host was the bishop of Rochester [Dr. Atterbury]. Sure this is a nation that is cursedly afraid of being overrun with too much politeness, and cannot regain one great genius but at the expense of another.[c] I tremble for my lord Peterborow, whom I now lodge with; he has too much wit, as well as courage, to make a solid general: and, if he escapes being banished by others, I fear he will banish himself. This leads me to give you some account of the manner of my life and conversation, which has been infinitely more various and dissipated than when you knew me and cared for me; and among all sexes, parties, and professions. A glut of study and retirement in the first part of my life cast me into this; and this I begin to see will throw me into study and retirement.

The civilities I have met with from opposite sets of people have hindered me from being violent or sour to any party; but, at the same time, the observations and experiences I cannot but have collected have made me less fond of and less surprised at any: I am therefore the more afflicted and the more angry at the violences and hardships I see practised by either. The merry vein you knew me in is sunk into a turn of reflection that has made the world pretty indifferent to me; and yet I have acquired a quietness of mind, which by fits improves into a certain degree of cheerfulness, enough to make me just so good-humoured as to wish that world well. My friendships are increased by new ones, yet no part of the warmth I felt for the old is diminished. Aversions I have none, but to knaves, (for fools I have learned to bear with,) and such I cannot be commonly civil to, for I think those men are next to knaves who converse with them. The greatest man in power of this sort shall hardly make me bow to him, unless I had a personal obligation, and that I will take care not to have. The top pleasure of my life is one I learned from you, both how to gain and how to use the freedom of friendship with men much my superiors. To have pleased great men, according to Horace, is a praise; but not to have flattered them, and yet not have displeased them, is a greater. I have carefully avoided all intercourse with poets and scribblers, unless where, by great chance, I have found a modest one. By these means I have had no quarrels with any personally; none have been enemies but who were also strangers to me; and, as there is no great need for an éclaircissement with such, whatever they writ or said I never retaliated, not only never seeming to know, but often really never knowing, anything of the matter. There are very few things that give me the anxiety of a wish: the strongest I have would be, to pass my days with you and a few such as you: but fate has dispersed them all about the world; and I find to wish it is as vain as to wish to see the millenium and the kingdom of the just upon earth.

If I have sinned in my long silence, consider there is one to whom you yourself have been as great a sinner. As soon as you see his hand you will learn to do me justice and feel in your heart how long a man may be silent to those he truly loves and respects.

TO THE DUKE OF GRAFTON.

Dublin, January 24, 1723.

MY LORD,—I received lately from the dean of Downe a favourable message from your grace relating to a clergyman who married my dear relation, and whose estate is much encumbered by a long suit at law. I return my most humble acknowledgments for your grace's favourable answer. I can assure your grace that, in those times when I was thought to have some credit with persons in power, I never used it for my own interest, and very rarely for that of others, unless where it was for the public advantage; neither shall I ever be a troublesome or common petitioner to your grace. I am sorry the archbishop of Dublin [Dr. William King] should interpose in petty matters, when he has justly so much weight in things of greater moment. How shall we, the humblest of your addressers, make our way to the smallest mark of your favour? I desired your secretary, Mr. Hopkins, (whom I have long known,) to deal plainly with me as with a man forgotten and out of the world, and if he thought my request unreasonable I would drop it. This he failed to do: and therefore I here complain of him to your grace, and will do so to himself, because I have long done with court answers.

I heartily wish your grace full success in all your great and good endeavours for the service of your country, and particularly of this kingdom; and am, with the greatest respect, my lord, your grace's most obedient and most humble servant,

JONATHAN SWIFT.

FROM MR. GAY.

London, February 3, 1723.

You made me happy in answering my last letter in so kind a manner, which to common appearance I

a Alluding to his large work on Homer.

b This shows to whom Pope was indebted for his introduction to lords Oxford, Harcourt, and Bolingbroke.

c The bishop of Rochester thought this to be indeed the case.

did not deserve; but I believe you guessed my thoughts, and knew that I had not forgot you, and that I always loved you. When I found that my book was not sent to you by Tooke, Jervas undertook it and gave it to Mr. Maxwell, who married a niece of Mr. Meredith's. I am surprised you have heard nothing of it, but Jervas has promised me to write about it, so that I hope you will have it delivered to you soon. Mr. Congreve I see often: he always mentions you with the strongest expressions of esteem and friendship. He labours still under the same afflictions as to his sight and gout; but in his intervals of health he has not lost anything of his cheerful temper. I passed all the last season with him at the Bath, and I have great reason to value myself upon his friendship, for I am sure he sincerely wishes me well. We pleased ourselves with the thoughts of seeing you there; but duke Disney, who knows more intelligence than anybody besides, chanced to give us a wrong information. If you had been there, the duke promised, upon my giving him notice, to make you a visit. He often talks of you and wishes to see you.

I was two or three days ago at Dr. Arbuthnot's, who told me he had written you three letters, but had received no answer. He charged me to send you his advice, which is, to come to England and see your friends. This he affirms (abstracted from the desire he has to see you) to be very good for your health. He thinks that your going to Spa and drinking the waters there would be of great service to you, if you have resolution enough to take the journey. But he would have you try England first. I like the prescription very much, but I own I have a self-interest in it; for your taking this journey would certainly do me a great deal of good. Pope has just now embarked himself in another great undertaking as an author; for of late he has talked only as a gardener. He has engaged to translate the Odyssey in three years, I believe rather out of a prospect of gain than inclination; for I am persuaded he bore his part in the loss of the South Sea. He lives mostly at Twickenham, and amuses himself in his house and garden. I supped about a fortnight ago with lord Bathurst and Lewis at Dr. Arbuthnot's. Whenever your old acquaintance meet they never fail of expressing their want of you. I wish you would come and be convinced that all I tell you is true.

As for the reigning amusement of the town, it is entirely music; real fiddles, bass-viols, and hautboys; not poetical harps, lyres, and reeds. There's nobody allowed to say, I sing, but an eunuch or an Italian woman. Everybody is grown now as great a judge of music as they were in your time of poetry; and folks, that could not distinguish one tune from another, now daily dispute about the different styles of Handel, Bononcini, and Attilio. People have now forgot Homer, and Virgil, and Cæsar; or at least they have lost their ranks. For, in London and Westminster, in all polite conversations, Senesino is daily voted to be the greatest man that ever lived.

I am obliged to you for your advice, as I have been formerly for your assistance in introducing me into business. I shall this year be a commissioner of the state lottery, which will be worth to me 150*l.* And I am not without hopes that I have friends that will think of some better and more certain provision for me. You see I talk to you of myself as a thing of consequence to you. I judge by myself; for to hear of your health and happiness will always be one of my greatest satisfactions. Every one that I have named in the letter gives their service to you. I beg you to give mine, Mr. Pope's, and Mr. Kent's[a] to Mr. Ford. I am, dear sir, your most faithful and most humble servant,

J. GAY.

[a] A celebrated gardener.

P.S. My paper was so thin that I was forced to make use of a cover. I do not require the like civility in return.

TO THE REV. MR. WALLIS.

Dublin, February 12, 1723.

SIR,—I would have been at Laracor and Athboy before now, if an ugly depending chapter business had not tied me here. There is a long difficulty, that concerns the government, the archbishop, the chapter, the dean, Dr. Howard, and Robin Grattan; and I know not whether it will be determined in a month. All my design is, to do a job for Robert Grattan; but the rest have their different schemes and politics, too deep and too contemptible for me to trouble myself about them. Meantime you grow negligent, and the improvements at Laracor are forgotten. I beg you will stop there for a day or two, and do what is necessary now before the season is too late; and I will come when this affair is over, and bring down wine (which will not be ready till then, for it is but just bottled); and we will be merry at your house and my cottage

I sent your memorial, drawn up by myself, with my opinion upon it, and a letter to Dr. Kearney, to recommend it to the primate. I likewise desired Mr. Morgan to second it. I have in vain hitherto sought Dr. Kearney, but shall find him soon; and I intend to engage Dr. Worth and Mr. Cross, and probably all may come to nothing——*Sed quid tentare nocebit?* The ladies are as usually—Mrs. Johnson eats an ounce a-week, which frights me from dining with her. My crew has drunk near three hogsheads since I came to town, and we must take up with new when I come down. I suppose you are in the midst of spleen and justice. I have often an ill head, and am so unfortunate as to pick out rainy days to ride in. What is it to you that old Proby the painter is dead? I am ever yours,

JONATHAN SWIFT.

TO ARCHBISHOP KING.

Deanery-house, February 22, 1723.

MY LORD,—Mr. Chetwode[a] intends to deliver in a petition to the government to-day, and entreated me to speak to your grace before he delivered it, which not having an opportunity to do, I make bold to enclose this letter, which your grace may please to read, and is the substance of what he desired me to say. I am, my lord, with the greatest respect, your grace's most dutiful, and most humble servant,

JONATHAN SWIFT.

TO ROBERT COPE, ESQ.

Dublin, May 11, 1723.

I PUT up your letter so very safe, that I was half an hour looking for it. I did not receive it till a few days before I came to town; for I often changed stages, and my last as well as my first was at Wood-park with Mr. Ford. This is the first minute of leisure I have had to answer you, which I did not intend to do till I heard you were come and gone from hence like a sprite. I will tell you that for some years I have intended a southern journey, and this summer is fixed for it, and I hope to set out in ten days. I never was in those parts, nor am acquainted with one christian among them, so that I shall be little more than a passenger; from thence I go to the bishop of Clonfert [Dr. Theophilus Bolton], who expects me, and pretends to be prepared for me. You need not take so much pains to invite me to Loughgall. I am grown so peevish that I can bear no other country place in this kingdom; I quarrel everywhere else,

[a] Knightly Chetwode, esq., who had very good pretensions to an English peerage.

and sour the people I go to as well as myself. I will put the greatest compliment on you that ever I made; which is, to profess sincerely that I never found anything wrong in your house, and that you alone of all my Irish acquaintance have found out the secret of loving your lady and children with some reserve of love for your friends, and, which is more, without being troublesome; and Mrs. Cope, I think, excels even you, at least you have made me think so, and I beg you will deceive me as long as I live. The worst of it is, that if you grow weary of me (and I wonder why you do not) I have no other retreat. The neighbours you mention may be valuable, but I never want them at your house; and I love the very spleen of you and Mrs. Cope better than the mirth of any others you can help me to; it is indeed one additional good circumstance that Tisdall will be absent. I am sorry to say so of an old acquaintance; I would pity all infirmities that years bring on, except envy and loss of good nature; the loss of the latter I cannot pardon in any one but myself. My most humble service to Mrs. Cope; and pray God bless your fire-side! It will spare Dr. Jinny[a] the trouble of a letter if he knows from you in a few days that I intend in a week from your receiving this to begin my journey; for he promised to be my companion. It is probable I may be at Clonfert by the beginning of July.—It is abominable that you will get me none of Prior's guineas.—If you want news, seek other correspondents. Mr. Ford is heartily weary of us for want of company. He is a tavern man, and few here go to taverns, except such as will not pass with him; and, what is worse, as much as he has travelled, he cannot ride. He will be undone when I am gone away; yet he does not think it convenient to be in London during these hopeful times. I have been four hours at a commission to hear the passing of accounts, and thought I should not have spirits left to begin a letter; but I find myself refreshed with writing to you. Adieu, and do me the justice to believe that no man loves and esteems you more than yours, &c.

TO ROBERT COPE, ESQ.

June 1, 1723

I WROTE to you three weeks ago: perhaps my letter miscarried: I desired you would let Dr. Jinny know that I intended my journey in ten days after my letter would reach you; and I stayed five or six more, and do now leave this town on Monday, and take a long southern journey, and in five or six weeks hope to get to the bishop of Clonfert's. My letter to you was very long, and full of civilities to you and Mrs. Cope, and it is a pity it should be lost. I go where I was never before, without one companion, and among people where I know no creature; and all this is to get a little exercise, for curing an ill head. Pray reproach Dr. Jinny soundly, if you received my letter, and sent my message; for I know not where to direct to him, but thought you might hear of him once a-week. Your friend Ford keeps still in Ireland, and passes the summer at his country-house with two sober ladies of his and my acquaintance. If there be time after my being at Clonfert, I will call at Loughgall; though I wish you would come to the bishop's if Mrs. Cope will give you leave. It seems they are resolved to find out plots here when the parliament meets, in imitation of England; and the chief justice and postmaster are gone on purpose to bring them over, and they will raise 50,000*l.* on the papists here. The bishop of Meath[b] says, "The bishop of Rochester was always a silly fellow."

[a] A clergyman in the neighbourhood.
[b] Dr John Evans, with whom Swift had so many disputes respecting attendance at his visitations

I wish you many merry meetings with Tisdall. The graziers will be ruined this year. Praised be God for all things! Bermudas[a] goes low. The walk toward the bishop of Clonfert's is full of grass. The college and I are fallen out about a guinea. We have some hangings, but few weddings. The next packet will bring us word of the king and bishop of Rochester's[b] leaving England; a good journey and speedy return to one and the other is an honest Whig wish. And so I remain ever entirely yours, &c.

FROM LORD BOLINGBROKE.

I AM not so lazy as Pope, and therefore you must not expect from me the same indulgence to laziness; in defending his own cause he pleads yours, and becomes your advocate while he appeals to you as his judge: you will do the same on your part; and I, and the rest of your common friends, shall have great justice to expect from two such righteous tribunals: you resemble perfectly the two alehouse-keepers in Holland, who were at the same time burgomasters of the town, and taxed one another's bills alternately. I declare beforehand I will not stand to the award; my title to your friendship is good, and wants neither deeds nor writings to confirm it; but annual acknowledgments at least are necessary to preserve it: and I begin to suspect, by your defrauding me of them, that you hope in time to dispute it, and to urge prescription against me. I would not say one word to you about myself (since it is a subject on which you appear to have no curiosity) were it not to try how far the contrast between Pope's fortune and manner of life and mine may be carried.

I have been, then, infinitely more uniform and less dissipated than when you knew me and cared for me. That love which I used to scatter with some profusion among the female kind has been these many years devoted to one object. A great many misfortunes, (for so they are called, though sometimes very improperly,) and a retirement from the world, have made that just and nice discrimination between my acquaintance and my friends which we have seldom sagacity enough to make for ourselves: those insects of various hues, which used to hum and buz about me while I stood in the sunshine, have disappeared since I lived in the shade. No man comes to a hermitage but for the sake of the hermit; a few philosophical friends come often to mine, and they are such as you would be glad to live with, if a dull climate and duller company have not altered you extremely from what you were nine years ago.

The hoarse voice of party was never heard in this quiet place; gazettes and pamphlets are banished from it; and if the lucubrations of Isaac Bickerstaff be admitted, this distinction is owing to some strokes by which it is judged that this illustrious philosopher had (like the Indian Fohu, the Grecian Pythagoras, the Persian Zoroaster, and others his precursors among the Zabians, Magians, and the Egyptian seers) both his outward and his inward doctrine, and that he was of side at the bottom. When I am there, I forget I ever was of any party myself; nay, I am often so happily absorbed by the abstracted reason of things, that I am ready to imagine there never was any such monster as party. Alas, I am soon awakened from that pleasing dream by the Greek and Roman historians, by Guicciardine, by Machiavel, and Thuanus; for I have vowed to read no history of our own country till that body of it which you promise to finish appears.

I am under no apprehensions that a glut of study

[a] Alluding to Dr. Berkeley's project of founding a university at Bermuda.
[b] Dr. Atterbury embarked at Dover, June 18, 1723.

and retirement should cast me back into the hurry of the world; on the contrary, the single regret which I ever feel is, that I fell so late into this course of life; my philosophy grows confirmed by habit, and if you and I meet again I will extort this approbation from you, *Jam non consilio bonus, sed more eo perductus, ut non tantum recte facere passim, sed nisi recte facere non possim*. The little incivilities I have met with from opposite sets of people have been so far from rendering me violent or sour to any, that I think myself obliged to them all: some have cured me of my fears, by showing me how impotent the malice of the world is; others have cured me of my hopes, by showing how precarious popular friendships are; all have cured me of surprise. In driving me out of party they have driven me out of cursed company; and in stripping me of titles, and rank, and estate, and such trinkets, which every man that will may spare, they have given me that which no man can be happy without.

Reflection and habit have rendered the world so indifferent to me that I am neither afflicted nor rejoiced, angry nor pleased, at what happens in it, any further than personal friendships interest me in the affairs of it, and this principle extends my cares but a little way. Perfect tranquillity is the general tenor of my life; good digestions, serene weather, and some other mechanic springs, wind me above it now and then, but I never fall below it; I am sometimes gay, but I am never sad; I have gained new friends, and have lost some old ones; my acquisitions of this kind give me a good deal of pleasure, because they have not been made lightly. I know no vows so solemn as those of friendship, and therefore a pretty long noviciate of acquaintance should methinks precede them; my losses of this kind give me but little trouble; I contributed nothing to them; and a friend who breaks with me unjustly is not worth preserving. As soon as I leave this town (which will be in a few days) I shall fall back into that course of life which keeps knaves and fools at a great distance from me: I have an aversion to them both; but in the ordinary course of life I think I can bear the sensible knave better than the fool: One must, indeed, with the former, be in some or other of the attitudes of those wooden men whom I have seen before a sword-cutler's shop in Germany, but even in these constrained postures the witty rascal will divert me; and he that diverts me does me a great deal of good, and lays me under an obligation to him which I am not obliged to pay in other coin: the fool obliges me to be almost as much upon my guard as the knave, and he makes me no amends; he numbs me like the torpor, or he teazes me like the fly. This is the picture of an old friend, and more like him than that will be which you once asked, and which he will send you if you continue still to desire it.—Adieu, dear Swift: with all thy faults I love thee entirely; make an effort, and love me on with all mine.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

Clonfert, August 3, 1723.

No, I cannot possibly be with you so soon, there are too many rivers, bogs, and mountains between; besides, when I leave this, I shall make one or two short visits in my way to Dublin, and hope to be in town by the end of this month; though it will be a bad time, in the hurry of your lousy p————t. Your dream is wrong, for this bishop is not able to lift a cat upon my shoulders; but if you are for a curacy of 25*l*. a-year, and ride five miles every Sunday to preach to six beggars, have at you: and yet this is no ill country, and the bishop has made, in four months, twelve miles of ditches from his house to the Shannon, if you talk of improving. How are you this moment? Do you love or hate Quilca the most of all places? Are you in or out of humour with the world, your friends, your wife, and your school? Are the ladies in town or in the country? If I knew I would write to them; and how are they in health? Quilca (let me see) (you see I can (if I please) make parentheses as well as others) is about a hundred miles from Clonfert; and I am half weary with the four hundred I have ridden. With love and service, and so, adieu.

Yours, &c.

TO MR. POPE.

Dublin, September 20, 1723.

RETURNING from a summer expedition of four months on account of my health, I found a letter from you, with an appendix longer than yours from lord Bolingbroke. I believe there is not a more miserable malady than an unwillingness to write letters to our best friends, and a man might be philosopher enough in finding out reasons for it. One thing is clear, that it shows a mighty difference betwixt friendship and love, for a lover (as I have heard) is always scribbling to his mistress. If I could permit myself to believe what your civility makes you say, that I am still remembered by my friends in England, I am in the right to keep myself here —— *Non sum qualis eram*. I left you in a period of life when one year does more execution than three at yours, to which if you add the dulness of air and of the people, it will make a terrible sum. I have no very strong faith in your pretenders to retirement; you are not of an age for it, nor have gone through either good or bad fortune enough to go into a corner and form conclusions *de contemptu mundi et fuga sæculi*, unless a poet grows weary of too much applause, as ministers do of too much weight of business.

Your happiness is greater than your merit in choosing your favourites so indifferently among either party: this you owe partly to your education, and partly to your genius employing you in an art in which faction has nothing to do, for I suppose Virgil and Horace are equally read by Whigs and Tories. You have no more to do with the constitution of church and state than a Christian at Constantinople; and you are so much the wiser and the happier, because both parties will approve your poetry as long as you are known to be of neither.

Your notions of friendship are new to me; I believe every man is born with his *quantum*, and he cannot give to one without robbing another. I very well know to whom I would give the first places in my friendship, but they are not in the way: I am condemned to another scene, and therefore I distribute it in pennyworths to those about me, and who displease me least; and should do the same to my fellow-prisoners if I were condemned to jail. I can likewise tolerate knaves much better than fools, because their knavery does me no hurt in the commerce I have met with them, which, however, I own is more dangerous, though not so troublesome, as that of fools. I have often endeavoured to establish a friendship among all men of genius, and would fain have it done: they are seldom above three or four contemporaries, and if they ıld be united would drive the world before them. I think it was so among the poets in the time of Augustus; but envy, and party, and pride, have hindered it among us. I do not include the subalterns, of which you are seldom without a large tribe. Under the name of poets and scribblers I suppose you mean he fools you are content to see sometimes when they happen to be modest; which was not frequent among hem while I was in the world.

I would describe to you my way of living, if any method could be called so in this country. I choose my companions among those of least consequence

and most compliance: I read the most trifling books I can find, and whenever I write it is upon the most trifling subjects; but riding, walking, and sleeping, take up eighteen of the twenty-four hours. I procrastinate more than I did twenty years ago, and have several things to finish which I put off to twenty years hence; *hæc est vita solutorum*, &c. I send you the compliments of a friend of yours, who has passed four months this summer with two grave acquaintance at his country-house, without ever once going to Dublin, which is but eight miles distant; yet when he returns to London I will engage you shall find him as deep in the court of requests, the park, the operas, and the coffeehouse, as any man there. I am now with him for a few days.

You must remember me with great affection to Dr. Arbuthnot, Mr. Congreve, and Gay.——I think there are no more *eodem tertios* between you and me except Mr. Jervas, to whose house I address this for want of knowing where you live; for it was not clear from your last whether you lodge with lord Peterborough, or he with you!—I am ever, &c.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

FROM DR. ARBUTHNOT.[a]

November 13, 1723.

DEAR SIR,—I have as good a right to invade your solitude as lord Bathurst, Gay, or Pope, and you see I make use of it. I know you wish us all at the devil for robbing a moment from your vapours and vertigo. It is no matter for that; you shall have a sheet of paper every post till you come to yourself. By a paragraph in yours to Mr. Pope I find you are in the case of the man who held the whole night by a broom-bush, and found when daylight appeared he was within two inches of the ground. You do not seem to know how well you stand with our great folks. I myself have been at a great man's table, and have heard out of the mouths of violent Irish Whigs the whole table turn all upon your commendation. If it had not been upon the general topic of your good qualities and the good you did I should have grown jealous of you. My intention in this is not to expostulate, but to do you good. I know how unhappy a vertigo makes anybody that has the misfortune to be troubled with it. I might have been deep in it myself if I had had a mind, and I will propose a cure for you that I will pawn my reputation upon. I have of late sent several patients in that case to the Spa, to drink there of the Geronstere water, which will not carry from the spot. It has succeeded marvellously with them all. There was indeed one who relapsed a little this last summer, because he would not take my advice and return to his course that had been too short the year before. But because the instances of eminent men are most conspicuous, lord Whitworth our plenipotentiary had this disease (which by the way is a little disqualifying for that employment); he was so bad that he was often forced to catch hold of anything to keep him from falling. I know he was recovered by the use of that water to so great a degree that he can ride, walk, or do anything as formerly. I leave this to your consideration. Your friends here wish to see you, and none more than myself; but I really do not advise you to such a journey to gratify them or myself; but I am almost confident it would do you a great deal of good. The dragon is just the old man when he is roused. He is a little deaf, but has all his other good and bad qualities just as of old. Lord B——— is much improved in knowledge, manner, and everything else. The shaver[a] is an honest friendly man as before; he has a good deal to do to smother his Welsh fire, which you know he has in a greater degree than some would imagine. He posts himself a good part of the year in some warm house, wins the ladies' money at ombre, and convinces them that they are highly obliged to him. Lord and lady Masham, Mr. Hill, and Mrs. Hill, often remember you with affection.

As for your humble servant, with a great stone in his right kidney, and a family of men and women to provide for, he is as cheerful as ever. In public affairs he has kept, as Tacitus says, *Medium, iter inter vile servitium, et abruptam contumaciam.*—He never rails at a great man but to his face; which I assure you he has had both the opportunity and licence to do. He has some few weak friends, and fewer enemies: if any, he is low enough to be rather despised than pushed at by them. I am faithfully, dear sir, your affectionate, humble servant,

J. ARBUTHNOT.

[a] Indorsed "Received November 17, 1723."

[a] Erasmus Lewis, esq., who in Dr. Swift's imitation of Horace, Ep. 7. b. i is so called:—
"This Lewis is an arrant shaver."

FROM THE DUCHESS OF ORMOND.

December 9, 1723.

SIR,—I find by yours of the 6th of November, which I did not receive till last night, that you have been so good as to remember your poor relation here. But as your three last never came to hand, I think it very happy that you have kept your liberty thus long; for I cannot account for my not receiving them any other way than that they were stopped in the post-office, and interpreted, as most innocent things are, to mean something very distant from the intention of the writer or actor.

I am surprised at the account you give me of that part of Ireland you have been in; for the best I expect from that grateful country is to be forgotten by the inhabitants. For, to remember with any kindness one under the frowns of the court is not a gift the Irish are endowed with. I am very sorry to hear you have got the spleen, where a man of your sense must every day meet with things ridiculous enough to make you laugh; but I am afraid the jests are to low too do so. Change of air is the best thing in the world for your distemper. And if not to cure yourself, at least have so much goodness for your friends here as to come and cure us; for it is a distemper we are overrun with. I am sure your company would go a great way toward my recovery; for I assure you nobody has a greater value for you than I have, and I hope I shall have the good fortune to see you before I die.

I have no sort of correspondence with the person [the duke of Ormond] you have not seen, and wonder at nothing they do or do not do.

I will let your brother and mine know that you remembered him in my letter. He is as good a man as lives.

I am afraid you will wish you had not encouraged my scribbling to you, when you find I am still such an insipid correspondent; but with that which I hope will make some amends, am, with great sincerity, and respect, your most faithful friend and humble servant.

FROM LORD BOLINGBROKE.

December 25, 1723.

NEVER letter came more opportunely than your last. The gout had made me a second visit, and several persons were congratulating with me upon the good effect of the waters, which had determined my for-

mer illness to a distemper so desirable. My toe pained me; these compliments tired me; and I would have taken my fever again to give the gout to all the company. At that instant your letter was delivered to me; it cleared my brow, diverted my ill humour, and at least made me forget my pain. I told the persons who were sitting round my bed, and who testified some surprise at so sudden a change, that this powerful epistle came from Ireland; at which, to say the truth, I did not observe that their surprise diminished. But the dullest fellow among them, who was a priest (for that happens to be the case sometimes in this country), told the others that Ireland formerly had been called *insula sanctorum;* that by the acquaintance he had at the Irish college he made no doubt of her deserving still the same appellation; and that they might be sure the three pages were filled with *matière d'édification et matière de consolation,* which he hoped I would be so good as to communicate to them. A learned Rosicrucian of my acquaintance, who is a fool of as much knowledge and as much wit as ever I knew in my life, smiled at the doctor's simplicity; observed that the effect was too sudden for a cause so heavy in its operations; said a great many extravagant things about natural and theurgic magic; and informed us that, though the sages who deal in occult sciences have been laughed out of some countries and driven out of others, yet there are to his knowledge many of them in Ireland. I stopped these guessers and others who were perhaps ready, by assuring them that my correspondent was neither a saint nor a conjurer. They asked me what he was then? I answered that they should know it from yourself; and opening your letter I read to them in French the character which you draw of yourself. Particular parts of it were approved or condemned by every one, as every one's habits induced him to judge; but they all agreed that my correspondent stood in need of more sleep, more victuals, less ale, and better company. I defended you the best I could; and bad as the cause was, I found means to have the last word, which in disputes you know is the capital point. The truth is however that I convinced nobody, not even the weakest of the company, that is myself.

I flatter my friendship for you with the hopes that you are really in the case in which you say that our friend Pope seems to be; and that you do not know your own character. Or did you mean to amuse yourself like that famous painter who, instead of copying nature, tried in one of his designs how far it was possible to depart from his original? Whatever your intention was, I will not be brought in among those friends whose misfortunes have given you an habitual sourness. I declare to you once for all that I am not unhappy, and that I never shall be so unless I sink under some physical evil. Retrench therefore the proportion of peevishness which you set to my account. You might for several other reasons retrench the proportions which you set to the account of others, and so leave yourself without peevishness or without excuse. I lament and have always lamented your being placed in Ireland; but you are worse than peevish, you are unjust, when you say that it was either not in the power or will of a ministry to place you in England. Write *minister,* friend Jonathan, and scrape out the words *either, power, or;* after which the passage will run as well, and be conformable to the truth of things. I know but one man [lord Oxford] who had power at that time, and that wretched man had neither the will nor the skill to make a good use of it. We talk of characters; match me that if you can among all the odd phenomena which have appeared in the moral world. I have not a Tacitus by me; but I believe that I remember your quotation, and as a mark that I hit right I make no comment upon it. As you describe your public spirit, it seems to me to be a disease as well as your peevishness. Your proposals for reforming the state are admirable; and your schemes concise. With respect to your humble servant, you judge better than you did in a letter I received from you about four years ago. You seemed at that time not so afraid of the nightingale's falling into the serpent's mouth. This reflection made me recollect that I writ you at that time a long epistle in metre. After rummaging among my papers I found it, and send it with my letter; it will serve to entertain you the first fast-day. I depend on the fidelity of your friendship that it shall fall under no eye but your own. Adieu.

I read in English (for she understands it) to a certain lady the passage of your letter which relates to her [his lady]. The Latin I most generously concealed. She desires you to receive the compliments of one who is so far from being equal to fifty others of her sex, that she never found herself equal to any one of them. She says that she has neither youth nor beauty, but that she hopes on the long and intimate acquaintance she has had with you, when you meet, if that ever happens, to cast such a mist before your eyes that you shall not perceive the want of either of them.

FROM LADY MASHAM.[a]

February, 1724.

Dear Sir,—It is impossible for you to imagine with what satisfaction I received your kind letter; and though I had been so long without hearing from you, I could never impute it to want of friendship in one whose goodness to me has always been abundantly more than I could deserve. I had written often to you; but, having no safe conveyance, chose rather to inquire after your health and welfare of some people that could give me an account of it. And I do assure you from the bottom of my heart there is not a person living I have a greater friendship for than yourself, and shall have to the end of my life. Indeed now I can show it only in expressions; but I flatter myself you believe them sincere. I long to see you at my retired habitation, where you will meet with a most hearty welcome and faithful friends, and none more so than her who is your most affectionate, humble servant, H. Masham.

My lord, children, brother, and sister, are your humble servants.

TO HIS EXCELLENCY LORD CARTERET,

Lord lieutenant of Ireland.

April 28, 1724.

My Lord,—Many of the principal persons in this kingdom, distinguished for their loyalty to his present majesty, hearing that I had the honour to be known to your excellency, have for some time pressed me very earnestly since you were declared lord-lieutenant of this kingdom to represent to your excellency the apprehensions they are under concerning Mr. Wood's patent for coining halfpence to pass in Ireland. Your excellency knows the unanimous sentiments of the parliament here upon that matter; and upon inquiry you will find that there is not one person of any rank or party in this whole kingdom who does not look upon that patent as the most ruinous project that ever was contrived against any nation. Neither is it doubted that, when your

[a] Indorsed, "Received February 20, 1724."

excellency shall be thoroughly informed, your justice and compassion for an injured people will force you to employ your credit for their relief.

I have made bold to send you enclosed two small tracts on this subject, one written (as it is supposed) by the earl of Abercorn: the other is entitled to a weaver, and suited to the vulgar, but thought to be the work of a better hand.

I hope your excellency will forgive an old humble servant, and one who always loved and esteemed you, for interfering in matters out of his province; which he would never have done if many of the greatest persons here had not by their importunity drawn him out of his retirement, to venture giving you a little trouble in hopes to save their country from utter destruction; for which the memory of your government will be blessed by posterity.

I hope to have the honour of seeing your excellency here; and do promise neither to be a frequent visitor nor troublesome solicitor, but ever with the greatest respect, my lord, remain your excellency's most obedient and most humble servant,

JONATHAN SWIFT.

TO HIS EXCELLENCY LORD CARTERET.

June 9, 1724.

MY LORD,—It is above a month since I took the boldness of writing to your excellency, upon a subject wherein the welfare of this kingdom is highly concerned.

I wrote at the desire of several considerable persons here, who could not be ignorant that I had the honour of being well known to you.

I could have wished your excellency had condescended so far as to let one of your under-clerks have signified to me that a letter was received.

I have been long out of the world; but have not forgotten what used to pass among those I lived with while I was in it: and I can say that, during the experience of many years and many changes in affairs, your excellency and one more, who is not worthy to be compared to you, are the only great persons that ever refused to answer a letter from me, without regard to business, party, or greatness; and if I had not a peculiar esteem for your personal qualities I should think myself to be acting a very inferior part in making this complaint.

I never was so humble as to be vain upon my acquaintance with men in power, and always rather chose to avoid it when I was not called. Neither were their power or titles sufficient, without merit, to make me cultivate them; of which I have witnesses enough left, after all the havoc made among them by accidents of time, or by changes of persons, measures, and opinions.

I know not how your conceptions of yourself may alter by every new high station; but mine must continue the same or alter for the worse.

I often told a great minister, whom you well know, that I valued him for being the same man through all the progress of power and place. I expected the like in your lordship, and still hope that I shall be the only person who will ever find it otherwise.

I pray God to direct your excellency in all your good undertakings, and especially in your government of this kingdom.

I shall trouble you no more; but remain with great respect, my lord, your excellency's most obedient and most humble servant,

JONATHAN SWIFT.

FROM LORD CARTERET.

Arlington-street, June 20, 1724.

SIR,—To begin by confessing myself in the wrong will, I hope, be some proof to you that none of the stations which I have gone through have hitherto had the effects upon me which you apprehend. If a month's silence has been turned to my disadvantage in your esteem, it has at least had this good effect, that I am convinced by the kindness of your reproaches, as well as by the goodness of your advice, that you still retain some part of your former friendship for me, of which I am the more confident from the agreeable freedom with which you express yourself; and I shall not forfeit my pretensions to the continuance of it by doing anything that shall give you occasion to think that I am insensible of it.

But to come to the point: your first letter is dated the 28th of April, your second the 9th of June. By the date of this you will see that the interval of silence may be accounted for by a few excursions which I have made into the country: therefore I desire you will put the most favourable sense.

The principal affair you mention is under examination,[a] and till that is over I am not informed sufficiently to make any other judgment of the matter than that which I am naturally led to make by the general aversion which appears to it in the whole nation.

I hope the nation will not suffer by my being in this great station; and if I can contribute to its prosperity I shall think it the honour and happiness of my life. I desire you to believe what I say, and particularly when I profess myself to be, with great truth, sir, your most faithful and affectionate humble servant,

CARTERET.

TO LORD CARTERET

July 9, 1724.

MY LORD,—I humbly claim the privilege of an inferior to be the last writer; yet, with great acknowledgments for your condescension in answering my letters, I cannot but complain of you for putting me in the wrong. I am in the circumstances of a waiting-woman, who told her lady "that nothing vexed her more than to be caught in a lie." But what is worse, I have discovered in myself somewhat of the bully; and that, after all my rattling, you have brought me down to be as humble as the most distant attender at your levee. It is well your excellency's talents are in few hands; for if it were otherwise, we who pretend to be free speakers in quality of philosophers should be utterly cured of our forwardness; at least I am afraid there will be an end of mine with regard to your excellency. Yet, my lord, I am ten years older than I was when I had the honour to see you last, and consequently ten times more testy. Therefore I foretell that you, who could so easily conquer so captious a person and of so little consequence, will quickly subdue this whole kingdom to love and reverence you. I am, with the greatest respect, my lord, &c. JONATHAN SWIFT.

TO ARCHBISHOP KING.

Dublin, July 14, 1724.

MY LORD,—Your grace will have received, before this comes to your hands, an account of the primate's death, who died yesterday at twelve o'clock at noon. He had left off spitting for about ten days before; and the want of that is thought to have been the immediate cause of his death, although he eat heartily until the two last days. He has left the bishop of Kildare and his steward, Mr. Morgan, his executors, who were both out of town, but I suppose are sent for. Some who formerly belonged to him think he has left 40,000*l.*; others report he died poor.

[a] Mr. Wood's patent for coining halfpence and farthings for Ireland.

The vogue is, that your grace will succeed him, if you please: but I am too great a stranger to your present situation at court to know what to judge. But if there were virtue enough, I could wish your grace would accept the offer if it should be made to you; because I would have your name left to posterity among the primates; and because entering into a new station is entering, after a sort, on a new lease of life; and because it might be hoped that your grace would be advised with about a successor; and because that diocese would require your grace's ability and spirit to reform it; and because—but I should never be at an end if I were to number up the reasons why I would have your grace in the highest stations the crown can give you.

I found all the papers in the cabinet relating to Dr. Stephen's hospital, and therefore I brought them home to the deanery. I opened the cabinet in the presence of Mr. Bouhereau, and saw one paper which proved a bank-note for 500*l*. The greatness of the sum startled me, but I found it belonged to the same hospital; I was in pain because workmen were in the room and about the house. I therefore went this morning to St. Sepulchre's; and in the presence of Mrs. Green [his grace's housekeeper] I took away the note and have it secured in my cabinet, leaving her my receipt for it, and am very proud to find that a scrip under my hand will pass for 500*l*. I wish your grace a good journey to the establishment of your health; and am, with the greatest respect, my lord, your grace's most dutiful and most humble servant, JONATHAN SWIFT.

TO EDWARD EARL OF OXFORD

July. 1724.

MY LORD,—Although I had, for two years past, inured myself to expect the death of my lord your father, from the frequent accounts of the bad condition of his health, yet the news of it struck me so sensibly that I had not spirit enough to condole with your lordship, as I ought to have done, for so great a loss to the world and yourself. It is true, indeed, you no longer wanted his care and tenderness, nor his example to incite you to virtue; but his friendship and conversation you will ever want, because they are qualities so rare in the world, and in which he so much excelled all others. It has pleased me, in the midst of my grief, to hear that he preserved the greatness, and calmness, and intrepidity of his mind to his last minutes: for it was fit that such a life should terminate with equal lustre to the whole progress of it.

I must now beg leave to apply to your lordship's justice. He was often pleased to promise me his picture; but his troubles and sickness, and want of opportunity, and my absence, prevented him. I do therefore humbly insist that your lordship will please to discharge what I almost look upon as a legacy.

I would entreat another and much greater favour of your lordship, that at your leisure hours you would please to inspect among your father's papers whether there be any memorials that may be of use toward writing his life: which I have sometimes mentioned to him, and often thought on whe : I little thought to survive him. I have formerly gathered several hints: but want many memorials, especially of his more early times, which might be easily supplied. And such a work most properly belongs to me, who loved and respected him above all men, and had the honour to know him better than any other of my level did.

I humbly beg your lordship's pardon for so long a letter upon so mournful an occasion, and expect your justice to believe that I am and ever shall be, with the greatest respect, my lord, your lordship's most obedient, most obliged, and most humble servant, JONATHAN SWIFT.

I desire to present my most humble respects to my lady Oxford.

FROM LORD CARTERET.

Arlington-street, August 4, 1724.

SIR,—Your claim to be the last writer is what I can never allow; that is the privilege of ill writers, and I am resolved to give you complete satisfaction by leaving it with you whether I shall be that last writer or not. Methinks I see you throw this letter upon your table in the height of spleen, because it may have interrupted some of your more agreeable thoughts. But then, in return you may have the comfort of not answering it, and so convince my lord-lieutenant that you value him less now than you did ten years ago. I do not know but this might become a free speaker and a philosopher. Whatever you may think of it, I shall not be testy, but endeavour to show that I am not altogether insensible of the force of that genius which has outshone most of this age, and when you will display it again can convince us that its lustre and strength are still the same.

Once more I commit myself to your censure, and am, sir, with great respect, your most affectionate humble servant, CARTERET.

TO HIS EXCELLENCY LORD CARTERET,

Lord-lieutenant of Ireland.

September 3, 1724.

MY LORD,—Being ten years older than when I had the honour to see your excellency last, by consequence, if I am subject to any ailments, they are now ten times worse—and so it has happened. For I have been this month past so pestered with a return of the noise and deafness in my ears that I had not spirit to perform the common offices of life, much less to write to your excellency, and least of all to answer so obliging and condescending a letter as that I received from you. But these ugly ten years have a worse consequence: that they utterly destroy any title to the good opinion you are pleased to express of me as an amuser of the world and myself. To have preserved that talent, I ought, as I grew older, to have removed into a better climate, instead of being sunk for life in a worse. I imagine France would be properer for me now, and Italy ten years hence. However, I am not so bad as they would make me; for since I left England such a parcel of trash has been there fathered upon me, that nothing but the good judgment of my friends could hinder them from thinking me the greatest dunce live.

There is a gentleman of this kingdom just gone for England; it is Dr. George Berkeley, dean of Derry, the best preferment among us, being worth 1100*l*. a-year. He takes the Bath in his way to London; and will of course attend your excellency, and be presented, I suppose, by his friend my lord Burlington. And because I believe you will choose out some very idle minutes to read this letter, perhaps you may not be ill entertained with some account of the man and his errand. He was a fellow of the university here; and going to England very young, about thirteen years ago, he became the founder of a sect there called the *Immaterialists*, by the force of a very curious book upon that subject. Dr. Smalridge and many other eminent persons were his proselytes. I sent him secretary and chaplain to Sicily with my lord Peterborough; and upon his lordship's return Dr. Berkeley spent above seven years in tra-

velling over most part of Europe, but chiefly through every corner of Italy, Sicily, and other islands. When he came back to England he found so many friends that he was effectually recommended to the duke of Grafton, by whom he was lately made dean of Derry. Your excellency will be frighted when I tell you all this is but an introduction; for I am now to mention his errand. He is an absolute philosopher with regard to money, titles, and power; and for three years past has been struck with a notion of founding an university at Bermudas, by a charter from the crown. He has seduced several of the hopefullest young clergymen, and others here, many of them well provided for, and all of them in the fairest way of preferment: but in England his conquests are greater, and I doubt will spread very far this winter. He showed me a little tract which he designs to publish; and there your excellency will see his whole scheme of a life academico-philosophical (I shall make you remember what you were) of a college founded for Indian scholars and missionaries; where he most exorbitantly proposes a whole hundred pounds a-year for himself, forty pounds for a fellow, and ten for a student. His heart will break if his deanery be not taken from him and left to your excellency's disposal. I discouraged him by the coldness of courts and ministers, who will interpret all this as impossible and a vision, but nothing will do. And therefore I humbly entreat your excellency either to use such persuasions as will keep one of the first men in this kingdom for learning and virtue quiet at home, or assist him by your credit to compass his romantic design; which, however, is very noble and generous, and directly proper for a great person of your excellent education to encourage.

I must now in all humility entreat one favour of you, as you are lord-lieutenant. Mr. Proby, surgeon of the army here, laid out the greatest part of his fortune to buy a captainship for his eldest son. The young man was lately accused of discovering an inclination to popery while he was quartered in Galway. The report of the court-martial is transmitted to your excellency. The universal opinion here is that the accusation is false and malicious; and the archbishop of Tuam, in whose diocese Galway is, upon a strict inquiry has declared it to be so. But all this is not to sway with your excellency, any more than that the father is the most universally beloved of any man I ever knew in his station. But I entreat that you will please to hear the opinion of others who may speak in his favour, and perhaps will tell you "that, as party is not in the case, so you cannot do any personal thing more acceptable to the people of Ireland than in inclining toward lenity to Mr. Proby and his family;" although I have reason to be confident that they neither need nor desire more than justice: I beg your excellency will remember my request to be only that you would hear others; and not think me so very weak as to imagine I could have hopes of giving the least turn to your mind. Therefore I hope what I have said is pardonable in every respect but that of taking up your time.

My lord, we are here preparing for your reception, and for a quiet session under your government; but whether you approve the manner I can only guess. It is by universal declarations against Wood's coin. One thing I am confident of—that your excellency will find and leave us under dispositions very different toward your person and high station from what have appeared toward others.

I have no other excuse for the length of this letter but a faithful promise that I will never be guilty of the same fault a second time. I am, &c.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

FROM LORD BOLINGBROKE.[a]

September 12, 1724.

It is neither sickness, nor journeys, nor ill-humours, nor age, nor vexation, nor stupidity, which has hindered me from answering sooner your letter of the month of June; but a very prudent consideration, and one of the greatest strains of policy I ever exercised in my life. Should I answer you in a month, you might think yourself obliged to answer me in six; and, scared at the sore fatigue of writing twice a-year to an absent friend, you might (for aught either you or I can tell) stop short, and not write at all. Now this would disappoint all my projects; for, to confess the truth, I have been drawing you in these several years, and by my past success I begin to hope that in about ten more I may establish a right of hearing from you once a quarter. The gout neither clears my head nor warms my imagination; and I am ashamed to own to you how near the truth I kept in the description of what passed by my bedside in the reading of your letter. The scene was really such as I painted it; and the company was much better than you seem to think it. When I, who pass a great part, very much the greatest, of my life alone, sally forth into the world, I am very far from expecting to improve myself by the conversation I find there; and still further from caring one jot of what passes there. In short I am no longer the bubble you knew me; and therefore when I mingle in society it is purely for my amusement. If mankind divert me (and I defy them to give me your distemper, the spleen), it is all I expect or ask of them. By this sincere confession, you may perceive that your great masters of reason are not for my turn; their thorough bass benumbs my faculties. I seek the fiddle or the flute; something to raise, or something to calm my spirits agreeably; gay flights, or soothing images. I do not dislike a fellow whose imagination runs away with him, and who has wit enough to be half mad; nor him who atones for a scanty imagination by an ample fund of oddnesses and singularity. If good sense and real knowledge prevail a little too much in any character, I desire there may be at least some latent ridicule, which may be called forth upon occasion and render the person a tolerable companion. By this sketch you may judge of my acquaintance. The dead friends with whom I pass my time you know. The living ones are of the same sort, and therefore few.

I pass over that paragraph of your letter which is a kind of an elegy on a departed minister;[b] and I promise you solemnly neither to mention him nor think of him more till I come to do him justice in a history of the first twenty years of this century, which I believe I shall write if I live three or four years longer. But I must take a little more notice of the paragraph which follows. The verses I sent you are very bad, because they are not very good: *mediocribus esse poëtis, non dî, non homines,* &c. I did not send them to be admired; and you would do them too much honour if you criticised them. Pope took the best party, for he said not one word to me about them. All I desire of you is, to consider them as a proof that you have never been out of my thoughts, though you have been so long out of my sight; and if I remember you upon paper for the future it shall be in prose.

I must, on this occasion, set you right, as to an opinion which I should be very sorry to have you entertain concerning me. The term *esprit fort,* in English freethinker, is, according to my observation, usually applied to them whom I look upon to be the

[a] Indorsed "Answered, December."
[b] The earl of Oxford, who died in June, 1724.

pests of society, because their endeavours are directed to loosen the bands of it, and to take at least one curb out of the mouth of that wild beast man, when it would be well if he was checked by half score others. Nay, they go further. Revealed Religion is a lofty and pompous structure, erected close to the humble and plain building of Natural Religion. Some have objected to you who are the architects *et les concierges* (we want that word in English) of the former—to you who built, or at least repair the house, and who show the rooms that to strengthen some parts of your own building you shake and even sap the foundations of the other. And between you and me, Mr. Dean, this charge may be justified in several instances. But still your intention is not to demolish. Whereas the *esprit fort*, or the freethinker, is so set upon pulling down your house about your ears, that, if he was let alone, he would destroy the other for being so near it, and mingle both in one common ruin. I therefore not only disown but detest this character. If, indeed, by *esprit fort*, or freethinker, you only mean a man who makes a free use of his reason, who searches after truth without passion or prejudice, and adheres inviolably to it, you mean a wise and honest man, and such a one as I labour to be. The faculty of distinguishing between right and wrong, true and false, which we call reason or common sense, which is given to every man by our bountiful Creator, and which most men lose by neglect, is the light of the mind, and ought to guide all operations of it. To abandon this rule, and to guide our thoughts by any other, is full as absurd as it would be if you should put out your eyes and borrow even the best staff that ever was in the family of the *Staffs*,* when you set out upon one of your dirty journeys. Such freethinkers as these I am sure you cannot, even in your apostolical capacity, disapprove; for since the truth of the divine revelation of christianity is as evident as matters of fact, on the belief of which so much depends, ought to be, and agreeable to all our ideas of justice, these freethinkers must needs be christians on the best foundation; on that which St. Paul himself established (I think it was St. Paul), *omnia probate, quod bonum est tenete.*

But you have a further security from these freethinkers, I do not say a better, and it is this: the persons I am describing think for themselves and to themselves. Should they unhappily not be convinced by your arguments, yet they will certainly think it their duty not to disturb the peace of the world by opposing you. The peace and happiness of mankind is the great aim of these freethinkers; and therefore, as those among them who remain incredulous will not oppose you, so those whom reason, enlightened by grace, has made believers may be sorry, and may express their sorrow as I have done, to see religion perverted to purposes so contrary to her true intention and first design. Can a good christian behold the ministers of the meek and humble Jesus exercising an insolent and cruel usurpation over their brethren? or the messengers of peace and good news setting all mankind together by the ears? or that religion which breathes charity and universal benevolence, spilling more blood, upon reflection and by system, than the most barbarous heathen ever did in the heat of action and fury of conquest? Can he behold all this without a holy indignation and not be criminal? Nay, when he turns his eyes from those tragical scenes, and considers the ordinary tenor of things, do you not think he will be shocked to observe metaphysics substituted to the theory, and ceremony to the practice of morality?

* An allusion to Bickerstaff.

I make no doubt but you are by this time abundantly convinced of my orthodoxy, and that you will name me no more in the same breath with Spinosa, whose system of one infinite substance I despise and abhor, as I have a right to do, because I am able to show why I despise and abhor it.

You desire me to return home, and you promise me, in that case, to come to London, loaden with your travels. I am sorry to tell you that London is, in my apprehension, as little likely as Dublin to be our place of rendezvous. The reasons for this apprehension I pass over; but I cannot agree to what you advance with the air of a maxim, that exile is the greatest punishment to men of virtue, because virtue consists in loving our country. Examine the nature of this love, from whence it arises, how it is nourished, what the bounds and measures of it are, and after that you will discover how far it is virtue, and where it becomes simplicity, prejudice, folly, and even enthusiasm. A virtuous man in exile may properly enough be styled unfortunate, but he cannot be called unhappy. You remember the reason which Brutus gave—"Because wherever he goes he carries his virtue with him." There is a certain bulky volume which grows daily, and the title of which must, I think, be *Noctes Gallicæ.* There you may perhaps one day or other see a dissertation upon this subject; and to return you threatening for threatening, you shall be forced to read it out, though you yawn from the first to the last page.

The word Ireland was struck out of the paper you mention; that is to satisfy your curiosity, and to kindle it anew I will tell you that this anecdote, which I know not how you came by, is neither the only one nor the most considerable one of the same kind. The person you are so inquisitive about* returns into England at the end of October. She has so great a mind to see you that I am not sure she will not undertake a journey to Dublin. It is not so far from London to Dublin as from Spain to Padua; and you are as well worth seeing as Livy. But I would much rather you would leave the humid climate and the dull company, in which, according to your account, a man might grow old between twenty and thirty. Set your foot on the continent; I dare promise that you will, in a fortnight, have gone back the ten years you lament so much, and be returned to that age at which I left you. With what pleasure should I hear you

Inter vina fugam Stellæ mœrere protervæ?

Adieu.

FROM EDWARD EARL OF OXFORD.

Wimple, November 2, 1724.

Good Mr. Dean,—There has nothing of late given me so much real trouble and uneasiness as my having so long deferred writing to you, to make my acknowledgments for your most kind letter, and to assure you that I took every part of your obliging letter in the manner you would wish me to do: I must say that amid my grief and concern it gave me a secret pleasure to find that I was thought of by you; and what was a greater addition, that you still retained the same thoughts and sentiments of my dear father, and that you had not laid aside the design you once entertained of transmitting his name and story to posterity. I did delay writing some time because I was in great hopes I should have been able to have given you a much more satisfactory account than I am now able to give, notwithstanding the search I have made in answer to your question "if he had left any memoirs behind him;"

* His lordship's second wife was a French lady, and niece to the celebrated Madame de Maintenon

I suppose you mean in relation to himself. I have not been able to find any among his papers in town. This, with some other affairs, drew the time into the length it is; but I assure you, if I have the satisfaction to hear from you again (as I hope I shall), I will be more punctual in my returns; for I will allow nobody to value and esteem you more than I do.

There is certainly a very great number of materials for a history, a vast collection of letters and other papers; a great deal may be supplied elsewhere; but give me leave to say that if you do not come into England nothing can be done; it will not be possible to do anything to purpose. Without this view there would be nobody more welcome to me than yourself; you should live in your own way, and do just what was most agreeable to you; I have houses enough, you shall take your choice: I must with earnestness repeat it to you again that I beg you will think of this matter seriously.

As to what you mention of the picture, I have often heard my father say that he did design to sit for you, but did not: I shall certainly take care that you shall have a picture, and a good one: pray let me know what size you would have it of; if you design it should fit any particular place you must send me the exact measure of the place.

Your sister [lady Oxford], as you used to call her, is much your servant; she has been at the Bath for some time; she is better than when she went. I suppose you hear sometimes from our friend Mr. Pope: he has taken another voyage into Homerland,[a] as Gay calls it; I wish he may make an advantageous voyage of it.

I doubt you will say that since I was so long before I began to write that now I have begun I do not know when to end; I will therefore tell you that I am, with great truth, sir, your most obedient humble servant, OXFORD.

I desire your acceptance of a ring, a small remembrance of my father. How shall I send it you?

FROM A QUAKER.[b]

When three hundred pounds were offered for taking up the drapier in 1724.

"AND the people said unto Saul, Shall Jonathan die, who hath wrought this great salvation in Israel? God forbid: as the Lord liveth, there shall not one hair of his head fall to the ground; for he wrought with God this day. So the people rescued Jonathan that he died not."[c]

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

Quilca, January 25, 1725.

I HAVE a packet of letters which I intended to send by Molly, who has been stopped three days by the bad weather; but now I will send them by the post to-morrow to Kells, and enclosed to Mr. Tickell; there is one to you, and one to James Stopford.

I can do no work this terrible weather, which has put us all seventy times out of patience. I have been deaf nine days, and am now pretty well recovered again.

Pray desire Mr. Stanton and Mr. Worral to continue giving themselves some trouble with Mr. Pratt; but, let it succeed or not, I hope I shall be easy.

Mrs. Johnson swears it will rain till Michaelmas. She is so pleased with her pickaxe that she wears it fastened to her girdle on her left side, in balance with her watch. The lake is strangely overflown, and we are desperate about turf, being forced to buy it three miles off; and Mrs. Johnson (God help her!) gives you many a curse. Your mason is come, but cannot yet work upon your garden. Neither can I agree with him about the great wall. For the rest, *vide* the letter you will have on Monday, if Mr. Tickell uses you well.

The news of this country is, that the maid you sent down, John Farelly's sister, is married; but the portion and settlement are yet a secret. The cows here never give milk on Midsummer eve.

You would wonder what carking and caring there is among us for small beer and lean mutton, and starved lamb, and stopping gaps, and driving cattle from the corn. In that we are all-to-be-Dingleyed.

The ladies' room smokes; the rain drops from the skies into the kitchen; our servants eat and drink like the devil, and pray for rain, which entertains them at cards and sleep; which are much lighter than spades, sledges, and crows. Their maxim is,

Eat like a Turk,
Sleep like a dormouse;
Be last at work,
At victuals foremost.

Which is all at present; hoping you and your good family are well, as we are all at this present writing, &c.

Robin has just carried out a load of bread and cold meat for breakfast; this is their way; but now a cloud hangs over them, for fear it should hold up and the clouds blow off.

I write on till Molly comes in for the letter. O, what a draggletail will she be before she gets to Dublin! I wish she may not happen to fall upon her back by the way.

I affirm against Aristotle, that cold and rain congregate homogenes, for they gather together you and your crew, at whist, punch, and claret. Happy weather for Mrs. Maul, Betty, and Stopford, and all true lovers of cards and laziness.

THE BLESSINGS OF A COUNTRY LIFE.

Far from our debtors,
No Dublin letters,
Not seen by our betters.

THE PLAGUES OF A COUNTRY LIFE.

A companion with news,
A great want of shoes;
Eat lean meat, or choose;
A church without pews.
Our horses astray,
No straw, oats, or hay;
December in May,
Our boys run away,
All servants at play.

Molly sends for the letter.

TO MRS. PRATT.

On her present of a fire screen adorned with painted maps.

March 18, 1725.

MADAM,—Mrs. Fitzmaurice did the unkindest thing she could imagine; she sends an open note by a servant (for she was too much a prude to write me a letter), desiring that the dean of St. Patrick's should inquire for one Howard, master of a ship, who had brought over a screen to him, the said dean, from Mrs. Pratt. Away I ran to the custom-house, where they told me the ship was expected every day; but the god of winds, in confederacy with Mrs. Fitzmaurice to teaze me, kept the ship at least a month longer, and left me miserable in a state of impatience, between hope and fear, worse than a lady who is in pain that her clothes will not be ready against the birthday. I will not move your good nature by representing how many restless nights and days I have passed, with what dreams my sleep hath been

[a] Translation of the Odyssey
[b] Another member of this society testified his great esteem for our author in a more substantial manner than words. See letter, March 29, 1724.
[c] 1 Sam. xiv. 45.

disturbed, where I sometimes saw the ship sinking, my screen floating in the sea, and the mermaids struggling which of them should get it for their own apartment. At last Medlycott, whose heart inclines him to pity the distressed, gave me notice of its safe arrival; he interposed his authority, and, overruling the tedious forms of the custom-house, sent my screen to the deanery, where it was immediately opened, on Tuesday the 16th instant, three minutes seven seconds after four o'clock in the afternoon, the day being fair but somewhat windy, the sun in Aries, and the moon within thirty-nine hours eight seconds and a half of being full; all which I had, by consulting Ptolemy, found to be fortunate incidents, prognosticating that with due care my screen will escape the mops of the housemaid and the greasy hands of the footmen.

At the opening the screen just after dinner, some company of both sexes were present; the ladies were full of malice, and the men of envy, while I remained very affectedly calm. But all agreed that nothing showed a better judgment than to know how to make a proper present, and that no present could be more judiciously chosen; for no man in this kingdom wanted a screen so much as myself, and besides, since I had left the world, it was very kind to send "The World" to me. However, one of the ladies affirmed "that your gift was an open reflection upon my age; that she had made the same present some time ago to her grandfather; and that she could not imagine how any of her sex wound send a screen to a gentleman without a design to insinuate that he was absolutely *un homme sans conséquence*." For my own part, I confess I never expected to be sheltered by the world, when I have been so long endeavouring to shelter myself from it.

See how ill you bestow your favour, where you meet with nothing but complaints and reproaches instead of acknowledgments, for thinking, in the midst of courts and diversions, upon an absent and insignificant man, buried in obscurity: but I know it is as hard to give thanks as to take them; therefore I shall say no more than that I received your acceptable present just as I am sure you desire I should. Though I cannot sit under my own vine or my own fig-tree, yet I will sit under my own screen and bless the giver; but I cannot promise it will add one jot to the love and esteem I have for you, because it is impossible for me to be more than I have always been, and shall ever continue, madam, your most obedient and obliged servant,

JONATHAN SWIFT.

I just observe that the two celestial maps are placed at the bottom, within two inches of the ground, which is the most fashionable circumstance in the whole work.

I sometimes dine in a third place with your stoic Mr. Pratt; and find he continues in health, but of late very busy, and a courtier.

I desire to present my most humble service to my lady Saville.

Mr. Fitzmaurice dines temperately at a tavern; and sometimes with clergymen, for want o' better company.

Mr. Medlycott dines with me every Sunday, and goes to church like anything.

Mrs. Fitzmaurice is left desolate; I reckoned but fifteen ladies and five gentlemen the other night in her play-room, and I condoled with her upon it. It is thought she will fall out with my lady Carteret for drawing away her company; but at present they are very great, as I find by consulting them both.

I think you are acquainted with lady Worseley; if so, tell her how angry I am at her not coming to Ireland as I expected, and was told she was actually landed: whereupon, being at that time confined by a deafness, I wrote her a most cavalier letter, which being brought back, I tore in a rage.

Miss Carteret is every day getting new magazines of arms, to destroy all England upon her return.

TO LORD CARTERET.

Deanery-house, April 17, 1725.

MY LORD,—I have been so long afflicted with a deafness, and at present with a giddiness in my head, (both old distempers), that I have not been able to attend your excellency and my lady Carteret, as my inclination and duty oblige me; and I am now hastening into the country, to try what exercise and better air will do toward my recovery. Not knowing how long I may be absent, or how soon you may think fit to leave this kingdom, I take this occasion of returning your excellency and my lady Carteret my most humble acknowledgments for your great civilities toward me, which I wish it were in my power to deserve.

I have only one humble request to make to your excellency, which I had in my heart ever since you were nominated lord-lieutenant; and it is in favour of Mr. Sheridan. I beg you will take your time for bestowing on him some church living to the value of 150*l.* per annum. He is agreed on all hands to have done more public service, by many degrees, in the education of lads, than any five of his vocation, and has much more learning than usually falls to the share of those who profess teaching, being perfectly skilled in the Greek as well as Latin tongue, and acquainted with all the ancient writers, in poetry, philosophy, and history. He is a man of good sense, modesty, and virtue. His greatest fault is a wife and four children; for which there is no excuse, but that a wife is thought necessary to a schoolmaster. His constitution is so weak that in a few years he must give up his business; and probably must starve without some preferment, for which he is an ill solicitor. My lord bishop of Elphin has promised to recommend this request to your excellency. And I hope you will please to believe that it proceeds wholly from justice and humanity, for he is neither a dependant nor relation of mine.

I humbly take my leave; and remain with the utmost respect, my lord, &c. JONATHAN SWIFT.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

Quilca, June 28, 1725.

YOU run out of your time so merrily, that you are forced to anticipate it like a young heir that spends his fortune faster than it comes in; for your letter is dated to-morrow, June 29, and God knows when it was writ, or what Saturday you mean, but I suppose it is the next, and therefore your own mare, and Dr. Swift's horse or mare, or some other horse or mare, with your own mare aforesaid, shall set out on Wednesday next, which will be June 30, and so they will have two nights' rest if you begin your journey on Saturday. You are an unlucky devil to get a living[a] the furthest in the kingdom from Quilca. If it be worth 200*l.* a-year, my lord-lieutenant has but barely kept his word, for the other fifty must go in a curate and visitation charges, and poxes, proxies I mean. If you are under the bishop of Cork,[b] he is a capricious gentleman; but you must flatter him monstrously upon his learning and his writings; that you have read his book against Toland a hundred times, and his sermons (if he has printed any) have been always

[a] In the county of Cork. [b] Dr. Peter Brown.

your model, &c. Be not disappointed if your living does not answer the sum. Get letters of recommendation to the bishop and principal clergy, and to your neighbouring parson or parsons particularly. I often advised you to get some knowledge of tithes and church livings. You must learn the extent of your parish, the general quantity of arable land and pasture in your parish, the common rate of tithes for an acre of the several sorts of corn, and of fleeces and lambs, and to see whether you have any glebe. Pray act like a man of this world. I doubt, being so far off, you must not let your living as I do, to the several farmers, but to one man; but by all means do not let it for more than one year, till you are surely apprised of the real worth; and even then never let it for above three. Pray take my advice for once, and be very busy while you are there. It is one good circumstance that you got such a living in a convenient time, and just when tithes are fit to be let; only wool and lamb are due in spring, or perhaps belong to the late incumbent. You may learn all on the spot, and your neighbouring parsons may be very useful if they please, but do not let them be your tenants. Advise with archdeacon Wall, but do not follow him in all things. Take care of the principal squire or squires, they will all tell you the worst of your living: so will the proctors and tithe-jobbers; but you will pick out truth from among them. Pray show yourself a man of abilities. After all, I am but a weak brother myself; perhaps some clergy in Dublin who know that country will further inform you. Mr. Townshend of Cork will do you any good offices on my account without any letter. Take the oaths heartily to the powers that be, and remember that party was not made for depending puppies. I forgot one principal thing, to take care of going regularly through all the forms of oaths and inductions; for the least wrong step will put you to the trouble of repassing your patent, or voiding your living.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

Quilca, June 29, 1725.

I WROTE to you yesterday, and said as many things as I could then think on, and gave it to a boy of Kells who brought me yours. It is strange that I and Stella, and Mrs. Mackfadin,[a] should light on the same thought to advise you to make a great appearance of temperance while you are abroad. But Mrs. Johnson and I go further, and say you must needs observe all grave forms, for the want of which both you and I have suffered. On supposal that you are under the bishop of Cork, I send you a letter enclosed to him, which I desire you will seal. Mrs. Johnson put me in mind to caution you not to drink or pledge any health in his company, for you know his weak side in that matter.[b] I hope Mr. Tickell has not complimented you with what fees are due to him for your patent; I wish you would say to him (if he refuses them) that I told you it was Mr. Addison's maxim to excuse nobody; for here, says he, I may have forty friends whose fees may be two guineas apiece; then I lose eighty guineas, and my friends save but two apiece.

I must tell you, Dan Jackson ruined his living by huddling over the first year, and then hoping to mend it the next; therefore pray take all the care you can to inquire into the value, and set it at the best rate to substantial people.

I know not whether you are under the bishop of Cork or not: if not, you may burn the letter.

I must desire that you will not think of enlarging your expenses, no not for some years to come, much less at present; but rather retrench them. You might have lain destitute till Antichrist came, for anything you could have got from those you used to treat; neither let me hear of one rag of better clothes for your wife or brats, but rather plainer than ever. This is positively Stella's advice as well as mine. She says now you need not be ashamed to be thought poor.

We compute you cannot be less than thirty days absent; and pray do not employ your time in lolling a-bed till noon to read Homer, but mind your business effectually: and we think you ought to have no breaking up this August: but affect to adhere to your school closer than ever; because you will find that your ill-wishers will give out you are now going to quit your school, since you have got preferment, &c.

Pray send me a large bundle of exercises, good as well as bad, for I want something to read.

I would have you carry down three or four sermons, and preach every Sunday at your own church, and be very devout.

I sent you in my last a bill of twenty pounds on Mr. Worral; I hope you have received it.

Pray remember to leave the pamphlet with Worral, and give him directions, unless you have settled it already some other way. You know it must come out just when the parliament meets.

Keep these letters where I advise you about your living, till you have taken advice.

Keep very regular hours for the sake of your health and credit; and wherever you lie a night within twenty miles of your living, be sure call the family that evening to prayers.

I desire you will wet no commission with your old crew, nor with any but those who befriend you, as Mr. Tickell, &c. JONATHAN SWIFT.

[a] Mrs. Macfadin was mother to Dr. Sheridan's wife.

[b] He wrote a pamphlet against drinking to the memory of the dead.

TO LORD CARTERET.

July 3, 1725.

MY LORD,—I am obliged to return your excellency my most humble thanks for your favour to Mr. Sheridan, because when I recommended him to you I received a very gracious answer; and yet I am sensible that your chief motive to make some provision for him was, what became a great and good person, your distinguishing him as a man of learning, and one who deserved encouragement on account of his great diligence and success in a most laborious and difficult employment [a schoolmaster].

Since your excellency has had an opportunity so early in your government of gratifying your English dependants by a bishopric and the best deanery in the kingdom [Down], I cannot but hope that the clergy of Ireland will have their share in your patronage. There is hardly a gentleman in the nation who has not a near alliance with some of that body; and most of them who have sons usually breed one of them to the church; although they have been of late years much discouraged and discontented by seeing strangers to the country almost perpetually taken into the greatest ecclesiastical preferments; and too often, under governors very different from your excellency, the choice of persons was not to be accounted for either to prudence or justice.

The misfortune of having bishops perpetually from England, as it must needs quench the spirit of emulation among us to excel in learning and the study of divinity, so it produces another great discouragement, that those prelates usually draw after them colonies of sons, nephews, cousins, or old college companions, to whom they bestow the best preferments in their gift; and thus the young men sent into the church from the university here have no better prospect than to be curates or small country vicars for life.

It will become so excellent a governor as you a little to moderate this great partiality; wherein as you will act with justice and reason, so you will gain the thanks and prayers of the whole nation, and take away one great cause of universal discontent. For I believe your excellency will agree that there is not another kingdom in Europe where the natives (even those descended from the conquerors) have been treated as if they were almost unqualified for any employment either in church or state.

Your excellency, when I had the honour to attend you, was pleased to let me name some clergymen who are generally understood by their brethren to be the most distinguished for their learning and piety. I remember the persons were, Dr. Delany, Dr. Ward of the north, Mr. Ecklin, Mr. Synge of Dublin, and Mr. Corbet; they were named by me without any regard to friendship, having little commerce with most of them, but only the universal character they bear: this was the method I always took with my lord Oxford at his own command, who was pleased to believe that I would not be swayed by any private affections, and confessed I never deceived him; for I always dealt openly when I offered anything in behalf of a friend, which was but seldom: because in that case I generally made use of the common method at court to solicit by another.

I shall say nothing of the young men among the clergy, of whom the three hopefullest are said to be Mr. Stopford, Mr. King, and Mr. Dobbs, all fellows of the college, of whom I am only acquainted with the first. But these are not likely to be great expecters under your excellency's administration, according to the usual period of governors here.

If I have dealt honestly in representing such persons among the clergy as are generally allowed to have the most merit, I think I have done you a service, and am sure I have made you a great compliment, by distinguishing you from most great men I have known these thirty years past; whom I have always observed to act as if they never received a true character, nor had any value for the best; and consequently dispensed their favours without the least regard to abilities or virtue. And this defect I have often found among those from whom I least expected it.

That your excellency may long live a blessing and ornament to your country, by pursuing as you have hitherto done the steps of honour and virtue, is the most earnest wish and prayer of, my lord, your excellency's most obedient and most humble servant,

JONATHAN SWIFT.

TO THE REV. MR. WORRALL.

Quilca, July 12, 1725.

I HAVE received your letter, and thank you heartily for it. I know not anybody except yourself who would have been at so much trouble to assist me, and who could have so good success, which I take as kindly as if you had saved me from utter ruin; although I have witnesses that I acted with indifferency enough when I was sure I was not worth a groat besides my goods. There appears to be only 100*l.* remaining according to my account (except this last quarter), and if I lose it it is a trifle in comparison of what you have recovered for me. I think Mr. Pratt has acted very generously, and like a true friend, as I always took him to be; and I have likewise good witnesses to swear that I was more concerned at his misfortunes than my own. And so repeating my thanks to you, but not able to express them as I ought, I shall say no more on this subject, only that you may inquire where the money may be safely put out at 6*l.* per cent. I beg pardon that I did not compute the interest of sir William Fownes's money, which reduces what is due to me about 59*l.* All of consequence is my note to him for 100*l.*

I gave over all hopes of my hay as much as I did of my money; for I reckoned the weather had ruined it; but your good management can conquer the weather. But Charles Grattan, the critic, says the cocks are too large, considering the bad weather, and that there is danger they may heat. You know best.

Mrs. Johnson says you are an ill manager; for you have lost me above 300 apples, and only saved me 1200*l.*

Do not tell me of difficulties how to keep the —— from the wall-fruit.[a] You have got so ill a reputation by getting my money, that I can take no excuse; and I will have the thing effectually done, though it should cost me ten groats. Pray let the ground be levelled as you please, as it must likewise be new dunged, as good husbandry requires; friend Ellis will assist you.

I am quite undone by the knavery of Sheriff and White, and all you have done for me with Mr. Pratt signifies nothing if I must lose 10*l.*

I had your letter about Mrs. Johnson's money, and she thanks you for your care; and says, considering her poverty, you have done as much for her as for me. But I thought my letter to you was enough, without a letter of attorney; for all money matters I am the greatest cully alive.

Little good may do you with your favourable weather; we have had but five good days these twelve weeks.

The ladies are pretty well; but Mrs. Johnson, after a fortnight's great amendment, had yesterday a very bad day; she is now much better. They both present their humble service to Mrs. Worrall, and so do I, and am ever yours, &c.

Jo.,[b] who brings you this, desired me to lend him 20*l.*, which I very prudently refused; but said, if he would leave the worth of it in soap and candles in the Deanery-house, Mrs. Brent viewing them, I would empower you, as I do hereby, to pay him 20*l.* and place it to my account. JONATHAN SWIFT.

Pray desire Mrs. Brent to have ready a hogshead of bottles, packed up as usual, of the same wine with the last she sent, and the next carrier shall have orders to call for it.

Let Mrs. Brent take out what candles or soap are necessary for the ladies, and only as much as will empty two of the boxes, that Jo. may have them; I mean out of those boxes which he is to leave at the deanery for my security for the 20*l.* which he is to receive from you.

FROM LORD BOLINGBROKE.

London, July 24, 1725.

MR. FORD will tell you how I do and what I do. Tired with suspense, the only insupportable misfortune of life, I desired, after nine years of autumnal promises and vernal excuses, a decision; and very little cared what that decision was, provided it left me at liberty to settle abroad, or put me on a foot of living agreeably at home. The wisdom of the nation has thought fit, instead of granting so reasonable a request, to pass an act, which, fixing my fortune unalterably to this country, fixes my person here also: and those who had the least mind to see me in England have made it impossible for me to live anywhere else. Here I am then, two-thirds restored, my person safe (unless I meet hereafter

[a] In Naboth's vineyard.
[b] Mr. Beaumont, an eminent tallow-chandler at Trim.

with harder treatment than even that of sir Walter Raleigh), and my estate, with all the other property I have acquired or may acquire, secured to me. But the attainder is kept carefully and prudently in force, lest so corrupt a member should come again into the house of lords, and his bad leaven should sour that sweet untainted mass. This much I thought I might say about my private affairs to an old friend, without diverting him too long from his labours to promote the advantage of the church and state of Ireland; or from his travels into those countries of giants and pigmies from whence he imports a cargo I value at a higher rate than that of the richest galleon. Ford brought the dean of Derry [Dr. Berkeley] to see me. Unfortunately for me, I was then out of town; and the journey of the former into Ireland will perhaps defer for some time my making acquaintance with the other; which I am sorry for. I would not by any means lose the opportunity of knowing a man who can espouse in good earnest the system of Father Malebranche, and who is fond of going a missionary into the West Indies.[a] My zeal for the propagation of the gospel will hardly carry me so far; but my spleen against Europe has more than once made me think of buying the dominion of Bermudas, and spending the remainder of my days as far as possible from those people with whom I have passed the first and greatest part of my life. Health and every other natural comfort of life is to be had there better than here. As to imaginary and artificial pleasures, we are philosophers enough to despise them. What say you? Will you leave your Hibernian flock to some other shepherd, and transplant yourself with me into the middle of the Atlantic Ocean? We will form a society more reasonable and more useful than that of Dr. Berkeley's college: and I promise you solemnly, as supreme magistrate, not to suffer the currency of Wood's halfpence: nay, the coiner of them shall be hanged if he presumes to set his foot on our island.

Let me hear how you are and what you do; and if you really have any latent kindness still at the bottom of your heart for me, say something very kind to me, for I do not dislike being cajoled. If your heart tells you nothing, say nothing, that I may take the hint and wean myself from you by degrees. Whether I shall compass it or not, God knows; but surely this is the properest place in the world to renounce friendship in or to forget obligations. Mr. Ford says he will be with us again by the beginning of the winter. Your star [Mrs. Johnson] will probably hinder you from taking the same journey. Adieu, dear dean. I had something more to say to you, almost as important as what I have said already, but company comes in upon me, and relieves you.

FROM THE EARL OF OXFORD

Dover-street, July 26, 1725.

REVEREND SIR,—Mr. Clayton going to Ireland, I take the opportunity of writing to you, in the first place to tell you that I am ready to make good my promise which I made of sending you a picture of my father. The painter has done his part, so that the picture is now ready, but I do not know how to send it to you safe: you did tell me a gentleman should call, but where he lives, or who he is, I know not. I am very desirous you should have it, because it hath been so long coming: and I am very ambitious of doing anything that may in the least be agreeable to you. You had heard of this sooner, but I have been for three months out of town; I made a long progress, even beyond Edinburgh fifty miles.

I inquire of you sometimes of dean Berkeley:[b] I was sorry to hear that you were troubled with that melancholy distemper the want of hearing, although in some cases it is good; but one would have it in one's power to hear or not hear, as it suits best with one's inclinations.

I am also sorry that there is no mention made of any design of your coming into England. I long much for it, and do flatter myself with the thoughts of seeing you under my roof, where you shall exert more authority than I will allow to belong to any bishops made since ———.[a] Do not lay aside all thoughts of coming over; change of air may do you good as well as the voyage. I thank God your sister is very well, considering the way she is in; I hope in two months, or thereabouts, she will be much better: she presents her humble service to you. Peggy is very well.

Pope is well, I suppose; he is rambling about the country. I have the pleasure of seeing a picture which is very like you every day, and is as good a picture as ever Jarvis painted. I am, sir, your most obedient humble servant and brother, OXFORD.

[a] Berkeley's scheme for settling in the Bermudas.
[b] Dr. Berkeley was then the dean of Derry.

TO MR. WORRALL.

Quilca, August 27, 1725.

I WAS heartily sorry to hear you had got the gout, being a disease you have so little pretence to; for you have been all your life a great walker and a little drinker. Although it be no matter how you got your disease, since it was not by your vices; yet I do not love to think I was an instrument, by leading you a walk of eight or nine miles, where your pride to show your activity in leaping down a ditch hurt your foot in such a manner as to end in your present disease.

I have not heard of Mr. Webb, and if he should come here I can do nothing with him; for I shall not take my own judgment, but leave it to some able lawyer to judge and recommend the security; for now it is time for me to learn some worldly wisdom.

I thank you for the purchase you have made of Bristol beer; it will soon pay for itself by saving me many a bottle of wine; but I am afraid it is not good for your gout.

My deafness has left me above three weeks, and therefore I expect a visit from it soon; and it is somewhat less vexatious here in the country, because none are about me but those who are used to it.

Mrs. Worrall's observation is like herself; she is an absolute corrupted city lady, and does not know the pleasures of the country, even of this place, with all its millions of inconveniences. But Mrs. Dingley is of her opinion, and would rather live in a Dublin cellar than a country palace.

I would fain have a shed thrown up in the furthest corner of Naboth's vineyard, toward the lower end of Shebb's garden, till I can find leisure and courage to build a better in the centre of the field. Can it be done?

The weather continues as foul as if there had not been a day of rain in the summer, and it will have some very ill effect on the kingdom.

I gave Jack Grattan[b] the papers corrected, and I think half spoiled by the cowardly caution of him and others. He promised to transcribe them time enough, and my desire is they may be ready to be published upon the first day the parliament meets. I hope you will contrive it among you that it may be sent unknown (as usual) to some printer with proper directions. I had lately a letter without a name, telling me that I have got a sop to hold my tongue, and that it is determined we must have that grievance, &c., forced on us.

[a] The accession of George I.
[b] A very worthy clergyman.

My intention is to return about the beginning of October, if my occasions do not hinder me. Before that time it will be seen how the parliament will act. They who talk with me think they will be slaves as usual, and led where the government pleases.

My humble service to Mrs. Worrall. The ladies present theirs to you both. JONATHAN SWIFT.

FROM EDWARD EARL OF OXFORD.

Dover street, August 30, 1725.

REVEREND SIR,—I received the favour of your letter; I am vexed that the trifle of the ring should not have reached you; I found where the fault lay; I hope you will soon receive both the picture and the ring safe: I have ordered them to the care of Erasmus Lewis, esq., our old friend, and he is a punctual man, and is well acquainted with Mr. Ford and my lord Arran's chaplain, Mr. Charleton; so I hope this method will not fail that I have now taken. I would not be wanting in the least trifle by which I might show the value and esteem I have and always must and will have for you.

The picture I have of you is the same which Mr. Jervis drew of you in Ireland, and it is very like you, and is a very good picture; and though Mr. Jervis is honoured with the place of his majesty's painter, he cannot paint a picture I shall so much value as I do that of the dean of St. Patrick's.

My old fellow collegiate[a] has done so right a thing as to prefer one of your recommendation. I am, sir, your most obedient humble servant, OXFORD.

My wife sends her compliments to you; she is as well as can be expected.

TO MR. WORRALL.

Quilca, August 31, 1725.

I HAVE yours of the 28th. I am still to acknowledge and thank you for the care of my little affairs. I hope I shall not want the silver; for I hope to be in town by the beginning of October, unless extreme good weather shall invite me to continue.

Since Wood's patent is cancelled, it will by no means be convenient to have the paper printed, as I suppose you and Jack Grattan and Sheridan will agree; therefore, if it be with the printer [Mrs. Harding], I would have it taken back, and the press broke, and let her be satisfied.

The work is done, and there is no more need of the drapier.

Mrs. Johnson does not understand what you mean by her stamped linen, and remembers nothing of it; but supposes it is some jest.

The ladies are well; all our services to Mrs Worrall. Mrs. Dingley at last discovered the meaning of the stamped linen, which makes that part of my letter needless.

Pray pay Jo. Beaumont 4*l.* for a horse I bought from him, and place it to my account.

JONATHAN SWIFT

When Jo. brings you a piece of linen of twenty-four yards, pray put my name upon it, and pay him 6*l.* 8*s.*

FROM MR. ROCHFORT.

Wednesday morning, September 9, 1725.

DEAR SIR,—I find myself stand in need of the advice I bestowed on you the other night, and therefore, if you have not got rid of your cold, I would prescribe a small jaunt to Belcamp[b] this morning. If you find yourself thus disposed, I will wait for you here in my boots: the weather may perhaps look gloomy at the deanery; but I can assure you it is a fine day in the parish,[a] where we set up for as good tastes as our neighbours: to convince you of mine, I send you this invitation. I am, dear sir, your much obliged and obedient servant, GEORGE ROCHFORT.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

Quilca, September 11, 1725.

IF you are indeed a discarded courtier, you have reason to complain, but none at all to wonder; you are too young for many experiences to fall in your way, yet you have read enough to make you know the nature of man. It is safer for a man's interest to blaspheme God than to be of a party out of power, or even to be thought so. And since the last was the case, how could you imagine that all mouths would not be open when you were received, and in some manner preferred, by the government, though in a poor way? I tell you there is hardly a Whig in Ireland who would allow a potato and buttermilk to a reputed Tory. Neither is there anything in your countrymen upon this article more than what is common to all other nations, only *quoad magis et minus.* Too much advertency is not your talent, or else you had fled from that text as from a rock. For, as don Quixote said to Sancho, "What business had you to speak of a halter in a family where one of it was hanged?" And your innocence is a protection that wise men are ashamed to rely on, further than with God. It is indeed against common sense to think that you should choose such a time, when you had received a favour from the lord-lieutenant, and had reason to expect more, to discover your disloyalty in the pulpit. But what will that avail? Therefore sit down and be quiet, and mind your business as you should do, and contract your friendships, and expect no more from man than such an animal is capable of, and you will every day find my description of yahoos more resembling. You should think and deal with every man as a villain, without calling him so, or flying from him, or valuing him less. This is an old true lesson. You believe every one will acquit you of any regard to temporal interest; and how came you to claim an exception from all mankind? I believe you value your temporal interest as much as anybody, but you have not the arts of pursuing it. You are mistaken. Domestic evils are no more within a man than others; and he who cannot bear up against the first will sink under the second; and in my conscience I believe this is your case; for, being of a weak constitution, in an employment precarious and tiresome, loaden with children, *cum uxore neque leni neque commoda*, a man of intent and abstracted thinking, enslaved by mathematics and complaint of the world, this new weight of party malice had struck you down, like a feather on a horse's back, already loaden as far as he is able to bear. You ought to change the apostle's expression, and say, I will strive to learn in whatever state, &c.

I will hear none of your visions; you shall live at Quilca but three fortnights and a month in the year; perhaps not so much. You shall make no entertainments but what are necessary to your interests; for your true friends would rather see you over a piece of mutton and a bottle once a quarter; you shall be merry at the expense of others; you shall take care of your health, and go early to bed, and not read late at night; and laugh with all men, without trusting any; and then a fig for the contrivers of your ruin, who now have no further thoughts but to stop your progress, which perhaps they may not compass, unless I am deceived more than is usual. All this you will do, *si mihi credis*, and not dream of printing your sermon, which is a project abounding with objections unan-

[a] Lord Carteret. He alludes to Sheridan's preferment.

[b] Dr. Grattan's, about five miles from Dublin.

[a] St. Mary's parish, about a mile from the deanery.

swerable, and with which I could fill this letter. You say nothing of having preached before the lord-lieutenant, nor whether he is altered towards you; for you speak nothing but generals. You think all the world has now nothing to do but to pull Mr. Sheridan down; whereas it is nothing but a slap in your turn, and away. Lord Oxford once said to me on an occasion, "These fools, because they hear a noise about their ears of their own making, think the whole world is full of it." When I come to town we will change all this scene, and act like men of the world. Grow rich, and you will have no enemies; go sometimes to the castle; keep fast Mr. Tickell and Balaguer;[a] frequent those on the right side, friends to the present powers; drop those who are loud on the wrong party, because they know they can suffer nothing by it.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

FROM MR. POPE

September 14, 1725.

I NEED not tell you with what real delight I should have done anything you desired, and, in particular, any good offices in my power towards the bearer of your letter, who is this day gone for France. Perhaps it is with poets as with prophets, they are so much better liked in another country than their own, that your gentleman, upon arriving in England, lost his curiosity concerning me.[a] However, had he tried, he had found me his friend; I mean, he had found me yours. I am disappointed at not knowing better a man whom you esteem, and comfort myself only with having got a letter from you, with which, after all, I sit down a gainer, since, to my great pleasure, it confirms my hope of once more seeing you. After so many dispersions and so many divisions, two or three of us may yet be gathered together; not to plot, nor to contrive silly schemes of ambition, or vex our own or others' hearts with busy vanities, (such as, perhaps, at one time of life or other, take their tour in every man,) but to divert ourselves, and the world too if it pleases; or, at worst, to laugh at others as innocently and as unhurtfully as at ourselves. Your travels [Gulliver's] I hear much of; my own I promise you shall never more be in a strange land, but a diligent, I hope useful, investigation[c] of my own territories.[d] I mean no more translations, but something domestic, fit for my own country and for my own time.

If you come to us I will find you elderly ladies enough that can halloo, and two that can nurse, and they are too old and feeble to make too much noise, as you will guess when I tell you they are my own mother and my own nurse. I can also help you to a lady who is as deaf, though not so old, as yourself: you will be pleased with one another, I will engage, though you do not hear one another: you will converse like spirits, by intuition. What you will most wonder at is, she is considerable at court, yet no party-woman; and lives in court, yet would be easy and make you easy.

One of those you mention, (and I dare say always will remember,) Dr. Arbuthnot, is at this time ill of a very dangerous distemper, an imposthume in the bowels; which is broke, but the event is very uncertain. Whatever that be, (he bids me tell you, and I write this by him,) he lives or dies your faithful friend; and one reason he has to desire a little longer life is, the wish to see you once more.

He is gay enough in this circumstance to tell you he would give you (if he could) such advice as might cure your deafness, but he would not advise you, if you were cured, to quit the pretence of it; because you may by that means hear as much as you will, and answer as little as you please. Believe me, yours, &c.

a Private secretary to lord Carteret.
b Dr. James Stopford.
c The "Essay on Man."
d This is the first notice he gives Swift of his great work.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

Quilca, September 19, 1725.

WE have prevailed with Neal, in spite of his harvest, to carry up miss with your directions; and it is high time, for she was run almost wild, though we have something civilized her since she came among us. You are too short in circumstances. I did not hear you was forbid preaching. Have you seen my lord? Who forbade you to preach? Are you no longer chaplain? Do you never go to the castle? Are you certain of the accuser, that it is Tighe? Do you think my lord acts thus because he fears it would breed ill humour if he should openly favour one who is looked on as of a different party? I think that is too mean for him. I do not much disapprove your letter, but I think it a wrong method; pray read over the enclosed twice, and if you do not dislike it let it be sent (not by a servant of yours, nor from you) to Mr. Tickell. There the case is stated as well as I could do it in generals, for want of knowing particulars. When I come to town I shall see the lord-lieutenant, and be as free with him as possible. In the mean time I believe it may keep cold; however, advise with Mr. Tickell and Mr. Balaguer. I should fancy that the bishop of Limerick [Dr. William Burscough] could easily satisfy his excellency, and that my lord-lieutenant believes no more of your guilt than I, and therefore it can be nothing but to satisfy the noise of party at this juncture that he acts as he does; and if so (as I am confident it is) the effect will cease with the cause. But, without doubt, Tighe and others have dinned the words Tory and Jacobite into his excellency's ears, and therefore your text, &c., was only made use of as an opportunity.

Upon the whole matter, you are no loser, but at least have got something. Therefore be not like him who hanged himself because, going into a gaming-house and winning ten thousand pounds, he lost five thousand of it, and came away with only half his winnings. When my lord is in London we may clear a way to him to do you another job, and you are young enough to wait.

We set out to Dublin on Monday the 5th of October, and hope to sup at the deanery the next night, where you will come to us if you are not already engaged.

I am grown a bad bailiff toward the end of my service. Your hay is well brought in, and better stacked than usual. All here are well.

I know not what you mean by my having some sport soon; I hope it is no sport that will vex me.

Pray do not forget to seal the enclosed before you send it.

I send you back your letter to the lord-lieutenant.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

TO DR. SHERIDAN

Quilca, September 25, 1725.

YOUR confusion hindered you from giving any rational account of your distress till this last letter, and therein you are imperfect enough. However, with much ado, we have now a tolerable understanding how things stand. We had a paper sent enclosed, subscribed by Mr. Ford, as we suppose; it is in print, and we all approve it, and this I suppose is the sport I was to expect.[a] I do think it is agreed that all animals fight with the weapons natural to them, (which is a new and wise remark out of my own head,) and the devil take that animal who will not offend his enemy when he is provoked with his proper weapon; and though your old dull horse little values the blows I give him with the butt end of my stick, yet I strike on and make him wince in spite of his dulness; and he shall not fail of them while I am here; and I hope you will do so too to the beast who has kicked against you, and try how

a Some satire on Richard Tighe.

far his insensibility will protect him, and you shall have help, and he will be vexed, for so I found your horse this day, though he would not move the faster. I will kill that flea or louse which bites me, though I get no honour by it.

Laudari ab iis, quos omnes laudant, is a maxim; and the contrary is equally true. Thank you for the offer of your mare; and how a pox could we come without her? They pulled off her and your horse's shoes for fear of being rid, and then they rode them without shoes, and so I was forced to shoe them again. All the fellows here would be Tighes, if they were but privy-counsellors. You will never be at ease for your friend's horses or your own till you have walked in a park of twenty acres, which I would have done next spring.

You say not a word of the letter I sent you for Mr. Tickell, whether you sent it him or not; and yet it was very material that I should know it. The two devils of inadvertency and forgetfulness have got fast hold on you. I think you need not quit his and Balaguer's company for the reason I mentioned in that letter, because they are above suspicions, as *whiggissimi* and *unsuspectissimi.* When the lord-lieutenant goes for England I have a method to set you right with him I hope, as I will tell you when I come to town, if I do not Sheridan it, I mean forget it.

I did a Sheridanism; I told you I had lost your letter enclosed, which you intended to lord Carteret, and yet I have it safe here.

TO MR. POPE.

September 29, 1725.

I AM now returning to the noble scene of Dublin, into the *grand monde*, for fear of burying my parts, to signalize myself among curates and vicars, and correct all corruptions crept in, relating to the weight of bread and butter, through those dominions where I govern.[a] I have employed my time (beside ditching) in finishing, correcting, amending, and transcribing my travels,[b] in four parts complete, newly augmented, and intended for the press when the world shall deserve them, or rather when a printer shall be found brave enough to venture his ears. I like the scheme of our meeting after distresses and dispersions, but the chief end I propose to myself in all my labours is, to vex the world rather than divert it; and if I could compass that design without hurting my own person or fortune, I would be the most indefatigable writer you have ever seen without reading. I am exceedingly pleased that you have done with translations: lord-treasurer Oxford often lamented that a rascally world should lay you under a necessity of misemploying your genius for so long a time. But since you will now be so much better employed, when you think of the world, give it one lash the more at my request. I have ever hated all nations, professions, and communities, and all my love is toward individuals; for instance, I hate the tribe of lawyers, but I love counsellor such-a-one, and judge such-a-one: it is so with physicians, (I will not speak of my own trade,) soldiers, English, Scotch, French, and the rest. But principally I hate and detest that animal called man; although I heartily love John, Peter, Thomas, and so forth. This is the system upon which I have governed myself many years (but do not tell); and so I shall go on till I have done with them. I have got materials toward a treatise proving the falsity of that definition *animal rationale*, and to show it should be only *rationis capax.* Upon this great foundation of misanthropy (though not in Timon's manner) the whole building of my travels is erected; and I never will have peace of mind till all honest men are of my opinion: by consequence you are to embrace it immediately, and procure that all who deserve my esteem may do so too. The matter is so clear that it will admit of no dispute; nay, I will hold a hundred pounds that you and I agree in the point.

I did not know your "Odyssey" was finished, being yet in the country, which I shall leave in three days. I thank you kindly for the present, but shall like it three-fourths the less from the mixture you mention of other hands; however, I am glad you saved yourself so much drudgery.—I have been long told by Mr. Ford of your great achievements in building and planting, and especially of your subterranean passage to your-garden, whereby you turned a blunder into a beauty, which is a piece of *Ars Poetica.*

I have almost done with harridans, and shall soon become old enough to fall in love with girls of fourteen. The lady [Mrs. Howard] whom you describe to live at court, to be deaf, and no party-woman, I take to be Mythology, but know not how to moralize it. She cannot be Mercy, for Mercy is neither deaf, nor lives at court; Justice is blind, and perhaps deaf, but neither is she a court lady: Fortune is both blind and deaf, and a court lady, but then she is a most damnable party-woman, and will never make me easy, as you promise. It must be Riches, which answers all your description: I am glad she visits you, but my voice is so weak that I doubt she will never hear me.

Mr. Lewis sent me an account of Dr. Arbuthnot's illness, which is a very sensible affliction to me, who by living so long out of the world have lost that hardness of heart contracted by years and general conversation. I am daily losing friends, and neither seeking nor getting others. O if the world had but a dozen Arbuthnots in it, I would burn my travels! but, however, he is not without fault: there is a passage in Bede highly commending the piety and learning of the Irish in that age, where, after abundance of praises, he overthrows them all, by lamenting that, alas! they kept Easter at a wrong time of the year. So our doctor has every quality and virtue that can make a man amiable or useful; but, alas! he hath a sort of slouch in his walk! I pray God protect him, for he is an excellent Christian, though not a Catholic.

I hear nothing of our friend Gay, but I find the court keeps him at hard meat. I advised him to come over here with a lord-lieutenant. Philips writes little flams (as lord Leicester called those sort of verses) on Miss Carteret. A Dublin blacksmith, a great poet, has imitated his manner in a poem to the same miss. Philips is a complainer, and on this occasion I told lord Carteret that complainers never succeed at court, though railers do.

Are you altogether a country gentleman, that I must address to you out of London, to the hazard of your losing this precious letter, which I will now conclude, although so much paper is left. I have an ill name, and therefore shall not subscribe it, but you will guess it comes from one who esteems and loves you about half as much as you deserve, I mean as much as he can.

I am in great concern at what I am just told is in some of the newspapers, that lord Bolingbroke is much hurt by a fall in hunting. I am glad he has so much youth and vigour left, (of which he has not been thrifty,) but I wonder he has no more discretion.

FROM MR. POPE.

October 15, 1725.

I AM wonderfully pleased with the suddenness of your kind answer. It makes me hope you are coming toward us, and that you incline more and more to your old friends in proportion as you draw nearer to them,

[a] The liberties of St. Patrick's cathedral.
[b] Those of Gulliver.

and are getting into our vortex. Here is one [Bolingbroke] who was once a powerful planet, but has now (after long experience of all that comes of shining) learned to be content with returning to his first point, without the thought or ambition of shining at all. Here is another [lord Oxford] who thinks one of the greatest glories of his father was to have distinguished and loved you, and who loves you hereditarily. Here is Arbuthnot recovered from the jaws of death, and more pleased with the hope of seeing you again than that of reviewing a world, every part of which he has long despised but what is made up of a few men like yourself. He goes abroad again, and is more cheerful than even health can make a man, for he has a good conscience into the bargain, which is the most catholic of all remedies, though not the most universal. I knew it would be a pleasure to you to hear this, and in truth that made me write so soon to you.

I am sorry poor P. [Ambrose Philips] is not promoted in this age; for certainly, if his reward be of the next, he is of all poets the most miserable. I am also sorry for another reason; if they do not promote him, they will spoil the conclusion of one of my satires, where, having endeavoured to correct the taste of the town in wit and criticism, I end thus:—

> But what avails to lay down rules for sense?
> In George's reign these fruitless lines were writ,
> When Ambrose Philips was preferr'd for wit!

Our friend Gay is used as the friends of Tories are by Whigs, and generally by Tories too. Because he had humour he was supposed to have dealt with Dr. Swift; in like manner as, when any one had learning formerly, he was thought to have dealt with the devil. He puts his whole trust at court in that lady whom I described to you, and whom you take to be an allegorical creature of fancy: I wish she really were Riches for his sake; though as for yours, I question whether (if you knew her) you would change her for the other.

Lord Bolingbroke had not the least harm by his fall. I wish he had received no more by his other fall; lord Oxford had none by his. But lord Bolingbroke is the most improved mind, since you saw him, that ever was improved without shifting into a new body or being; *paulo minus ab angelis.* I have often imagined to myself, that if ever all of us meet again, after so many varieties and changes, after so much of the old world and of the old man in each of us has been altered, that scarce a single thought of the one, any more than a single atom of the other, remains just the same—I have fancied, I say, that we should meet like the righteous in the millennium, quite in peace, divested of all our former passions, smiling at our past follies, and content to enjoy the kingdom of the just in tranquillity. But I find you would rather be employed as an avenging angel of wrath, to break your vial of indignation over the heads of the wretched creatures of this world; nay, would make them eat your book, which you have made (I doubt not) as bitter a pill for them as possible.

I would not tell you what designs[a] I have in my head (beside writing a set of maxims in opposition to all Rochefoucault's[b] principles) till I see you here, face to face. Then you shall have no reason to complain of me for want of a generous disdain of this world, though I have not lost my years in yours and their service. Lord Oxford, too, (whom I have now the third time mentioned in this letter, and he deserves to be always mentioned in everything that is addressed to you, or comes from you,) expects you: that ought to be enough to bring you hither; it is a better reason than if the nation expected you. For I really enter as fully as you can desire into your principle of love of individuals: and I think the way to have a public spirit is first to have a private one; for who can believe (said a friend of mine) that any man can care for a hundred thousand people who never cared for one? No ill-humoured man can ever be a patriot, any more than a friend.

I designed to have left the following page for Dr. Arbuthnot to fill, but he is so touched with the period in yours to me concerning him, that he intends to answer it by a whole letter. He too is busy about a book, which I guess he will tell you of. So, adieu. What remains worth telling you? Dean Berkeley is well, and happy in the prosecution of his scheme. Lord Oxford and lord Bolingbroke in health, duke Disney so also; sir William Wyndham better, lord Bathurst well. These and some others preserve their ancient honour and ancient friendship. Those who do neither, if they were d——d, what is it to a Protestant priest, who has nothing to do with the dead? I answer for my own part as a papist, I would not pray them out of purgatory.

My name is as bad a one as yours, and hated by all bad people, from Hopkins and Sternhold to Gildon and Cibber; the first prayed against me with the Turk; and a modern imitator of theirs (whom I leave you to find out) has added the Christian to them, with proper definitions of each, in this manner:—

> The pope's the whore of Babylon;
> The Turk he is a Jew;
> The Christian is an infidel
> That sitteth in a pew.

FROM DR. ARBUTHNOT.

London, October 17, 1725.

DEAR SIR,—I have the vanity to think that a few friends have a real concern for me, and are uneasy when I am in distress; in consequence of which I ought to communicate with them the joy of my recovery. I did not want a most kind paragraph in your letter to Mr. Pope to convince me that you are of the number; and I know that I give you a sensible pleasure in telling you that I think myself at this time almost perfectly recovered of a most unusual and dangerous distemper, an imposthume in the bowels; such a one that, had it been in the hands of a chirurgeon in an outward and fleshy part, I should not have been well these three months. Duke Disney, our old friend, is in a fair way to recover of such another. There have been several of them occasioned, as I reckon, by the cold and wet season. People have told me of new impostures (as they call them) every day. Poor sir William Wyndham has an imposthume: I hope the Bath, where he is going, will do him good. The hopes of seeing once more the dean of St. Patrick's revives my spirits. I cannot help imagining some of our old club met together like mariners after a storm. For God's sake do not tantalize your friends any more. I can prove, by twenty unanswerable arguments, that it is absolutely necessary that you should come over to England; that it would be committing the greatest absurdity that ever was not to do it the next approaching winter. I believe indeed it is just possible to save your soul without it, and that is all. As for your book ["Gulliver's Travels"] (of which I have framed to myself such an idea that I am persuaded there is no doing any good upon mankind without it), I will set the letters myself rather than that it should not be published. But before you put the finishing hand to it, it is really necessary to be acquainted with some

[a] This was only said as an oblique reproof of the horrid misanthropy in the foregoing letter; and which, he supposed, might be chiefly occasioned by the dean's fondness for Rochefoucault, whose *Maxims* are founded on the principle of an universal selfishness in human nature.

[b] "Who is the great philosopher," says Addison, "for administering of consolation to the idle, the curious, and the worthless part of mankind"

new improvements of mankind that have appeared of late, and are daily appearing. Mankind has an inexhaustible source of invention in the way of folly and madness. I have only one fear, that when you come over you will be so much coveted and taken up by the ministry, that unless your friends meet you at their tables, they will have none of your company. This is really no joke; I am quite in earnest. Your deafness is so necessary a thing that I almost begin to think it an affectation. I remember you used to reckon dinners. I know of near half a year's dinners where you are already bespoke. It is worth your while to come to see your old friend Lewis, who is wiser than ever he was, the best of husbands. I am sure I can say, from my own experience, that he is the best of friends. He was so to me when he had little hope I should ever live to thank him.

You must acquaint me before you take your journey, that we may provide a convenient lodging for you among your friends. I am called away this moment, and have only time to add that I long to see you, and am most sincerely, dear sir, your most faithful humble servant, JO. ARBUTHNOT.

FROM THE EARL OF OXFORD.

Dover-street, October 19, 1725.

REVEREND SIR,—I hope you will excuse these few lines for once, when I tell you that yesterday morning, I thank God, my wife was safely delivered of a son, and both mother and child are as well as can be expected. I fancy this will not be disagreeable news to the dean of St. Patrick's, except he be very much altered, which I believe not. I will not trouble you with any more, but to tell you that I am, with great respect, sir, your most obedient servant OXFORD.

TO MR POPE.

November 26, 1725.

I SHOULD sooner have acknowledged yours if a feverish disorder and the relics of it had not disabled me for a fortnight. I now begin to make excuses, because I hope I am pretty near seeing you, and therefore I would cultivate an acquaintance; because, if you do not knew me when you meet, you need only keep one of my letters, and compare it with my face, for my face and letters are counterparts of my heart. I fear I have not expressed that right, but I mean well, and I hate blots: I look in your letter, and, in my conscience, you say the same thing but in a better manner. Pray tell my lord Bolingbroke that I wish he were banished again, for then I should hear from him, when he was full of philosophy and talked *de contemptu mundi*. My lord Oxford was so extremely kind as to write to me immediately an account of his son's birth. which I immediately acknowledged; but before the letter could reach him, I wished it in the sea: I hope I was more afflicted than his lordship. It is hard that parsons and beggars should be overrun with brats while so great and good a family wants an heir to continue it. I have received his father's picture, but I lament (*sub sigillo confessionis*) that it is not so true a resemblance as I could wish. Drown the world! I am not content with despising it, but I would anger it, if I could with safety. I wish there were an hospital built for its despisers, where one might act with safety, and it need not be a large building, only I would have it well endowed. Philips is *fort chancelant* whether he shall turn parson or no. But all employments here are engaged, or in reversion. Cast wits and cast beaux have a proper sanctuary in the church; yet we think it a severe judgment that a fine gentleman, and so much the finer for hating ecclesiastics, should be a domestic humble retainer to an Irish prelate. He is neither secretary nor gentleman-usher, yet serves in both capacities. He has published several reasons why he never came to see me, but the best is that I have not waited on his lordship. We have had a poem sent from London in imitation of that on Miss Carteret. It is on Miss Harvey of a day old; we say and think it is yours. I wish it were not, because I am against monopolies. You might have spared me a few more lines of your satire, but I hope in a few months to see it all. To hear boys like you talk of millenniums and tranquillity! I am older by thirty years, lord Bolinbroke by twenty, and you but by ten, than when we last were together: and we should differ more than ever, you coquetting a maid of honour, my lord looking on to see how the gamesters play, and I railing at you both. I desire you and all my friends will take a special care that my disaffection to the world may not be imputed to my age, for I have credible witnesses ready to depose that it hath never varied from the twenty-first to the f—ty-eighth year of my life (pray fill that blank charitably). I tell you, after all, that I do not hate mankind, it is *vous autres* who hate them, because you would have them reasonable animals, and are angry at being disappointed: I have always rejected that definition, and made another of my own. I am no more angry with ——— than I was with the kite that last week flew away with one of my chickens; and yet I was pleased when one of my servants shot him two days after. This I say because you are so hardy as to tell me of your intentions to write maxims in opposition to Rochefoucault, who is my favourite, because I found my whole character in him; however, I will read him again, because it is possible I may have since undergone some alterations. Take care the bad poets do not outwit you, as they have served the good ones in every age, whom they have provoked to transmit their names to posterity. Mævius is as well known as Virgil, and Gildon will be as well known as you if his name gets into your verses: and as to the difference between good and bad fame, it is a perfect trifle. I ask a thousand pardons, and so leave you for this time, and I will write again without concerning myself whether you write or not. I am, &c.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

TO THE REV. DR. STOPFORD.

Wretched Dublin, in miserable Ireland,
November 26, 1725.

DEAR JIM,—I had your kind letter from Paris, dated Nov. 14, N. S. I am angry with you for being so short, unless you are resolved not to rob your journal-book. What have *vous autres voyageurs* to do but write and ramble? Your picture of K. C. I. will be a great present whenever I shall receive it, which I reckon will be about the time of your return from Italy; for my lord Oxford's picture was two months coming from London.

Mr. Pope is very angry with you, and says you look on him as a prophet, who is never esteemed in his own country, and he lays all the blame upon you, but will be pacified if you see him when you come back. Your other correspondents tell me that Mr. G., beside his clothes, lost 200*l*. in money, which to me you slur over. I like your Indian's answers well; but I suppose the queen was astonished if she was told, contrary to her notions, that the great people were treated and maintained by the poor. Mrs. Johnson denies you to be a slave, and says you are much more so in quality of a governor; as all good princes are slaves to their subjects. I think you are justly dealt with: you travelled with liberty to work your slavery, and now you travel with slavery to work your liberty. The point of honour will not be so great, but you have

equal opportunities to inform yourself and satisfy your curiosity. The happier you were abroad in your first travels, the more miserable you were at your return; and now the case will be directly contrary. I have been confined a fortnight with a little feverish disorder, and the consequences of it, but now am as usual with tolerable health.

As to intelligence, here is the house of commons, with a little remains of the nation's spirit against Wood's coin, are opposing the court in their unreasonable demands of money to satisfy the wanton and pretended debts of the crown, and all party but that of court and country seem to be laid asleep. I have said and writ to the lieutenant what I thought was right, and so have my betters; but all *surdis auribus:* this is enough for such a hermit as I to tell you of public matters. Your friends are all well, and you have not been long enough absent for any material accident to fall out. Here is a great rumour of the king's being dead or dying at Hanover, which has not the least effect on any passion in me. Dr. Delany is a most perfect courtier; Sheridan full of his own affairs and the baseness of the world; Dr. Helsham *à son aise* at home or abroad; the dean of St. Patrick's sitting like a toad in a corner of his great house, with a perfect hatred of all public actions and persons. You are desired to bring over a few of the testons, and what d'ye call (Julio's, I think) of Parme, Florence, and Rome, which some people would be glad of for curiosities, and will give you other money for them. If you are rich enough to buy any good copies of pictures by great hands, I desire when you would buy two to buy three, and the third shall be taken off your hands with thanks, and all accidents be answered by the buyer. The people of Ireland have just found out that their fathers, sons, and brothers, are not made bishops, judges, or officers civil or military, and begin to think it should be otherwise; but the government go on as if there were not a human creature in the kingdom fit for anything but giving money. Your brother paid the money to the lady;—what would you have more? This is a time of no events. Not a robbery or murder to be had, for want of which and poetry the hawkers are starving. Take care of your health, and come home by Switzerland; from whence travel blindfold till you get here, which is the only way to make Ireland tolerable. I am told the provost has absolutely given away all your pupils. Pray God give you grace to be hated by him and all such beasts while you live! I excused your bashfulness to the lieutenant, who said he observed and understood it, and liked you the better. He could govern a wiser nation better, but fools are fit to deal with fools; and he seems to mistake our calibre, and treats *de haut en bas*, and gives no sugar plums. Our dean Maule and Dr. Tisdall have taken upon them the care of the church, and make wise speeches of what they will amend in St. Andrew's vestry every week, to a crew of parsons of their own kind and importance. The primate and the earl of Cavan govern the house of lords. The archbishop of Dublin attacked the same in the castle for giving a good living to a certain animal called a Welsh black, which the other excused, alleging he was preferred to it by lord Townshend. It is a cant word for a deer-stealer. This fellow was leader of a gang, and had the honour of hanging half a dozen of his fellows in quality of informer, which was his merit. If you cannot match me that in Italy, step to Muscovy, and from thence to the Hottentots. I am just going out of town for two days, else I would have filled my paper with more nothings. Pray God bless you, and send you safe back to this place, which it is a shame for any man of worth to call his home. JONATHAN SWIFT.

FROM MR. POPE AND LORD BOLINGBROKE.

December 10, 1725.

I FIND myself the better acquainted with you for a long absence, as men are with themselves for a long affliction: absence does but hold off a friend to make one see him more truly. I am infinitely more pleased to hear you are coming near us than at anything you seem to think in my favour; an opinion which has perhaps been aggrandized by the distance or dulness of Ireland, as objects look larger through a medium of fogs: and yet I am infinitely pleased with that too. I am much the happier for finding (a better thing than our wits) our judgments jump in the notion that all scribblers should be passed by in silence. To vindicate oneself against such nasty slander is much as wise as it was in your countryman, when the people imputed a stink to him, to prove the contrary by showing his backside. So let Gildon and Philips rest in peace! What Virgil had to do with Mævius[a] that he should wear him upon his sleeve to all eternity, I do not know. I have been the longer upon this, that I may prepare you for the reception both you and your works may possibly meet in England. We your true acquaintance will look upon you as a good man, and love you: others will look upon you as a wit, and hate you. So you know the worst; unless you are as vindictive as Virgil or the aforesaid Hibernian.

I wish as warmly as you for an hospital in which to lodge the despisers of the world; only I fear it would be filled wholly, like Chelsea, with maimed soldiers, and such as had been disabled in its service. I would rather have those that, out of such generous principles as you and I, despise it, fly in its face, than retire from it. Not that I have much anger against the great, my spleen is at the little rogues of it; it would vex one more to be knocked on the head with a pisspot than by a thunderbolt. As to great oppressors, they are like kites or eagles, one expects mischief from them; but to be squirted to death (as poor Wycherley said to me on his deathbed) by apothecaries' apprentices, by the understrappers of under-secretaries to secretaries who were no secretaries—this would provoke as dull a dog as Philips himself.

So much for enemies, now for friends. Mr. L—— thinks all this indiscreet; the doctor not so; he loves mischief the best of any good-natured man in England. Lord B. is above trifling: when he writes of anything in this world, he is more than mortal; if ever he trifles it must be when he turns a divine. Gay is writing tales for prince William; I suppose Mr. Philips will take this very ill for two reasons, one that he thinks all childish things belong to him, and the other, because he will take it ill to be taught that one may write things to a child without being childish. What have I more to add? but that lord Oxford desires earnestly to see you: and that many others whom you do not think the worst of will be gratified by it; none more, be assured, than yours, &c.

P. S. Pope and you are very great wits, and I think very indifferent philosophers: if you despised the world as much as you pretend, and perhaps believe, you would not be so angry with it. The founder of your sect,[b] that noble original whom you think it so great

[a] Or Pope with Tibbald, Concanen, Smedley, &c.

[b] Very different is the opinion that lord Shaftesbury has given of Seneca the person here alluded to. "'Tis not," says he, finely, "the person, character, or genius, but the style and manner of this great man, which we presume to censure. We acknowledge his noble sentiments and worthy actions; we own the patriot and good minister; but we reject the writer. Where an universal monarchy was actually established, and the interest of a whole world concerned, he surely must have been esteemed a guardian angel who, as a prime minister, could for several years turn the very worst of courts and worst-conditioned of all princes to the fatherly care and just government

an honour to resemble, was a slave to the worst part of the world, to the court; and all his big words were the language of a slighted lover, who desired nothing so much as a reconciliation, and feared nothing so much as a rupture. I believe the world has used me as scurvily as most people, and yet I could never find in my heart to be thoroughly angry with the simple, false, capricious thing. I should blush alike to be discovered fond of the world or piqued at it. Your definition of *animal rationis*, instead of the common one, *animal rationale*, will not bear examination; define but reason, and you will see why your distinction is no better than that of the pontiff Cotta between *mala ratio* and *bona ratio*. But enough of this: make us a visit, and I will subscribe to any side of these important questions which you please. We differ less than you imagine, perhaps, when you wished me banished again: but I am not less true to you and to philosophy in England than I was in France. Yours, &c. BOLINGBROKE.

FROM THE DUCHESS OF HAMILTON.

Wednesday. (About 1725.)

DEAR DEAN,—When we were together last I remember we spoke of a certain stanza, which you suspected me parent of by reason there were some things in it you were sure I should have said twelve years ago. If this be a rule, I am certain you are not dean Swift; for twelve years ago your promised letter had not been so long in coming to me. All I can say is, I wish you had been twelve years ago what I wish you now, and that you were now what you was twelve years ago to your real friend and humble servant,

E. HAMILTON.

TO LORD PALMERSTON.

Dublin, January 1, 1726.

MY LORD,—I am desired by one Mr. Curtis, a clergyman of this town, to write to your lordship upon an affair he has much at heart, and wherein he has been very unjustly and injuriously treated. I do now call to mind what I hear your lordship has written hither, that you were pleased many years ago, at my recommendation, to give Dr. Ellwood a grant of a chamber in the college which is at your disposal; for I had then some credit with your lordship, which I am told I have now lost, although I am ignorant of the reason. I shall therefore only inform your lordship in one point. When you gave that grant, it was understood to continue during Dr. Ellwood's continuance in the college: but he, growing to be a senior fellow and requiring more conveniencies, by changing one room and purchasing another, got into a more convenient apartment, and therefore those who now derive under the doctor have, during the doctor's life, the same property as if they derived under your lordship; just as if one of your tenants should let his holding to another during the term of his lease, and take a more convenient farm. This is directly the case, and must convince your lordship immediately; for Mr. Curtis paid for the chamber, either to the doctor or to those who derived under him, and till the doctor dies or leaves the college the grant is good.

I will say nothing of Mr. Curtis's character, because the affair is a matter of short plain justice; and, besides, because I would not willingly do the young man an injury, as I happened to do to another whom I recommended to your lordship merely for your own service, and whom you afterwards rejected, expressing your reason for doing so, that I had recommended him, by which you lost the very person of the whole kingdom who by his honesty and abilities could have been most useful to you in your offices here. But these are some of the refinements among you great men, which are above my low understanding. And, whatever your lordship thinks of me, I shall still remain your lordship's most obedient and most humble servant,

JONATHAN SWIFT.

of mankind. Such a minister was Seneca, under an Agrippina and a Nero."—Characteristics, iii. 23

FROM LORD PALMERSTON.

January 15, 1726.

MR. DEAN,—I should not give myself the trouble to answer your polite letter, where I as unconcerned about character and reputation as some are. The principles of justice I hope I have learned from those who always treated you in another manner than you do me, even without reason.

You charge me with injury and injustice done Mr. Curtis; he is still in his chamber; till he is turned out none is done him, and he is satisfied with my proceedings, and the issue I have put it on. Your interest with me (which, if ever lost, such letters will not regain) procured Dr. Ellwood the use of that chamber, not the power to job it. Your parallel case of landlord and tenant will not hold, without Dr. Ellwood has a writing under my hand; if he has, I will fulfil it to a tittle; if not, he is as a tenant at will, and when he quits, I am at liberty to dispose of the premises again.

Whoever told you Mr. Stanton was dismissed, because you recommended him, told you a most notorious falsehood; he is the young man I suppose you mean. The true reason was, his demand of a large additional salary, more than he had before my time; so he left the office, and was not turned out.

My desire is to be in charity with all men; could I say as much of you, you had sooner inquired into this matter, or if you had any regard to a family you owe so much to; but I fear you hugged the false report to cancel all feelings of gratitude that must ever glow in a generous breast, and to justify what you have declared, that no regard to the family was any restraint to you. These refinements are past my low understanding, and can only be comprehended by you great wits.

I always thought in you I had a friend in Ireland, but find myself mistaken. I am sorry for it; my comfort is, it is none of my fault. If you had taken anything amiss, you might have known the truth from me. I shall always be as ready to ask pardon when I have offended as to justify myself when I have not. I am, sir, your very humble servant, PALMERSTON.

TO LORD PALMERSTON.

January 29, 1726.

MY LORD,—I desire you will give yourself the last trouble I shall ever put you to; I mean of reading this letter. I do entirely acquit you of any injury or injustice done to Mr. Curtis, and if you had read that passage relating to his bad usage a second time, you could not possibly have so ill understood me. The injury and injustice he received were from those who claimed a title to his chambers, took away his key, reviled and threatened to beat him, with a great deal more of the like brutal conduct. Whereupon at his request I laid the case before you, as it appeared to me. And it would have been very strange if, on account of a trifle, and of a person for whom I have no concern, further than as he was employed by me on the character he bears of piety and learning, I should charge you with injury and injustice to him, when I knew from himself and Mr. Reading that you were not answerable for either.

As you state the case of tenant at will, it is certain

no law can compel you; but, to say the truth, I then had not law in my thoughts.

Now, if what I writ of injury and injustice were wholly applied in plain terms to one or two of the college here, whose names were below my remembrance, you will consider how I could deserve an answer in every line full of foul invectives, open reproaches, jesting flirts, and contumelious terms, and what title you have to give me such contumelious treatment who never did you the least injury or received the least obligation from you. I own myself indebted to sir William Temple for recommending me to the late king, although without success, and for his choice of me to take care of his posthumous writings. But I hope you will not charge my living in his family as an obligation, for I was educated to little purpose if I retired to his house on any other motives than the benefit of his conversation and advice, and the opportunity of pursuing my studies. For, being born to no fortune, I was at his death as far to seek as ever, and perhaps you will allow that I was of some use to him. This I will venture to say, that in the time when I had some little credit I did fifty times more for fifty people, from whom I never received the least service or assistance. Yet I should not be pleased to hear a relation of mine reproaching them for ingratitude, although many of them well deserve it; for, thanks to party, I have met in both kingdoms with ingratitude enough.

If I have been ill informed in what you mention of Mr. Stanton, you have not been much better, that I declared no regard to the family (as you express it) was a restraint to me. I never had the least occasion to use any such words. The last time I saw you in London was the last intercourse I ever had with the family. But having always trusted to my own innocence, I shall not be inquisitive to know my accusers.

When I mentioned my loss of interest with you, I did it with concern, but I had no resentment, because I supposed it only to arise from different sentiments in public matters.

My lord, if my letter were polite, it was against my intentions, and I desire your pardon for it; if I have wit, I will keep it to show when I am angry, which at present I am not; because, though nothing can excuse those intemperate words your pen has let fall, yet I shall give allowance to a hasty person, hurried on by a mistake beyond all rules of decency. If a first minister of state had used me as you have done, he should have heard from me in another style, because in that case retaliating would be thought a mark of courage: but as your lordship is not in a situation to do me good, nor, I am sure, of a disposition to do me mischief, so I should lose the merit of being bold, because I could incur no danger, if I gave myself a liberty which your ill usage seemed to demand. In this point alone we are exactly equal, but in wit and politeness I am ready to yield to you as much as I do in titles and estate.

I have found out one secret, that, although you call me a great wit, you do not think me so, otherwise you would have been too cautious to have writ me such a letter.

You conclude with saying you are ready to ask pardon where you have offended. Of this I acquit you, because I have not taken the offence, but whether you will acquit yourself must be left to your conscience and honour.

I have formerly upon occasion been your humble servant in Ireland, and should not refuse to be so still; but you have so useful and excellent a friend in Mr. Reading, that you need no other, and I hope my good opinion of him will not lessen yours. I am, my lord, your most humble servant, JONATHAN SWIFT.

FROM DR. ARBUTHNOT.

Tuesday, three o'clock, April 5, 1726.

DEAR SIR,—I have been at your lodgings this morning, but you was out early. Her royal highness [afterward queen Caroline] begs the honour of a visit from you on Thursday night at seven o'clock. You are to be attended by, dear sir, your most faithful humble servant, JO. ARBUTHNOT.

I hope you will not engage yourself at that hour; but I shall see you before that time.

TO MR. WORRALL.

London, April 16, 1726.

THE ladies have told you all my adventures, and I hear you are ruining me with dung. I have writ several times to the ladies, and shall soon do so again. I send you enclosed the bill of lading for a picture that has lain long at sea; you will be so kind to get it out of the custom-house. Mr. Medlycott[a] will make it easy if there should be any difficulties. My humble service to Mrs. Worrall, and the ladies, and all my friends. I thank God I am in pretty good health. I have now company with me; I can say no more.

I hope you are all well.

I got no voice at Oxford; but am endeavouring for one here. JONATHAN SWIFT.

FROM THE EARL OF PETERBOROUGH.

Saturday evening.[b]

ONE of your Irish heroes, that from the extremity of our English land came to destroy the wicked brazen project, desires to meet you on Monday next at Parson's-green. If you are not engaged I will send my coach for you.

Sir Robert Walpole, any morning, except Tuesday and Thursday, which are his public days, about nine in the morning, will be glad to see you at his London house. On Monday, if I see you, I will give you a further account. Your affectionate servant,

PETERBOROUGH.

TO THE EARL OF PETERBOROUGH.

April 28, 1726.

MY LORD,—Your lordship having at my request obtained for me an hour from sir Robert Walpole, I accordingly attended him yesterday at eight o'clock in the morning, and had somewhat more than an hour's conversation with him. Your lordship was this day pleased to inquire what passed between that great minister and me; to which I gave you some general answers, from whence you said you could comprehend little or nothing.

I had no other design in desiring to see sir Robert Walpole than to represent the affairs of Ireland to him in a true light, not only without any view to myself, but to any party whatsoever; and because I understood the affairs of that kingdom tolerably well, and observed the representations he had received were such as I could not agree to; my principal design was to set him right, not only for the service of Ireland, but likewise of England, and of his own administration.

I failed very much in my design; for I saw he had conceived opinions, from the example and practices of the present and some former governors, which I could not reconcile to the notions I had of liberty, a possession always understood by the British nation to be the inheritance of a human creature.

Sir Robert Walpole was pleased to enlarge very much upon the subject of Ireland, in a manner so alien from what I conceived to be rights and privileges of a

[a] Thomas Medlycott, esq., member for Westminster, and a commissioner of the revenue in Ireland.

[b] Indorsed "1726, in summer."

subject of England, that I did not think proper to debate the matter with him so much as I otherwise might, because I found it would be in vain. I shall therefore, without entering into dispute, make bold to mention to your lordship some few grievances of that kingdom, as it consists of a people who, beside a natural right of enjoying the privileges of subjects, have also a claim of merit from their extraordinary loyalty to the present king [George I.] and his family.

First, That all persons born in Ireland are called and treated as Irishmen, although their fathers and grandfathers were born in England; and their predecessors having been conquerors of Ireland, it is humbly conceived they ought to be on as good a foot as any subjects of Britain, according to the practice of all other nations, and particularly of the Greeks and Romans.

Secondly, That they are denied the natural liberty of exporting their manufactures to any country which is not engaged in a war with England.

Thirdly, That whereas there is a university in Ireland, founded by queen Elizabeth, where youth are instructed with a much stricter discipline than either in Oxford or Cambridge; it lies under the greatest discouragements, by filling all the principal employments, civil and ecclesiastical, with persons from England, who have neither interest, property, acquaintance, nor alliance in that kingdom, contrary to the practice of all other states in Europe which are governed by viceroys, at least what hath never been used without the utmost discontents of the people.

Fourthly, That several of the bishops sent over to Ireland, having been clergymen of obscure condition, and without other distinction than that of chaplains to the governors, do frequently invite over their old acquaintance or kindred, to whom they bestow the best preferments in their gift. The like may be said of the judges, who take with them one or two dependants, to whom they give their countenance; and who, consequently, without other merit, grow immediately into the chief business of their courts. The same practice is followed by all others in civil employments, if they have a cousin, a valet, or footman in their family born in England.

Fifthly, That all civil employments granted in reversion are given to persons who reside in England.

The people of Ireland, who are certainly the most loyal subjects in the world, cannot but conceive that most of these hardships have been the consequence of some unfortunate representations (at least) in former times; and the whole body of the gentry feel the effects in a very sensible part, being utterly destitute of all means to make provision for their younger sons, either in the church, the law, the revenue, or (of late) in the army: and, in the desperate condition of trade, it is equally vain to think of making them merchants. All they have left is, at the expiration of leases, to rack their tenants, which they have done to such a degree that there is not one farmer in a hundred through the kingdom who can afford shoes or stockings to his children, or to eat flesh, or drink anything better than sour milk or water twice in a year; so that the whole country, except the Scottish plantation in the north, is a scene of misery and desolation hardly to be matched on this side Lapland

The rents of Ireland are computed to about a million and a half, whereof one half-million at least is spent by lords and gentlemen residing in England, and by some other articles too long to mention.

About 300,000*l.* more are returned thither on other accounts; and, upon the whole, those who are the best versed in that kind of knowledge agree that England gains annually by Ireland a million at least, which even I could make appear beyond all doubt.

But as this mighty profit would probably increase, with tolerable treatment, to half a million more, so it must of necessity sink under the hardships that kingdom lies at present.

And whereas sir Robert Walpole was pleased to take notice how little the king gets by Ireland, it ought perhaps to be considered that the revenues and taxes, I think, amount to above 100,000*l.* a-year; and reckoning the riches of Ireland, compared with England, to be as one to twelve, the king's revenues there would be equal to more than five millions here; which, considering the bad payment of rents from such miserable creatures as most of the tenants in Ireland are, will be allowed to be as much as such a kingdom can bear.

The current coin of Ireland is reckoned at most but 500,000*l.*, so that above four-fifths are paid every year into the Exchequer.

I think it manifest that whatever circumstances can possibly contribute to make a country poor and despicable are all united with respect to Ireland. The nation controlled by laws to which they do not consent, disowned by their brethren and countrymen, refused the liberty not only of trading with their own manufactures, but even their native commodities, forced to seek for justice many hundred miles by sea and land, rendered in a manner incapable of serving their king and country in any employment of honour, trust, or profit; and all this without the least demerit; while the governors sent over thither can possibly have no affection to the people further than what is instilled into them by their own justice and love of mankind, which do not always operate; and whatever they please to represent hither is never called in question.

Whether the representatives of such a people, thus distressed and laid in the dust, when they meet in a parliament, can do the public business with that cheerfulness which might be expected from free-born subjects, would be a question in any other country except that unfortunate island; the English inhabitants whereof have given more and greater examples of their loyalty and dutifulness than can be shown in any other part of the world.

What part of these grievances may be thought proper to be redressed by so wise and great a minister as sir Robert Walpole, he perhaps will please to consider; especially because they have been all brought upon that kingdom since the Revolution; which, however, is a blessing annually celebrated there with the greatest zeal and sincerity.

I most humbly entreat your lordship to give this paper to sir Robert Walpole, and desire him to read it, which he may do in a few minutes. I am, with the greatest respect, my lord, your lordship's most obedient and humble servant, JONATHAN SWIFT.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

London, July 8, 1726.

GOOD DOCTOR,—I have had two months of great uneasiness at the ill account of Mrs. Johnson's health, and, as it is usual, feared the worst that was possible, and doubted all the good accounts that were sent me. I pray God her danger may warn her to be less wilful, and more ready to fall into those measures that her friends and physician advise her to. I had a letter two days ago from archdeacon Wall, dated six days, before yours, wherein he gives me a better account than you do, and therefore I apprehend she hath not mended since; and yet he says he can honestly tell me she is now much better. Pray thank the archdeacon, and tell him he is to have a share in this letter; and therefore I will save him the trouble of another. Tell him also that I never asked for my 1000*l.*, which he hears I have got, though I mentioned

it to the princess the last time I saw her; but I bid her tell Walpole[a] I scorned to ask him for it. But blot out this passage, and mention it to no one except the ladies, because I know Mrs. Johnson would be pleased with it, and I will not write to them till I hear from them; therefore this letter is theirs as well as yours. The archdeacon further says that Mrs. Johnson has not tasted claret for several months, but once at his house. This I dislike. I cannot tell who is the fourth of your friends, unless it be yourself: I am sorry for your new laborious studies, but the best of it is, they will not be your own another day. I thank you for your new style and most useful quotations. I am only concerned that, although you get the grace of the house, you will never get the grace of the town, but die plain Sheridan, or Tom at most, because it is a syllable shorter than doctor. However, I will give it you at length in the superscription; and people will so wonder how the news could come and return so quick to and from England, especially if the wind be fair when the packet goes over; and let me warn you to be very careful in sending for your letters two days after the commencement. You lost one post by my being out of town; for I came hither to-day, and shall stay three or four upon some business, and then go back to Mr. Pope's, and there continue till August, and then come to town till I begin my journey to Ireland, which I propose the middle of August. My old butler Archy is here ruined and starving, and has pursued me and wrote me a letter, but I have refused to see him. Our friend at the castle writ to me two months ago to have a sight of those papers, &c., of which I brought away a copy. I have answered him, that whatever papers I have are conveyed from one place to another through nine or ten hands, and that I have the key. If he should mention anything of papers in general, either to you or the ladies, and that you can bring it in, I would have you and them to confirm the same story, and laugh at my humour in it, &c. My service to Dr. Delany, Dr. Helsham, the Grattans and Jacksons. There is not so despised a creature here as your friend [Ambrose Philips] with the soft verses on children. I heartily pity him. This is the first time I was ever weary of England, and longed to be in Ireland; but it is because go I must; for I do not love Ireland better, nor England, as England, worse; in short you all live in a wretched dirty doghole and prison, but it is a place good enough to die in. I can tell you one thing, that I have had the fairest offer made me of a settlement here that one can imagine, which, if I were ten years younger, I would gladly accept, within twelve miles of London and in the midst of my friends. But I am too old for new schemes, and especially such as would bridle me in my freedoms and liberalities. But so it is, that I must be forced to get home, partly by stealth and partly by force. I have indeed one temptation for this winter, much stronger, which is of a fine house and garden, and park, and wine-cellar in France, to pass away winter in;[b] and if Mrs. Johnson were not so out of order, I would certainly accept of it; and I wish she could go to Montpelier at the same time. You see I am grown visionary, and therefore it is time to have done. Adieu. JONATHAN SWIFT.

TO MR. WORRALL.

Twickenham, July 15, 1726.

I WISH you would send me a common bill in form upon any banker for 1[illegible]l., and I will wait for it, and in the mean time borrow where I can. What you tell me of Mrs. Johnson I have long expected with great oppression and heaviness of heart. We have been perfect friends these thirty-five years. Upon my advice they both came to Ireland, and have been ever since my constant companions; and the remainder of my life will be a very melancholy scene, when one of them is gone, whom I most esteemed upon the score of every good quality that can possibly recommend a human creature. I have these two months seen through Mrs. Dingley's disguises.[a] And indeed ever since I left you my heart has been so sunk that I have not been the same man, nor ever shall be again, but drag on a wretched life, till it shall please God to call me away. I must tell you as a friend, that, if you have reason to believe Mrs. Johnson cannot hold out till my return, I would not think of coming to Ireland; and in that case I would expect of you in the beginning of September to renew my licence for another half-year, which time I will spend in some retirement far from London, till I can be in a disposition of appearing after an accident that must be so fatal to my quiet. I wish it could be brought about that she might make her will. Her intentions are to leave the interest of all her fortune to her mother and sister during their lives, and afterwards to Dr. Stephen's hospital, to purchase lands for such uses there as she designs. Think how I am disposed while I write this, and forgive the inconsistencies. I would not for the universe be present at such a trial of seeing her depart. She will be among friends that, upon her own account and great worth, will tend her with all possible care, where I should be a trouble to her, and the greatest torment to myself. In case the matter should be desperate, I would have you advise, if they come to town, that they should be lodged in some airy healthy part, and not in the deanery, which besides, you know, cannot but be a very improper thing for that house to breathe her last in. This I leave to your discretion, and I conjure you to burn this letter immediately, without telling the contents of it to any person alive. Pray write to me every week, that I may know what steps to take; for I am determined not to go to Ireland, to find her just dead, or dying. Nothing but extremity could make me so familiar with those terrible words applied to such a dear friend. Let her know I have bought her a repeating gold watch for her ease in winter nights. I designed to have surprised her with it; but now I would have her know it, that she may see how my thoughts are always to make her easy.

I am of opinion that there is not a greater folly than to contract too great and intimate a friendship, which must always leave the survivor miserable.

On the back of Burton's note there was written the account of Mrs. Johnson's sickness. Pray, in your next avoid that mistake, and leave the back side blank.

When you have read this letter twice, and retain what I desire, pray burn it; and let all I have said lie only in your breast.

Pray write every week. I have (till I know further) fixed on August the fifteenth to set out for Ireland. I shall continue or alter my measures according to your letters. Adieu.

Direct your letters still to Mrs. Rice, &c.

Pray tell Mr. Dobbs of the college that I received his letter, but cannot possibly answer it, which I certainly would if I had materials.

As to what you say about promotion, you will find it was given immediately to Maule,[b] as I am told; and I assure you I had no offers, nor would accept them.

[a] Sir Robert, afterwards earl of Orford.

[b] Lord Bolingbroke invited the dean to spend a winter with him at his house in France, on the banks of the Loire.

[a] Probably endeavouring to conceal Mrs. Johnson's danger in tenderness to the dean.

[b] Dr. Henry Maule, promoted to the bishopric of Cloyne, Sept. 6, 1726; translated to Dromore, March 20, 1731, and to Meath, May 24, 1744. This most worthy man was one of the first promoters of the Protestant charter schools in Ireland for the reception and education of children of papists, which have met with great success.

My behaviour to those in power has been directly contrary since I came here. I would rather have good news from you than Canterbury, though it were given me upon my own terms.

TO THE REV. DR. STOPFORD

Twickenham, near London, July 20, 1726.

Dear Jim,—I had a letter from you three months ago, with an account of a fine picture you had sent me, which is now safe in Ireland, for which I readily thank you, and Robert Arbuthnot swears it is an original. I did not answer you because I was told you were in motion. I had yours of July 12, N.S., yesterday; and since you are fixed at Paris, I venture to send you this, thought Robert Arbuthnot be here. He has lately married a lady among us of 900*l*. a-year, and I think will soon go to France; but I have chiefly lived about two months with Mr. Pope, since the town grew empty. I shall leave him the beginning of August, and so settle my affairs to be in Ireland by the end of that month, for my licence of half-a-year will then be out. I came here to see my old friends, and upon some business I had with two of them, which, however, proves to be of little consequence. The people in power have been civil enough to me; many of them have visited me. I was not able to withstand seeing the princess, because she had commanded that whenever I came hither, as the news said I intended, that I should wait on her. I was latterly twice with the chief minister; the first time by invitation, and the second at my desire for an hour, wherein we differed in every point: but all this made a great noise, and soon got to Ireland, from whence, upon the late death of the bishop of Cloyne, it was said I was offered to succeed, and I received many letters upon it, but there was nothing of truth, for I was neither offered nor would have received, except upon conditions which would never be granted. For I absolutely broke with the first minister and have never seen him since, and I lately complained of him to the princess, because I knew she would tell him. I am, besides, all to pieces with the lord-lieutenant, whom I treated very roughly, and absolutely refused to dine with him. So that, dear Jim, you see how little I shall be able to assist you with the great ones here, unless some change of ministry should happen. Yet when a new governor goes over, it is hard if I cannot be some way instrumental. I have given strict charge to Mr. Pope to receive you with all kindness and distinction. He is perfectly well received by all the people in power, and he loves to do good; and there can hardly go over a governor to whom he may not, by himself or friends, strongly recommend you.

I fear I shall have more than ordinary reasons to wish you a near neighbour to me in Ireland, and that your company will be more necessary than ever, when I tell you that I never was in so great a dejection of spirits. For I lately received a letter from Mr. Worrall, that one of the two oldest and dearest friends I have in the world is in so desperate a condition of health as makes me expect every post to hear of her death. It is the younger of the two with whom I have lived in the greatest friendship for thirty-three years. I know you will share in my trouble, because there were few persons whom I believe you more esteemed. For my part, as I value life very little, so the poor casual remains of it, after such a loss, would be a burden that I must heartily beg God Almighty to enable me to bear; and I think there is not a greater folly than that of entering into too strict and particular a friendship, with the loss of which a man must be absolutely miserable; but especially at an age when it is too late to engage in a new friendship. Besides, this was a person of my own rearing and instructing from childhood; who excelled in every good quality that can possibly accomplish a human creature.—They have hitherto writ me deceiving letters, but Mr. Worrall has been so just and prudent as to tell me the truth; which, however racking, is better than to be struck on the sudden.—Dear Jim, pardon me, I know not what I am saying; but believe me that violent friendship is much more lasting and as much engaging as violent love. Adieu.

If this accident should happen before I set out, I believe I shall stay this winter in England; where it will be at least easier to find some repose than upon the spot.

If I were your adviser, I would say one thing against my own interest; that, if you must leave your college for the reason you hint at, I think it would be better to live in England on your own estate, and the addition of 1000*l*., and trust to industry and friends and distinction here, than pass your days in that odious country and among that odious people. You can live in a thrifty moderate way, and thrift is decent here; and you cannot but distinguish yourself. You have the advantage to be a native of London; here you will be a freeman, and in Ireland a slave. Here your competitors will be strangers; there every rascal, your contemporary, will get over your head by the merit of party. Farewell again; though my head is now disturbed, yet I have had these thoughts about you long ago.

Jonathan Swift.

FROM LORD BOLINGBROKE TO THE THREE YAHOOS OF TWICKENHAM; JONATHAN, ALEXANDER, JOHN.[a]

Most Excellent Triumvirs of Parnassus,—Though you are probably very indifferent where I am or what I am doing, yet I resolve to believe the contrary. I persuade myself that you have sent at least fifteen times within this fortnight to Dawley farm,[b] and that you are extremely mortified at my long silence. To relieve you therefore from this great anxiety of mind, I can do no less than write a few lines to you: and I please myself beforehand with the vast pleasure which this epistle must needs give you. That I may add to this pleasure and give you further proofs of my beneficent temper, I will likewise inform you that I shall be in your neighbourhood again by the end of next week; by which time I hope that Jonathan's imagination of business will be succeeded by some imagination more becoming a professor of that divine science *la bagatelle*. Adieu, Jonathan, Alexander, John! Mirth be with you.

From the banks of the Severn, July 23, 1726.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

July 27, 1726.

I have yours just now of the 19th, and the account you give me is nothing but what I have some time expected with the utmost agonies; and there is one aggravation of constraint, that where I am I am forced to put on an easy countenance. It was at this time the best office your friendship could do not to deceive me. I was violently bent all last year, as I believe you remember, that she should go to Montpellier, or Bath, or Tunbridge. I entreated, if there

[a] John Gay.
[b] The country residence of lord Bolingbroke, near Cranford in Middlesex.

was no amendment, they might both come to London. But there was a fatality, although I indeed think her stamina could not last much longer when I saw she could take no nourishment. I look upon this to be the greatest event that can ever happen to me; but all my preparations will not suffice to make me bear it like a philosopher nor altogether like a Christian. There hath been the most intimate friendship between us from our childhood, and the greatest merit on her side, that ever was in one human creature toward another. Nay, if I were now near her, I would not see her; I could not behave myself tolerably and should redouble her sorrow. Judge in what a temper of mind I write this. The very time I am writing I conclude the fairest soul in the world hath left its body. Confusion! that I am this moment called down to a visitor, when I am in the country, and not in my power to deny myself. I have passed a very constrained hour, and now return to say I know not what. I have been long weary of the world, and shall for my small remainder of years be weary of life, having for ever lost that conversation which could only make it tolerable. I fear while you are reading this, you will be shedding tears at her funeral; she loved you well, and a great share of the little merit I have with you is owing to her solicitations.

I wrote you about a week ago.[a]

JONATHAN SWIFT.

TO MR. POPE.

London, August 4, 1726.

I HAD rather live in forty Irelands than under the frequent disquiets of hearing you are out of order. I always apprehend it most after a great dinner: for the least transgression of yours, if it be only two bits and one sup more than your stint, is a great debauch; for which you certainly pay more than those sots who are carried dead drunk to bed. My lord Peterborough spoiled everybody's dinner, but especially mine, with telling us that you were detained by sickness. Pray let me have three lines under any hand or pothook that will give me a better account of your health; which concerns me more than others, because I love and esteem you for reasons that most others have little to do with, and would be the same although you had never touched a pen further than with writing to me.

I am gathering up my luggage and preparing for my journey: I will endeavour to think of you as little as I can, and when I write to you I will strive not to think of you; this I intend in return to your kindness; and further I know nobody has dealt with me so cruelly as you, the consequences of which usage I fear will last as long as my life, for so long shall I be (in spite of my heart) entirely yours,

JONATHAN SWIFT.

TO MR. WORRALL.

London, August 6, 1726.

AT the same time that I had your letter, with the bill (for which I thank you), I received another from Dr. Sheridan, both full of the melancholy account of our friend. The doctor advises me to go over at the time I intended, which I now design to do, and to set out on Monday, the 15th from hence. However, if any accident should happen to me, that you do not find me come over on the 1st of September, I would have you renew my licence of absence from the 2nd of September, which will be the day that my half year will be out: and since it is not likely that you can answer this so as to reach me before I leave London, I desire you will write to me, directed to Mrs. Kenah, in Chester, where I design to set up, and shall hardly be there in less than a fortnight from this time; and if I should then hear our friend was no more, I might probably be absent a month or two in some parts of Derbyshire or Wales. However, you need not renew the licence till the 1st of September; and if I come not I will write to you from Chester. This unhappy affair is the greatest trial I ever had; and I think you are unhappy in having conversed so much with that person under such circumstances. Tell Dr. Sheridan I had his letter, but care not to answer it. I wish you would give me your opinion at Chester whether I shall come over or not. I shall be there, God willing, on Thursday, the 18th instant. This is enough to say, in my present situation. I am, &c.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

My humble service and thanks to Mrs. Worrall for the care of our friend, which I shall never forget.

TO MR. WORRALL.

August 13, 1726.

THIS is Saturday, and on Monday I set out for Ireland. I desired you would send me a letter to Chester. I suppose I shall be in Dublin with moderate fortune in ten or eleven days hence; for I will go by Holyhead. I shall stay two days at Chester, unless I can contrive to have my box sent after me. I hope I shall be with you by the end of August; but, however, if I am not with you by the 2nd of September, which is the time that my licence is out, I desire you will get me a new one; for I would not lie at their mercy, though I know it signifies nothing. I expect to be very miserable when I come, but I shall be prepared for it. I desired you would write to me to Chester, which I hope you will do; and pray hinder Dr. Sheridan from writing to me any more.

This is all I have to say to you at present. I am, &c.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

FROM MR. POPE

August 22, 1726.

MANY a short sigh you cost me the day I left you, and many more you will cost me till the day you return. I really walked about like a man banished, and when I came home, found it no home. It is a sensation like that of a limb lopped off; one is trying every minute unawares to use it, and finds it is not. I may say you have used me more cruelly than you have done any other man: you have made it more impossible for me to live at ease without you: habitude itself would have done that, if I had less friendship in my nature than I have. Besides my natural memory of you, you have made a local one which presents you to me in every place I frequent: I shall never more think of lord Cobham's, the woods of Ciceter [Cirencester], or the pleasing prospect of Byberry [Bibury], but your idea must be joined with them; nor see one seat in my own garden, or one room in my own house, without a phantom of you sitting or walking before me. I travelled with you to Chester; I felt the extreme heat of the weather, the inns, the roads, the confinement and closeness of the uneasy coach, and wished a hundred times I had either a deanery or a horse in my gift. In real truth I have felt my soul peevish ever since with all about me from a warm uneasy desire after you. I am gone out of myself to no purpose, and cannot catch you. *Inhiat in pedes* was not more properly applied to a poor dog after a hare than to me with regard to your departure. I wish I could

[a] Soon after the date of this letter the dean went back to Ireland, but Mrs. Johnson recovering a moderate state of health, he returned again to England the beginning of the year 1727.

think no more of it, but lie down and sleep till we meet again, and let that day (how far soever off it be) be the morrow. Since I cannot, may it be my amends that everything you wish may attend you where you are, and that you may find every friend you have there in the state you wish him or her; so that your visits to us may have no other effect than the progress of a rich man to a remote estate which he finds greater than he expected; which knowledge only serves to make him live happier where he is, with no disagreeable prospect if ever he should choose to remove. May this be your state till it become what I wish. But indeed I cannot express the warmth with which I wish you all things, and myself you. Indeed you are engraved elsewhere than on the cups you sent me (with so kind an inscription), and I might throw them into the Thames without injury to the giver. I am not pleased with them, but take them very kindly too; and had I suspected any such usage from you, I should have enjoyed your company less than I really did, for at this rate I may say—

"Nec tecum possum vivere, nec sine te."

I will bring you over just such another present when I go to the deanery of St. Patrick's; which I promise you to do if ever I am enabled to return your kindness. *Donarem pateras*, &c. Till then I'll drink (or Gay shall drink) daily healths to you, and I will add to your inscription the old Roman vow for years to come, VOTIS X. VOTIS XX. My mother's age gives me authority to hope it for yours. Adieu.

TO MRS. HOWARD.

September 1, 1726.

MADAM,—Being perpetually teased with the remembrance of you by the sight of your ring on my finger, my patience at last is at an end; and in order to be revenged, I have sent you a piece of Irish plaid made in imitation of the Indian, wherein our workmen are grown so expert that in this kind of stuff they are said to excel that which comes from the Indies; and because our ladies are too proud to wear what is made at home, the workman is forced to run a gold thread through the middle and sell it as Indian. But I ordered him to leave out that circumstance that you may be clad in Irish stuff and in my livery. But I beg you will not tell any parliament-man from whence you had that plaid; otherwise, out of malice they will make a law to cut off all our weavers' fingers. I must likewise tell you, to prevent your pride, my intention is to use you very scurvily; for my real design is, that when the princess asks you where you got that fine nightgown, you are to say that it is an Irish plaid sent you by the dean of St. Patrick's; who, with his most humble duty to her royal highness, is ready to make her such another present at the terrible expense of eight shillings and threepence per yard, if she will descend to honour Ireland with receiving and wearing it. And in recompense I, who govern the vulgar, will take care to have her royal highness's health drunk by 500 weavers, as an encourager of the Irish manufactory. And I command you to add that I am no courtier nor have anything to ask. May all courtiers imitate me in that! I hope the whole royal family about you is in health. Dr. Arbuthnot lately mortified me with an account of a great pain in your head. I believe no head that is good for anything is long without some disorder, at least that is the best argument I had for anything that is good in my own.

I pray God preserve you; and entreat you to believe that I am, with great respect, madam, your most obedient and most obliged servant,

JONATHAN SWIFT.

FROM MR. POPE.

September 3, 1726.

YOURS to Mr. Gay gave me greater satisfaction than that to me (though that gave me a great deal); for to hear you were safe at your journey's end exceeds the account of your fatigues while in the way to it; otherwise believe me every tittle of each is important to me, which sets any one thing before my eyes that happens to you. I wrote you a long letter which I guess reached you the day after your arrival. Since then I had a conference with sir Robert Walpole, who expressed his desire of having seen you again before you left us; he said he observed a willingness in you to live among us, which I did not deny; but at the same time told him you had no such design in your coming this time, which was merely to see a few of those you loved; but that indeed all those wished it, and particularly lord Peterborough and myself, who wished you loved Ireland less had you any reason to love England more. I said nothing but what I think would induce any man to be as fond of you as I, plain truth, did they know either it or you. I cannot help thinking (when I consider the whole short list of our friends) that none of them except you and I are qualified for the mountains of Wales. The doctor [Arbuthnot] goes to cards, Gay to court; one loses money, one loses his time; another of our friends labours to be unambitious, but he labours in an unwilling soil. One lady you like[a] has too much of France to be fit for Wales; another [Mrs. Howard] is too much a subject to princes and potentates to relish that wild taste of liberty and poverty. Mr. Congreve is too sick to bear a thin air; and she [duchess of Marlborough] that leads him too rich to enjoy anything. Lord Peterborough can go to any climate, but never stay in any. Lord Bathurst is too great a husbandman to like barren hills, except they are his own to improve. Mr. Bethel indeed is too good and too honest to live in the world, but yet it is fit for its example he should. We are left to ourselves in my opinion, and may live where we please, in Wales, Dublin, or Bermudas; and for me, I assure you I love the world so well as it loves me so well that I care not in what part of it I pass the rest of my days. I see no sunshine but in the face of a friend.

I had a glimpse of a letter of yours lately, by which I find you are (like the vulgar) apter to think well of people out of power than of people in power; perhaps it is a mistake, but however there is something in it generous. Mr. Pulteney takes it extreme kindly I can perceive, and he has a great mind to thank you for that good opinion for which I believe he has only to thank his ill fortune; for if I am not in an error, he would rather be in power than out.

To show you how fit I am to live in the mountains, I will with great truth apply to myself an old sentence:—"Those that are in may abide in; and those that are out may abide out; yet to me those that are in shall be as those that are out; and those that are out shall be as those that are in."

I am indifferent as to all those matters, but I miss you as much as I did the first day when (with a short sigh) I parted. Wherever you are, or on the mountains of Wales, or on the coast of Dublin,

"Tu mihi, seu magni superas jam saxa Timavi
Sive oram Illyrici legis æquoris,[b]———

I am, and ever shall be, yours, &c.

[a] The marchioness de Vilette, lord Bolingbroke's second wife.

[b] Whether Timavus or the Illyrian coast,
Whatever land or sea thy presence boast.
DRYDEN'S *Virgil.*

FROM MR. PULTENEY.

London, September 3, 1726

Dear Sir,—I received the favour of your kind letter at my lord Chetwynd's; and though you had so much goodness as to forbid my answering it at that time, yet I should be inexcusable, now I have perfectly recovered my health and strength, if I did not return you my very hearty thanks for your concern for me during my illness. Though our acquaintance has not been of long date, yet I think I may venture to assure you that even among your old friends you have not many who have a juster regard for your merit than I have. I could wish that those who are more able to serve you than I am had the same desire of doing it. And yet methinks, now I consider it, and reflect who they are, I should be sorry they had the merit of doing so right a thing. As well as I wish you, I would rather not have you provided for yet than provided for by those that I do not like. Mr. Pope tells me that we shall see you in spring. When we meet again I flatter myself we shall not part so soon; and I am in hopes you will allow me a larger share of your company than you did. All I can say to engage you to come a little oftener to my house is, to promise that you shall not have one dish of meat at my table so disguised but you shall easily know what it is. You shall have a cup of your own small beer and wine mixed together; you shall have no women at table if you do not like them, and no men but such as like you. I wished mightily to be in London before you left it, having something which I would willingly have communicated to you that I do not think so discreet to trust to a letter. Do not let your expectation be raised as if it was a matter of any great consequence; it is not that, though I should be mighty glad you knew it, and perhaps I may soon find a way of letting you do so.

Our parliament, they now say, is not to meet till after Christmas. The chief business of it being to give money, it may be proper the ministers should know, a little before it meets, how much further they have run the nation in debt, that they may prudently conceal or provide what they think fit. I am told that many among us begin to grumble that England should be obliged to support the charge of a very expensive war while all the other powers of Europe are in peace. But I will enter no further into public matters, taking it for granted that a letter directed to you, and franked by me, cannot fail of raising the curiosity of some of our vigilant minirters, and that they will open it, though we know it is not customary for them so to do. Mrs. Pulteney is very much your humble servant, and I am, with great truth, sir, your most obedient humble servant,

W. Pulteney.

FROM MR. GAY.

London, September 16, 1726.

Dear Sir,—Since I wrote last, I have been always upon the ramble. I have been in Oxfordshire with the duke and duchess of Queensberry, and at Petersham, and wheresoever they would carry me; but as they will go to Wiltshire without me on Tuesday next, for two or three months, I believe I shall then have finished my travels for this year, and shall not go further from London than now and then to Twickenham. I saw Mr. Pope on Sunday, who has lately escaped a very great danger, but is very much wounded across his right hand. Coming home in the dark about a week ago, alone in my lord Bolingbroke's coach from Dawley, he was overturned where a bridge has been broke down, near Whitton, about a mile from his own house. He was thrown into the river with the glasses of the coach up, and was up to the knots of his periwig in water. The footman broke the glass to draw him out; by which he thinks he received the cut across his hand. He was afraid he should have lost the use of his little finger and the next to it; but the surgeon, whom he sent for last Sunday from London to examine it, told him that his fingers were safe, that there were two nerves cut, but no tendon. He was in very good health and very good spirits, and the wound in a fair way of being soon healed.[a] The instructions you sent me to communicate to the doctor about the singer I transcribed from your own letter, and sent to him; for at that time he was going every other day to Windsor-park to visit Mr. Congreve, who has been extremely ill, but is now recovered, so that I was prevented from seeing of him by going out of town. I dined and supped on Monday last with lord and lady Bolingbroke, at lord Berkeley's, at Cranford, and returned to London with the duke and duchess of Queensberry, on Tuesday, by two o'clock in the morning. You are remembered always with great respect by all your acquaintance, and every one of them wishes for your return. The lottery begins to be drawn on Monday next, but my week of attendance will be the first in October. I am obliged to follow the engravers to make them despatch my plates for the Fables; for without it I find they proceed but very slowly. I take your advice in this, as I wish to do in all things, and frequently revise my work, in order to finish it as well as I can. Mr. Pulteney takes the letter you sent him in the kindest manner; and I believe he is, except a few excursions, fixed in town for the winter. As for the particular affair that you want to be informed in, we are as yet wholly in the dark; but Mr. Pope will follow your instructions. Mr. Lancelot sent for the spectacles you left behind you, which were delivered to him.' Mr. Jervas's sheets are sent home to him, mended, finely washed, and neatly folded up. I intend to see Mr. Pope to-morrow or on Sunday. I have not seen Mrs. Howard a great while, which you know must be a great mortification and self-denial; but in my case it is particularly unhappy that a man cannot contrive to be in two places at the same time; if I could, while you are there, one of them should be always Dublin. But after all, it is a silly thing to be with a friend by halves, so that I will give up all thoughts of bringing his project to perfection, if you will contrive that we shall meet again soon. I am, dear sir, your most obliged and affectionate friend and servant,

J. Gay.

FROM DR. ARBUTHNOT.

London, September 20, 1726.

I have been balancing, dear sir, these three days, whether I should write to you first. Laying aside the superiority of your dignity, I thought a notification was due to me, as well as to two others of my friends; then I considered that this was done in the public news with all the formalities of reception of a lord-lieutenant. I reflected on the dependency of Ireland; but, said I, what if my friend should dispute this? Then I considered that letters were always introduced at first from the civilized to the barbarous kingdom. In short, my affection, and the pleasure of corresponding with my dear friend, prevailed; and since you most disdainfully and barbarously confined me to two lines a month, I was resolved to plague you with twenty times that number, though I think it was a sort of a compliment to be supposed capable of saying anything in two lines. The Gascon asked only to speak one word to the French king, which the king confining him to, he

[a] See lord Bolingbroke's account of this accident, in his letter dated September 22, 1726.

brought a paper, and said, *signez*, and not a word more. Your negotiation with the singing man is in the hands of my daughter Nancy, who I can assure you will neglect nothing that concerns you; she has written about it. Mr. Pope has been in hazard of his life by drowning; coming late, two weeks ago, from lord Bolingbroke's in his coach and six, a bridge on a little river being broke down, they were obliged to go through the water, which was not too high, but the coach was overturned in it; and the glass being up, which he could not break nor get down, he was very near drowned; for the footman was stuck in the mud, and could hardly come in time to help him. He had that in common with Horace, that it was occasioned by the trunk of a tree; but it was *trunco rheda illapsa, neque Faunus ictum dextra levabat;* for he was wounded in the left hand, but thank God without any danger; but by the cutting of a large vessel lost a great deal of blood. I have been with Mrs. Howard, who has a most intolerable pain in one side of her head. I had a great deal of discourse with your friend, her royal highness. She insisted upon your wit and good conversation. I told her royal highness that was not what I valued you for, but for being a sincere honest man, and speaking truth when others were afraid to speak it. I have been for near three weeks together every day at the duchess of Marlborough's with Mr. Congreve, who has been like to die with a fever and the gout in his stomach; but he is now better, and like to do well. My brother was near being cast away going to France; there was a ship lost just by him. I write this in a dull humour, but with most sincere affection to an ungrateful man as you are, that minds everybody more than me, except what concerns my interest.

My dear friend, farewell.

FROM LORD BOLINGBROKE.

London, September 22, 1726.

A BOOKSELLER [George Faulkner], who says he is in a few days going to Dublin, calls here, and offers to carry a letter to you. I cannot resist the temptation of writing to you, though I have nothing to say more by this conveyance than I should have by that of the post; though I have lately clubbed with Pope to make up a most elegant epistle to you in prose and verse; and though I wrote the other day the first paragraph of that Chedder[a] letter which is preparing for you. The only excuse then which I can plead for writing now is, that the letter will cost you nothing. Have you heard of the accident which befel poor Pope in going lately from me? A bridge was down, the coach forced to go through the water, the bank steep, a hole on one side, a block of timber on the other, the night as dark as pitch. In short, he overturned; the fall was broke by the water, but the glasses were up, and he might have been drowned if one of my men had not broke a glass, and pulled him out through the window. His right hand was severely cut; but the surgeon thinks him in no danger of losing the use of his fingers: however, he has lately had very great pains in that arm from the shoulder downward, which might create a suspicion that some of the glass remains still in the flesh. St. André says there is none. If so, these pains are owing to a cold he took in a fit of gallantry which carried him across the water to see Mrs. Howard, who has been extremely ill, but is much better. Just as I am writing, I hear that Dr. Arbuthnot says that Mr. Pope's pains are rheumatic, and have no relation to his wound. He suffers very much; I will endeavour to see him to-morrow. Let me hear from you as often as you can afford to write. I would say something to you of myself if I had any good to say; but I am much in the same way in which you left me, eternally busy about trifles, disagreeable in themselves, but rendered supportable by their end; which is, to enable me to bury myself from the world (who cannot be more tired of me than I am of it) in an agreeable sepulchre. I hope to bring this about by next spring, and shall be glad to see you at my funeral. Adieu.

FROM MR. GAY.

Whitehall, October 22, 1726.

DEAR SIR,—Before I say one word to you give me leave to say something of the other gentleman's affair. The letter was sent; and the answer was, that everything was finished and concluded according to orders, and that it would be publicly known to be so in a very few days; so that I think there can be no occasion for his writing any more about this affair.

The letter you wrote to Mr. Pope was not received till eleven or twelve days after date; and the post-office, we suppose, have very vigilant officers, for they had taken care to make him pay for a double letter. I wish I could tell you that the cutting of the tendons of two of his fingers was a joke; but it is really so; the wound is quite healed; his hand is still weak, and the two fingers drop downward, as I told you before;[a] but I hope it will be very little troublesome or detrimental to him.

In answer to our letter of maps, pictures, and receipts, you call it a tripartite letter. If you will examine it once again, you will find some lines of Mrs. Howard and some of Mr. Pulteney which you have not taken the least notice of. The receipt of the veal is of Monsieur Devaux, Mr. Pulteney's cook; and it has been approved of at one of our Twickenham entertainments. The difficulty of the saucepan I believe you will find is owing to a negligence in perusing the manuscript, for, if I remember right, it is there called a stewpan. Your earthern vessel, provided it is close stopped, I allow to be a good *succedaneum*. As to the boiling chickens in a wooden bowl, I should be quite ashamed to consult Mrs. Howard upon your account, who thinks herself entirely neglected by you in not writing to her as you promised; however, let her take it as she will, to serve a friend I will venture to ask it of her. The prince and his family come to settle in town tomorrow. That Mr. Pulteney expected an answer to his letter, and would be extremely pleased to hear from you, is very certain; for I have heard him talk of it with expectation for above a fortnight.

I have of late been very much out of order with a slight fever, which I am not yet quite free from. It was occasioned by a cold, which my attendance at the Guildhall improved. I have not a friend who has got anything under my administration but the duchess of Queensberry, who has had a benefit of a thousand pounds. Your mentioning Mr. Rollinson[b] so kindly will, I know, give him much pleasure, for he always talks of you with great regard and in the strongest terms of friendship. He has been of late

[a] A Chedder letter is a letter written by the contribution of several friends, each furnishing a paragraph. The name is borrowed from that of a large and excellent cheese made at Chedder in Somerset-shire, where all the dairies contributed to make the cheese, which is thus made of new milk or fresh cream, of which one dairy not furnishing a sufficient quantity, the common practice is to make cheese of milk or cream that has been set by till a proper quantity is procured, and then part of it at least is stale.

[a] In a letter of September 16, Gay says no tendon is cut; he must therefore refer to a letter not in this collection, if his memory did not fail him

[b] A great friend of lord Bolingbroke, Dr. Swift, and Mr. Pope. He married the widow of John earl of Winchelsea.

ill of a fever, but is recovered so as to go abroad and take the air.

If the engravers keep their word with me, I shall be able to publish my Fables soon after Christmas. The doctor's book[a] is entirely printed off, and will be very soon published. I believe you will expect that I should give you some account how I have spent my time since you left me. I have attended my distressed friend at Twickenham, and been his *amanuensis*, which you know is no idle charge. I have read about half Virgil and half Spenser's "Fairy Queen." I still despise court preferments, so that I lose no time upon attendance on great men; and still can find amusement enough without quadrille, which here is the universal employment of life.

I thought you would be glad to hear from me, so that I determined not to stir out of my lodgings till I had answered your letter: and I think I shall very probably hear more of the matter which I mention in the first paragraph of this letter as soon as I go abroad; for I expect it every day. We have no news as yet of Mr. Stopford:[b] Mr. Rollinson told me he shall know of his arrival, and will send me word. Lord Bolingbroke has been to make a visit to sir William Wyndham. I hear he is returned, but I have not seen him. If I had been in a better state of health, and Mrs. Howard[c] were not to come to town to-morrow, I would have gone to Mr. Pope's to-day to have dined with him there on Monday.

You ask me how to address to lord B———, when you are disposed to write to him. If you mean lord Burlington, he is not yet returned from France, but he is expected every day. If you mean lord Bathurst, he is in Gloucestershire, and makes but a very short stay; so that if you direct to one of them in St. James's-square, or to the other at Burlington-house in Piccadilly, your letter will find them. I will make your compliments to lord Chesterfield and Mr. Pulteney, and I beg you in return to make mine to Mr. Ford. Next week I shall have a new coat and new buttons for the birthday, though I do not know but a turncoat might have been more for my advantage. Yours most sincerely and affectionately.

P. S. I hear that lord Bolingbroke will be in town, at his own house in Pall-mall, next week.

As we cannot enjoy any good things without your partaking of it, accept of the following receipt[d] for stewing veal:—

'Take a knuckle of veal;
You may buy it or steal.
In a few pieces cut it.
In a stewing pan put it.
Salt, pepper, and mace,
Must season this knuckle;
Then[e] what's join'd to a place,
With other herbs muckle
That which kill'd king Will,[f]
And what never stands still;[g]
Some sprigs of that bed
Where children are bred[h]
Which much you will mend, if
Both spinach and endive,
And lettuce and beet,
With marygold meet.
Put no water at all,
For it maketh things small;
Which, lest it should happen,
A close cover clap on.
Put this pot of Wood's metal[i]
In a hot boiling kettle,
And there let it be
(Mark the doctrine I teach)
About,—let me
Thrice as long as you preach:[k]
So, skimming the fat off,
Say grace with your hat off.
O then! with what rapture
Will it fill dean and chapter!"

[a] Arbuthnot's "Tables of Ancient Coins," &c.

[b] Dr. James Stopford, fellow of Trinity college, Dublin, and advanced to the bishopric of Cloyne in February, 1753.

[c] Afterwards countess of Suffolk, from whom Gay at this time had expectations.

[d] This is supposed to be the receipt of Mr. Pulteney's cook, mentioned in the former part of the letter, versified.

[e] Vulgo *salary*.—GAY.

[f] Supposed *sorrel*.—GAY. The name of the horse which fell with king William.

[g] This is by Dr. Bentley thought to be *time* or *thyme*.—GAY.

[h] *Parsley*. See Chamberlayne.—GAY.

[i] Of this composition see the works of the copper-farthing dean.—GAY.

[k] Which we suppose to be near two hours.—GAY.

FROM DR ARBUTHNOT.

London, November 8, 1726.

I TAKE it mighty kindly that a man of your high post, dear sir, was pleased to write me so long a letter. I look upon the captain Tom[a] of a great nation to be a much greater man than the governor of it.

I am sorry your commission about your singer has not been executed sooner. It is not Nanny's fault, who has spoke several times to Dr. Pepush about it, and writ three or four letters, and received for answer that he would write for the young fellow; but still nothing is done. I will endeavour to get his name and direction, and write to him myself.

Your books shall be sent as directed; they have been printed above a month; but I cannot get my subscribers' names.[b] I will make over all my profits to you for the property of "Gulliver's Travels," which I believe will have as great a run as John Bunyan. Gulliver is a happy man, that at his age can write such a merry work.

I made my lord archbishop's[c] compliments to her royal highness, who returned his grace her thanks; at the same time, Mrs. Howard read your letter to herself. The princess immediately seized on your plaid[d] for her own use, and has ordered the young princesses to be clad in the same. When I had the honour to see her, she was reading "Gulliver," and was just come to the passage of the hobbling prince, which she laughed at. I tell you freely the part of the projectors is the least brilliant. Lewis grumbles a little at it, and says he wants the key to it, and is daily refining. I suppose he will be able to publish like Barnevelt[e] in time. I gave your service to lady Harvey. She is in a little sort of a miff about a ballad that was writ on her to the tune of Molly Mog, and sent to her in the name of a begging poet. She was bit, and wrote a letter to the begging poet, and desired him to change two double entendres, which the authors, Mr. Pulteney and lord Chesterfield, changed to single entendres. I was against that, though I had a hand in the first. She is not displeased, I believe, with the ballad, but only with being bit.

There has been a comical paper about[f] quadrille, describing it in the terms of a lewd debauch among four ladies meeting four gallants, two of a ruddy and two of a swarthy complexion, talking of their a—es, &c. The riddle is carried on in pretty strong terms: it was not found out for a long time. The ladies, imagining it to be a real thing, began to guess who were of the party. A great minister was for hanging the author. In short it has made very good sport.

Gay has had a little fever, but is pretty well recovered; so is Mr. Pope. We shall meet at lord Bolingbroke's on Thursday, in town, at dinner, and remember you. "Gulliver" is in everybody's hands. Lord Scarborough, who is no inventor of stories, told me that he fell in company with a master of a ship who told him that he was very well acquainted with "Gulliver;" but that the printer had mistaken, that he lived in Wapping and not in Rotherhithe. I lent the book to an old gentleman, who went immediately to his map to search for Lilliput.

[a] A cant name for the ringleader of a mob.

[b] To "Tables of Ancient Coins, Weights, and Measures, explained and exemplified in several Dissertations."

[c] Probably archbishop King, of Dublin.

[d] The dean sent a present of some silk plaids from Ireland to some of the royal family and to Mrs. Howard.

[e] This refers to "A Key to the Lock; or a Treatise proving beyond all Contradiction the dangerous Tendency of a late Poem, entitled the Rape of the Lock, to Government and Religion. By Esdras Barnevelt, apothecary."

[f] Written by Mr. Congreve, and printed in Almond's "Foundling Hospital for Wit," No. 93.

We expect war here. The city of London are all crying out for it, and they shall be undone without it, there being now a total stoppage of all trade. I think one of the best courses will be to rig out a privateer for the West Indies. Will you be concerned? We will build her at Bermudas, and get Mr. dean Berkeley to be our manager.

I had the honour to see lord Oxford, who asked kindly for you, and said he would write to you. If the project goes on of printing some papers, he has promised to give copies of some things which I believe cannot be found elsewhere. My family, thank God, are pretty well, as far as I know, and give their service. My brother Robert has been very ill of a rheumatism. Wishing you all health and happiness, and not daring to write my paper on the other sid I must remain, dear sir, your most faithful humble servant,

Jo. Arbuthnot.

FROM MR. POPE.

November 16, 1726.

I have resolved to take time; and in spite of all misfortunes and demurs which sickness, lameness, or disability of any kind can throw in my way, to write you (at intervals) a long letter. My two least fingers of one hand hang impediments to the other, like useless dependents, who only take up room, and never are active or assistant to our wants: I shall never be much the better for them. I congratulate you first upon what you call your cousin's wonderful book, which is *publica trita manu* at present, and I prophesy will be hereafter the admiration of all men. That countenance with which it is received by some statesmen is delightful: I wish I could tell you how every single man looks upon it, to observe which has been my whole diversion this fortnight. I have never been a night in London since you left me till now for this very end, and indeed it has fully answered my expectations.

I find no considerable man very angry at the book; some indeed think it rather too bold, and too general a satire; but none that I hear of accuse it of particular reflections (I mean no persons of consequence or good judgment; the mob of critics you know always are desirous to apply satire to those they envy for being above them), so that you needed not to have been so secret upon this head. Motte received the copy (he tells me) he knew not from whence, nor from whom, dropped at his house in the dark from a hackney coach; by computing the time I found it was after you left England, so for my part I suspend my judgment.

I am pleased with the nature and quality of your present to the princess. The Irish stuff you sent to Mrs. Howard her royal highness laid hold of, and has made up for her own use. Are you determined to be national in everything, even in your civilities? You are the greatest politician in Europe at this rate; but as you are a rational politician there is no great fear of you, you will never succeed.

Another thing in which you have pleased me, was what you say of Mr. Pulteney, by which it seems to me that you value no man's civility above your own dignity, or your own reason. Surely, without flattery, you are now above all parties of men, and it is high time to be so, after twenty or thirty years' observation of the great world.

"Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri."[a]

I question not, many men would be of your intimacy, that you might be of their interest; but God forbid an honest or witty man should be of any, but that of his country. They have scoundrels enough to write for their passions and their designs; let us write for truth, for honour, and for posterity. If you must needs write about politics at all (but perhaps it is full as wise to play the fool any other way), surely it ought to be so as to preserve the dignity and integrity of your character with those times to come which will most impartially judge of you.

I wish you had writ to lord Peterborough; no man is more affectionate towards you. Do not fancy none but Tories are your friends; for at that rate I must be at most but half your friend, and sincerely I am wholly so. Adieu: write often, and come soon; for many wish you well and all would be glad of your company.

[a] "To follow any party-leader's call"

FROM MRS. HOWARD.[a]

November, 1726.

I did not expect that the sight of my ring would produce the effect it has. I was in such a hurry to show your plaid to the princess that I could not stay to put it into the shape you desired. It pleased extremely, and I have orders to fit it up according to the first design; but as this is not proper for the public, you are desired to send over, for the same princess's use, the height of the Brobdingnag dwarf multiplied by 2½. The young princesses must be taken care of; theirs must be in three shares: for a short method, you may draw a line of twenty feet, and upon that by two circles form an equilateral triangle; then measuring each side, you will find the proper quantity and proper division. If you want a more particular and better rule, I refer you to the academy of Lagado.[b] I am of opinion many in this kingdom will soon appear in your plaid. To this end it will be highly necessary that care be taken of disposing of the purple, the yellow, and the white silks; and though the gowns are for princesses the officers are very vigilant; so take care they are not seized. Do not forget to be observant how you dispose the colours. I shall take all particular precautions to have the money ready, and to return it the way you judge safest. I think it would be worth your reflecting in what manner the checker might be best managed.

The princess will take care that you shall have pumps sufficient to serve you till you return to England, but thinks you cannot, in common decency, appear in heels,[c] and therefore advises your keeping close till they arrive. Here are several Lilliputian mathematicians, so that the length of your head or of your foot is a sufficient measure. Send it by the first opportunity. Do not forget our good friends the 500 weavers. You may omit the gold thread. Many disputes have arisen here whether the big-endians and lesser-endians ever differed in opinion about the breaking of eggs, when they were to be either buttered or poached? or whether this part of cookery was ever known in Lilliput?

I cannot conclude without telling you that our island is in great joy; one of our yahoos having been delivered of a creature, half ram and half yahoo; and another has brought forth four perfect black rabbits.[d] May we not, hope, and with some probability expect, that in time our female yahoos will produce a race of Houyhnhnms? I am, sir, your most humble servant,

Sieve Yahoo.[e]

[a] Indorsed "November, 1726. Answered 17th."

[b] See "Gulliver's Travels."

[c] In "Gulliver's Travels" high and low heels are made the distinction of political parties.—Whig and Tory were alluded to in this familiar metaphor.

[d] An impostor called Mary Tofts put such a trick upon the public.

[e] Sieve is a name given by Swift, in "Gulliver's Travels," to a court lady.

TO MRS. HOWARD.

November 17, 1726.

MADAM,—When I received your letter, I thought it the most unaccountable one I ever saw in my life, and was not able to comprehend three words of it together. The perverseness of your lines astonished me, which tended downward to the right in one page, and upward in the two others. This I thought impossible to be done by any one who did not squint with both eyes, an infirmity I never observed in you. However, one thing I was pleased with, that after you had writ down you repented, and writ me up again. But I continued four days at a loss for your meaning, till a bookseller sent me the Travels of one captain Gulliver, who proved a very good explainer, although at the same time I thought it hard to be forced to read a book of seven hundred pages in order to understand a letter of fifty lines; especially as those of our faculty are already but too much pestered with commentators. The stuffs you require are making, because the weaver piques himself upon having them in perfection. But he has read Gulliver's book, and has no conception what you mean by returning money; for he has become a proselyte of the Houyhnhnms, whose great principle, if I rightly remember, is benevolence; and as to myself, I am so highly offended with such a base proposal, that I am determined to complain of you to her royal highness that you are a mercenary yahoo, fond of shining pebbles. What have I to do with you or your court further than to show the esteem I have for your person, because you happen to deserve it; and my gratitude to her royal highness, who was pleased a little to distinguish me? which, by the way, is the greatest compliment I ever paid, and may probably be the last; for I am not such a prostitute flatterer as Gulliver, whose chief study is to extenuate the vices and magnify the virtues of mankind, and perpetually dins our ears with the praises of his country in the midst of corruption, and for that reason alone has found so many readers, and probably will have a pension, which I suppose was his chief design in writing. As for his compliments to the ladies, I can easily forgive him, as a natural effect of the devotion which our sex ought always to pay to yours. You need not be in pain about the officers searching or seizing the plaids, for the silk has already paid duty in England, and there is no law against exporting silk manufacture from hence. I am sure the princess and you have got the length of my foot, and sir Robert Walpole says he has the length of my head, so that I need not give you the trouble of sending you either. I shall only tell you, in general, that I never had a long head, and for that reason few people have thought it worth while to get the length of my foot. I cannot answer your queries about eggs, buttered or poached, but I possess one talent which admirably qualifies me for roasting them; for as the world with respect to eggs is divided into pelters and roasters, it is my unhappiness to be one of the latter, and consequently to be persecuted by the former. I have been five days turning over old books to discover the meaning of those monstrous births you mention. That of the four black rabbits seems to threaten some dark court intrigue, and perhaps, some change in the administration; for the rabbit is an undermining animal that loves to walk in the dark. The blackness denotes the bishops, whereof some of the last you have made are persons of such dangerous parts and profound abilities: but rabbits being clothed in furs may perhaps glance at the judges. However, the ram—by which is meant the ministry—butting with his two horns, one against the church and the other against the law, shall obtain the victory. And whereas the birth was a conjunction of ram and yahoo, this is easily explained by the story of Chiron, governor, or, which is the same thing, chief minister, to Achilles, who was half man and half brute; which, as Machiavel observes, all good governors of princes ought to be. But I am at the end of my line, and my lines. This is without a cover, to save money, and plain paper, because the gilt is so thin it will discover secrets between us. In a little room for words I assure you of my being, with truest respect, madam, your most obedient humble servant, JONATHAN SWIFT.

TO MR. POPE

Dublin, November 17, 1726.

I AM just come from answering a letter of Mrs. Howard's, writ in such mystical terms that I should never have found out the meaning if a book had not been sent me called "Gulliver's Travels," of which you say so much in yours. I read the book over, and in the second volume observed several passages which appear to be patched and altered,[a] and the style of a different sort, unless I am mistaken. Dr. Arbuthnot likes the projectors[b] least; others, you tell me, the flying island; some think it wrong to be so hard upon whole bodies or corporations, yet the general opinion is, that reflections on particular persons are most to be blamed: so that in these cases I think the best method is to let censure and opinion take their course. A bishop here said that book was full of improbable lies, and for his part he hardly believed a word of it; and so much for Gulliver.

Going to England is a very good thing, if it were not attended with an ugly circumstance of returning to Ireland. It is a shame you do not persuade your ministers to keep me on that side, if it were but by a court expedient of keeping me in prison for a plotter; but at the same time I must tell you that such journeys very much shorten my life, for a month here is longer than six at Twickenham.

How comes friend Gay to be so tedious? Another man can publish fifty thousand lies sooner than he can publish fifty fables.

I am just going to perform a very good office; it is to assist with the archbishop in degrading a parson who couples all our beggars, by which I shall make one happy man, and decide the great question of an indelible character in favour of the principles in fashion; this I hope you will represent to the ministry in my favour as a point of merit; so farewell till I return.

I am come back, and have deprived the parson, who, by a law here, is to be hanged the next couple he marries; he declared to us that he resolved to be hanged, only desired that when he was to go to the gallows the archbishop would take off his excommunication. Is not he a good Catholic? and yet he is but a Scotchman. This is the only Irish event I ever troubled you with, and I think it deserves notice. Let me add, that if I were Gulliver's friend I would desire all my acquaintance to give out that his copy was basely mangled, and abused, and added to, and blotted out, by the printer; for so to me it seems, in the second volume particularly. Adieu.

FROM MR. GAY.

November 17, 1726.

ABOUT ten days ago a book was published here of the travels of one Gulliver, which has been the conver-

[a] See the introductory letter from Gulliver to his cousin Simpson.

[b] Because he understood it to be intended as a satire on the Royal Society.

sation of the whole town ever since: the whole impression sold in a week: and nothing is more diverting than to hear the different opinions people give of it, though all agree in liking it extremely. It is generally said that you are the author; but I am told the bookseller declares he knows not from what hand it came. From the highest to the lowest it is universally read, from the cabinet-council to the nursery. The politicians to a man agree, that it is free from particular reflections, but that the satire on general societies of men is too severe. Not but we now and then meet with people of greater perspicuity, who are in search for particular applications in every leaf; and it is highly probable we shall have keys published to give light into Gulliver's design. Lord — is the person who least approves it, blaming it as a design of evil consequence to depreciate human nature, at which it cannot be wondered that he takes most offence, being himself the most accomplished of his species, and so losing more than any other of that praise which is due both to the dignity and virtue of a man.[a] Your friend, my lord Harcourt, commends it very much, though he thinks in some places the matter too far carried. The duchess dowager of Marlborough is in raptures at it; she says she can dream of nothing else since she read it: she declares that she has now found out, that her whole life has been lost in caressing the worst part of mankind, and treating the best as her foes: and that if she knew Gulliver, though he had been the worst enemy she ever had, she should give up her present acquaintance for his friendship. You may see by this that you are not much injured by being supposed the author of this piece. If you are, you have disobliged us and two or three of your best friends, in not giving us the least hint of it while you were with us; and in particular Dr. Arbuthnot, who says it is ten thousand pities he had not known it, he could have added such abundance of things upon every subject. Among lady critics, some have found out that Mr. Gulliver had a particular malice to maids of honour. Those of them who frequent the church say, his design is impious, and that it is depreciating the works of the Creator. Notwithstanding, I am told the princess has read it with great pleasure. As to other critics, they think the flying island is the least entertaining; and so great an opinion the town have of the impossibility of Gulliver's writing at all below himself, it is agreed that part was not writ by the same hand, though this has its defenders too. It has passed lords and commons *nemine contradicente*; and the whole town, men, women, and children, are quite full of it.

Perhaps I may all this time be talking to you of a book you have never seen, and which has not yet reached Ireland; if it has not, I believe what we have said will be sufficient to recommend it to your reading, and that you will order me to send it to you.

But it will be much better to come over yourself, and read it here, where you will have the pleasure of variety of commentators to explain the difficult passages to you.

We all rejoice that you have fixed the precise time of your coming to be *cum hirundine primâ*, which we modern naturalists pronounce, ought to be reckoned, contrary to Pliny, in this northern latitude of fifty-two degrees, from the end of February, Styl. Greg. at furthest. But to us, your friends, the coming of such a black swallow as you will make a summer in the worst of seasons. We are no less glad at your mention of Twickenham and Dawley: and in town, you know, you have a lodging at court.

The princess is clothed in Irish silk; pray give our service to the weavers. We are strangely surprised to hear that the bells in Ireland ring without your money. I hope you do not write the thing that is not. We are afraid that B— hath been guilty of that crime, that you (like a houyhnhnm) have treated him as a yahoo,[a] and discarded him your service. I fear you do not understand these modish terms, which every creature now understands but yourself.

You tell us your wine is bad, and that the clergy do not frequent your house, which we look upon to be tautology. The best advice we can give you is, to make them a present of your wine and come away to better.

You fancy we envy you, but you are mistaken; we envy those you are with, for we cannot envy the man we love. Adieu.

FROM THE EARL OF PETERBOROUGH.

November 29, 1726.

Sir,—I was endeavouring to give an answer to yours in a new dialect, which most of us are very fond of. I depended much upon a lady who had a good ear and a pliant tongue, in hopes she might have taught me to draw sounds out of consonants. But she, being a professed friend to the Italian speech and vowels, would give me no assistance, and so I am forced to write to you in the yahoo language.

The new one in fashion is much studied, and great pains taken about the pronunciation. Everybody (since a new turn) approves of it; but the women seem most satisfied, who declare for few words and horse performance. It suffices to let you know that there is a neighing duetto appointed for the next opera.

Strange distempers rage in the nation, which your friend the doctor[b] takes no care of. In some, the imagination is struck with the apprehension of swelling to a giant or dwindling to a pigmy. Others expect an oration equal to any of Cicero's, from an eloquent bard, and some take the braying of an ass for the emperor's speech in favour of the Vienna alliance. The knowledge of the ancient world is of no use; men have lost their titles; continents and islands have got new names just upon the appearance of a certain book.[c] Women bring forth rabbits;[d] and every man whose wife has conceived expects an heir with four legs. It was concluded not long ago, that such confusion could be only brought about by the black art, and by the spells of a notorious scribbling magician,[e] who was generally suspected and was to be recommended to the mercy of the inquisition. Indictments were upon the anvil, a charge of sorcery preparing, and Merlin's friends were afraid that the exasperated pettifoggers would persuade the jury to bring in *billa vera*. For they pretended to bring in certain proofs of his appearance in several shapes: at one time a drapier;[f] at another a Wapping surgeon;[g] sometimes a nardac, sometimes a reverend divine. Nay, more,—that he could raise the dead; that he had brought philosophers, heroes, and poets,

[a] It is no wonder a man of real merit should *condemn* a satire on his species, as it injures virtue and violates truth; and as little, that a corrupt and worthless man should *approve* such a satire, because it justifies his principles, and tends to excuse his practice.—Warburton.

[a] By this circumstance it is clear that Gay knew Swift to be the author of "Gulliver," though the whole letter pleasantly goes on the idea of Swift's being a stranger to the work.—Dr. Warton.

[b] Probably Arbuthnot.

[c] "Gulliver's Travels."

[d] Mary Tofts pretended to do this, but being brought up to town and well watched, the imposture was detected.

[e] The dean.

[f] In the "Drapier's Letters against Wood's halfpence."

[g] Lemuel Gulliver.

in the same caravan from the other world; and, after a few questions, had sent them all to play at quadrille in a flying island of his own.

This was the scene not many days ago, and burning was too good for the wizard. But what mutations among the Lilliputians! The greatest lady in the nation resolves to send a pair of shoes without heels to captain Gulliver; she takes *vi et armis* the plaid from the lady it was sent to, which is soon to appear upon her royal person; and now who but captain Gulliver? The captain indeed has nothing more to do but to chalk his pumps, learn to dance upon the rope, and I may yet live to see him a bishop. Verily, verily, I believe he never was in such imminent danger of preferment. Sir, your affectionate tar.

TO MR. POPE.

December 5, 1726.

I BELIEVE the hurt in your hand affects me more than it does yourself, and with reason, because I may probably be a greater loser by it. What have accidents to do with those who are neither jockeys, nor fox-hunters, nor bullies, nor drunkards? And yet a rascally groom shall gallop a foundered horse ten miles upon a causeway and get home safe.

I am very much pleased that you approve what was sent, because I remember to have heard a great man say, that nothing required more judgment than making a present;[a] which, when it is done to those of high rank, ought to be something that is not readily got for money. You oblige me and at the same time do me justice, in what you observe as to Mr. Pulteney. Besides, it is too late in life for me to act otherwise, and therefore I follow a very easy road to virtue and purchase it cheap. If you will give me leave to join us, is not your life and mine a state of power, and dependence a state of slavery? We care not threepence whether a prince or minister will see us or not: we are not afraid of having ill offices done us, nor are at the trouble of guarding our words for fear of giving offence. I do agree that riches are liberty, but then we are to put into the balance how long our apprenticeship is to last in acquiring them.

Since you have received the verses,[b] I most earnestly entreat you to burn those which you do not approve; and in those few where you may not dislike some parts, blot out the rest, and sometimes (though it be against the laziness of your nature) be so kind as to make a few corrections if the matter will bear them. I have some few of those things I call thoughts moral and diverting; if you please, I will send the best I can pick from them to add to the new volume. I have reason to choose the method you mention of mixing the several verses, and I hope thereby among the bad critics to be entitled to more merit than is my due.

This moment I am so happy as to have a letter from my lord Peterborough, for which I entreat you will present him with my humble respects and thanks, though he all-to-be-Gullivers me by very strong insinuations. Though you despise riddles, I am strongly tempted to send a parcel to be printed by themselves and make a ninepenny job for the bookseller. There are some of my own, wherein I exceed mankind, *mira poemata!* the most solemn that were ever seen: and some writ by others, admirable indeed but far inferior to mine; but I will not praise myself. You approve that writer who laughs and makes others laugh; but why should I who hate the world, or you who do not love it, make it so happy? therefore I resolve from henceforth to handle only serious subjects, *nisi quid tu docte Trebati, dissentis.* Yours, &c. JONATHAN SWIFT.

[a] The present to the princess of Wales of Irish stuff.

[b] A just character of Swift's poetry as well as his prose is, that it "consists of proper words in proper places." Johnson said once to me, speaking of the simplicity of Swift's style,—"the rogue never hazards a figure."—DR. WARTON.

TO MRS. HOWARD.[a]

MADAM,—My correspondents have informed me that your ladyship has done me the honour to answer several objections that ignorance, malice, and party have made to my Travels, and been so charitable as to justify the fidelity and veracity of the author. This zeal you have shown for truth calls for my particular thanks, and at the same time encourages me to beg you would continue your goodness to me, by reconciling me to the maids of honour, whom they say I have most grievously offended. I am so stupid as not to find out how I have disobliged them. Is there any harm in a young lady's reading of romances? Or did I make use of an improper engine to extinguish a fire that was kindled by a maid of honour? And I will venture to affirm, that if ever the young ladies of your court should meet with a man of as little consequence in this country as I was in Brobdingnag, they would use him with as much contempt; but I submit myself and my cause to your better judgment, and beg leave to lay the crown of Lilliput at your feet, as a small acknowledgment of your favour to my book and person. I found it in the corner of my waistcoat pocket, into which I thrust most of the valuable furniture of the royal apartment when the palace was on fire, and, by mistake, brought it with me into England; for I very honestly restored to their majesties all their goods that I knew were in my possession. May all courtiers imitate me in that, and my being, madam, &c.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

FROM LADY BOLINGBROKE.[b]

De Dawley, ce premier Fevrier, 1727.

ON m'a dit, monsieur, que vous vous plaignez de n'avoir point reçû des mes lettres. Vous avez tort: je vous traite comme les divinités, qui tiennent conte aux hommes de leurs intentions. Il y a dix ans que j'ai celle de vous écrire; avant que d'avoir l'honneur de vous connoître, l'idée que je me faisois de votre gravité, me retenoit: depuis que j'ai eu celui de voir votre révérence, je ne me suis pas trouvée assez d'imagination pour l'hazarder. Un certain M. de Gulliver avoit un peu remis en mouvement cette pauvre imagination ci éteinte par l'air de Londres, et par des conversations dont je n'entend que le bruit. Je voulus me saisir de ce moment pour vous écrire, mais je tombai malade, et je l'ai toujours été depuis trois mois. Je profite donc, monsieur, du premier retour de ma santé pour vous remercier de vos reproches, dont je suis très flattée, et pour vous dire un mot de mon ami M. Gulliver. J'apprends avec une grande satisfaction, qu'il vient d'être traduit en François; et comme mon séjour en Angleterre a beaucoup redoublé mon amitié pour mon pays et pour mes compatriotes, je suis ravi qu'ils puissent participer au plaisir que m'a fait ce bon monsieur, et profiter de ces découvertes. Je ne désespère pas même que 12 vaisseaux que la France vient d'armer ne puissent être destinés à une embassade chez mes-

[a] This letter must have been written about the end of the year 1726. It is in the character of Gulliver.

[b] A French lady of great fortune, learning, and politeness, second wife to lord viscount Bolingbroke, who married her whilst in exile. She had been second wife of the marquis de Vilette, chef d'escadre, nephew or cousin to madame de Maintenon. See Voltaire, "Siècle de Louis XIV.," tom. ii. She died March 18, 1749. Lord Bolingbroke survived her, dying December 15, 1751, aged 78.

sieurs les Houyhnhnms. En ce cas je vous proposerai que nous fassions ce voyage. En attendant je sai bon gré à un ouvrier de votre nation, qui pour instruire les dames (lesquelles comme vous savez, monsieur, font ici un grand usage de leurs éventails) en a fait faire, ou toutes les aventures de notre véridique voyageur sont dépeintes. Vous jugez bien quelle part il va avoir dans leur conversation. Cela fera à la vérité beaucoup de tort à la pluie et au beautems, qui en remplissoient une partie, et en mon particulier je sera privée des *very cold* et *very warm*, qui sont les seuls mots que j'entends. Je conte de vous envoyer de ces éventails par un de vos amis. Vous vous en ferez un mérite avec les dames d'Irlande, si tant est que vous en ayez besoin; ce que je ne crois pas, du moins si elles pensent comme les Françoises. Le seigneur de Dawley, Mr. Pope, et moi sommes ici occupés à boire, manger, dormir, ou ne rien faire, priant Dieu qu'ainsi soit de vous. Revenez ce printems nous revoir, monsieur; j'attend votre retour avec impatience pour tuer le bœuf le plus pesant, et le cochon le plus gras, qui soit dans ma ferme: l'un et l'autre seront servis en entier sur la table de votre révérence, crainte que mon cuisinier n'use aucun déguisement. Vous brillerez parmi nous du moins autant que parmi vos chanoines, nous ne serons pas moins empressés à vous plaire. Je le disputerai à tout autre, étant plus que personne du monde votre très humble et très obéissante servante.

FROM LADY BOLINGBROKE.

MR. POPE m'a fait grand plaisir, monsieur, de m'assurer que votre santé est bonne; et de me montrer dans une de vos lettres des marques de l'honneur de votre souvenir. Je trouve que vous prenez fort mal votre tems d'habiter votre Dublin pendant que nous habitons notre Dawley. Nous aurions eu grand soin de vous cet hiver, et nous aurions haï ensemble le genre humain, autant qu'il vous auroit plû, car je trouve qu'il n'embellit point au paroître. On a fait deux pièces de théâtre en France, tirées soi-disant des idées de Gulliver. Je ne vous les envoye point, car elles sont détestable: mais cela prouve au moins, que ce bon voyageur a si bien réussi chez nous, qu'on a crû, qu'en mettant seulement son nom aux plus mauvaises pièces, on les rendroit recommendables au publique. Notre fermier vous embrasse: il se plaint et boude de ce que vous êtes parti sans qu'il ait pu vous dire adieu; et de ce qu'il a vu une de vos lettres, où vous ne dites pas un mot pour lui: mais je vous crois comme les coquettes, qui se fiant à leurs charmes ne s'embarrassent pas de leurs torts. En effet ils vous seront pardonnés à la première lettre, et encore plus aisément à la première espérance de vous revoir. Adieu, monsieur, portez-vous bien, et nous serons content. Je ne m'aviserai pas de vous mander des nouvelles de ce pays-ci: Je suis étrangère de plus en plus, et je ne serois tentée de me faire naturaliser, que dans ceux où je pourrois vivre avec vous.

TO MRS. HOWARD.

February 1, 1727.

MADAM,—I am so very nice, and my workmen so fearful, that there is but one piece finished of the two, which you commanded me to send to her royal highness. The other was done; but the undertaker, confessing it was not to the utmost perfection, has obtained my leave for a second attempt, in which he promises to do wonders, and tells me it will be ready in another fortnight; although perhaps the humour may be quite off with the princess and you, for such were courts when I knew them. I desire you will order her royal highness to go to Richmond as soon as she can this summer, because she will have the pleasure of my neighbourhood; for I hope to be in London by the middle of March, and I do not love you much when you are there; and I expect to find you are altered by flattery or ill company. I am glad to tell you now that I honour you with my esteem, because, when the princess grows a crowned head, you shall have no more such compliments; and it is a hundred to one whether you will deserve them. I do not approve of your advice to bring over pumps for myself, but will rather provide another shoe for his royal highness,[a] against there shall be occasion. I will tell you an odd accident that happened this night:—While I was caressing one of my own Houyhnhnms, he bit my little finger so cruelly that I am hardly able to write; and I impute the cause to some foreknowledge in him that I was going to write to a Sieve Yahoo, for so you are pleased to call yourself. Pray tell sir Robert Walpole that if he does not use me better next summer than he did last, I will study revenge, and it shall be *vengeance ecclésiastique*. I hope you will get your house and wine ready, to which Mr. Gay and I are to have free access when you are at court; for as to Mr. Pope, he is not worth considering on such occasions. I am sorry I have no complaints to make of her royal highness; therefore I think I may let you tell her, "That every grain of virtue and good sense in one of her rank, considering the bad education among flatterers and adorers, is worth a dozen in any inferior person." Now if what the world says be true, that she excels all other ladies at least a dozen times, then multiply one dozen by the other, you will find the number to be one hundred and forty-four. If any man can say a civiler thing let him, for I think it too much for me. I have some title to be angry with you for not commanding those who write to me to mention your remembrance. Can there be anything more base than to make me the first advances, and then be inconstant? It is very hard that I must cross the sea, and ride two hundred miles to reproach you in person: when at the same time I feel myself, with the most entire respect, madam, &c.,

JONATHAN SWIFT.

FROM LORD BOLINGBROKE.

February 17, 1727.

THIS opportunity of writing to you I cannot neglect, though I shall have less to say to you than I should have by another conveyance. Mr. Stopford being fully informed of all that passes in this boisterous climate of ours, and carrying with him a cargo of our weekly productions, you will find anger on one side, and rage on the other; satire on one side and defamation on the other. *Ah! où est Grillon?*[b] You suffer much where you are, as you tell me in an old letter of yours which I have before me; but you suffer with the hopes of passing next summer between Dawley and Twickenham; and these hopes, you flatter us enough to intimate, support your spirits. Remember this solemn renewal of your engagements. Remember that though you are a dean, you are not great enough to despise the reproach of breaking your word. Your deafness must not be a hackney excuse to you as it was to Oxford. What matter if you are deaf? what matter if you cannot hear what we say? You are not dumb, and

* Indorsed "Lady Bolingbroke."

[a] See "Gulliver's Travels," Voyage to Lilliput, ch. iv.

[b] Lord Bolingbroke and Pulteney had now organised their attack upon the minister by means of the "Craftsman."

we shall hear you, and that is enough. My wife writes to you herself, and sends you some fans just arrived from Lilliput, which you will dispose of to the present Stella,[a] whoever she be. Adieu, dear friend; I cannot, in conscience, keep you any longer from enjoying Mr. Stopford's conversation. I am burying myself here that I may get a day or two for Dawley, where I hope that you will find me established at your return. There I propose to finish my days in ease, without sloth; and believe I shall seldom visit London unless it be to divert myself now and then with annoying fools and knaves for a month or two. Once more, adieu; no man loves you better than your faithful B——.

FROM MR. GAY.

Whitehall, February 18, 1727.

Dear Sir,—I believe it is now my turn to write to you, though Mr. Pope has taken all I have to say, and put it into a long letter, which is sent too by Mr. Stopford; but, however, I could not omit this occasion of thanking you for his acquaintance. I do not know whether I ought to thank you or not, considering I have lost him so soon, though he has given me some hopes of seeing him again in the summer. He will give you an account of our negotiations together; and I may now glory in my success, since I could contribute to his. We dined together to-day at the doctor's, who, with me, was in high delight upon an information Mr. Stopford gave us, that we are likely to see you soon. My "Fables" are printed, but I cannot get my plates finished, which hinders the publication. I expect nothing, and am like to get nothing. It is needlss to write, for Mr. Stopford can acquaint you of my affairs more fully than I can in a letter. Mrs. Howard desires me to make her compliments; she has been in an ill state as to her health all this winter, but I hope is somewhat better. I have been very much out of order myself for the most part of the winter; upon my being let blood last week my cough and my headache are much better. Mrs. Blount always asks after you. I refused supping at Burlington-house to-night in regard to my health; and this morning I walked two hours in the park. Bowrie told me this morning that Pope had a cold, and that Mrs. Pope is pretty well. The contempt of the world grows upon me, and I now begin to be richer and richer; for I find I could, every morning I awake, be content with less than I aimed at the day before. I fancy, in time, I shall bring myself into that state which no man ever knew before me. In thinking I have enough, I really am afraid to be content with so little, lest my good friends should censure me for indolence, and the want of laudable ambition, so that it will be absolutely necessary for me to improve my fortune to content them. How solicitous is mankind to please others! Pray give my sincere service to Mr. Ford. Dear sir, yours most affectionately, J. Gay.

FROM MR POPE.

March 8, 1727.

Mr. Stopford will be the bearer of this letter, for whose acquaintance I am, among many other favours, obliged to you; and I think the acquaintance of so valuable, ingenious, and unaffected a man to be none of the least obligations.

Our "Miscellany" is now quite printed. I am prodigiously pleased with this joint volume, in which methinks we look like friends, side by side, serious and merry by turns, conversing interchangeably, and walking down hand in hand to posterity; not in the stiff forms of learned authors, flattering each other, and setting the rest of mankind at nought; but in a free, unimportant, natural, easy manner; diverting others just as we diverted ourselves. The third volume consists of verses, but I would choose to print none but such as have some peculiarity, and may be distinguished for ours from other writers. There's no end of making books, Solomon said, and above all making miscellanies, which all men can make. For unless there be a character in every piece like the mark of the elect, I should not care to be one of the twelve thousand signed.

You received, I hope, some commendatory verses from a horse and a Lilliputian, to Gulliver, and an heroic epistle of Mrs. Gulliver. The bookseller would fain have printed them before the second edition of the book, but I would not permit it without your approbation; nor do I much like them. You see how much like a poet I write, and if you were with us you would be deep in politics. People are very warm and very angry, very little to the purpose, but therefore the more warm and the more angry: *non nostrum est tantas componere lites.* I stay at Twit'nam without so much as reading newspapers, votes, or any other paltry pamphlets: Mr. Stopford will carry you a whole parcel of them, which are sent for your diversion, but not imitation. For my own part, methinks I am at Glubbdubdrib with none but ancients and spirits about me.

I am rather better than I used to be at this season, but my hand (though as you see it has not lost its cunning) is frequently in very awkward sensations rather than pain. But to convince you it is pretty well, it has done some mischief already, and just been strong enough to cut the other hand while it was aiming to prune a fruit-tree.

Lady Bolingbroke has writ you a long lively letter, which will attend this: she has very bad health; he very good. Lord Peterborough has writ twice to you; we fancy some letters have been intercepted, or lost by accident. About ten thousand things I want to tell you: I wish you were as impatient to hear them, for if so you would, you must come early this spring. Adieu. Let me have a line from you. I am vexed at losing Mr. Stopford as soon as I knew him; but I thank God I have known him no longer. If every man one begins to value must settle in Ireland, pray make me know no more of them, and I forgive you this one.

TO THE REV. MR. WALLIS.

Dublin, April 8, 1727.

Sir,—I am just going for England, and must desire you to be my proxy at the bishop's visitation. I find there is likewise a triennial visitation, and think the enclosed may serve for both, with your wise management. The ladies are with me, being now come to live at the deanery for this summer. You have their service, and so has Mrs. Wallis as well as mine. I reckon you are now deep in mire and mortar, and are preparing to live seven years hence. I have been plagued with the roguery of my deanery proctor, whom I have discharged. I believe I am worse for him 600*l.*, and his brother is not much better. I wish you had been at my elbow to advise one, for you are fitter for the world than I am. I hope to come safe back, and then to have done with England. I am ever yours, &c.

Jonathan Swift.

MR. POPE TO W. FORTESQUE, ESQ.

Twit'nam, May 1, 1727.

Dear Sir,—Dr. Swift is come into England, who is now with me, and with whom I am to ramble again.

[a] Mrs. Johnson died the month preceding the date of this letter. But considering the tenderness with which the dean was known to regret her loss, this is a strange expression.

to lord Oxford's and lord Bathurst's, and other places. Dr. Arbuthnot has led him a course through the town, with lord Chesterfield, Mr. Pulteney, &c. Lord Peterborough and lord Harcourt propose to carry him to sir R. Walpole, and I to Mrs. Howard, &c. I wish you were here to know him. I have just now a very ill-timed misfortune, a lame thigh, which keeps me from these parties; but I hope, since so many of my friends' prayers are on this occasion joined to my own, that I may be blessed with a speedy recovery, and make one amongst them. Many good wishes of mine attend you. May no similar accident, such as a fall from your horse by day, or a sprain in your back by night, retard your return to us! Your faithful and ever affectionate servant, A. POPE.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

London, May 13, 1727.

THIS goes by a private hand, for my writing is too much known and my letters often stopped and opened. I had yours of the 4th instant, and it is the only one I have received out of Ireland since I left you. I hardly thought our friend would be in danger by a cold: I am of opinion she should be generally in the country, and only now and then visit the town.—We are here in a strange situation; a firm settled resolution to assault the present administration, and break it if possible. It is certain that Walpole is peevish and disconcerted, stoops to the vilest offices of hireling scoundrels to write Billingsgate of the lowest and most prostitute kind, and has none but beasts and blockheads for his penmen, whom he pays in ready guineas very liberally. I am in high displeasure with him and his partisans; a great man, who was very kind to me last year, doth not take the least notice of me at the prince's court, and there hath not been one of them to see me. I am advised by all my friends not to go to France (as I intended for two months), for fear of their vengeance in a manner which they cannot execute here. I reckon there will be a warm winter, wherein my comfort is, I shall have no concern. I desire you will read this letter to none but our two friends and Mr. P——; his cousin with the red ribbon inquired very kindly after him.—I hear no news about your bishops, further than that the lord-lieutenant stickles to have them of Ireland, which Walpole always is averse from, but does not think it worth his trouble to exert his credit on such trifles. The dispute about a war or no war still continues, and the major part inclines to the latter, although ten thousand men are ordered to Holland. But this will bring such an addition to our debts that it will give great advantages against those in power in the next sessions. Walpole laughs at all this, but not so heartily as he used. I have at last seen the princess[a] twice this week by her own commands; she retains her old civility, and I my old freedom; she charges me without ceremony to be the author of a bad book,[b] though I told her how angry the ministry were; but she assures me, that both she and the prince were very well pleased with every particular; but I disown the whole affair, as you know I very well might, only gave her leave, since she liked the book, to suppose what author she pleased.—You will wonder to find me say so much of politics, but I keep very bad company, who are full of nothing else. Pray be very careful of your charge, or I shall order my lodgers the bulk of their glasses, and the number of their bottles. I stole this time to write to you, having very little to spare. I go as soon as possible to the country, and shall rarely see this town.

My service to all friends.

I desire you will send me six sets of the edition of the "Drapiers," by the first convenience of any friend or acquaintance that comes hither.

[a] Caroline princess of Wales, afterwards queen-consort of George II.
[b] "Gulliver's Travels."

FROM LORD BOLINGBROKE.

May, 18, 1727.

I LIVED on Tuesday with you and Mr. Pope. Yesterday another of my friends found his way to this retreat [Dawley], and I shall pass this day alone. Would to God my whole life could be divided in the same manner; two-thirds to friendship, one-third to myself, and not a moment of it to the world.

In the epistle, a part of which you showed me, mention is made of the author of "Three Occasional Letters,"[a] a person entirely unknown. I would have you insinuate there that the only reason Walpole can have had to ascribe them to a particular person, is the authority of one of his spies, who wriggles himself into the company of those who neither love, esteem, nor fear the minister, that he may report, not what he hears (since no man speaks with any freedom before him), but what he guesses.

Friday Morning.

I was interrupted yesterday when I least expected it; and I am going to-day to London, where I hear that my wife is not very well. Let me know how Mrs. Pope does.

I had a hint or two more for you; but they have slipped out of my memory. Do not forget the sixty nor the twenty guineas, nor the min—— character transferred into the administration. Adieu, I am ever faithfully yours, my dear and reverend dean. I embrace Pope.

TO ARCHBISHOP KING.

May 18, 1727.

MY LORD,—I understand by some letters just come to my hands, that at your grace's visitation of the dean and chapter of St. Patrick's, a proxy was insisted on from the dean, the visitation adjourned, and a rule entered that a proxy be exhibited within a month. If your grace can find, in any of your old records or of ours, that a proxy was ever demanded for a dean of St. Patrick's, you will have some reason to insist upon it; but as it is a thing wholly new and unheard of, let the consequences be what they will, I shall never comply with it. I take my chapter to be my proxy, if I want any: it is only through them that you visit me, and my sub-dean is to answer for me. I am neither civilian nor canonist: your grace may probably be both, with the addition of a dexterous deputy. My proceeding shall be only upon one maxim; never to yield to an oppression, to justify which no precedent can be produced. I see very well how personal all this proceeding is; and how, from the very moment of the queen's death, your grace has thought fit to take every opportunity of giving me all sorts of uneasiness, without ever giving me, in my whole life, one single mark of your favour beyond common civilities. And if it were not below a man of spirit to make complaints, I could date them from six-and-twenty years past. This has something in it the more extraordinary, because during some years, when I was thought to have credit with those in power, I employed it to the utmost for your service, with great success, where it could be most useful against many violent enemies you then had, however unjustly; by which I got more ill-will than by any other action in my life, I mean from my friends. My lord, I have lived, and by the grace of God, will die an enemy to servitude and slavery of all kinds: and I believe, at the same time, that persons of such a

[a] Printed in his lordship's works. They were first published in February, 1726.

disposition will be the most ready to pay obedience wherever it is due. Your grace has often said, "You would never infringe any of our liberties." I will call back nothing of what is past; I will forget, if I can, that you mentioned to me a licence to be absent. Neither my age, health, humour, nor fortune qualify me for little brangles; but I will hold to the practice delivered down by my predecessors. I thought, and have been told that I deserved better from that church and that kingdom: I am sure I do from your grace. And I believe people on this side will attest, that all my merits are not very old. It is a little hard that the occasion of my journey hither, being partly for the advantage of that kingdom, partly on account of my health, partly on business of importance to me, and partly to see my friends, I cannot enjoy the quiet of a few months, without your grace interposing to disturb it. But, I thank God, the civilities of those in power here, who allow themselves to be my professed adversaries, make some atonement for the unkindness of others, who have so many reasons to be my friends. I have not long to live; and therefore, if conscience were quite out of the case for me to do a base thing, I will set no unworthy examples for my successors to follow: and, therefore, repeating it again that I shall not concern myself upon the proceeding of your lordship, I am, &c.

FROM THE PRINCE OF LILLIPUT.

‡**‡ [a]

In European characters and English thus:

The high and mighty prince EGROEGO, born to the most puissant empire of the East,

Unto STELLA, the most resplendent glory of the Western hemisphere, sendeth health and happiness.

1727.

BRIGHTEST PRINCESS,—That invincible hero, the MAN MOUNTAIN, fortunately arriving at our coasts some years ago, delivered us from ruin by conquering the fleets and armies of our enemies, and gave us hopes of a durable peace and happiness. But now the martial people of Blefuscu, encouraged from his absence, have renewed the war, to revenge upon us the loss and disgrace they suffered by our valiant champion.

The fame of your superexcellent person and virtue, and the huge esteem which that great general has for you, urged us in this our second distress to sue for your favour. In order to which we have sent our able and trusty Nardac KOORBNILOB, requesting that if our general does yet tread upon the terrestrial globe, you, in compassion to us, would prevail upon him to take another voyage for our deliverance.

And lest any apprehensions of famine among us should render Nardac MOUNTAIN averse to the undertaking, we signify to you that we have stored our folds, our coops, our granaries and cellars, with plenty of provision for a long supply of the wastes to be made by his capacious stomach.

And furthermore, because as we hear you are not so well as we could wish, we beg you would complete our happiness by venturing your most valuable person along with him into our country; where, by the salubrity of our finer air and diet, you will soon recover your health and stomach.

In full assurance of your complying goodness, we have sent you some provision for your voyage, and we shall with impatience wait for your safe arrival to our kingdom. Most illustrious lady farewell.

PRINCE EGROEGO.

Dated the 11th day of the 6th moon, in the 2001 year of the Lilliputian era.

[a] Here we have a parcel of characters formed at random, by way of the address in the Lilliputian tongue.

FROM MONSIEUR VOLTAIRE.

Friday 1.

SIR,—I send you here enclosed two letters, one for M. de Morville, our secretary of state, and the other for M. de Maisons, both desirous and worthy of your acquaintance. Be so kind as to let me know if you intend to go by Calais, or by the way of Rouen. In case you resolve to go by Rouen, I will give you some letters for a good lady who lives in her country castle just by Rouen. She will receive you as well as you deserve. There you will find two or three of my intimate friends who are your admirers, and who have learned English since I am in England. All will pay you all the respects, and procure all the pleasures they are capable of. They will give you a hundred directions for Paris, and provide you with all the requisite conveniences. Vouchsafe to acquaint me with your resolution; I shall certainly do my best endeavours to serve you, and to let my country know that I have the inestimable honour to be one of your friends. I am, with the highest respect and esteem, your most humble, obedient, faithful servant, VOLTAIRE.

MONSIEUR VOLTAIRE
AU COMTE DE MORVILLE, MINISTRE ET SECRETAIRE D'ETAT A VERSAILLES.

MONSEIGNEUR,—Je me suis contenté jusqu'ici d'admirer en silence votre conduite dans les affaires de l'Europe; mais il n'est pas permis à un homme qui aime votre gloire, et qui vous est aussi tendrement attaché que je le suis, de demeurer plus longtemps sans vous faire ses sincères complimens.

Je ne puis d'ailleurs me refuser l'honneur que me fait le célèbre Monsieur Swift, de vouloir bien vous présenter une de mes lettres. Je sas que sa réputation est parvenue jusqu'à vous, et que vous avez envie de le connoître. Il fait l'honneur d'une nation que vous estimez. Vous avez lû les traductions de plusieurs ouvrages qui lui sont attribués. Et qui est plus capable que vous, monseigneur, de discerner les beautés d'un original à travers la foiblesse des plus mauvaises copies? Je crois que vous ne serez pas fâché de dîner avec Monsieur Swift, et Monsieur le Président Henaut. Et je me flatte que vous regarderez comme une preuve de mon sincère attachement à votre personne, la liberté que je prens de vous présenter un des hommes les plus extraordinaires que l'Angleterre ait produit, et les plus capables de sentir toute l'étendue de vos grandes qualités.

Je suis pour toute ma vie, avec un profond respect, et un attachement rempli de la plus haute estime, monseigneur, votre très humble et très obéissant serviteur,

VOLTAIRE.

MR. VOLTAIRE TO THE COUNT DE MORVILLE,
MINISTER AND SECRETARY OF STATE AT VERSAILLES.

June, 1727.

MY LORD,—Hitherto I have confined myself to a tacit admiration of your management of the public affairs of Europe; but it is impossible for a person who has your glory so much at heart, and for whom you have a sincere affection, to keep silence any longer, and not to present his sincere compliments to you upon the wisdom of your conduct.

Besides, I could not decline the honour which the celebrated dean Swift does me in offering to deliver this letter to your lordship. I am sensible that he is already known to you by fame, and that you are desirous of his acquaintance. He does honour to a nation which you highly esteem. You have perused the translations of several pieces attributed to him; and who is more capable than you, my lord, of discovering the

beauties of an original, even through the veil of an inelegant version? I apprehend you will not be sorry to dine in company with dean Swift and the president Henault: and I also flatter myself that the liberty I take in introducing to your acquaintance one of the most extraordinary men that England ever produced—one who is most capable of forming a just idea of your truly great qualities—will be considered by you as a token of my sincere attachment to your person.

I shall ever remain, with the most profound respect and esteem, my lord, your lordship's most obedient humble servant, VOLTAIRE.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

London, June 24, 1727.

I HAVE received your last, with the enclosed print. I desire you will let Dr. Delany know that I transcribe the substance of his letter, and the translation of what was registered, and added a whole state of the case, and gave it Mrs. Howard to give to the prince from me, and to desire that, as chancellor, he would do what he thought most fit.[a] I forgot to ask Mrs. Howard what was done in it, the next time I saw her, and the day I came to town came the news of the king's death, of which I sent particulars the very same day to our friend: since then we have been all in a hurry, with millions of schemes. I deferred kissing the king's and queen's hands till the third day, when my friends at court chid me for deferring it so long. I have been and am so extremely busy, that though I begin this letter, I cannot finish it till next post; for now it is the last moment it can go, and I have much more to say. I was just ready to go France, when the news of the king's [king George I.] death arrived, and I came to town in order to begin my journey. But I was desired to delay it and I then determined it a second time; when upon some new incidents I was with great vehemence dissuaded from it by certain persons, whom I could not disobey. Thus things stand with me. My stomach is pretty good, but for some days my head has not been right, yet it is what I have been formerly used to. Here is a strange world, and our friend will reproach me for my share in it; but it shall be short, for I design soon to return into the country. I am thinking of a chancellor for the university, and have pitched upon one, but whether he will like it, or my word be of any use, I know not. The talk is now for a moderating scheme, wherein nobody shall be used the worse or better for being called Whig or Tory; and the king hath received both with great equality, showing civilities to several who are openly known to be the latter. I prevailed with a dozen, that we should go in a line to kiss the king's and queen's hands. We have now done with repining, if we shall be used well, and not baited as formerly; we all agree in it, and if things do not mend, it is not our faults: we have made our offers; if otherwise, we are as we were. It is agreed the ministry will be changed, but the others will have a soft fall; although the king must be excessive generous if he forgives the treatment of some people. I writ long ago my thoughts to my viceroy, and he may proceed as he shall be advised. But if the archbishop [Dr. William King] goes on to proceed to *sub pœna contemptûs*, &c., I would have an appeal at proper time, which I suppose must be to delegates, or the crown, I know not which. However, I will spend a hundred o. two pounds, rather than be enslaved, or betray a right which I do not value threepence, but my successors may. My service to all friends; and so, thinking I have said enough, I bid you farewell heartily, and long to eat of your fruit, for I dare eat none here.

It hath cost me five shillings in victuals since I came here, and ten pounds to servants where I have dined. I suppose my agent [Rev. Mr. John Worrall] in Ship-street takes care and inquires about my new agent.

[a] His royal highness George prince of Wales, chancellor of the university of Dublin.

FROM LORD BOLINGBROKE.

Saturday, at Pope's, June 24, 1727.

I AM going to London, and intend to carry this letter, which I will give you, if I see you, and leave for you if I do not see you.

There would not be common sense in your going into France at this juncture, even if you intended to stay there long enough to draw the sole pleasure and profit which I propose you should have in the acquaintance I am ready to give you there; much less ought you to think of such an unmeaning journey when the opportunity for quitting Ireland for England is, I believe, fairly before you. To hanker after a court is fit for men with blue ribbons, pompous titles, and overgrown estates. It is below either you or me: one of whom never made his fortune, and the other's turned rotten at the very moment it grew ripe. But without hankering, without assuming a suppliant dependent's air, you may spend in England all the time you can be absent from Ireland, *et faire la guerre à l'œil.* There has not been so much inactivity as you imagine; but I cannot answer for consequences. Adieu.

If you can call on me to-morrow morning in your way to church, about ten o'clock, you will find me just returning to Cranford from the Pall-Mall.

I shall return again to London on Monday evening.

FROM LORD BOLINGBROKE.

Cranford, Tuesday.

I HAVE so severe a defluxion of rheum on both my eyes that I dare hardly stir abroad. You will be ready to say, "Physician cure thyself;" and that is what I am about. I took away, by cupping, yesterday, fourteen ounces of blood; and such an operation would, I believe, have done you more good than steel and bitters, waters and drops. I wish John Gay success in his pursuit; but I think he has some qualities which will keep him down in the world. Good God! what is man? polished, civilized, learned man! A liberal education fits him for slavery; and the pains he has taken give him the noble pretension of dangling away life in an ante-chamber, or of employing real talents to serve those who have none; or, which is worse than all the rest, of making his reason and his knowledge serve all the purposes of other men's follies and vices. You say not a word to me about the public, of whom I think as seldom as possible. I consider myself as a man with some little satisfaction, and with some use: but I have no pleasure in thinking I am an Englishman; nor is it, I doubt, to much purpose, to act like one. *Serpit enim res, quæ proclivis ad perniciem, cum semel cœpit, labitur. Plures enim discunt quemadmodum hæc fiant, quam quemadmodum his resistatur.* Adieu.

Let me know how you do. If your landlord[a] is returned, my kindest service to him.

FROM LORD BOLINGBROKE.[b]

Sunday.

You may be sure of letters from me to people who will receive you with all the honours due to so great a traveller and so exact an author. I am obliged to stay in the country to-morrow, by some business relating to my poor farm, which I would willingly make a rich

[a] Mr. Pope, the dean being at Twickenham.

[b] Indorsed "Lord Bolingbroke on my going to France about June, 1727."

one; and for which purpose a person is with me, who comes from Suffolk on my summons.

On Tuesday, by seven in the evening, I will certainly be in the Pall-Mall, and there you shall have, if you meet me, and not otherwise, both my letters and instructions, which will be of use to you.

Raillery apart: since you do go into France, I shall be glad to talk with you before your departure; and I fancy you would not leave England without embracing the man in England who loves you best. Adieu. My best services attend all with you.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

Twickenham, July 1, 1727.

I HAD yours of June 22. You complain of not hearing from me; I never was so constant a writer. I have writ six times to our friends, and as many to you. Mr. Pope is reading your "Persius:" he is frequently sick, and so at this time: he has read it, but you must wait till next letter for his judgment. He would know whether it is designed for an elegant translation, or only to show the meaning; I reckon it an explanation of a difficult author, not only for learners, but for those also who are not expert in Latin, because he is a very dark author. I would not have your book printed entire till I treat with my bookseller here for your advantage. There is a word (*concacuus*) which you have not explained, nor the reason of it. Where you are ignorant you should confess you are ignorant. I wrote to Stella the day we heard the king was dead, and the circumstances of it. I hold you a guinea I shall forget something. Worrall writ to me lately. In answer, I desire that when the archbishop comes to a determination, that an appeal be properly lodged, by which I will elude him till my return, which will be at Michaelmas. I have left London, and stay here a week, and then I shall go thither again; just to see the queen, and so come back hither. Here are a thousand schemes wherein they would have me engaged, which I embrace but coldly, because I like none of them. I have been these ten days inclined to my old disease of giddiness, a little tottering; our friend understands it, but I grow cautious, and am something better; cider, and champagne, and fruit have been the cause. But now I am very regular, and I eat enough. I took Dr. Delany's paper to the king when he was prince; he and his secretary [Samuel Molyneux, esq.] are discontented with the provost [Rev. Mr. Baldwin]; but they find he has law on his side. The king's death hath broke that measure. I proposed the prince of Wales to be chancellor, and I believe so it will go. Pray copy out the verses I writ to Stella on her collecting my verses, and send them to me, for we want some to make our poetical miscellany large enough, and I am not there to pick what should be added. Direct them and all other double papers to lord Bathurst, in St. James's-square, London. I was in a fright about your verses on Stella's sickness, but glad when they were a month old.

Desire our friends to let me know what I should buy for them here of any kind. I had just now a long letter from Mrs. Dingley, and another from Mr. Synge. Pray tell the latter that I return him great thanks, and will leave the visiting affair to his discretion. But all the lawyers in Europe shall never persuade me that it is in the archbishop's power to take or refuse my proxy, when I have the king's leave of absence. If he be violent, I will appeal, and die two or three hundred pounds poorer to defend the rights of the dean. Pray ask Mr. Synge whether his fenocchio be grown; it is now fit to eat here, and we eat it like celery, either with or without oil, &c. I design to pass my time wholly in the country, having some business to do and settle before I leave England for the last time. I will send you Mr. Pope's criticisms, and my own, on your work. Pray forget nothing of what I desire you. Pray God bless you all. If the king had lived but ten days longer, I should be now at Paris. Simpleton! the "Drapiers" should have been sent unbound, but it is no great matter; two or three would have been enough. I see Mrs. Fad but seldom; I never trouble them but when I am sent for; she expects me soon, and after that perhaps no more while I am here. I desire it may be told that I never go to court, which I mention because of a passage in Mrs. Dingley's letter; she speaks mighty good things of your kindness. I do not want that poem to Stella to print it entire, but some passages out of it, if they deserve it, to lengthen the volume. Read all this letter without hesitation, and I will give you a pot of ale. I intend to be with you at Michaelmas, bar impossibilities.

DE M. L'ABBE DES FONTAINES.[a]

A Paris, le 4 Juillet, 1727.

J'AI l'honneur, monsieur, de vous envoyer la 2de édition de votre ouvrage, que j'ai traduit en François. Je vous aurois envoyé la première, si je n'avois pas été obligé, pour des raisons que je ne puis vous dire, d'insérer dans la préface un endroit, dont vous n'auriez pas eu lieu d'être content, ce que j'ai mis assurément malgré moi. Comme le livre s'est débité sans contradiction, ces raisons ne subsistent plus, et j'ai aussitôt supprimé cet endroit dans la 2de édition, comme vous verrez. J'ai aussi corrigé l'endroit de monsieur Carteret, sur lequel j'avois eu de faux mémoires. Vous trouverez, monsieur, en beaucoup d'endroits une traduction peu fidèle; mais tout ce qui plaît en Angleterre, n'a pas ici le même agrément; soit parce que les mœurs sont différentes; soit parce que les allusions et les allégories, qui sont sensibles dans un pays, ne le sont pas dans un autre; soit enfin parce que le goût des deux nations n'est pas le même. J'ai voulu donner aux François un livre, qui fut à leur usage: voilà ce qui m'a rendu traducteur libre et peu fidèle. J'ai même pris la liberté d'ajouter, selon que votre imagination échauffoit la mienne. C'est à vous seul, monsieur, que je suis redevable de l'honneur, que me fait cette traduction, qui a été débitée ici avec une rapidité étonnante, et dont il y a déjà trois éditions. Je suis pénétré d'une si grande estime pour vous, et je vous suis si obligé, qui si la suppression, que j'ai faite, ne vous satisfaisoit pas entièrement, je ferai volontiers encore davantage pour effacer jusqu'au souvenir de cet endroit de la préface; au surplus, je vous supplie, monsieur, de vouloir bien faire attention à la justice, que je vous ai rendûe dans la même préface.

On se flatte, monsieur, qu'on aura bientôt l'honneur de vous posséder ici. Tous vos amis vous attendent avec impatience.

On ne parle ici que de votre arrivée, et tout Paris souhaite de vous voir. Ne différez pas notre satisfaction: vous verrez un peuple qui vous estime infiniment. En attendant je vous demande, monsieur, l'honneur de votre amitié, et vous prie d'être persuadé, que personne ne vous honore plus que moi, et n'est avec plus de considération et d'estime, votre très humble et très obéissant serviteur,

L'ABBE DES FONTAINES.

Mr. Arbuthnot a bien voulû se charger de vous faire tenir cette lettre avec l'exemplaire que j'ai l'honneur de vous envoyer.

[a] Peter Francis Guyet des Fontaines, born at Rouen, in Normandy, June 29, 1684, entered into the society of the Jesuits in 1700, but quitted it fifteen years after. He lived some years with the cardinal d'Auvergne, and died at Paris, December 16, 1745; being well known for several works, and particularly for his "Observations sur les Ouvrages Modernes;" and his "Jugement sur les Ecrits Nouveaux."

FROM THE ABBE DES FONTAINES.

Paris, July 4, 1727.

SIR,—I have the honour to send to you the second edition of your work, which I have translated into French. I should have sent you the first, had I not been obliged, for reasons which I am not at liberty to tell you, to insert a passage in the preface, which you would not have been pleased with, and which indeed I inserted much against my inclinations. As the book has made its way without opposition, these reasons no longer subsist, and I have expunged this passage in the second edition, as you will find. I have likewise altered the passage relating to my lord Carteret, concerning which I had received false intelligence. In many parts you will easily see that my translation is not exact; but what pleases in England has not always the same effect in France; either because our manners are different, or because the allusions and allegories that strike people in one country do not make the same impression in another; or, in fine, because the two nations do not always agree in taste. My intention was to present my countrymen with a book which might be of use to them; and this has made me take some liberties in varying from the original. I have been even so free as to make some additions, according as I found my own imagination raised by yours. To you only I am indebted for the honour this translation does me; a translation that has been sold with amazing rapidity, for there have been already three editions of it. I have conceived so high an esteem for you, and so greatly am I obliged to you, that if you are not entirely satisfied with the suppression I made in this edition, I am still ready to go any further length in order to cancel the memory of that part of the preface: as for the rest, I beg you will pay due attention to the justice I have done you in that very preface.

We flatter ourselves that we shall soon have the honour of seeing you in this capital. All your friends are impatient for your arrival: nothing else is talked of; and all Paris eagerly expects this agreeable event. Do not defer giving us this pleasure; you will see a nation that holds you in the highest esteem. In the mean time I claim the honour of your friendship, and beg you will be persuaded that no one respects you more than myself; being, with the profoundest regard and esteem, sir, your most humble and most obedient servant,

THE ABBE DES FONTAINES.

Dr. Arbuthnot has been so good as to undertake to deliver this letter to you, together with the copy of your work, which I have the honour of sending you.

A M. L'ABBE DES FONTAINES.

IL y a plus d'un mois que j'aye reçu votre lettre du 4e Juillet, monsieur; mais l'exemplaire de la 2de édition de votre ouvrage ne m'a pas été encore remis. J'ai lû la préface de la première; et vous me permettrez de vous dire, que j'aye été fort surpris d'y voir, qu'en me donnant pour patrie un pays, dans lequel je suis né, vous avez trouvé à propos de m'attribuer un livre, qui porte le nom de son auteur, qui a eu le malheur de déplaire à quelques uns de nos ministres, et que je n'ai jamais avoue. Cette plainte, que je fais de votre conduite à mon égard, ne m'empêche pas de vous rendre justice. Les traducteurs donnent pour la plupart des louanges excessives aux ouvrages qu'ils traduisent, et s'imaginent peut-être, que leur réputation dépend en quelque façon de celles des auteurs qu'ils ont choisis. Mais vous avez senti vos forces, qui vous mettent au dessus de pareilles précautions. Capable de corriger un mauvais livre, entreprise plus difficile, que celle d'en composer un bon, vous n'avez pas craint de donner au public la traduction d'un ouvrage, que vous assurez être plein de polissoneries, de sottises, de puérilités, &c. Nous convenons ici, que le goût des nations n'est pas toujours le même. Mais nous sommes portés à croire, que le bon goût est le même par tout, où il y a des gens d'esprit, de jugement et de sçavoir. Si donc les livres du sieur Gulliver ne sont calculés que pour les isles Britanniques, ce voyageur doit passer pour un très pitoyable écrivain. Les mêmes vices et les mêmes folies régnent par tout; du moins, dans tous les pays civilisés de l'Europe: et l'auteur, que n'écrit que pour une ville, une province, un royaume, ou même un siècle, mérite si peu d'être traduit, qu'il ne mérite pas d'être lû.

Les partisans de ce Gulliver, qui ne laissent pas d'être en fort grand nombre chez nous, soutiennent, que son livre durera autant que notre langage, parce qu'il ne tire pas son mérite de certaines modes ou manières de penser et de parler, mais d'une suite d'observations sur les imperfections, les folies, et les vices de l'homme.

Vous jugez bien, que les gens, dont je viens de vous parler, n'approuvent pas fort votre critique; et vous serez sans doute surpris de sçavoir, qu'ils regardent ce chirurgien de vaisseau, comme un auteur grave, qui ne sort jamais de son sérieux, qui n'emprunte aucun fard, qui ne se pique point d'avoir de l'esprit, et qui se contente de communiquer au public, dans une narration simple et naive, les aventures qui lui sont arrivées, et les choses qu'il a vûes, ou entendues dire pendant ses voyages.

Quant à l'article qui regarde milord Carteret, sans m'informer d'où vous tirez vos mémoires, je vous dirai, que vous n'avez écrit que la moitié de la vérité; et que ce Drapier, ou réel ou supposé, a sauvé l'Irlande, en menant toute la nation contre un projet, qui devoit enrichir au dépens du public un certain nombre de particuliers.

Plusieurs accidens, qui sont arrivés, m'empêcheront de faire le voyage de France présentement, et je ne suis plus assez jeune pour me flatter de retrouver un autre occasion. Je sçais que j'aye perdû beaucoup, et je suis très sensible à cette perte. L'unique consolation qui me reste c'est de songer, que j'en supporterai mieux le pays auquel la fortune m'a condamné.

DR. SWIFT'S ANSWER.

August, 1727.

SIR,—It is above a month since I received your letter of the 4th of July; but the copy of the second edition of your translation is not yet come to hand. I have read the preface to the first; and give me leave to tell you that I was very much surprised to find that, at the same time you mentioned the country in which I was born, you also took notice of me by name as the author of that book, though I have had the misfortune of incurring the displeasure of some of our ministers by it, and never acknowledged it as mine. Your behaviour however in this respect, though somewhat exceptionable, shall not prevent me from doing you justice. The generality of translators are very lavish of their praises on such works as they undertake to render into their own language, imagining perhaps that their reputation depends in some measure on that of the authors whom they have thought proper to translate. But you were sensible of your own abilities, which rendered all such precautions needless. Capable of mending a bad book,—an enterprise more difficult than to write a good one,—you have ventured to publish the translation of a work which you affirm to abound with nonsense, puerilities, &c. We think with you that nations do not always agree in taste, but are inclined to believe that good taste is the same wherever

there are men of wit, judgment, and learning. Therefore, if the Travels of Gulliver are calculated only for the British islands, that voyager must certainly be reckoned a paltry writer. The same vices and follies prevail in all countries, at least in all the civilized parts of Europe; and an author, who would sit down to write only for a single town, a province, a kingdom, or even a century, so far from deserving to be translated, does not deserve to be read.

This Gulliver's adherents, who are very numerous here, maintain that his book will last as long as our language, because he does not derive his merit from certain modes of expression or thought, but from a series of observations on the imperfections, follies, and vices of mankind.

You may very well judge that the people I have been speaking of do not approve of your criticisms; and you will doubtless be surprised when I inform you that they regard this sea-surgeon as a grave author who never departs from his character, and who uses no foreign embellishment,—never pretends to set up for a wit,—but is satisfied with giving the public a plain and simple narrative of the adventures that befell him, and of the things he saw and heard in the course of his voyages.

With regard to the article relating to lord Carteret, without waiting for any information whence you borrowed your intelligence, I shall take the liberty to tell you that you have written only one half of the truth; and that this real or supposed Drapier has saved Ireland, by spiriting up the whole nation to oppose a project by which a certain number of individuals would have been enriched at the public expense.

A series of accidents have intervened, which will prevent my going to France at present, and I am now too old to hope for any future opportunity. I am sensible that this is a great loss to me. The only consolation that remains is to think that I shall be the better able to bear that spot of ground to which fortune has condemned me, &c.

TO MRS. HOWARD.

Twickenham, July 9, 1727, between church and dinner time

Madam,—Mr Gay, by your commands, as he says, showed me a letter to you from an unfortunate lady, one Mrs. Pratt, whose case I know very well, and pity very much; but I wonder she would make any mention of me, who am almost a stranger to you further than your goodness led you a little to distinguish me. I have often told Mrs. Pratt that I had not the least interest with the friend's friend's friend of anybody in power; on the contrary, I have been used like a dog for a dozen years by every soul who was able to do it, and were but sweepers about a court. I believe you will allow that I know courts well enough to remember that a man must have got many degrees above the power of recommending himself before he should presume to recommend another, even his nearest relation; and, for my own part, you may be sure that I will never venture to recommend a mouse to Mrs. Cole's cat, or a shoe-cleaner to your meanest domestic. But you know too well already how very injudicious the general tribe of wanters are." I told Mrs. Pratt that, if she had friends, it were best to solicit a pension; but it seems she had mentioned a place. I can only say that, when I was about courts, the best lady there had some cousin, or near dependent, whom she would be glad to recommend for an employment, and therefore would hardly think of strangers: for I take the matter thus; that a pension may possibly be got by commiseration, but great personal favour is required for an employment. There are, madam, thousands in the world who, if they saw your dog use me kindly, would the next day, in a letter, tell me of the delight they heard I had in doing good; and, being assured that a word of mine to you would do anything, desire my interest to speak to you, to speak to the speaker, to speak to sir Robert Walpole, to speak to the king, &c. Thus wanting people are like drowning people, who lay hold of every reed or bulrush in their way.

One place I humbly beg for myself, which is in your gift if it be not disposed of, I mean the perquisite of all the letters and petitions you receive, which, being generally of fair, large, strong paper, I can sell to good advantage to the band-box and trunk-makers, and I hope will annually make a pretty comfortable penny.

I hear, while I was at church, Mr. Pope wrote to you upon the occasion of Mrs. Pratt's letter; but they will not show me what is written: therefore I will not trust them, but resolved to justify myself; and they shall not see this.

I pray God grant you patience, and preserve your eye-sight; but confine your memory to the service of your royal mistress, and the happiness of your truest friends, and give you a double portion of your own spirit to distinguish them. I am, with the truest respect, madam, your most obedient and most obliged humble servant, Jonathan Swift.

TO MRS. BLOUNT.

Twitenham Garret, Thursday morning at nine.

Madam Patt,—You are commanded by Mr. Pope to read that part of the enclosed which relates to Mr. Gay and yourself, and to send a direct answer to your humble servant by my humble servant the bearer. Being at an end of all my shoes and stockings, I am not able to wait on you to-day after so rainy a night and so suspicious a morning.

Mrs. Pope is *yours;* but I, with the greatest respect, madam, your most obedient and devoted servant,

Jonathan Swift.

Pray do not give a copy of this letter to Curll the bookseller.

FROM LORD BOLINGBROKE.

[August, 1727.] Tuesday.

I return you the papers, which I have read twice over since you were here. They are extremely well; but the "Craftsman" has not only advertised the public that he intended to turn newswriter, he has begun, and for some weeks continued to appear under that new character. This consideration inclines me to think that another turn might be given to the introduction; and perhaps this would naturally call for a fourth letter from the Occasional Writer, to account for his silence, to prosecute your argument, to state the present disputes about political affairs, and, in short, to revive and animate the paper war. When we meet next, I will explain myself better than I can do by a letter writ in haste, with mowers and haymakers about me. Adieu. Let Pope share my embraces with you.

TO DR. SWIFT.[a]

Thursday.

Lord B. is so ill, and so much alone, the common fate of those who are out of power, that I have not left him one day since my return from London. Let me know how you are. Say something kind from me to Pope. Toss John Gay over the water to Richmond, if he is with you. Adieu.

[a] It does not appear who was the writer of this short letter. Perhaps Mr. Pulteney.

MR. PULTENEY TO MR. POPE.

Eleven o'clock, Tuesday morning.

I AM obliged to you all for your compliments, and when the dean is well enough, I hope to see you in town. You will probably find me a much happier man than when you saw me last; for I flatter myself that in an hour or two I shall be once more blessed with a son. Mrs. Pulteney is now in labour; if she does well and brings me a boy, I shall not care one sixpence how much longer sir Robert governs England, or Horace governs France. I am ever yours, W. P.

FROM CHEVALIER RAMSAY.[a]

Paris, August 1, 1727.

REVEREND SIR,—Mr. Hook having acquainted me with what goodness and patience you have been pleased to examine a performance of mine,[b] I take this occasion to make my acknowledgments. Nothing could flatter me more sensibly than your approbation. To acquire the esteem of persons of your merit is the principal advantage I could wish for by becoming an author, and more than I could flatter myself with. I should be proud of receiving your commands, if I could be any way useful to you in this part of the world; where, I assure you, your reputation is as well established as in your own country. I am, with the utmost regard and esteem, reverend sir, your most humble, and most obliged, obedient servant, A. RAMSAY.

FROM MRS. HOWARD.

August, 1727.

I WRITE to you to please myself. I hear you are melancholy because you have a bad head and deaf ears. These are two misfortunes I have laboured under these many years, and yet was never peevish with myself or the world. Have I more philosophy and resolution than you? Or am I so stupid that I do not feel the evil? Is this meant in a good-natured view? or do I mean that I please myself when I insult over you? Answer these queries in writing, if *poison* or other methods do not enable you soon to appear in person. Though I make use of your own word poison, give me leave to tell you, it is nonsense: and I desire you will take more care, for the time to come, how you endeavour to impose upon my understanding, by making no use of your own.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

Twickenham, August 12, 1727

I AM cleverly caught, if ever gentleman was cleverly caught; for three days after I came to town with lord Oxford[c] from Cambridgeshire, which was ten days ago, my old deafness seized me, and hath continued ever since with great increase; so that I am now deafer than ever you knew me, and yet a little less I think than I was yesterday; but, which is worse, about four days ago my giddiness seized me, and I was so very ill that yesterday I took a hearty vomit, and though I now totter, yet I think I am a thought better; but what will be the event I know not; one thing I know, that these deaf fits use to continue five or six weeks, and I am resolved if it continues, or my giddiness, some days longer, I will leave this place, and remove to Greenwich, or somewhere near London, and take my cousin Lancelot to be my nurse. Our friends know her; it is the same with Pat Rolt.[d] If my disorder should keep me longer than my licence of absence lasts, I would have you get Mr. Worrall to renew it; it will not expire till the 6th or 7th of October, and I resolved to begin my journey September 15th. Mr. Worrall will see by the date of my licence what time the new one should commence; but he has seven weeks yet to consider: I only speak in time. I am very uneasy here, because so many of our acquaintance come to see us, and I cannot be seen; besides Mr. Pope is too sickly and complaisant, therefore I resolve to go somewhere else. This is a little unlucky, my head will not bear writing long: I want to be at home, where I can turn you out, or let you in, as I think best. The king and queen come in two days to our neighbourhood [Richmond]; and there I shall be expected, and cannot go; which, however, is none of my grievances, for I would rather be absent, and have now too good an excuse. I believe this giddiness is the disorder that will at last get the better of me; but I would rather it should not be now; and I hope and believe it will not, for I am now better than yesterday. Since my dinner my giddiness is much better, and my deafness a hair's breadth not so bad. It is just as usual, worst in the morning and at evening. I will be very temperate; and in the midst of peaches, figs, nectarines, and mulberries, I touch not a bit. I hope I shall, however, set out in the midst of September, as I designed. This is a long letter for an ill head: so, adieu. My service to our two friends and all others.

[a] Indorsed by the dean, "Scotch author in France."

[b] "The Travels of Cyrus."

[c] Son of the late right honourable Robert Harley, lord high-treasurer of England, created earl of Oxford and Mortimer by Queen Anne.

[d] Mentioned in the "Journal" as a relation of Swift. The friends mentioned were Stella and Dingley.

TO MRS. HOWARD.

Twickenham, August 15, 1727.

MADAM,—I wish I were a young lord, and you were unmarried: I should make you the best husband in the world, for I am ten times deafer than ever you were in your life; and instead of a poor pain in my face, I have a good substantial giddiness and headache. The best of it is, that although we might lay our heads together, you could tell me no secrets that might not be heard five rooms distant. These disorders of mine, if they hold me as long as they used to do some years ago, will last as long as my leave of absence, which I shall not renew: and then the queen will have the misfortune not to see me, and I shall go back with the satisfaction never to have seen her since she was queen, but when I kissed her hand. And, although she were a thousand queens, I will not lose my privilege of never seeing her but when she commands it. I told my two landlords, that I would write you a love-letter; which, I remember, you commanded me to do last year: but I would not show it to either of them. I am the greatest courtier and flatterer you have; because I try your good sense and taste more than all of them put together, which is the greatest compliment I could put upon you; and you have hitherto behaved yourself tolerably well under it; much better than your mistress, if what a lady told me was true, that, talking with the queen about me, her majesty said, "I was an odd sort of a man." But I forgive her: for it is an odd thing to speak freely to princes.

I will say another thing in your praise, that goodness would become you better than any person I know; and for that very reason, there is nobody I wish to be good so much as yourself. I am, &c.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

TO MRS. HOWARD.

Twickenham, August 19, 1727.

MADAM,—About two hours before you were born I got my giddiness, by eating a hundred golden pippins at a time at Richmond; and when you were four years and a quarter old, bating two days, having made a fine seat about twenty miles further in Surrey, where I used to read and ——, there I got my deafness; and

these two friends have visited me, one or other, every year since, and being old acquaintance, have now thought fit to come together. So much for the calamities wherein I have the honour to resemble you; and you see your sufferings are but children in comparison of mine; and yet, to show my philosophy, I have been as cheerful as Scarron. You boast that your disorders never made you peevish. Where is the virtue, when all the world was peevish on your account, and so took the office out of your hands? Whereas I bore the whole load myself, nobody caring threepence what I suffered, or whether I were hanged or at ease. I tell you my philosophy is twelve times better than yours; for I can call witnesses that I bear half your pains, beside all my own, which are in themselves ten times greater. Thus have I most fully answered your queries. I wish the poison were in my stomach, (which may be very probable, considering the many drugs I take,) if I remember to have mentioned that word in my letter. But ladies who have poison in their eyes may be apt to mistake in their reading.[a] O! I have found it out; the word *person* I suppose was written like poison. Ask all the friends I write to, and they will attest this mistake to be but a trifle in my way of writing, and could easily prove it if they had any of my letters to show. I make nothing of mistaking untoward for Howard; wellpull for Walpole; knights of a share for knights of a shire; monster for minister; in writing speaker, I put an *n* for a *p*; and a hundred such blunders, which cannot be helped, while I have a hundred oceans rolling in my ears, into which no sense has been poured this fortnight; and therefore if I write nonsense, I can assure you it is genuine, and not borrowed. Thus I write by your commands; and beside, I am in duty bound to be the last writer. But, deaf or giddy, hearing or steady, I shall ever be, with the truest regard, madam, your most obedient and most humble servant, JONATHAN SWIFT.

TO DR. SHERIDAN

Twickenham, August 29, 1727.

I HAVE had your letter of the 19th, and expect before you read this to receive another from you with the most fatal news that can ever come to me, unless I should be put to death for some ignominious crime.[b] I continue very ill with my giddiness and deafness, of which I had two days intermission, but since worse, and I shall be perfectly content, if God shall please to call me away at this time. Here is a triple cord of friendship broke, which hath lasted thirty years, twenty-four of which in Ireland. I beg, if you have not written to me before you get this, to tell me no particulars, but the event in general: my weakness, my age, my friendship will bear no more. I have mentioned the case, as well as I knew it, to a physician, who is my friend; and I find his methods were the same—air and exercise—and, at last, ass's milk. I will tell you sincerely, that if I were younger and in health, or in hopes of it, I would endeavour to divert my mind by all methods in order to pass my life in quiet; but I now want only three months of sixty. I am strongly visited with a disease that will at last cut me off, if I should this time escape; if not, I have but a poor remainder, and that is below any wise man's valuing. I do not intend to return to Ireland so soon as I purposed; I would not be there in the very midst of grief. I desire you will speak to Mr. Worrall to get a new licence about the beginning of October, when my old one (as he will see by the date) shall expire; but if that fatal accident were not to happen, I am not able to travel in my present condition. What I intend is, immediately to leave this place and go with my cousin for a nurse about five miles from London on the other side toward the sea; and if I recover, I will either pass this winter near Salisbury Plain, or in France; and therefore I desire Mr. Worrall may make this licence run like the former—("To Great Britain or elsewhere, for the recovery of his health)."

Neither my health nor grief will permit me to say more; your directions to Mr. Lancelot at his house in New Bond-street, over against the Crown and Cushion, will reach me. Farewell.

This stroke was unexpected, and my fears last year were ten times greater.

[a] See Mrs. Howard's letter, August, 1727.

[b] The account of Stella's last illness.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

London, September 2, 1727.

I HAD yours of the 19th of August, which I answered the 29th from Twickenham. I came to town on the last day of August, being impatient of staying there longer, where so much company came to us while I was so giddy and deaf. I am now got to my cousin Lancelot's house, where I desire all letters may be directed to me; I am still in the same condition, or rather worse, for I walk like a drunken man, and am deafer than ever you knew me. If I had any tolerable health, I would go this moment to Ireland; yet I think I would not, considering the news I daily expect to hear from you. I have just received yours of August 24; I kept it an hour in my pocket with all the suspense of a man who expected to hear the worst news that fortune could give him; and at the same time was not able to hold up my head. These are the perquisites of living long; the last act of life is always a tragedy at best; but it is a bitter aggravation to have one's best friend go before one. I desired in my last that you would not enlarge upon that event, but tell me the bare fact. I long knew that our dear friend had not the *stamina vitæ;* but my friendship could not arm me against this accident, although I foresaw it. I have said enough in my last letter, which now I suppose is with you. I know not whether it be an addition to my grief or not that I am now extremely ill; for it would have been a reproach to me to be in perfect health when such a friend is desperate. I do profess, upon my salvation, that the distressed and desperate condition of our friend makes life so indifferent to me, who by course of nature have so little left, that I do not think it worth the time to struggle; yet I should think, according to what hath been formerly, that I may happen to overcome this present disorder; and to what advantage? Why, to see the loss of that person for whose sake only life was worth preserving. I brought both those friends over,[a] that we might be happy together as long as God should please; the knot is broken, and the remaining person you know has ill answered the end; and the other, who is now to be lost, is all that was valuable. You agreed with me, or you are a great hypocrite. What have I to do in the world? I never was in such agonies as when I received your letter, and had it in my pocket. I am able to hold up my sorry head no longer.

MR POPE TO DR. SHERIDAN.

Twickenham, September 6, 1727.

SIR,—I am both obliged and alarmed by your letter. What you mention of a particular friend of the dean's being upon the brink of another world gives me great pain; for it makes me, in tenderness to him, wish him with you, and at the same time I fear he is not in a condition to make the journey. Though (to ease you as far as I can) his physician and friend Dr. Arbuthnot assures me he will soon be well. At present he is

[a] Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Dingley.

very deaf, and more uneasy than I hoped that complaint alone would have made him. I apprehend he has written to you in a melancholy way, which has put you into a greater fright, than (with God's will) we may have any reason for. He talks of returning to Ireland in three weeks if he recovers sufficiently; if not, he will stay here this winter. Upon pretence of some very unavoidable occasions, he went to London four days since, where I see him as often as he will let me. I was extremely concerned at his *opiniâtreté* in leaving me; but he shall not get rid of the friend though he may of his house. I have suggested to him the remedy you mention; and I will not leave him a day till I see him better. I wish you could see us in England without manifest inconvenience to yourself; though I heartily hope and believe that our friend will do well. I sincerely honour you for your warmth of affection, where it is so justly merited: and am, both for his sake and your own, with great esteem, sir, your truly affectionate and obedient servant,

ALEXANDER POPE.

P.S.—I have often desired the dean to make known to you my sense of the good opinion you have expressed of me in your letters. I am pleased to have an opportunity of thanking you under my hand, and I desire you to continue it to one who is no way ungrateful.

FROM MRS. HOWARD.

September, 1727.

I DID desire you to write me a love-letter: but I never did desire you to talk of marrying me. I would rather you and I were dumb as well as deaf for ever than that should happen. I would take your giddiness, your headache, or any other complaint you have, to resemble you in one circumstance of life. So that I insist upon your thinking yourself a very happy man, at least whenever you make a comparison between yourself and me. I likewise insist upon your taking no resolution to leave England till I see you; which must be here, for the most disagreeable reason in the world, and the most shocking; I dare not go to you. Believe nobody that talks to you of the queen, without you are sure the person likes both the queen and you. I have been a slave twenty years without ever receiving a reason for any one thing I ever was obliged to do; and I have now a mind to take the pleasure once in my life, of absolute power, which I expect you to give me, in obeying all my orders, without one question why I have given them.

TO MR. WORRALL.

London, September, 12, 1727.

I HAVE not written to you this long time, nor would I now, if it were not necessary. By Dr. Sheridan's frequent letters, I am every post expecting the death of a friend, with whose loss I shall have very little regard for the few years that nature may leave me. I desire to know where my two friends lodge. I gave a caution to Mrs. Brent that it might not be *in domo decani, quoniam hoc minimè decet, uti manifestum est; habeo enim malignos, qui sinistrè hoc interpretabuntur, si eveniet (quod Deus avertat) ut illic moriatur.* I am in such a condition of health, that I cannot possibly travel. Dr. Sheridan, to whom I write this post, will be more particular and spare my weak disordered head. Pray answer all calls of money in your power to Mrs Dingley, and desire her to ask it. I cannot come back at the time of my licence, I am afraid. Therefore, two or three days before it expires, which will be the beginning of October (you will find by the date of the last), take out a new one for another half-year; and let the same clause be in (of leave to go to Great Britain, or elsewhere, for the recovery of his health), for very probably, if this unfortunate event should happen of the loss of our friend (and I have no probability or hopes to expect better), I will go to France, if my health will permit me to forget myself.[a] I leave my whole little affairs with you: I hate to think of them. If Mr. Deacon or alderman Pearson come to pay rent, take it on account, unless they bring you their last acquittance to direct you. But Deacon owes me 75*l*. and interest, upon his bond: so that you are to take care of giving him any receipt in full of all accounts. I hope you and Mrs. Worrall have your health. I can hold up my head no longer. I am sincerely yours, &c.

You need not trouble yourself to write till you have business, for it is uncertain where I shall be.

TO MRS. HOWARD.

September, 1727.

MADAM,—This cruel disorder of deafness, attended with giddiness, still confines me. I have been debating with myself, that having a home in Dublin not inconvenient, it would be prudent for me to return thither, while my sickness will allow me to travel. I am therefore setting out for Ireland; and it is one comfort to me, that I am ridding you of a troublesome companion. I am infinitely obliged to you for all your civilities, and shall retain the remembrance of them during my life.

I hope you will favour me so far as to present my most humble duty to the queen, and to describe to her majesty my sorrow that my disorder was of such a nature as to make me incapable of attending her, as she was pleased to permit me. I shall pass the remainder of my life with the utmost gratitude for her majesty's favours.

FROM MR. POPE.

October 2, 1727.

IT is a perfect trouble to me to write to you, and your kind letter left for me at Mr. Gay's affected me so much that it made me like a girl. I cannot tell what to say to you; I only feel that I wish you well in every circumstance of life; that it is almost as good to be hated as to be loved, considering the pain it is to minds of any tender turn to find themselves so utterly impotent to do any good, or give any ease to those who deserve most from us. I would very fain know as soon as you recover your complaints, or any part of them. Would to God I could ease any of them, or had been able even to have alleviated any! I found I was not, and truly it grieved me. I was sorry to find you could think yourself easier in any house than in mine, though at the same time I can allow for a tenderness in your way of thinking, even when it seemed to want that tenderness. I cannot explain my meaning, perhaps you know it: but the best way of convincing you of my indulgence will be, if I live, to visit you in Ireland, and act there as much in my own way as you did here in yours. I will not leave your roof, if I am ill. To your bad health I fear there was added some disagreeable news from Ireland, which might occasion your so sudden departure; for the last time I saw you you assured me you would not leave us the whole winter, unless your health grew better, and I do not find it did so. I never complied so unwillingly in my life with any friend as with you, in staying so entirely from you; nor could I have had the constancy to do it if you had not promised that before you went we should meet, and you would send

[a] Soon after the date of this letter the dean went to Ireland; and Mrs. Johnson, after languishing about two months, died on the 28th of January, 1727-8, in the 44th year of her age.

to us all to come. I have given your remembrances to those you mention in yours; we are quite sorry for you, I mean for ourselves. I hope, as you do, that we shall meet in a more durable and a more satisfactory state; but the less sure I am of that, the more I would indulge it in this. We are to believe we shall have something better than even a friend there, but certainly here we have nothing so good.

Adieu for this time; may you find every friend you go to as pleased and happy as every friend you went from is sorry and troubled. Yours, &c.

TO MR. POPE.

Dublin, October 12, 1727.

I HAVE been long reasoning with myself upon the condition I am in, and in conclusion have thought it best to return to what fortune has made my home; I have there a large house, and servants and conveniencies about me. I may be worse than I am, and have nowhere to retire. I therefore thought it best to return to Ireland, rather than go to any distant place in England. Here is my maintenance, and here my convenience. If it pleases God to restore me to my health, I shall readily make a third journey; if not, we must part as all human creatures have parted. You are the best and kindest friend in the world, and I know nobody alive or dead to whom I am so much obliged; and if ever you made me angry, it was for your too much care about me. I have often wished that God Almighty would be so easy to the weakness of mankind as to let old friends be acquainted in another state; and if I were to write a Utopia for Heaven, that would be one of my schemes. This wildness you must allow for, because I am giddy and deaf.

I find it more convenient to be sick here, without the vexation of making my friends uneasy; yet my giddiness alone would not have done if that unsociable comfortless deafness had not quite tired me: and I believe I should have returned from the inn if I had not feared it was only a short intermission, and the year was late, and my licence expiring. Surely, beside all other faults, I should be a very ill judge to doubt your friendship and kindness. But it has pleased God that you are not in a state of health to be mortified with the care and sickness of a friend. Two sick friends never did well together: such an office is fitter for servants and humble companions, to whom it is wholly indifferent whether we give them trouble or not. The case would be quite otherwise if you were with me; you could refuse to see anybody, and here is a large house where we need not hear each other if we were both sick. I have a race of orderly elderly people of both sexes at command, who are of no consequence, and have gifts proper for attending us; who can bawl when I am deaf, and tread softly when I am only giddy and would sleep.

I had another reason for my haste hither, which was changing my agent, the old one having terribly involved my little affairs; to which, however, I am grown so indifferent, that I believe I shall lose 200*l.* or 300*l* rather than plague myself with accompts: so that I am very well qualified to be a lord, and put into Peter Walter's hands.

Pray God continue and increase Mr. Congreve's amendment, though he does not deserve it like you, having been too lavish of that health which nature gave him.

I hope my Whitehall landlord is nearer to a place than when I left him; as the preacher said, "the day of judgment was nearer than ever it had been before."

Pray God send you health, *det salutem, det opes, animam æquam ipse tibi parabis.*[a] You see Horace wishes for money as well as health; and I would hold a crown he kept a coach; and I shall never be a friend to the court till you do so too. Yours, &c.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

FROM THE EARL OF OXFORD.

Dover Street, October 12, 1727.

REVEREND SIR,—I was very much concerned to hear you were so much out of order when I went to the north; and upon my return, which was but lately, I was in hopes to have found you here, and that you would not have gone to your deanery till the spring. I should be glad to hear that you are well, and have got rid of that troublesome distemper, your deafness.

I have seen Pope but once, and that was but for a few minutes; he was very much out of order, but I hope it only proceeded from being two days in town, and staying out a whole opera. He would not see the coronation, although he might have seen it with little trouble.

I came last night well home, after attending and paying my duty in my rank at the coronation. I hope there will not be another till I can have the laudable excuse of old age not to attend; which is no ill wish to their present majesties, since Nottingham at fourscore could bear the fatigue very well. I will not trouble you with an account of the ceremony; I do not doubt but you will have a full and true account from much better hands.

I have been put in hopes that we shall see you again early in the spring, which will be a very great pleasure to me.

There is a gentleman that is now upon putting out a new edition of the "Oxford Marmora;" I should take it for a great favour if you would be so kind to lend me your copy of that book. I think there are some corrections: if you think fit to do this, Mr. Clayton, who is in Ireland, will take care to bring it safe to me, and I will with great care return it to you again.

I must not conclude this without making my wife's compliments to you. I am, with true respect, sir, your most humble servant,

OXFORD.

You forgot to send me the ballad.

Mr. Clayton will call upon you before he comes to England: I have written to him to that purpose.

FROM MR. GAY AND MR. POPE.

October 22, 1727.

THOUGH you went away from us so unexpectedly, and in so clandestine a manner, yet, by several inquiries, we have informed ourselves of everything that hath happened to you.

To our great joy, you have told us your deafness left you at the inn in Aldersgate Street: no doubt your ears knew there was nothing worth hearing in England.

Our advices from Chester tell us that you met captain Lawson:[b] the captain was a man of veracity, and set sail at the time he told you. I really wished you had laid hold of that opportunity, for you had then been in Ireland the next day; besides, as it is credibly reported, the captain had a bottle or two of excellent claret in his cabin. You would not then have had the plague of that little smoky room at Holyhead;[c] but considering it was there you lost your

[a] "Let Jove give health, give riches, you shall find
An inward treasure in an equal mind."

[b] Commander of the king's Dublin yacht.

[c] The dean's route upon this, as upon other occasions, might be traced by his memoranda upon the walls and windows of his

giddiness, we have great reason to praise smoky rooms for the future, and prescribe them in like cases to our friends. The maid of the house writes us word, that while you were there you were busy for ten days together writing continually; and that, as Wat drew nearer and nearer to Ireland, he blundered more and more. By a scrap of paper left in this smoky room, it seemed as if the book you were writing was a most lamentable account of your travels; and really had there been any wine in the house, the place would not have been so irksome. We were further told that you set out, were driven back again by a storm, and lay in the ship all night. After the next setting sail, we were in great concern about you, because the weather grew very tempestuous; when, to my great joy and surprise, I received a letter from Carlingford, in Ireland, which informed us that, after many perils, you were safely landed there. Had the oysters been good, it would have been a comfortable refreshment after your fatigue. We compassionated you in your travels through that country of desolation and poverty in your way to Dublin; for it is a most dreadful circumstance to have lazy, dull horses on a road where there are very bad or no inns. When you carry a sample of English apples next to Ireland, I beg you would get them either from Goodrich or Devonshire. Pray who was the clergyman that met you at some distance from Dublin? because we could not learn his name. These are all the hints we could get of your long and dangerous journey, every step of which we shared your anxieties; and all that we have now left to comfort us is to hear that you are in good health.

But why should we tell you what you know already? The queen's [a] family is at last settled, and in the list I was appointed gentleman-usher to the princess Louisa, the youngest princess; which, upon account that I am so far advanced in life, I have declined accepting; and I have endeavoured in the best manner I could to make my excuses by a letter to her majesty. So now all my expectations are vanished; and I have no prospect but in depending wholly upon myself and my own conduct. As I am used to disappointments, I can bear them; but as I can have no more hopes, I can no more be disappointed, so that I am in a blessed condition. You remember you were advising me to go into Newgate to finish my scenes the more correctly. I now think I shall, for I have no attendance to hinder me; but my opera [b] is already finished. I leave the rest of this paper to Mr. Pope.

Gay is a free man, and I wrote him a long congratulatory letter upon it. Do you the same: it will mend him and make him a better man than a court could do. Horace might keep his coach in Augustus's time if he pleased; but I will not in the time of our Augustus. My poem ["The Dunciad"], (which it grieves me that I dare not send you a copy of, for fear of the Curlls and Dennises of Ireland, and still more for fear of the worst of traitors, our friends and admirers.) my poem, I say, will show you what a distinguished age we live in. Your name is in it, with some others, under a mark of such ignominy as you will not much grieve to wear in that company. Adieu, and God bless you, and give you health and spirits.

Whether thou choose Cervantes' serious air,
Or laugh and shake in Rab'lais' easy chair,
Or in the graver gown instruct mankind
Or, silent, let thy morals tell thy mind

These two verses are over and above what I have said of you in the poem.[c] Adieu.

[a] Queen Caroline, consort of king George II
[b] The "Beggars' Opera."
[c] We see by this with what judgment Pope corrected and erased

TO MR. POPE.

October 30, 1727.

THE first letter I wrote after my landing was to Mr. Gay, but it would have been wiser to direct it to Tonson or Lintot, to whom I believe his lodgings are better known than to the runners of the post-office. In that letter you will find what a quick change I made in seven days from London to the deanery, through many nations and languages unknown to the civilized world.

And I have often reflected in how few hours, with a swift horse or a strong gale, a man may come among a people as unknown to him as the antipodes. If I did not know you more by your conversation and kindness than by your letter, I might be base enough to suspect that, in point of friendship, you acted like some philosophers, who wrote much better upon virtue than they practised it. In answer, I can only swear that you have taught me to dream, which I had not done in twelve years further than by inexpressible nonsense; but now I can every night distinctly see Twickenham, and the Grotto, and Dawley, and many other et ceteras, and it is but three nights since I beat Mrs. Pope. I must needs confess that the pleasure I take in thinking on you is very much lessened by the pain I am in about your health; you pay dearly for the great talents God has given you, and for the consequences of them in the esteem and distinction you receive from mankind, unless you can provide a tolerable stock of health; in which pursuit I cannot much commend your conduct, but rather entreat you would mend it by following the advice of my lord Bolingbroke and your other physicians. When you talked of cups and impressions it came into my head to imitate you in quoting scripture, not to your advantage; I mean what was said to David by one of his brothers; "I knew thy pride and the naughtiness of thy heart;" I remember when it grieved your soul to see me pay a penny more than my club at an inn, when you had maintained me three months at bed and board; for which, if I had dealt with you in the Smithfield way, it would have cost me 100*l.*, for I live worse here upon more. Did you ever consider that I am for life almost twice as rich as you, and pay no rent, and drink French wine twice as cheap as you do port, and have neither coach, chair, nor mother? As to the world, I think you ought to say to it with St. Paul, "If we have sown unto you spiritual things, is it a great thing if we shall reap your carnal things?" This is more proper still if you consider the French word *spirituel*, in which sense the world ought to pay you better than they do. If you made me a present of 1000*l.* I would not allow myself to be in your debt; and if I made you a present of 2000*l.* I would not allow myself to be out of it. But I have not half your pride: witness what Mr Gay says in his letter, that I was censured for begging presents, though I limited them to 10*s.* I see no reason (at least my friendship and vanity see none) why you should not give me a visit when you shall happen to be disengaged: I will send a person to Chester to take care of you, and you shall be used by the best folks we have here as well as civility and good-nature can contrive; I believe local motion will be no ill physic, and I will have your coming inscribed on my tomb, and recorded in never-dying verse.

I thank Mrs. Pope for her prayers, but I know the mystery. A person of my acquaintance who used to correspond with the last great duke of Tuscany, showing one of the duke's letters to a friend, and professing great sense of his highness's friendship, read this passage out of the letter: "I would give one of my fingers to procure your real good." The person to whom this was read, and who knew the duke well, said, the meaning of *real good* was only that the other might turn a good Catholic. Pray ask Mrs. Pope

whether this story is applicable to her and me? I pr. God bless her, for I am sure she is a good Christi: and (which is almost as rare) a good woman. Adieu

TO MR. GAY.

Dublin, November 27, 1727

I ENTIRELY approve your refusal of that employmen and your writing to the queen. I am perfectly confident you have a keen enemy in the mini try [sir Robert Walpole]. God forgive him, but not till he puts himsel in a state to be forgiven. Upon reasoning with myself, I should hope they are gone too far to discard you quite, and that they will give you something; which, althoug much less then they ought, will be (as far as it is worth) better circumstantiated: and since you already just live, a middling help will make you just tolerable Your lateness in life (as you so soon call it) might be improper to begin the world with, but almost the eldest men may hope to see changes in a court. A minister is always seventy: you are thirty years younger; and consider Cromwell himself did not begin to appear till he was older than you. I beg you will be thrifty, and learn to value a shilling, which Dr. Birch said was a serious thing. Get a stronger fence about your 1000*l.* and throw the inner fence into the heap, and be advised by your Twickenham landlord and me about an annuity. You are the most refractory, honest, good-natured man I ever have known; I could argue out this paper.—I am very glad your opera is finished, and hope your friends will join the readier to make it succeed, because you are ill used by others.

I have known courts these thirty-six years, and know they differ; but in some things they are extremely constant: first, in the trite old maxim of a minister's never forgiving those he hath injured: secondly, in the insincerity of those who would be thought the best friends: thirdly, in the love of fawning, cringing, and tale-bearing: fourthly, in sacrificing those whom we really wish well to a point of interest or intrigue: fifthly, in keeping everything worth taking for those who can do service or disservice [a]

Now why does not Pope publish his "Dulness"? the rogues he marks will die of themselves in peace, and so will his friends, and so there will be neither punishment nor reward. Pray inquire how my lord St. John does; there is no man's health in England I am more concerned about than his. I wonder whethe you begin to taste the pleasure of independency? or whether you do not sometimes leer upon the court, *oculo retorto?* Will you not think of an annuity when you are two years older, and have doubled your purchase-money? Have you dedicated your opera and got the usual dedication fee of twenty guineas? How is the doctor? does he not chide that you never called upon him for hints? Is my lord Bolingbroke, at the moment I am writing, a planter, a philosopher, or a writer? Is Mr. Pulteney in expectation of a son, or my lord Oxford of a new old manuscript?

I bought your opera to-day for sixpence, a cursed print. I find there is neither dedication nor preface both which wants I approve; it is in the *grand gout*.

We are as full of it, *pro modulo nostro*, as London can be; continually acting, and houses crammed, and the lord-lieutenant several times there laughing his heart out. I did not understand that the scene of Locket and Peachum's quarrel was an imitation of one between Brutus and Cassius till I was told it. I wish Macheath, when he was going to be hanged, had imitated Alexander the Great when he was dying:[b] I would have had his fellow-rogues desire his commands about a successor, and he to answer, Let it be the most worthy, &c. We hear a million of stories about the opera, of the applause at the song "That was levelled at me," when two great ministers were in a box together, and all the world staring at them. [a] I am heartily glad your opera hath mended your purse, though perhaps it may spoil your court.

Will you desire my lord Bolingbroke, Mr. Pulteney, and Mr. Pope, to command you to buy an annuity with 2000*l.*? that you may laugh at courts, and bid ministers ——.

Ever preserve some spice of the alderman, and prepare against age and dulness, and sickness, and coldness or death of friends. A whore has a resource left, that she can turn bawd; but an old decayed poet is a creature abandoned, and at mercy when he can find none. Get me likewise Polly's mezzotinto.[b] Lord, how the schoolboys at Westminster and university lads adore you at this juncture! Have you made as many men laugh as ministers can make weep?

I will excuse sir —— the trouble of a letter. When ambassadors came from Troy to condole with Tiberius upon the death of his nephew after two years, the emperor answered, that he likewise condoled with them for the untimely death of Hector. I always loved and respected him very much, and do still as much as ever; and it is a return sufficient if he pleases to accept the offers of my most humble service.

The "Beggars' Opera" hath knocked down "Gulliver;" I hope to see Pope's "Dulness" knock down the "Beggars' Opera," but not till it hath fully done its job.

To expose vice, and make people laugh with innocence, does more public service than all the ministers of state from Adam to Walpole, and so adieu.

FROM DR. ARBUTHNOT.

London, November 30, 1727.

HAVE heard, dear sir, with great pleasure, of your safe arrival; and, which is more, of the recovery of 'our health. I think it will be the best expedient for ne to take a journey. You will know who the enlosed comes from; and I hope will value mine for what it contains. I think every one of your friends ave heard from you except myself. Either you have ot done me justice, or your friends have not done you; or I have not heard from them of my name being menioned in any of your letters. If my curiosity wanted nly to be gratified, I do not stand in need of a letter rom yourself to inform me what you are doing; for here are people about court who can tell me everyhing that you do or say, so that you had best take are of your conduct. You see of what importance are. However, all quarrels aside, I must ask you f you have any interest (or do you think that I could ave or procure any) with my lord-lieutenant to adance a relation of mine, one captain Innes, I think in olonel Wilson's regiment, and now in Limerick? He an exceeding worthy man, but has stuck long in a ow post for want of friends. Pray tell me which way shall proceed in this matter.

I was yesterday with all your friends at St. James's. here is certainly a fatality upon poor Gay. As for opes of preferment there by favour, he has laid it side. He had made a pretty good bargain (that is, a mithfield one) for a little place in the Custom-house, hich was to bring him in about 100*l.* a-year. It was

[a] Let every expectant of preferment in church and state carefully attend to and remember the *five* reflections of a man well versed in courts.

[b] A hint that might have been worked up with much humour: as was the quarrel of Locket and Peachum.

[a] Some of these songs that contained the severest satire against he court were written by Pope; particularly—

"Through all the employments of life;"

nd also—

"Since laws were made," &c.

[b] Miss Lavinia Fenton, afterward duchess of Bolton. She was very accomplished, and a most agreeable companion.

done as a favour to an old man, and not at all to Gay. When everything was concluded, the man repented, and said he would not part with his place. I have begged Gay not to buy an annuity upon my life; I am sure I should not live a week. I long to hear of the safe arrival of Dr. Delany. Pray give my humble service to him.

As for news, it was written from Spain to me, from my brother in France, that the preliminaries were ratified, and yet the ministry know nothing of it. Nay some of them told me that the answer was rather surly Lord Townshend is very ill; but I think, by the description of his case, it is not mortal. I was with our friend at the back-stairs yesterday, and had the honour to be called in, and prettily chid for leaving off, &c. The first part of the discourse was about you, Mr. Pope, Curll, and myself. My family are well: they, and my brother in France, and one that is here, all give their service to you. If you had been so lucky as to have gone to Paris last summer, you would have had health, honour, and diversion, in abundance: for I will promise you would have recovered of the spleen. I shall add no more, but my kindest wishes, and that I am, with the greatest affection and respect, yours, &c.

FROM MONSIEUR VOLTAIRE.

In London, Maiden-lane, at the White Peruke, Covent-garden, December 14, 1727.

SIR,—You will be surprised in receiving an English essay[a] from a French traveller. Pray forgive an admirer of you, who owes to your writings the love he bears to your language, which has betrayed him into the rash attempt of writing in English.

You will see by the advertisement that I have some designs upon you, and that I must mention you for the honour of your country, and for the improvement of mine. Do not forbid me to grace my relation with your name. Let me indulge the satisfaction of talking of you as posterity will do.

In the mean time can I make bold to entreat you to make some use of your interest in Ireland, about some subscriptions for the "Henriade," which is almost ready, and does not come out yet for want of a little help? The subscriptions will be but one guinea in hand. I am, with the highest esteem and the utmost gratitude, sir, your most humble and most obedient servant,

VOLTAIRE.

FROM MONSIEUR VOLTAIRE.

SIR,—I sent the other day a cargo of French dulness to my lord lieutenant. My lady Bolingbroke has taken upon herself to send you one copy of the "Henriade." She is desirous to do that honour to my book; and I hope the merit of being presented to you by her hands will be a commendation to it. However, if she has not done it already, I desire you to take one of the cargo which is now at my lord-lieutenant's. I wish you a good hearing; if you have got it, you want nothing. I have not seen Mr. Pope this winter; but I have seen the third volume of the "Miscellanea;" and the more I read your works, the more I am ashamed of mine. I am, with respect, esteem, and gratitude, sir, your most humble and most obedient servant,

VOLTAIRE.

[a] "An Essay on the Civil Wars of France," which he made the foundation of his "Henriade," an heroic poem, since well known. He had been imprisoned in the Bastile in Paris; but being re- d about the year 1725, he came to England, and solicited subscriptions for his poem. In about a year and a half he had made himself master of our language; and in 1727, when this letter was written, he published the essay here mentioned, with "An Essay on the Epic Poetry of the European Nations, from Homer to Milton."

TO MRS. MOORE.

Deanery-house, December 27, 1727.

DEAR MADAM,—Though I see you seldomer than is agreeable to my inclinations, yet you have no friend in the world that is more concerned for anything that can affect your mind, your health, or your fortune; I have always had the highest esteem for your virtue, the greatest value for your conversation, and the truest affection for your person; and therefore cannot but heartily condole with you for the loss of so amiable, and (what is more) so favourite a child. These are the necessary consequences of too strong attachments, by which we are grieving ourselves with the death of those we love, as we must one day grieve those who love us with the death of ourselves. For life is a tragedy, wherein we sit as spectators awhile, and then act our own part in it. Self-love, as it is the motive to all our actions, so it is the sole cause of our grief. The dear person you lament is by no means an object of pity, either in a moral or religious sense. Philosophy always taught men to despise life, as a most contemptible thing in itself; and religion regards it only as a preparation for a better, which you are taught to be certain that so innocent a person is now in possession of; so that she is an immense gainer, and you and her friends the only losers. Now, under misfortunes of this kind, I know no consolation more effectual to a reasonable person than to reflect rather upon what is left than what is lost. She was neither an only child nor an only daughter. You have three children left, one (Charles Devenish, esq.) of them of an age to be useful to his family, and the two others as promising as can be expected from their age; so that, according to the general dispensations of God Almighty, you have small reason to repine upon that article of life. And religion will tell you that the true way to preserve them is, not to fix any of them too deep in your heart, which is a weakness that God seldom leaves long unpunished: common observation showing us that such favourite children are either spoiled by their parents' indulgence, or soon taken out of the world; which last is, generally speaking, the lighter punishment of the two.

God, in his wisdom, hath been pleased to load our declining years with many sufferings, with diseases and decays of nature; with the death of many friends, and the ingratitude of more; sometimes with the loss or diminution of our fortunes, when our infirmities most need them; often with contempt from the world, and always with neglect from it; with the death of our most hopeful or useful children; with a want of relish for all worldly enjoyments; with a general dislike of persons and things; and though all these are very natural effects of increasing years, yet they were intended by the author of our being to wean us gradually from our fondness of life, the nearer we approach toward the end of it. And this is the use you are to make in prudence, as well as in conscience, of all the afflictions you have hitherto undergone, as well as of those which in the course of nature and providence you have reason to expect. May God, who hath endowed you with so many virtues, add strength of mind and reliance upon his mercy, in proportion to your present sufferings, as well as those he may think fit to try you with through the remainder of your life.

I fear my present ill disposition, both of health and mind, has made me but a sorry comforter:[a] however, it will show that no circumstance of life can put you out of my mind, and that I am, with the truest respect, esteem, and friendship, dear madam, your most obedient and humble servant, JONATHAN SWIFT.

[a] It was written little more than a month before Mrs Johnson's death, an event which was then almost daily expected.

TO LORD CARTERET.

January 18, 1728.

My Lord,—I was informed that your excellency having referred to the university here for some regulations of his majesty's benefaction for professors, they have in their answer insinuated as if they thought it best that the several professorships should be limited to their fellows, and to be held only as they continue to be so. I need not inform your excellency how contrary such a practice is to that of all the universities in Europe. Your excellency well knows how many learned men, of the two last ages, have been invited by princes to be professors in some art or science for which they were renowned; and that the like rule has been followed in Oxford and Cambridge. I hope your excellency will show no regard to so narrow and partial an opinion, which can only tend to mend fellowships and spoil professorships; although I should be sorry that any fellow should be thought incapable on that account, when otherwise qualified; and I should be glad that any person whose education has been in this university should be preferred before another upon equal deservings. But that must be left to those who shall be your excellency's successors, who may not always be great clerks; and I wish you could in some measure provide against having this benefaction made a perquisite of humour or favour. Whoever is preferred to a bishopric, or to such a preferment as shall hinder him from residing within a certain distance of this town, should be obliged to resign his professorship.

As long as you are governor here I shall always expect the liberty of telling you my thoughts; and I hope you will consider them, until y[illegible] I grow impertinent, or have some bias of my own.

If I had not been confined to my chamber by the continuance of my unconversable disorder, I would have exchanged your trouble of reading for that of hearing. I am, &c. Jonathan Swift.

I desire to present my most humble respects to my lady Carteret.

Your friend Walpole has lately done one of the cruelest actions that ever I knew, even in a minister of state, these thirty years past; which if the queen hath not intelligence of, may my right hand forget its cunning

FROM LORD BOLINGBROKE AND MR. POPE.

. . . . 1728.

Pope charges himself with this letter: he has been here two days, he is now hurrying to London, he will hurry back to Twickenham in two days more, and before the end of the week he will be, for aught I know, at Dublin. In the mean time his "*Dulness*" [the "Dunciad"] grows and flourishes as if he was there already. It will indeed be a noble work: the many will stare at it, the few will smile, and all his patrons, from Bickerstaff to Gulliver, will rejoice to see themselves adorned in that immortal piece.

I hear that you have had some return of your illness, which carried you so suddenly from us, if indeed it was your own illness which made you in such haste to be at Dublin. Dear Swift, take care of your health; I will give you a receipt for it, à la Montaigne, or, which is better, à la Bruyère. "Nourisser bien votre corps; ne le fatiguer jamais:[a] laisser rouiller l'esprit, meuble inutil, voire outil dangereux: Laisser sonner vos cloches le matin pour éveiller les chanoines, et pour faire dormir le doyen d'un sommeil doux et profond, qui lui procure de beaux songes: lever vous tard, et aller à l'église, pour vous faire payer d'avoir bien dormi et bien déjeûné."

[a] The whole of this pleasant receipt is taken from the "Lutrin" of Boileau.

As to myself (a person about whom I concern myself very little), I must say a word or two out of complaisance to you. I am in my farm, and here I shoot strong and tenacious roots; I have caught hold of the earth (to use a gardener's phrase), and neither my enemies nor my friends will find it an easy matter to transplant me again. Adieu; let me hear from you, at least of you: I love you for a thousand things, for none more than for the just esteem and love which you have for all the sons of Adam.

P.S. According to lord Bolingbroke's account, I shall be at Dublin in three days. I cannot help adding a word, to desire you to expect my soul there with you by that time; but as for the jade of a body that is tacked to it, I fear there will be no dragging it after. I assure you I have few friends here to detain me, and no powerful one at court absolutely to forbid my journey. I am told the gynocracy[a] are of opinion that they want no better writers than Cibber and the British Journalist;[b] so that we may live at quiet, and apply ourselves to our more abstruse studies. The only courtiers I know, or have the honour to call my friends, are John Gay and Mr. Bowry; the former is at present so employed in the elevated airs of his opera, and the latter in the exaltation of his high dignity, (that of her majesty's waterman,) that I can scarce obtain a categorical answer from either to anything I say to them. But the "Beggars' Opera" succeeds extremely to yours and my extreme satisfaction, of which he promises this post to give you a full account. I have been in a worse condition of health than ever, and think my immortality is very near out of my enjoyment: so it must be in you and in posterity to make me what amends you can for dying young. Adieu. While I am, I am yours. Pray love me and take care of yourself.

FROM MR. GAY.

Whitehall, February 15, 1728.

Dear Sir,—I have deferred writing to you from time to time, till I could give you an account of the "Beggars' Opera." It is acted at the playhouse in Lincoln's-inn-fields with such success, that the playhouse has been crowded every night. To-night is the fifteenth time of acting, and it is thought it will run a fortnight longer. I have ordered Motte[c] to send the play to you the first opportunity. I made no interest either for approbation or money; nor has anybody been pressed to take tickets for my benefit: notwithstanding which, I think I shall make an addition to my fortune of between 600*l.* and 700*l.* I know this account will give you pleasure, as I have pushed through this precarious affair without servility or flattery.

As to any favours from great men, I am in the same state you left me; but I am a great deal happier, as I have no expectations. The duchess of Queensberry has signalized her friendship to me upon this occasion in such a conspicuous manner that I hope (for her sake) you will take care to put your fork to all its proper uses, and suffer nobody for the future to put their knives in their mouths.[d] Lord Cobham says

[a] The petticoat government; perhaps alluding to queen Caroline and Mrs. Howard.

[b] William Arnall, bred an attorney. It appears from the Report of the Secret Committee in the year 1742, for Inquiring into the Conduct of sir Robert Walpole, that Arnall received for "Free Britons," and other writings, in the space of four years, not less than 10,997*l.* 6*s.* 8*d* out of the treasury.

[c] Benjamin Motte, the bookseller.

[d] Alluding to some jest between the duchess and Swift, about his using his knife at table when a fork would have been more appropriate. It is again hinted at in Gay's letter of 9th November, 1729.

that I should have printed in Italian over against the English, that the ladies might have understood what they read. The outlandish (as they now call it) opera has been so thin of late, that some have called that the "Beggars' Opera;" and if the run continues, I fear I shall have remonstrances drawn up against me by the Royal Academy of Music. As none of us have heard from you of late, every one of us are in concern about your health: I beg we may hear from you soon. By my constant attendance on this affair I have almost worried myself into an ill state or health; but I intend, in five or six days, to go to our country seat at Twickenham for a little air. Mr. Pope is very seldom in town. Mrs. Howard frequently asks after you, and desires her compliments to you. Mr. George Arbuthnot, the doctor's brother, is married to Mrs. Peggy Robinson.

I would write more, but as to-night is for my benefit, I am in a hurry to go out about business. I am, dear sir, your most affectionate and obedient servant, JOHN GAY.

TO MRS. BLOUNT.[a]

Dublin, February 29, 1728.

DEAR PATTY,—I am told you have a mind to receive a letter from me, which is a very undecent declaration in a young lady, and almost a confession that you have a mind to write to me; for as to the fancy of looking on me as a man *sans* consequence, it is what I will never understand. I am told likewise you grow every day younger and more a fool, which is directly contrary to me, who grow wiser and older, and at this rate we shall never agree. I long to see you a London lady, where you are forced to wear whole clothes, and visit in a chair, for which you must starve next summer at Petersham, with a mantua out at the sides; and sponge once a-week at our house, without ever inviting us in a whole season to a cow-heel at home. I wish you would bring Mr. Pope over with you when you come; but we will leave Mr. Gay to his beggars and his operas till he is able to pay his club. How will you pass this summer for want of a squire to Ham-common and Walpole's lodge? for as to Richmond-lodge and Marble-hill, they are abandoned as much as sir Spencer Compton: and Mr. Schabe's coach, that used to give so many a set-down, is wheeled off to St. James's. You must be forced to get a horse, and gallop with Mrs. Jansen and Miss Bedier.* Your greatest happiness is, that you are out of the chiding of Mrs. Howard and the dean; but I suppose Mr. Pope is so just as to pay our arrears, and that you edify as much by him as by us, unless you are so happy that he now looks upon you as reprobate and a castaway, of which I think he hath given me some hints. However, I would advise you to pass this summer at Kensington, where you will be near the court and out of his jurisdiction; where you will be teazed with no lectures of gravity and morality, and where you will have no other trouble than to get into the mercer's books, and take up 100*l.* of your principal for quadrille. Monstrous, indeed, that a fine lady in the prime of life and gaiety must take up with an antiquated dean, an old gentlewoman of fourscore, and a sickly poet! I will stand by my dear Patty against the world, if Theresa beats you for your good, and I will buy her a fine whip for the purpose. Tell me, have you been confined to your lodging this winter for want of chair-hire? [Do you know that this unlucky Dr. Delany came last night to the deanery? and, being denied without my knowledge, is gone to England this morning, and so I must send this by the post. I bought your opera to-day for sixpence, so small printed that it will spoil my eyes. I ordered you to send me your edition, but now you may keep it till you get an opportunity.] Patty, I will tell you a blunder: I am writing to Mr. Gay, and had almost finished the letter; but by mistake I took up this instead of it, and so the six lines in a hook are all to him, and therefore you must read them to him, for I will not be at the trouble to write them over again. My greatest concern in the matter is, that I am afraid I continue in love with you, which is hard, after near six months' absence. I hope you have done with your rash and other little disorders, and that I shall see you a fine young, healthy, plump lady; and if Mr. Pope chides you, threaten him that you will turn heretic. Adieu, dear Patty, and believe me to be one of your truest friends and humblest servants; and that, since I can never live in England, my greatest happiness would be to have you and Mr. Pope condemned during my life to live in Ireland, he at the deanery, and you, for reputation sake, just at next door, and I will give you eight dinners a-week, and a whole half-dozen of pint bottles of good French wine at your lodgings, a thing you could never expect to arrive at, and every year a suit of fourteen-penny stuff, that should not be worn out at the right side; and a chair costs but sixpence a job; and you shall have catholicity as much as you please, and the Catholic dean of St. Patrick's, as old again as I, for your confessor. Adieu, again, dear Patty. JONATHAN SWIFT.

[a] The direction is simply, "To Patty Blount."

FROM MR. GAY.

March 20, 1728.

DEAR SIR,—I am extremely sorry that your disorder is returned: but as you have a medicine which has twice removed it, I hope by this time you have again found the good effects of it. I have seen Dr. Delany at my lodgings; but as I have been for a few days with Mr. Pulteney at Cashioberry, I have not yet returned his visit. I went with him to wait upon lord Bathurst and lord Bolingbroke, both of whom desire me to make you their compliments. Lady Bolingbroke was very much out of order; and, with my lord, is now at Dawley: she expects a letter from you. Mrs. Howard would gladly have the receipt you have found so much benefit by: she is happier than I have seen her ever since you left us, for she is free, as to her conjugal affairs, by articles of agreement.[a] The "Beggars' Opera" has been acted now thirty-six times, and was as full the last night as the first; and as yet there is not the least probability of a thin audience; though there is a discourse about the town that the directors of the Royal Academy of Music design to solicit against its being played on the outlandish opera days, as it is now called. On the benefit day of one of the actresses last week, one of the players falling sick, they were obliged to give out another play, or dismiss the audience. A play was given out, but the audience called out for the "Beggars' Opera;" and they were forced to play it, or the audience would not have stayed.

I have got by all this success between 700*l.* and 800*l.*, and Rich (deducting the whole charge of the house) has cleared already near 4000*l.*[b] In about a month I am going to the Bath with the duchess of Marlborough and Mr. Congreve; for I have no expectations of receiving any favours from the court. The duchess of Queensberry is in Wiltshire, where she has had the small-pox in so favourable a way that she had not above seven or eight on her face; she is now perfectly recovered. There is a mezzotinto print published to-day of Polly, the heroine of the "Beggars

[a] Her husband blustered and bullied about her connexion with the king, until his mouth was stopped with a pension. See letter, May 7.

[b] The well-known bon-mot expressed both their good fortune; the opera was said to have made Gay *rich*, and Rich *gay*.

Opera,"[a] who was before unknown, and is now in so high vogue that I am in doubt whether her fame does not surpass that of the opera itself. I would not have talked so much upon this subject, or upon anything that regards myself, but to you; but as I know you interest yourself so sincerely in everything that concerns me, I believe you would have blamed me if I had said less.

Your singer owes Dr. Arbuthnot some money, I have forgot the sum; I think it is two guineas: the doctor desired me to let you know it. I saw him last night with Mr. Lewis at sir William Wyndham's, who if he had not the gout would have answered your letter you sent him a year and a half ago. He said this to me a week since, but he is now pretty well again, and so may forget to write; for which reason I ought to do him justice, and tell you that I think him a sincere well-wisher of yours. I have not seen Mr. Pope lately, but have heard that both he and Mrs. Pope [Mr. Pope's mother] are very well. I intend to see him at Twickenham on Sunday next. I have not drunk out the Guthridge cider yet; but I have not so much as a single pint of port in my cellar. I have bought two pair of sheets against your coming to town, so that we need not send any more to Jervas upon that account. I really miss you every day; and I would be content that you should have a whole window to yourself, and half another, to have you again. I am, dear sir, yours most affectionately.

You have half a year's interest due at Lady-day, and now it is March the 20th, 1728.

FROM MR. POPE.

March 23, 1728.

I SEND you a very odd thing, a paper printed in Boston, in New England, wherein you will find a real person, a member of their parliament, of the name of *Jonathan Gulliver*. If the fame of that traveller has travelled thither, it has travelled very quick to have folks christened already by the name of the supposed author. But if you object that no child so lately christened could be arrived at years of maturity to be elected into parliament, I reply (to solve the riddle) that the person is an Anabaptist, and not christened till full age, which sets all right. However it be, the accident is very singular that these two names should be united.

Mr. Gay's opera has been acted near forty days running, and will certainly continue the whole season. So he has more than a fence about his 1000*l*.;[b] he will soon be thinking of a fence about his 2000*l*. Shall no one of us live as we would wish each other to live? Shall he have no annuity, you no settlement on this side, and I no prospect of getting to you on the other? This world is made for Cæsar—as Cato said, for ambitious, false, or flattering people to domineer in: nay they would not, by their good will, leave us our very books, thoughts, or words in quiet. I despise the world yet, I assure you, more than either Gay or you, and the court more than all the rest of the world. As for those scribblers for whom you apprehend I would suppress my "*Dulness*" (which, by the way, for the future you are to call by a more pompous name, the "*Dunciad*"), how much that nest of hornets are my regard will easily appear to you when you read the "Treatise of the Bathos."

At all adventures, yours and my name shall stand linked as friends to posterity, both in verse and prose, and (as Tully calls it) in *consuetudine studiorum*. Would to God our persons could but as well and as surely be inseparable! I find my other ties dropping from me; some worn off, some torn off, others relaxing daily: my greatest [his mother], both by duty, gratitude, and humanity, time is shaking every moment, and it now hangs but by a thread! I am many years the older for living so much with one so old; much the more helpless for having been so long helped and tendered by her; much the more considerate and tender for a daily commerce with one who required me justly to be both to her; and consequently the more melancholy and thoughtful; and the less fit for others who want only, in a companion or a friend, to be amused or entertained. My constitution too has had its share of decay as well as my spirits, and I am as much in the decline at forty as you at sixty. I believe we should be fit to live together could I get a little more health, which might make me not quite insupportable. Your deafness would agree with my dulness; you would not want me to speak when you could not hear. But God forbid you should be as destitute of the social comforts of life as I must when I lose my mother; or that ever you should lose your more useful acquaintance so utterly as to turn your thoughts to such a broken reed as I am, who could so ill supply your wants. I am extremely troubled at the returns of your deafness: you cannot be too particular in the accounts of your health to me; everything you do or say in this kind obliges me, nay, delights me, to see the justice you do me in thinking me concerned in all your concerns; so that, though the pleasantest thing you can tell me be that you are better or easier, next to that it pleases me that you make me the person you would complain to.

As the obtaining the love of valuable men is the happiest end I know of this life, so the next felicity is to get rid of fools and scoundrels; which I cannot but own to you was one part of my design in falling upon these authors, whose incapacity is not greater than their insincerity, and of whom I have always found (if I may quote myself)

> That each bad author is as bad a friend.

This poem will rid me of those insects.

> Cedite, Romani scriptores, cedite, Graii;
> *Nescio quid* majus nascitur Iliade.[a]

I mean than *my Iliad*: and I call it *Nescio quid*, which is a degree of modesty; but however, if it silence these fellows,[b] it must be something greater than any Iliad in Christendom. Adieu.

FROM MRS. BLOUNT.

May 7, 1728.

SIR,—I am very much pleased with your letter, but I should have thought myself much more obliged had you been less sincere, and not told me I did not owe the favour entirely to your inclinations, but to an information that I had a mind to hear from you; and I mistrust you think even that as much as I deserve. If so, you really are not deserving of my repeated inquiries after you and my constant good wishes and concern for your welfare, which merits some remembrance without the help of another. I cannot say I have a great inclination to write to you, for I have no great vanity that way, at least not enough to support me above the fear of writing ill; but I would fain have you know how truly well I wish you.

I am sorry to hear no good account of your health; mine has been since Christmas (at which time I had my fever and rash) neither well nor ill enough to be

[a] Miss Fenton.

[b] Before Mr. Gay had *fenced* his 1000*l*., he had a consultation with his friends about the disposal of it. Mr. Lewis advised him to intrust it in the funds, and live upon the interest: Dr. Arbuthnot to intrust it to Providence, and live upon the principal; and Mr. Pope was for purchasing an annuity for life: In this uncertainty he could only say with the old man in Terence—

> " ——————— fecistis probe:
> Incertior sum multo, quam dudum."

[a] " Ye Greek and Roman authors, yield the prize;
See something greater than an Iliad rise."

[b] It did in a little time effectually silence them.

taken notice of; but within these three weeks I have been sick in form, and kept my bed for a week, and my chamber to this day.

This confinement, together with the mourning,[a] has enabled me to be very easy in my chaise-hire; for a dyed black gown and a scoured white one have done my business very well; and they are now just fit for Petersham, where we talk of going in three weeks; and I am not without hopes I shall have the same squire [Dr. Swift] I had last year. I am very unwilling to change; and moreover I begin to fear I have no great prospect of getting any new danglers; and therefore, in order to make a tolerable figure, I shall endeavour to behave myself mighty well that I may keep my old ones.

As a proof that I continue to be well received at court, I will tell you where the royal family design to pass their summer; two months at Richmond-lodge, the same time at Hampton court, and six weeks at Windsor. Mrs. Howard is well, and happier than ever you saw her, for her whole affair with her husband is ended to her satisfaction.[b]

Dr. Arbuthnot I am very angry with; he neglects me for those he thinks finer ladies. Mr. Gay's fame continues, but his riches are in a fair way of diminishing; he is gone to the Bath: I wish you were ordered there, for I believe that would carry Mr. Pope, who is always inclined to do more for his friends than himself. He is much out of order, and is told nothing is so likely to do him good.

My illness has prevented my writing to you sooner. If I were a favourite at court, I would soon convince you that I am very sincerely your faithful friend and very humble servant, M. B.

TO MR. POPE.

Dublin, May 10, 1728.

I have with great pleasure shown the New England newspaper with the two names Jonathan Gulliver; and I remember Mr. Fortescue[c] sent you an account from the assizes of one Lemuel Gulliver who had a cause there, and lost it on his ill reputation of being a liar. These are not the only observations I have made upon odd strange accidents in trifles, which in things of great importance would have been matter for historians. Mr. Gay's opera has been acted here twenty times, and my lord-lieutenant tells me it is very well performed; he has seen it often, and approves it much.

You give a most melancholy account of yourself, and which I do not approve. I reckon that a man, subject like us to bodily infirmities, should only occasionally converse with great people, notwithstanding all their good qualities, easinesses, and kindnesses. There is another race which I prefer before them, as beef and mutton for constant diet before partridges; I mean a middle kind both for understanding and fortune, who are perfectly easy, never impertinent, complying in everything, ready to do a hundred little offices that you and I may often want, who dine and sit with me five times for once that I go to them, and whom I can tell without offence that I am otherwise engaged at present. This you cannot expect from any of those that either you or I, or both, are acquainted with on your side; who are only fit for our healthy seasons, and have much business of their own. God forbid I should condemn you to Ireland (*Quanquam O!*), and for England I despair; and indeed a change of affairs would come too late at my season of life, and might probably produce nothing on my behalf. You have kept Mrs. Pope longer, and have had her care beyond what from nature you could expect; not but her loss will be very sensible whenever it shall happen. I say one thing, that both summers and winters are milder here than with you; all things for life in general better for a middling fortune; you will have an absolute command of your company, with whatever obsequiousness or freedom you may expect or allow. I have an elderly housekeeper who has been my Walpole above thirty years whenever I lived in this kingdom. I have the command of one or two villas near this town; you have a warm apartment in this house, and two gardens for amusement. I have said enough, yet not half. Except absence from friends, I confess freely that I have no discontent at living here beside what arises from a silly spirit of liberty, which, as it neither sours my drink, nor hurts my meat, nor spoils my stomach further than in imagination, so I resolve to throw it off.

You talk of this "Dunciad," but I am impatient to have it *volare per ora*—there is now a vacancy for fame; the "Beggars' Opera" has done its task, *discedat uti conviva satur*. Adieu.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

TO LORD CARTERET.

May 10, 1728.

MY LORD,—I told your excellency that you were to run on my errands. My lord Burlington has a very fine monument of his ancestor the earl of Corke in my cathedral, which your excellency has seen. I and the chapter have written to him in a body to have it repaired, and I in person have desired he would do it. And I desired likewise that he would settle a parcel of land worth 5*l*. a-year (not an annuity) to keep it always in repair. He said "he would do anything to oblige me, but was afraid that in future times the 5*l*. a-year would be misapplied, and secured by the dean and chapter to their own use." I answered "that a dean and twenty-four members of so great a chapter, who in livings, estates, &c., had about 4000*l*., a-year among them, would hardly divide 4*s*. among them to cheat his posterity; and that we could have no view but to consult the honour of his family." I therefore command your excellency to lay this before him, and the affront he has put upon us in not answering a letter written to him by the dean and chapter in a body.

The great duke of Schomberg is buried under the altar in my cathedral. My lady Holderness is my old acquaintance, and I wrote to her about a small sum to make a monument for her grandfather. I wrote to her myself; and also there was a letter from the dean and chapter to desire she would order a monument to be raised for him in my cathedral. It seems Mildmay, now lord Fitzwalter, her husband, is a covetous fellow; or whatever is the matter, we have had no answer. I desire you will tell lord Fitzwalter "that, if he will not send 50*l*. to make a monument for the old duke, I and the chapter will erect a small one of ourselves for 10*l*.; wherein it shall be expressed that the posterity of the duke, naming particularly lady Holderness and Mr. Mildmay, not having the generosity to erect a monument, we have done it of ourselves." And if, for an excuse, they pretend they will send for his body, let them know it is mine; and, rather than send it, I will take up the bones, and make of it a skeleton, and put it in my register-office, to be a memorial of their baseness to all posterity. This I expect your excellency will tell Mr. Mildmay, or, as you now call him, lord Fitzwalter; and I expect likewise that he will let sir Conyers d'Arcy know how ill I take his neglect in this matter; although, to do him justice, he averred "that Mildmay was so avaricious a wretch that he would let his own father be buried without a coffin to save charges."

[a] For the death of king George I.
[b] This shameful intrigue is minutely detailed by lord Orford in his "Reminiscences."
[c] William Fortescue, esq., afterward a baron of the Exchequer

I expect likewise, that if you are acquainted with your successor, you will let him know how impartial I was in giving you characters of clergymen, without regard to party, and what weight you laid on them; and that, having but one clergyman who had any relation to me, I let him pass unpreferred. And lastly, that you will let your said successor know that you lament the having done nothing for Mr. Robert Grattan,[a] and give him such a recommendation that he may have something to mend his fortune.

These are the matters I leave in charge to your excellency; and I desire that I, who have done with courts, may not be used like a courtier; for, as I was a courtier when you were a schoolboy, I know all your arts. And so God bless you, and all your family, my old friends; and remember, I expect you shall not dare to be a courtier to me. I am &c.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

FROM MR. GAY.

Bath, May 16, 1728.

DEAR SIR,—I have been at the Bath about ten days, and I have played at no game but once, and that at backgammon with Mr. Lewis, who is very much your humble servant. He is here upon account of the ill state of health of his wife, who has as yet found very little benefit from the waters. Lord and lady Bolingbroke are here; and I think she is better than when I came here; they stay, as I guess, only about a fortnight longer. They both desired me to make their compliments; as does Mr. Congreve,[b] who is in a very ill state of health, but somewhat better since he came here. Mr. Lewis tells me that he is promised to receive 100*l.* upon your account at his return to London; he having (upon request) complied to stay for the payment till that time. The 200*l.* you left with me are in the hands of lord Bathurst, together with some money of mine, all which he will repay at Midsummer, so that we must think of some other way of employing it; and I cannot resolve what to do. I do not know how long I shall stay here, because I am now, as I have been all my life, at the disposal of others. I drink the waters and am in hopes to lay in a stock of health, some of which I wish to communicate to you. Dr. Delany told me you had been upon a journey, and I really fancy taking horse is as good as taking the waters; I hope you have found benefit by it. "The Beggars' Opera" is acted here; but our Polly has got no fame, though the actors have got money. I have sent by Dr. Delany the opera, Polly Peachum, and captain Macheath. I would have sent you my own head, (which is now engraving to make up the gang,) but it is not yet finished. I supposed you must have heard that I have had the honour to have had a sermon preached against my works by a court chaplain,[c] which I look upon as no small addition to my fame.—Direct to me here when you write; and the sooner that is, the sooner you will make me happy.

TO MR. POPE.

June 1, 1728.

I LOOK upon my lord Bolingbroke and us two as a peculiar triumvirate, who have nothing to expect or to fear; and so far fittest to converse with one another; only he and I are a little subject to schemes, and one of us (I would not say which) upon very weak appearances, and this you have nothing to do with. I do profess without affectation that your kind opinion of me as a patriot (since you call it so) is what I do not deserve; because what I do is owing to perfect rage and resentment, and the mortifying sight of slavery, folly, and baseness about me, among which I am forced to live. And I will take my oath that you have more virtue in an hour than I in seven years; for you despise the follies and hate the vices of mankind without the least ill effect on your temper; and with regard to particular men, you are inclined always rather to think the better, whereas with me it is always directly contrary. I hope, however, this is not in you from a superior principle of virtue, but from your situation, which has made all parties and interests indifferent to you; who can be under no concern about high and low church, Whig and Tory, or who is first minister.—Your long letter was the last I received till this by Dr. Delany, although you mention another since. The doctor told me your secret about the "Dunciad," which does not please me, because it defers gratifying my vanity in the most tender point, and perhaps may wholly disappoint it. As to one of your inquiries, I am easy enough in great matters, but have a thousand paltry vexations in my little station, and the more contemptible the more vexatious. There might be a Lutrin written upon the tricks used by my chapter to teaze me. I do not converse with one creature of station or title, but I have a set of easy people whom I entertain when I have a mind: I have formerly described them to you, but when you come you shall have the honours of the country as much as you please, and I shall on that account make a better figure as long as I live. Pray God preserve Mrs. Pope for your sake and ease; I love and esteem her too much to wish it for her own; if I were five-and-twenty I would wish to be of her age, to be as secure as she is of a better life. Mrs. P. B. [Patty Blount] has written to me, and is one of the best letter-writers I know; very good sense, civility, and friendship, without any stiffness or constraint. The "Dunciad" has taken wind here; but if it had not, you are as much known here as in England, and the university lads will crowd to kiss the hem of your garment. I am grieved to hear that my lord Bolingbroke's ill health forced him to the Bath. Tell me, is not temperance a necessary virtue for great men, since it is the parent of ease and liberty, so necessary for the use and improvement of the mind, and which philosophy allows to be the greatest felicities of life? I believe, had health been given so liberally to you, it would have been better husbanded without shame to your parts.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

FROM MR. POPE.

Dawley, June 28, 1728.

I NOW hold the pen for my lord Bolingbroke, who is reading your letter between two haycocks, but his attention is somewhat diverted by casting his eyes on the clouds, not in admiration of what you say, but for fear of a shower. He is pleased with your placing him in the triumvirate between yourself and me; though he says that he doubts he shall fare like Lepidus—while one of us runs away with all the power, like Augustus, and another with all the pleasures, like Anthony. It is upon a foresight of this that he has fitted up his farm, and you will agree that his scheme of retreat at least is not founded upon weak appearances. Upon his return from the Bath, all peccant humours he finds are purged out of him; and his great temperance and economy are so signal, that the first is fit for my constitution, and the latter would enable you to lay up so much money as to buy a bishopric in England. As to the return of his health and vigour, were you here, you might inquire of his haymakers; but as to his temperance, I can answer that (for one whole day) we

[a] Of this family there were seven brothers, sons of Dr. Grattan, a venerable and hospitable clergyman, who gave them all a liberal education.

[b] He died January 19, 1729.

[c] Dr. Thomas Herring, then preacher to the Society in Lincoln's-inn, and afterwards archbishop of Canterbury.

have had nothing for dinner but mutton broth, beans and bacon, and a barn-door fowl.

Now his lordship is run after his cart, I have a moment left to myself to tell you that I overheard him yesterday agree with a painter for 200*l.* to paint his country-hall with trophies of rakes, spades, prongs, &c., and other ornaments, merely to countenance his calling this place a farm—now turn over a new leaf.—

He bids me assure you he should be sorry not to have more schemes of kindness for his friends than of ambition for himself; there, though his schemes may be weak, the motives at least are strong; and he says further, if you could bear as great a fall and decrease of your revenues as he knows by experience he can, you would not live in Ireland an hour

The "Dunciad" is going to be printed in all pomp, with the inscription, which makes me proudest. It will be attended with *proeme, prolegomena, testimonia scriptorum, index authorum*, and notes *variorum*. As to the latter, I desire you to read over the text, and make a few in any way you like best;[a] whether dry raillery, upon the style and way of commenting of trivial critics; or humorous, upon the authors in the poem; or historical, of persons, places, times; or explanatory, or collecting the parallel passages of the ancients. Adieu. I am pretty well, my mother not ill. Dr. Arbuthnot vexed with his fever by intervals; I am afraid he declines, and we shall lose a worthy man: I am troubled about him very much: I am, &c.

FROM MR GAY

Bath, July 6, 1728.

Dear Sir,—The last news I have heard of you was from Mr. Lancelot, who was at this place with lord Sussex, who gave me hopes of seeing you the latter end of this summer. I wish you may keep that resolution, and take the Bath in your way to town. You in all probability will find here some or most of those you like to see. Dr. Arbuthnot wrote to me to-day from Tunbridge, where he is now for the recovery of his health, having had several relapses of a fever: he tells me that he is much better, and that in August he intends to some hither. Mr. Congreve and I often talk of you, and wish you health and every good thing; but often, out of self-interest, we wish you with us. In five or six days I set out upon an excursion to Herefordshire, to lady Scudamore's, but shall return here the beginning of August. I wish you could meet me at Gutheridge. The Bath did not agree with lady Bolingbroke, and she went from here much worse than she came. Since she went to Dawley, by her own inclination, without the advice of physicians, she has taken to a milk diet, and she hath written me an account of prodigious good effects both in the recovery of her appetite and spirits. The weather is extremely hot, the place is very empty, I have an inclination to study, but the heat makes it impossible. The duke of Bolton, I hear, has run away with Polly Peachum,[b] having settled 400*l.* a-year upon her during pleasure; and upon disagreement 200*l.* a-year. Mr. Pope is in a state of persecution for the "Dunciad;" I wish to be witness of his fortitude, but he writes but seldom. It would be a consolation to me to hear from you. I have heard but once from Mrs. Howard these three months, and, I think, but once from Mr. Pope. My portrait mezzotinto is published from Mrs. Howard's painting; I wish I could contrive to send you one, but I fancy I could get a better impression at London. I have ten thousand things to talk to you, but few to write; yet defer writing to you no longer, knowing you interest yourself in everything that concerns me so much, that I make you happy, as you will me if you can tell me you are in good health, which I wish to hear every morning as soon as I awake. I am, dear sir, yours most affectionately.

[a] Dr. Swift did so.

[b] Miss Fenton, whom he afterwards married.

TO MR. POPE.*

July 26, 1728.

I have often run over the "Dunciad," in an Irish edition (I suppose full of faults), which a gentleman sent me. The notes I could wish to be very large, in what relates to the persons concerned; for I have long observed that twenty miles from London nobody understands hints, initial letters, or town facts and passages; and in a few years not even those who live in London. I would have the names of those scribblers printed indexically, at the beginning or end of the poem, with an account of their works, for the reader to refer to. I would have all the parodies (as they are called) referred to the author they imitate.—When I began this long paper, I thought I should have filled it with setting down the several passages I had marked in the edition I had; but I find it unnecessary, so many of them falling under the same rule. After twenty times reading the whole, I never, in my opinion, saw so much good satire, or more good sense, in so many lines. How it passes in Dublin I know not yet; but I am sure it will be a great disadvantage to the poem that the persons and facts will not be understood till an explanation comes out, and a very full one. I imagine it is not to be published till toward winter, when folks begin to gather in town. Again I insist, you must have your asterisks filled up with some real names of real dunces.

I am now reading your preceding letter of June 28, and find that all I have advised above is mentioned there. I would be glad to know whether the quarto edition is to come out anonymously, as published by the commentator, with all his pomp of prefaces, &c., and among many complaints of spurious editions? I am thinking whether the editor should not follow the old style of this excellent author, &c., and refine in many places when you meant no refinement; and into the bargain, take all the load of naming the dunces, their qualities, histories, and performances!

As to yourself, I doubt you want a spurrer-on to exercise and to amusements; but to talk of decay at your season of life is a jest. But you are not so regular as I. You are the most temperate man Godward, and the most intemperate yourself-ward, of most I have known. I suppose Mr. Gay will return from the Bath with twenty pounds more flesh, and two hundred less in money: Providence never designed him to be above two-and-twenty by his thoughtlessness and cullibility. He has as little foresight of age, sickness, poverty, or loss of admirers, as a girl of fifteen. By the way, I must observe that my lord Bolingbroke (from the effects of his kindness to me) argues most sophistically: the fall from a million to a hundred thousand pounds is not so great as from eight hundred pounds a-year to one: besides, he is a controller of fortune; and poverty dares not look a great minister in the face under his lowest declension. I never knew him live so greatly and expensively as he has done since his return from exile; such mortals have resources that others are not able to comprehend. But God bless you, whose great genius has not so transported you as to leave you to the courtesy of mankind; for wealth is liberty, and liberty is a blessing fittest for a philosopher—and Gay is a slave just by 2000*l.* too little. And Horace was of my mind, and let my lord contradict him if he dares. Jonathan Swift.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

Market-hill,[a] August 2, 1728

Our friends here, as well as myself, were sadly disappointed upon hearing the account of your journey. Nobody in town or country, as we were informed, knew where you were; but I persuaded our family that you were certainly in a way of making yourself easy, and had got that living you mentioned: and accordingly we were grieved and rejoiced at the loss and settlement of a friend; but it never entered into our heads that you were bestowing forty days in several stages between constable and constable, without any real benefit to yourself, further than of exercise; and we wished that nobody should have had the benefit of your long absence from your school but yourself, by a good living, or we by your good company; much less that the pleasure of spiting T——— [Richard Tighe] had been your great motive. I heartily wish you were settled at Hamilton's Bawn, and I would be apt to advise you not to quit your thoughts that way, if the matter may be brought to bear; for, by a letter I just received from the bishop of Cork, which was short and dry, with the stale excuse of pre-engagements, I doubt you can hope nothing from him. As to what you call my exercise, I have long quitted it: it gave me too much constraint, and the world does not deserve it. We may keep it cold till the middle of winter.

As to my return, there are many speculations. I am well here, and hate removals: my scheme was, that you should come hither, as you say, and I return with you in your chaise. Sir Arthur, on hearing your letter, pressed me to stay longer. I am a very busy man, such as at Quilca, which you will know when you come; yet I would contrive to be pressed more to stay till Christmas, and then you may contrive to be here again, and take me back with you time enough for my own visitation; and my reason for staying is, to be here the planting and pruning time, &c. I hate Dublin, and love the retirement here and the civility of my hosts. This is my state and humour upon it, and accordingly you are to manage my scheme. However, I would have you keep your vacation of September here: and let Mrs Brent send me a dozen guineas (half of them half guineas) by you, and a periwig, and a new riding-gown and cassock, and whatever else I may want by a longer absence, provided you will resolve and swear that I shall stay.

I had all Mrs. Brent's packets by Mr. Little. My service to Mrs. Dingley. I cannot say that I have more to say than to say that I am, &c.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

Market-hill, September 18, 1728.

My continuance here is partly owing to indolence, and partly to my hatred to Dublin. I am in a middling way, between healthy and sick, hardly ever without a little giddiness or deafness, and sometimes both: so much for that. As to what you call my lesson, I told you I would think no more of it, neither do I conceive the world deserves so much trouble from you or me. I think the sufferings of the country for want of silver deserve a paper,[b] since the remedy is so easy, and those in power so negligent. I had some other subjects in my thoughts: but truly I am taken up so much with long lampoons on a person who owns you for a back, that I have no time for anything else: and if I do not produce one every now and then of about two hundred lines, I am chid for my idleness and threatened with you. I desire you will step to the deanery, speak to Mrs. Brent,[a] bid her open the middle great drawer of Ridgeway's scrutoire in my closet, and then do you take out from thence the history[b] in folio, marble cover; and two thin folios, fairly written. I forget the titles, but you have read them; one is an account of the proceedings of lord Oxford's ministry, and the other[c] to the same purpose. There are foul copies of both in the same drawer, but do you take out the fair ones, not in my hand. Let them be packed up and brought hither by the bearer. My lady is perpetually quarrelling with sir Arthur and me, and shows every creature the libels I have writ against her.[d]

Mr. Worrall sent me the particulars of the havoc made in Naboth's vineyard.[e] The d——— burst, &c.

I think lady Dun's burning would be an admirable subject to show how hateful an animal a human creature is that is known to have never done any good. The rabble all rejoicing, &c., which they would not have done at any misfortune to a man known to be charitable.

I wish you could get in with the primate, on the account of some discourse about you here to-day with Whaley and Walmsley. Whaley goes to Dublin on Monday next in order for England. I would have you see him. I fancy you may do some good with the primate as to the first good vacant school, if you wheedle him and talk a little Whiggishly.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

MR. POPE TO DR. SHERIDAN.

Sir,—I thank you kindly for your news of the dean of St. Patrick's for your "Persius,[f]" for everything in your letter. I will use my warmest endeavours to serve Dr. Whaley. Beside his own merit, the demerit of his antagonist goes into the scale, and the dean tells me he is a coadjutant of that fool Smedley. You must have seen, but you cannot have read, what he has lately published against our friend and me. The only pleasure a bad writer can give me he has given, that of being abused with my betters and my friends. I am much pleased with most of the "Intelligencers," but I am a little piqued at the author of them for not once doing me the honour of a mention upon so honourable an occasion as being slandered by the dunces, together with my friend the dean, who is properly the author of the "Dunciad:" it had never been written but at his request, and for his deafness: for, had he been able to converse with me, do you think I had amused my time so ill? I will not trouble you with amendments to so imperfect an edition as is now published; you will soon see a better, with a full and true commentary, setting all mistakes right, and branding none but our own cattle. Some very good epigrams on the gentlemen of the "Dunciad" have been sent me from Oxford, and others of the London authors. If I had an amanuensis (which is a thing neither I nor my common trifles are worth) you should have them with this. If your university or town have produced any on this subject, pray send them me, or keep them at least together, for another day they may all meet.

I have written to the dean just now by Mr. Elrington, who charges himself with this, and have inserted a hint or two of his libelling the lady of the family: in as innocent a manner as he does it, he will hardly suspect I had any information of it.

[a] The seat of sir Arthur Acheson.
[b] In the "Intelligencer," the 19th number of which is on this subject.

[a] The dean's housekeeper.
[b] "History of the Peace of Utrecht."
[c] "The State of Affairs in 1714."
[d] See "Hamilton's Bawn, or the Grand Question Debated."
[e] A field, not far from the deanery-house, which Dr. Swift enclosed at a great expense with a fine stone wall lined with brick, against which he planted vines and the best chosen fruit-trees, for the benefit of the dean of St. Patrick's for the time being.
[f] A prose translation by Dr. Sheridan

Though I am a very ill correspondent, I shall at al times be glad to have the favour of a line from you My eyesight is bad, my head often in pain, my tim strangely taken up. Were I my own master (which, thank God, I yet am, in all points but one, where humanity only constrains me) I would infallibly see Ireland before I die. But whether that, or many othe of my little though warm designs, will ever take effect,

Caliginosa nocte premit Deus.

I am (wherever I am) the dean's and the dean's friends', and consequently faithfully, sir, your affectionate servant, ALEXANDER POPE.

TO MR. WORRALL.[a]

September 28, 1728.

I HAD all the letters given me by my servants; so tell Mrs. Brent and Dr. Sheridan: and I thank you for the great care you had in the commissions I troubled you with.

I imagine Mrs. Brent is gone into the country but that you know where to send to her. I desire you will pay her four pounds, and sixteen pounds to Mrs. Dingley, and take their receipts. I beg Mrs. Dingley's pardon for not remembering her debt sooner, and my humble service to her. I desire Mrs. Brent to send me the best receipt she has for making meath: she may send me her receipt for making the strong meath, and that for making the next strong, and the third strong. Hers was always too strong; and on that account she was so wilful I would suffer her to make no more. There is a vexatious thing happened about the usquebaugh for my lord Bolingbroke. It seems you only directed it for the earl of Berkeley; but I thought I had desired you to add "for lord Bolingbroke;" but there is nothing in that, for I wrote to the earl of Berkeley to give him notice. But Mr. Gavan, who married a daughter of Mrs. Kenna, who keeps the inn at Chester, hath just sent me a letter, informing me that the usquebaugh came to Park-gate, within seven miles of Chester; and that Mr. Whittle, the owner of the ship, was to deliver it himself; but he sent it by a man of a noted bad character, who, as Mrs. Kenna supposes, kept it some time, and opened it before he delivered it; for, immediately upon the delivery of it, Mrs. Kenna sent to Park-gate, to have the usquebaugh brought up to Chester; but was told that the fellow had brought it away; that he said he sent it as directed; but that no doubt he must have some view of paying himself for the trouble, which made him so busy; but whether it was by changing the usquebaugh, or overrating the charges of it, Mr. Gavan could not tell; but adds that, if I should hear of anything amiss, I should write to Mrs. Kenna, his mother, who will endeavour to make the fellow do me justice. All this I have transcribed from Mr. Gavan's letter; and I desire you will call upon his father, Mr. Luke Gavan, (who is a known man in Dublin,) and desire him, when he writes to his son, to give my service to him and Mrs. Kenna, and let them know I will do as they direct. I am very unfortunate in this affair; but have no remedy; however, I will write to lord Bolingbroke: though I fear I am cheated of it all: for I do not find that the fellow demanded anything from Mrs. Kenna, or came to her at all. Your new fancies of making my riding-gown and cassock (I mean Mrs. Brent's fancies) do not please me at all, because they differ so much from my old one. You are a bad packer of bad grapes. Mrs. Dingley says she cannot persuade Mrs. Brent to take a vomit. Is she not (do not tell her) an old fool? she has made me take many a one without mercy. Pray give Mrs. Worrall a thousand thanks from me for her kind present and workmanship of her fairest hands in making me two nightcaps.

We have a design upon Sheridan. He sent us in print a ballad upon Ballyspellin, in which he has employed all the rhymes he could find to that word; but we have found fifteen more, and employed them in abusing his ballad and Ballyspellin too. I here send you a copy, and desire you will get it printed privately, and published.

Your periwig-maker is a cursed rogue. The wig he gave you is an old one with a new cawl, and so big that I cannot wear it, and the curls all fallen: I just tried it on my head; but I cannot wear it. I am ever yours, &c.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

[a] Vicar of St. Patrick's, a quiet and intelligent man, with whom Swift lived on a very easy footing, occasionally dining at his house at a settled board.

FROM MR POPE.

Bath November 14, 1728.

I HAVE passed six weeks in quest of health, and found it not: but I found the folly of solicitude about it in a hundred instances: the contrariety of opinions and practices, the inability of physicians, the blind obedience of some patients, and as blind rebellion of others. I believe, at a certain time of life, men are either fools or physicians for themselves; and zealots or divines for themselves.

It was much in my hopes that you intended us a winter's visit, but last week I repented that wish, having been alarmed with a report of your lying ill on the road from Ireland; from which I am just relieved by an assurance that you are still at sir Arthur's [sir Arthur Acheson] planting and building; two things that I envy you for, besides a third, which is the society of a valuable lady. I conclude, though I know nothing of it, that you quarrel with her and abuse her every day if she is so. I wonder I hear of no lampoons upon her, either made by yourself or by others, because you esteem her. I think it a vast pleasure that, whenever two people of merit regard one another, so many scoundrels envy and are angry at them; it is bearing testimony to a merit they cannot reach: and if you knew the infinite content I have received of late at the finding yours and my name constantly united in any silly scandal, I think you would go near to sing *Io Triumphe!* and celebrate my happiness in verse: and I believe, if you will not, I shall. The inscription to the "Dunciad" is now printed and inserted in the poem. Do you care I should say anything further how much that poem is yours? since certainly without you it had never been. Would to God we were together for the rest of our lives! the whole weight of scribblers would just serve to find us amusement, and not more. I hope you are too well employed to mind them; every stick you plant, and every stone you lay, is to some purpose; but the business of such lives as theirs is but to die daily, to labour and raise nothing. I only wish we could comfort each other under our bodily infirmities, and let those who have so great a mind to have more wit than we win it and wear it. Give us but ease, health, peace, and fair weather! I think it is the best wish in the world, and you know whose it was. If I lived in Ireland, I fear the wet climate would endanger more than my life, my humour and health, I am so atmospherical a creature.

I must not omit acquainting you that what you heard of the words spoken of you in the drawing-room was not true. The sayings of princes are generally as ill related as the sayings of wits. To such reports little of our regard should be given, and less of our conduct influenced by them.

TO THE REV. MR. WALLIS.

Market-hill, November 16, 1728.

SIR,—I am extremely obliged to you for your kind intention in the purchase you mention; but it will not answer my design, because these lands are let in leases renewable for ever, and consequently can never have the rent raised; which is mortal to all estates left for ever to a public use, and is contrary to a fundamental maxim of mine; and most corporations feel the smart of it.

I have been here several months, to amuse me in my disorders of giddiness and deafness, of which I have frequent returns—and I shall hardly return to Dublin till Christmas.

I am truly grieved at your great loss.[a] Such misfortunes seem to break the whole scheme of man's life, and although time may lessen sorrow, yet it cannot hinder a man from feeling the want of so near a companion, nor hardly supply it with another. I wish you health and happiness, and that the pledge[b] left you may prove a comfort. I am, with great sincerity, your most obliged and most humble servant,

JONATHAN SWIFT.

DR. SHERIDAN TO LORD MOUNTCASHEL.

December 1, 1728.

MY LORD,—I dedicate to you this edition and translation of "Persius,"[c] as an acknowledgment for the great pleasure you gave me in the first part of your education, which, by your own application and goodness of temper, was attended with a success equal to my wishes.

And since you still proceed in the same paths of diligence and virtue in the university, where you have already distinguished yourself in a very short time, it lays a further obligation upon me to return you my thanks in this public manner for having so faithfully regarded the last advice which I gave you.

When I hear from your governors with what respect and deference you treat them; how cheerful you are in your obedience to their commands; that you are constant in all duties enjoined you by the statutes (too much hitherto neglected by those of your quality); that you are regular in your life, decent in your behaviour, good-natured and civil to your companions, whom you have prudently chosen from among the best; that you are diligent in your studies; with many other additions to your character which very much redound to your honour; I then return my thanks to God, and think all my labour on your account rewarded in the noblest and the best manner.

You are now in a situation of taking two the most delightful prospects that a generous mind can have. First, you can look back upon a good and honourable reputation, left behind you among your schoolfellows. You can behold that ardent emulation in most of them which you kindled in their breasts by your example; and thus you see yourself a blessed instrument of bringing others into the road of honour and virtue, which you naturally followed upon the first direction. The next prospect is, that you are now placed on a more public stage, among the hopefulest young gentlemen of this kingdom, who are already so far influenced by your example that they rather seem willing to contend with you in the race than to follow; and this by your own encouragement. Consider, my lord, the good you now do is not confined to the present age; but those to come shall show the effects of your virtue, and posterity shall bless you for giving an advantage to them, which they can only requite by the greatest esteem they will preserve for your memory.

I shall make you no compliments upon your birth or title, for which, you and your schoolfellows will witness for me that I never did once either distinguish or spare you while you were under my care. Neither shall I ever allow you any merit from the mere advantages of fortune. Besides, I always observed you much more fond of the genealogies of the Greek and Roman heroes than of your own. There you found so many wonderful examples of piety, wisdom, justice, fortitude, love to their country, faithfulness to their friends, every action great, noble, and truly humane, that it is not to be wondered your character exceeds your years, when you endeavoured to borrow most of it from them; for which every wise man will acquit you, since there are so few examples in the present world that will deserve your imitation. But the great characters of antiquity are such as you may safely follow in everything that is great and good. And although it hath been your misfortune to live in a country not the most inviting scene to employ those talents which God hath given you, and which your own disposition, added to the care of your instructors, is so likely to improve, yet let not that be a discouragement from persevering to qualify yourself for appearing one day where you can shine to more advantage.

But my zeal for your happiness makes me forget that you are now under governors much fitter to direct you in your future conduct. I shall therefore only join with them in my good wishes for a blessing on their labours. "Si agricolam arbor ad fructum perducta delectat; si pastor ex fœtu gregis sui capit voluptatem; si alumnum suum nemo aliter intuetur quam ut adolescentiam illius suam judicet, quid evenire credis his qui ingenia educaverunt, et qui tenera formaverunt, adulta subito vident? Assero te mihi, Meum opus es." [Seneca, Ep. 34.] My case, my lord, is the very same. You are a plant of my own rearing; and although you be now removed to another soil, the same delight which I conceived at your prosperous growth makes me earnest in my expectations to see the fruit. May you never disappoint our hopes, but become a true son of the church, a loyal subject to your prince, a faithful friend to your country, and an honour to the age you live in! May all happiness and success attend you to the last period of your life. I am, my lord, with true respect, esteem, and affection, your most obedient and most humble servant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

FROM MR. GAY.

London, December 2, 1728.

DEAR SIR,—I think this is my fourth letter, I am sure it is the third, without any answer. If I had any assurance of your health I should have been more easy. I should have written to you upon this subject above a month ago, had it not been for a report that you were upon the road in your way to England: which I fear now was without foundation. Your money, with part of my own, is still in the hands of lord Bathurst, which I believe he will keep no longer, but repay upon his coming to town; when I will endeavour to dispose of it as I do of my own, unless I receive your orders to the contrary. Lord and lady Bolingbroke are in town: she has been lately very ill, but is now somewhat better. I have had a very severe attack of a fever, which, by the care of our friend Dr. Arbuthnot, has, I hope, almost left me. I have been confined about ten days, but never to my bed, so that I hope soon to get abroad about my business; that is, the care of the second part of the "Beggars' Opera," which was almost ready for rehearsal; but Rich received the duke of Grafton's commands (upon an information that he was rehearsing a play improper to be represented) not to rehearse any new play whatever,

[a] The death of Mrs. Wallis.

[b] A son, afterwards a barrister-at law.

[c] A literal translation in prose, published at Dublin by G. Grierson, 1728.

till his grace has seen it. What will become of it I know not; but I am sure I have written nothing that can be legally suppressed, unless the setting vices in general in an odious light, and virtue in an amiable one, may give offence. I passed five or six months this year at the Bath with the duchess of Marlborough; and then, in the view of taking care of myself, writ this piece. If it goes on, in case of success I have taken care to make better bargains for myself: I tell you this because I know you are so good as to interest yourself so warmly in my affairs that it is what you would want to know. I saw Mr. Pope on Friday, who, as to his health, is just as you left him. His mother, by his account, is much the same. Mr. Lewis, who is very much your servant, (as are all I have mentioned,) tells me further time is still desired of him about the 100*l*. Dr. Arbuthnot particularly desires his compliments, and Mrs. Howard often asks after you. Prince Frederick is expected over this week. I hope to go abroad in two or three days. I wish I could meet with you either abroad or at home.

TO MR. WORRALL.

Market-hill, January 4, 1729.

I HAD your long letter, and thank you heartily for your concern about my health. I continue very deaf and giddy: but, however, I would certainly come to town, not only for my visitation, but because in these circumstances, and in winter, I would rather be at home. But it is now Saturday night, and that beast Sheridan is not yet come, although it has been thawing since Monday. If I do not come, you know what to do.

My humble service to our friends, as usual.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

TO MR. WORRALL.

Market-hill, January 13, 1729.

I JUST received your letter, and should never have done if I returned you thanks so often as I ought for your care and kindness: both my disorders still continue; however, I desire that Mrs. Brent may make things ready, for my raggedness will soon force me away. I have been now ill about a month, but the family are so kind as to speak loud enough for me to hear them; and my deafness is not so extreme as you have known when I fretted at your mannerly voice, and was only relieved by Mrs. Worrall.

I send you enclosed the fruit of my illness, to make an "Intelligencer;" I desire you will enclose it in a letter to Mrs. Harding, and let your letter be in an unknown hand, and desire her to show it to the author of the "Intelligencer," and to print it if he thinks fit. There is a letter you will find, that is to be prefixed before the verses, which letter is grounded upon a report; and if that report be false, the former part of the letter will be unseasonable, but the latter will not; and therefore the "Intelligencer" must be desired to alter it accordingly.

It should be sent soon, to come time enough for the next "Intelligencer."

Pray, in your letter to Mrs. Harding, desire her to make her people be more correct, and that the "Intelligencer" himself may look over it; for that everybody who reads those papers are very much offended with the continual nonsense made by her printers. I am yours, JONATHAN SWIFT.

TO MR. WORRALL.

Market-hill, January 18, 1729.

I HAVE yours of the 14th instant, but you had not then received my last, in which was enclosed a paper for the "Intelligencer," which I hope you have disposed of as desired. My disorder still continues the same for this fortnight past, and I am neither better nor worse. However, I resolve to return on the first mending of the weather: these three last days there being as violent a storm as I have known, which still continues. We have been told my lord Mountcashel[a] is dead at Drogheda, but believe it to be a lie. However, he is so tender, and affects so much vigour and fatigue, that we have been in pain about him.

I had a letter two days ago which cost me six shillings and four pence: it consisted of the probate of a will in Leicestershire, and of two enclosed letters, and was beyond the weight of letters franked. When I went a lad to my mother, after the Revolution, she brought me acquainted with a family where there was a daughter with whom I was acquainted. My prudent mother was afraid I should be in love with her; but when I went to London she married an innkeeper in Loughborough, in that county, by whom she had several children. The old mother died, and left all that she had to her daughter aforesaid, separate from her husband. This woman (my mistress with a pox) left several children, who are all dead but one daughter, Anne by name. This Anne, for it must be she about seven years ago wrote to me from London to tell me she was daughter of Betty Jones, for that was my mistress's name till she was married to one Perkins, innkeeper at the George in Loughborough, as I said before. The subject of the girl's letter was, that a young lady of good fortune was courted by an Irishman who pretended to be barrack-master-general of Ireland, and desired me, as an old acquaintance of her mother, Betty Jones, *alias* Perkins, to inquire about this Irishman. I answered that I knew him not, but supposed he was a cheat: I heard no more. But now comes a letter to me from this Betty Jones, *alias* Perkins, to let me know that her daughter Anne Giles married an Irishman, one Giles, and was now come over to Ireland to pick up some debts due to her husband which she could not get; that the young widow (for her husband Giles is dead) has a mind to settle in Ireland, and to desire I would lend her daughter Giles three guineas, which her mother will pay me when I draw upon her in England: and Mrs. Giles writes me a letter to that purpose. She intends to take a shop, and will borrow the money from Mrs. Brent (whose name she has learned), and pay me as others do. I was at first determined to desire you would from me make her a present of five pounds, on account of her mother and grandmother, whom my mother used to call cousin. She has sent me an attested copy of her mother's will, which, as I told you, cost me six shillings and four pence. But I am in much doubt; for, by her mother's letters, she is her heiress, and the grandmother left Betty Jones, *alias* Perkins, the mother of this woman in Dublin, all she had, as a separate maintenance from her husband (who proved a rogue) to the value of 500*l*. Now I cannot conceive why she would let her only daughter and heiress come to Ireland without giving her money to bear her charges here and put her in some way. The woman's name is Anne Giles; she lodges at one Mrs. Wilmot's, the first house in Molesworth-court, on the right hand, in Fishamble-street. I have told you this long story to desire you will send for the woman—this Anne Giles—and examine her strictly, to find if she be the real daughter of Elizabeth Jones, *alias* Perkins, or not; and how her mother, who is so well able, came to send her in so miserable a condition to Ireland. The errand is so romantic that I know not what to say to it. I would be ready to

[a] Edward Davis, lord viscount of Mountcashel.

sacrifice five pounds on old acquaintance to help the woman: I suspect her mother's letters to be counterfeit, for I remember she spells like a kitchen-maid. And so I end this worthy business.

My bookseller, Mr. Motte, by my recommendation, dealt with Mr. Hyde:[a] there are some accounts between them, and Hyde is in his debt. He has desired me to speak to Mr. Hyde's executors to state the account, that Mr. Motte may be in the way to recover the balance. I wish you would step to Mr. Hyde's house and inquire how that matter stands, and how Mr. Motte is to be paid. I suppose Mr. Hyde died in good circumstances, and that there will be no danger of his creditors suffering by his death.

I enclose a letter to Mr. Motte, which you will be so kind to send to the post-office.

I desire, likewise, that you will make Mrs. Brent buy a bottle of usquebaugh and leave it with the woman who keeps sir Arthur Acheson's house in Capel-street, and desire her to deliver it to captain Creichton,[b] who lodges at the Pied Horse in Capel-street, and is to bring down other things to my lady Acheson.

My most humble service to Mrs. Worrall, Mrs. Dingley, and love to Mrs. Brent.

I wish you all a happy new year.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

TO MR. POPE.

Dublin, February 13, 1729.

I LIVED very easily in the country. Sir Arthur is a man of sense and a scholar, has a good voice, and my lady a better: she is perfectly well bred and desirous to improve her understanding, which is very good, but cultivated too much like a fine lady. She was my pupil there, and severely chid when she read wrong; with that and walking, and making twenty little amusing improvements, and writing family verses of mirth by way of libels on my lady, my time passed very well, and in very great order; infinitely better than here, where I see no creature but my servants and my old presbyterian housekeeper, denying myself to everybody till I shall recover my ears.

The account of another lord-lieutenant was only in a common-newspaper when I was in the country; and if it should have happened to be true I would have desired to have had access to him, as the situation I am in requires. But this renews the grief for the death of our friend Mr. Congreve,[c] whom I loved from my youth, and who, surely, beside his other talents, was a very agreeable companion. He had the misfortune to squander away a very good constitution in his younger days; and I think a man of sense and merit like him is bound in conscience to preserve his health for the sake of his friends as well as of himself. Upon his own account I could not much desire the continuance of his life under so much pain and so many infirmities. Years have not yet hardened me, and I have an addition of weight on my spirits since we lost him; though I saw him so seldom, and possibly if he had lived on, should never have seen him more. I do not only wish, as you ask me, that I was unacquainted with any deserving person, but almost that I never had a friend. Here is an ingenious good-humoured physician, a fine gentleman, an excellent scholar, easy in his fortunes, kind to everybody, has abundance of friends, entertains them often and liberally: they pass the evening with him at cards, with plenty of good meat and wine—eight or a dozen together: he loves them all and they him: he has twenty of these at command; if one of them dies it is no more than poor Tom; he gets another or takes up with the rest, and is no more moved than at the loss of his cat: he offends nobody, is easy with everybody: is not this the truly happy man? I was describing him to my lady Acheson who knows him too; but she hates him mortally by my character, and will not drink his health. I would give half my fortune for the same temper, and yet I cannot say I love it, for I do not love my lord ——, who is much of the doctor's nature. I hear Mr. Gay's second opera which you mentioned is forbid; and then he will be once more fit to be advised and reject your advice. Adieu.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

ADVERTISEMENT BY DR. SWIFT,

IN HIS DEFENCE AGAINST JOSHUA LORD ALLEN.

February 18, 1729.

"WHEREAS Dr. Jonathan Swift, dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin, hath been credibly informed that on Friday, the 13th of this instant February, a certain person did, in a public place and in the hearing of a great number, apply himself to the right honourable the lord mayor of this city and some of his brethren in the following reproachful manner: 'My lord, you and your city can squander away the public money in giving a gold box to a fellow who has libelled the government!' or words to that effect. Now, if the said words, or words to the like effect, were intended against him, the said dean, and as a reflection on the right hon. the lord mayor, aldermen, and commons, for the decreeing unanimously and in full assembly the freedom of this city to the said dean, in an honourable manner, on account of an opinion they had conceived of some services done by him the said dean to this city and to the kingdom in general, the said dean doth declare that the said words, or words to the like effect, are insolent, false, scandalous, malicious, and in a particular manner perfidious: the said person who is reported to have spoken the said or the like words having for some years past, and even within some few days, professed a great friendship for the said dean, and, what is hardly credible, sending a common friend of the dean and himself, not many hours after the said or the like words had been spoken, to renew his profession of friendship to the said dean, but concealing the oratory, whereof the dean had no account till the following day, and then told it to all his friends."

TO MR. POPE.

March 6, 1729.

SIR,—If I am not a good correspondent I have bad health, and that is as good. I passed eight months in the country with sir Arthur and my lady Acheson, and had at least half a dozen returns of my giddiness and deafness, which lasted me about three weeks apiece, and among other inconveniences hindered me from visiting my chapter and punishing enormities, but did not save me the charges of a visitation dinner. This disorder neither hinders my sleeping nor much my walking, yet is the most

[a] Mr John Hyde, an eminent bookseller of Dublin, of fair good character.

[b] The ancient cavalier and dragoon officer, whose Memoirs will be found in vol. i. p. 576.

[c] He was certainly one of the most polite, pleasing, and well-bred men of all his contemporaries. And it might have been said of him, as of Cowley, "You would not, from his conversation, have known him to have been a wit and a poet, it was so unassuming and courteous." Swift had always a great regard and affection for him; and introduced him, though a strenuous Whig, to the favour of lord Oxford. It is remarkable that on the first publication Congreve thought "The Tale of a Tub" gross and insipid. Swift, in a copy of verses to Dr. Delany, drew a picture of Congreve's fortune and situation, which is unfair and overcharged. For the honour of government, Congreve had several good places conferred on him, and enjoyed an affluent income.

mortifying malady I can suffer. I have been just a month in town, and have just got rid of it in a fortnight; and when it is on me, I have neither spirits to write, or read, or think, or eat. But I drink as much as I like, which is a resource you cannot fly to when you are ill; and I like it as little as you, but I can bear a pint better than you can a spoonful. You were very kind in your care for Mr. Whaley;[a] but I hope you remembered that Daniel[b] is a damnable poet, and consequently a public enemy to mankind. But I despise the lords' decree, which is a jest upon common sense: for what did it signify to the merits of the cause whether George the old or the young were on the throne?"

No: I intended to pass last winter in England, but my health said no: and I did design to live a gentleman, and, as Sancho's wife said, to go in my coach to court. I know not whether you are in earnest to come hither in spring; if not, pray God you may never be in jest! Dr. Delany shall attend you at Chester, and your apartment is ready; and I have a most excellent chaise, and about sixteen dozen of the best cider in the world; and you shall command the town and kingdom, and *digito monstrari*, &c. And when I cannot hear you shall have choice of the best people we can afford to hear you, and nurses enough; and your apartment is on the sunny side.

The next paragraph strikes me dumb. You say, "I am to blame if I refuse the opportunity of going with my lady Bolingbroke to Aix-la-Chapelle." I must tell you that a foreign language is mortal to a deaf man. I must have good ears to catch up the words of so nimble a tongued race as the French, having been a dozen years without conversing among them. Mr. Gay is a scandal to all lusty young fellows with healthy countenances; and I think he is not intemperate in a physical sense. I am told he has an asthma, which is a disease I commiserate more than deafness, because it will not leave a man quiet either sleeping or waking. I hope he does not intend to print his opera[c] before it is acted; for I defy all your subscriptions to amount to 800*l.* And yet I believe he lost as much more for want of human prudence.

I told you some time ago that I was dwindled to a writer of libels on the lady of the family where I lived, and upon myself; but they never went further, and my lady Acheson made me give her up all the foul copies, and never gave the fair ones out of her hands, or suffered them to be copied. They were sometimes shown to intimate friends, to occasion mirth, and that was all. So that I am vexed at your thinking I had any hand in what could come to your eyes. I have some confused notion of seeing a paper called "Sir Ralph the Patriot," but am sure it was bad or indifferent; and as to "The Lady at Quadrille," I never heard of it. Perhaps it may be the same with a paper of verses called "The Journal of a Dublin Lady," which I wrote at sir Arthur Acheson's; and, leaving out what concerned the family, I sent it to be printed in a paper which Dr. Sheridan had engaged in, called "The Intelligencer," of which he made but sorry work, and then dropped it. But the verses were printed by themselves, and most horridly mangled in the press, and were very *médiocre* in themselves, but did well enough in the manner I mentioned, of a family jest. I do sincerely assure you that my frequent old disorder, and the scene where I am, and the humour I am in, and some other reasons which time has shown and will show more if I live, have lowered my small talents with a vengeance, and cooled my disposition to put them in use. I want only to be rich, for I am hard to be pleased; and for want of riches, people grow every day less solicitous to please me. Therefore I keep humble company, who are happy to come where they can get a bottle of wine without paying for it. I give my vicar a supper, and his wife a shilling, to play with me an hour at backgammon once a fortnight. To all people of quality, and especially of titles, I am not within; or at least am deaf a week or two after I am well. But on Sunday evenings it costs me six bottles of wine to people whom I cannot keep out. Pray come over in April, if it be only to convince you that I tell no lies, and the journey will be certainly for your health. Mrs. Brent, my housekeeper, famous in print for digging out the great bottle, says "she will be your nurse;" and the best physicians we have shall attend you without fees; although I believe you will have no occasion but to converse with one or two of them to make them proud. Your letter came but last post, and you see my punctuality. I am unlucky at everything I send to England. Two bottles of usquebaugh were broken. Well, my humble service to my lord Bolingbroke, lord Bathurst, lord Masham and his lady, my dear friend, and Mr. Pulteney, and the doctor, and Mr. Lewis, and our sickly friend Gay, and my lady Bolingbroke; and very much to Patty, who I hope will learn to love the world less before the world leaves off to love her. I am much concerned to hear of my lord Peterborough being ill. I am exceedingly his servant; and pray God recover his health! As for your courtier Mrs. Howard and her mistress, I have nothing to say but that they have neither memory nor manners; else I should have some mark of the former from the latter, which I was promised about two years ago: but since I made them a present it would be mean to remind them. I am told poor Mrs. Pope is ill. Pray God preserve her to you, or raise you up as useful a friend!

This letter is in answer to Mr. Ford, whose hand I mistook for yours, having not heard from him this twelvemonth. Therefore you are not to stare: and it must not be lost, for it talks to you only.

Again, forgive my blunders; for, reading the letter by candlelight and not dreaming of a letter from Mr. Ford, I thought it must be yours, because it talks of our friends.

The letter talks of Gay, and Mr. Whaley, and lord Bolingbroke, which made me conclude it must be yours, so all the answering part must go for nothing.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

[a] This respects a lawsuit between Mr Nathaniel Whaley and the archbishop of Armagh on the one side, and the crown on the other.

[b] Richard Daniel, dean of Armagh, attending as a witness on the issue of the cause.

[c] The second part of the "Beggars' Opera," excluded by order of the chamberlain.

FROM FRANCIS GEOGEGHAN, ESQ.

March 10, 1729.

SIR,—Your time is precious, your curiosity not very small, my esteem of you very great; therefore come not within the walls of the four courts in hopes of hearing a matrimonial decree in this reign; for on Monday, (viz.) that is to say, the 10th of this instant March, 1729, his excellency Thomas Wyndham, esq., lord high-chancellor of Ireland, pronounced, after your back was turned, and not with the assistance of the two chiefs, his decree in the case of Stewart *v.* Stewart, on A. Powell, to this effect:—He said there was a full consent till such time as the draught of the settlement was sent down to Mrs. Stewart, to be considered by her and her friends; and after she had considered it she shall not be at liberty to make any objections; for all restrictions of marriage are odious

in the civil law, and not favoured by the common law, especially after the age of one-and-twenty; therefore, marry they may, and let Mr. Nutley be a lawyer for Mrs. Rebecca Stewart, the plaintiff, to take care of the settlement for her advantage, and let Powell choose another lawyer for himself; though, by the by, Mr. Nutley would serve for both; and it is not necessary to inquire what Powell makes by his practice, although he assured the mother it amounted to 1400*l.* per annum.

"Ovid, 'tis true, successfully imparts
The rules to steal deluded virgins hearts;
But O! ye fair ones, pious Nutley's skill
Instructs you to elude, by magic bill,
The laws of God, and gratify your will."

You will, I hope, excuse this liberty in one who, to resent the indignity offered to you by Ram's coachman, made him drunk soon after at Gory; which so incensed the aforesaid Ram that he discharged him his service, and he is now so reduced that he has no other way of getting his bread but by crying in this city, "Ha' you any dirt to carry out?" I am, sir, your sincere friend and humble servant,

FRANCIS GEOGEGHAN.

FROM WILLIAM FLOWER, ESQ.

[Created lord Castledurrow, October 27, 1733.]

Ashbrook, March 18, 1729.

SIR,—As I have been honoured with some of your letters, and as you are my old acquaintance, though to my sorrow not intimately so, I trust you will pardon this presumption. Perhaps you may be at a loss to guess what title I have to an old acquaintance with you; but as several little accidents make indelible impressions upon the minds of schoolboys, near thirty years ago, when I was one, I remember I was committed to your care from Sheene to London: we took water at Mortlake, the commander of the little skiff was very drunk and insolent, put us ashore at Hammersmith, yet insisted with very abusive language on his fare, which you courageously refused as the mob gathered; I expected to see your gown stripped off, and, for want of a blanket, to take a flight with you in it, but,—

Tum pietate gravem ac meritis si forte virum quem
Conspexere, silent, arrectisque auribus astant:
Ille regit dictis animos, et pectora mulcet.

VIRG. Æn. i. 155.

If then some grave and pious man appear,
They hush their noise and lend a list'ning ear;
He soothes with sober words their angry mood,
And quenches their innate desire of blood.

DRYDEN.

By your powerful eloquence you saved your bacon and money, and we happily proceeded on our journey.

But it is not an inclination purely to tell you this old story which persuades me to write. A friend from Dublin lately obliged me with a very entertaining paper, entitled "The Intelligencer;" it is No. 20, a posthumous work of Nestor Ironside; a correspondent mentioning these papers in a letter raising my curiosity, with the specimen I had of them, to read the rest. For my part, I have buried myself in the country, and know little of the world but what I learn from newspapers: you who live so much in it, and from other more convincing proofs, I am satisfied are acquainted with the "Intelligencer." I wish his zeal could promote the welfare of his poor country, but I fear his labour is in vain.

The miseries of the north as represented demand the utmost compassion, and must soften the malice of the most bitter enemy. I hope they whose interest it is, if they rightly considered it, to relieve those miserable wretches, will redress so public a calamity; to which if, as I have heard, some of the clergy by exacting of tithes have contributed, they deserve as great censure as a certain dean, who lends several sums without interest to his poor parishioners, has gained credit and honour by his charitable beneficence. Bad men, to be sure, have crept in, and are of that sacred and learned order; the blackest of crimes—forgery, treason, and blasphemy—recently prove this: such should be spewed out of it with the utmost contempt, and punished according to their demerit with severe justice. If this allegation be true, I hope to see them censured by the "Intelligencer," and recommend to him the words of Jeremiah to expatiate upon, chap. x. ver. 21, chap. xii. ver. 10, 11. I imagine the poor widow, his printer [Mrs. Harding], is in danger of punishment; she suffered very cruelly for the Drapier's works; I hope several contributed to ease her misfortunes on that occasion; I confess I am sorry I did not; but if you will give her a piece of gold, not in my name, I beg, being unwilling to vaunt of charity, but as from a friend of yours, I shall by the first safe hand send one; in return I expect the Drapier's works entire.

I am sorry that for the benefit of the ladies the author has not given us the English of

Motus doceri gaudet Ionicos
Matura virgo.

Not having Creech's "Horace," a gentleman prevailed on me to attempt translating it in a couple of distichs: the science which the compound English and Greek word signifies little concerns a widower, but I should be glad to see it improved by good proficients in the Ionic jig. I own in my little reading I never met with this word, which puts me in mind of a passage on the Thames. My younger uncle, the grave Mr. Flower, his wife and mine, and parson Dingle, one day made the tour of the city: we saw Bedlam, the lions, and what not; and finished with a view of that noble engine under London bridge; then we took water for Whitehall, rowed very silently to opposite the glasshouse, where a dyer, his boat at anchor, was angling; poor Jack unfortunately asked, addressing himself to our waterman, "What that man was fishing for?" The wag answered very brisk, "For ——, master, will you buy any?" You are a man of too much humour not to be pleased with the reply. I never can think of it without a laugh, and am sure need not describe the scene to you. He is since called in our family by the name of Jack Fisher.

FROM MR. GAY.[a]

From the duke of Queensberry's, Burlington-gardens, March 18, 1729.

DEAR SIR,—I have written to you several times, and having heard nothing from you makes me fear my letters are miscarried. Mr. Pope's letter has taken off my concern in some degree; but I hope good weather will entirely re-establish you in your health. I am but just recovered from the severest fit of sickness that ever anybody had who escaped death: I was several times given up by the physicians and everybody that attended me; and upon my recovery was judged to be in so ill a condition that I should be miserable for the remainder of my life; but, contrary to all expectation, I am perfectly recovered, and have no remainder of the distempers that attacked me, which were at the same time fever, asthma, and pleurisy. I am now in the duke of Queensberry's house, and have been so ever since I left Hampstead; where I was carried at a time that it was thought I could not live a day. Since

[a] Indorsed, "See the duchess's answer to the royal message.

my coming to town I have been very little abroad, the weather has been so severe.

I must acquaint you (because I know it will please you) that during my sickness I had many of the kindest proofs of friendship, particularly from the duke and duchess of Queensberry; who if I had been their nearest relation and nearest friend could not have treated me with more constant attendance then; and they continue the same to me now.

You must undoubtedly have heard that the duchess took up my defence with the king and queen in the cause of my play; and that she has been forbid the court for interesting herself to increas my fortune by the publication of it without being acted. The duke, too, has given up his employment (which he would have done if the duchess had not met with this treatment) upon account of ill usage from the ministers; but this hastened him in what he had determined. The play is now almost printed, with the music, words, and basses engraved on thirty-one copper-plates; which by my friends' assistance has a possibility to turn greatly to my advantage. The duchess of Marlborough has given me 100*l.* for one copy, and others have contributed very handsomely; but as my account is not yet settled I cannot tell you particulars.

For writing in the cause of virtue and against the fashionable vices, I am looked upon at present as the most obnoxious person almost in England. Mr. Pulteney tells me I have got the start of him. Mr. Pope tells me that I am dead, and that this obnoxiousness is the reward for my inoffensiveness in my former life. I wish I had a book ready to send you; but I believe I shall not be able to complete the work till the latter end of the next week. Your money is still in lord Bathurst's hands, but I believe I shall receive it soon: I wish to receive your orders how to dispose of it. I am impatient to finish my work, for I want the country air; not that I am ill, but to recover my strength; and I cannot leave my work till it is finished. While I am writing this I am in the room next to our dining-room, with sheets all around it, and two people from the binder folding sheets. I print the book at my own expense in quarto, which is to be sold for six shillings with the music. You see I do not want industry, and I hope you will allow that I have not the worst economy. Mrs. Howard has declared herself strongly both to the king and queen as my advocate. The duchess of Queensberry is allowed to have shown more spirit, more honour, and more goodness than was thought possible in our times: I should have added, too, more understanding and good sense. You see my fortune (as I hope my virtue will) increases by oppression. I go to no courts, I drink no wine, and am calumniated even by ministers of state; and yet am in good spirits. Most of the courtiers, though otherwise my friends, refused to contribute to my undertaking. But the city, and the people of England, take my part very warmly; and I am told the best of the citizens will give me proofs of it by their contributions.

I could talk to you a great deal more, but I am afraid I should write too much for you and for myself. I have not written so much together since my sickness. I cannot omit telling you that Dr. Arbuthnot's attendance and care of me showed him the best of friends. Dr. Hollins, though entirely a stranger to me, was joined with him, and used me in the kindest and most handsome manner. Mr. and Mrs. Pulteney were greatly concerned for me, visited me, and showed me the strongest proofs of friendship. When I see you I will tell you of others: as of Mr. Pope, Mrs. Blount, Mr. and Mrs. Rollinson, lord and lady Bolingbroke, &c.: I think they are all your friends and well-wishers. I hope you will love them the better upon my account; but do not forget Mr. Lewis, nor lord Bathurst, sir William Wyndham, and lord Gower, and lord Oxford among the number. My service to Dr. Delany and Mr. Stopfort.

TO MR. GAY.[a]

Dublin, March 19, 1729.

I DENY it. I do write to you according to the old stipulation; for when you kept your old company when I wrote to one I wrote to all. But I am ready to enter into a new bargain since you are got into a new world, and will answer all your letters. You are first to present my most humble respects to the duchess of Queensberry, and let her know that I never dine without thinking of her, although it be with some difficulty that I can obey her when I dine with forks that have but two prongs, and when the sauce is not very consistent. You must likewise tell her grace that she is a general toast among all honest folks here, and particularly at the deanery, even in the face of my Whig subjects. I will leave my money in lord Bathurst's hands, and the management of it (for want of better) in yours; and pray keep the interest-money in a bag wrapped up by itself for fear of your own fingers under your carelessness. Mr. Pope talks of you as a perfect stranger; but the different pursuits, and manners, and interests of life, as fortune has pleased to dispose them, will never suffer those to live together who by their inclinations ought never to part. I hope when you are rich enough you will have some little economy of your own in town and country, and be able to give your friend a pint of port; for the domestic season of life will come on. I had never much hopes of your vamped play, although Mr. Pope seemed to have, and although it were ever so good; but you should have done like the parsons and changed your text, I mean your title, and the names of the persons. After all it was an effect of idleness, for you are in the prime of life, when invention and judgment go together. I wish you had 100*l.* a-year more for horses. I ride and walk whenever good weather invites me, and am reputed the best walker in this town and five miles round. I wrote lately to Mr. Pope. I wish you had a little village in his neighbourhood; but you are yet too volatile, and any lady with a coach and six horses would carry you to Japan. JONATHAN SWIFT.

FROM DR. ARBUTHNOT.

London, March 19, 1729.

THIS is the second or third time, dear sir, that I have written to you without hearing a word of you or from you; only in general that you are very much out of order, sometimes of your two old complaints the vertigo and deafness, which I am very sorry for. The gentleman who carries this has come better off than I did imagine: I used my little interest as far as it would go in his affair. He will be able to give you some account of your friends, many of whom have been in great distress this winter. John Gay, I may say with vanity, owes his life, under God, to the unwearied endeavours and care of your humble servant; for a physician who had not been passionately his friend could not have saved him. I had beside my personal concern for him other motives of my care. He is now become a public person—a little Sacheverell; and I took the same pleasure in saving him as Radcliffe did in preserving my lord

[a] Found among Mr. Gay's papers, and returned to Dr. Swift by the duke of Queensberry and Mr. Pope.

chief-justice Holt's wife, whom he attended out of spite to the husband who wished her dead.

The inoffensive John Gay is now become one of the obstructions to the peace of Europe, the terror of ministers, the chief author of the "Craftsman," and all the seditious pamphlets which have been published against the government. He has got several turned out of their places, the greatest ornament of the court banished from it for his sake, another great lady in danger of being chasée likewise, about seven or eight duchesses pushing forward, like the ancient circumcelliones in the church, who shall suffer martyrdom upon his account first. He is the darling of the city. If he should travel about the country he would have hecatombs of roasted oxen sacrificed to him. Since he became so conspicuous Will Pulteney hangs his head to see himself so much outdone in the career of glory. I hope he will get a great deal of money by printing his play, but I really believe he would get more by showing his person; and I can assure you this is the very identical John Gay whom you formerly knew and lodged with in Whitehall two years ago. I have been diverting myself with making an extract out of a history which will be printed in the year 1948: I wish I had your assistance to go through with it; for I can assure you it rises to a very solemn piece of burlesque.

As to the condition of your little club it is not quite so desperate as you might imagine; for Mr. Pope is as high in favour as I am afraid the rest are out of it. The king, upon the perusal of the last edition of his "Dunciad," declared he was a very honest man. I did not know till this moment that I had so good an opportunity to send you a letter, and now I know it I am called away, and obliged to end with my best wishes and respects, being most sincerely yours, &c.

TO LORD BOLINGBROKE.

Dublin, March 21, 1729.

You tell me you have not quitted the design of collecting, writing, &c. This is the answer of every sinner who defers his repentance. I wish Mr. Pope were as great an urger as I, who long for nothing more than to see truth under your hands laying all detr. ..n in the dust. I find myself disposed every year, or rather every month, to be more angry and revengeful; and my rage is so ignoble, that it descends even to resent the folly and baseness of the enslaved people among whom I live. I knew an old lord in Leicestershire who amused himself with mending pitchforks and spades for his tenants *gratis*. Yet I have higher ideas left, if I were nearer to objects on which I might employ them; and contemning my private fortune would gladly cross the channel and stand by while my betters were driving the boars out of the garden, if there be any probable expectation of such an endeavour. When I was of your age I often thought of death, but now, after a dozen years more, it is never out of my mind and terrifies me less. I conclude that Providence has ordered our fears to decrease with our spirits, and yet I love *la bagatelle* better than ever: for, finding it troublesome to read at night and the company here growing tasteless, I am always writing bad prose or worse verses, either of rage or raillery, whereof some few escape to give offence or mirth, and the rest are burnt.

They print some Irish trash in London and charge it on me, which you will clear me of to my friends, for all are spurious except one paper, for which Mr. Pope very lately chid me. I remember your lordship used to say that a few good speakers would in time carry any point that was right; and that the common method of a majority, by calling to the question, would never hold long when reason was on the other side. Whether politics do not change, like gaming, by the invention of new tricks, I am ignorant; but I believe in your time you would never as a minister have suffered an act to pass through the house of commons, only because you were sure of a majority in the house of lords to throw it out; because it would be unpopular and consequently a loss of reputation. Yet this, we are told, has been the case in the qualification bill relating to pensioners. It should seem to me that corruption, like avarice, has no bounds. I had opportunities to know the proceedings of your ministry better than any other man of my rank; and having not much to do I have often compared it with these last sixteen years of a profound peace all over Europe and we running seven millions in debt. I am forced to play at small game, to set the beasts here a-madding, merely for want of a better game. *Tentanda via est qua me quoque possim*,[a] &c. The devil take those politics, where a dunce might govern for a dozen years together. I will come in person to England if I am provoked, and send for the dictator from the plough. I disdain to say, *O! mihi præteritos*—but *cruda deo viridisque senectus*.[b] Pray, my lord, how are the gardens? have you taken down the mount and removed the yew hedges? have you not bad weather for the spring corn? has Mr. Pope gone further in his ethic poems? and is the head-land sown with wheat? and what says Polybius? and how does my lord St. John? which last question is very material to me, because I love burgundy and riding between Twickenham and Dawley. I built a wall five years ago, and when the masons played the knaves, nothing delighted me so much as to stand by while my servants threw down what was amiss. I have likewise seen a monkey overthrow all the dishes and plates in a kitchen, merely for the pleasure of seeing them tumble and hearing the clatter they made in their fall. I wish you would invite me to such another entertainment; but you think as I ought to think, that it is time for me to have done with the world; and so I would if I could get into a better before I was called into the best, and not die here in a rage like a poisoned rat in a hole. I wonder you are not ashamed to let me pine away in this kingdom while you are out of power.

I come from looking over the *mélange* above written and declare it to be a true copy of my present disposition, which must needs please you, since nothing was ever more displeasing to myself. I desire you to present my most humble respects to my lady.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

FROM A QUAKER IN PHILADELPHIA.

Philad. March 29, 1729.

FRIEND JONATHAN SWIFT,—Having been often agreeably amused by thy Tale, &c. &c., and being now loading a small ship for Dublin, I have sent thee a gammon, the product of the wilds of America; which perhaps may not be unacceptable at thy table, since it is only designed to let thee know that thy wit and parts are here in esteem at this distance from the place of thy residence. Thou needest ask no questions who this comes from, since I am a perfect stranger to thee.

a "New ways I must attempt, my groveling name
To raise aloft, and wing my flight to fame."

b "O, could I turn to that fair prime again!
———— yet in his years are seen
A manly vigour and autumnal green."

FROM LADY JOHNSON.[a]

[March 30, 1729.]

TO THE REV. THE DEAN OF ST. PATRICKS.

HOND SR—I am a Huckster and Lives in Strand Street & has Dealings with Several familys, a saterday Night a Case of Instruments[b] was sent me in pawn by a Certain person in Marys Street, for two Rowls a print of Butter four Herrings and three Nagins of strong Watters, My foster brother who ply's about the End of the town tells Me, he wanst saw it in your hand, fearing Hawkins's[c] whip I send it to you, and will take an Other Course to gett My Money, so I Remain your Honrs humble Sarvt to Command MARTHA SHARP.

ye 30.

TO LORD BOLINGBROKE.

Dublin, April 5, 1729.

I DO not think it could be possible for me to hear better news than that of your getting over your scurvy suit, which always hung as a deep weight on my heart; I hated it in all its circumstances, as it affected your fortune and quiet, and in a situation of life that must make it every way vexatious. And as I am infinitely obliged to you for the justice you do me in supposing your affairs do at least concern me as much as my own, so I would never have pardoned your omitting it. But, before I go on, I cannot forbear mentioning what I read last summer in a newspaper, that you were writing the history of your own times. I suppose such a report might arise from what was not secret among your friends, of your intention to write another kind of history, which you often promised Mr. Pope and me to do; I know he desires it very much, and I am sure I desire nothing more for the honour and love I bear you and the perfect knowledge I have of your public virtue. My lord, I have no other notion of economy than that it is the parent of liberty and ease, and I am not the only friend you have who has chid you in his heart for the neglect of it, though not with his mouth as I have done. For there is a silly error in the world, even among friends otherwise very good, not to intermeddle with men's affairs in such nice matters. And my lord, I have made a maxim that should be written in letters of diamonds, that a wise man ought to have money in his head but not in his heart. Pray, my lord, inquire whether your prototype, my lord Digby, after the restoration, when he was at Bristol, did not take some care of his fortune, notwithstanding that quotation I once sent you out of his speech to the house of commons? In my conscience, I believe fortune, like other drabs, values a man gradually less for every year he lives. I have demonstration for it; because if I play at piquet for sixpence with a man or woman two years younger than myself I always lose; and there is a young girl of twenty who never fails of winning my money at backgammon, though she is a bungler and the game be ecclesiastic. As to the public, I confess nothing could cure my itch of meddling with it but these frequent returns of deafness, which have hindered me from passing last winter in London; yet I cannot but consider the perfidiousness of some people who, I thought when I was last there, upon a change that happened, were the most impudent in forgetting their professions that I have ever known. Pray, will you please to take your pen and blot me out that political maxim from whatever book it is in, that *Res nolunt diu male administrari?* the commonness makes me not know who is the author, but sure he must be some modern.

I am sorry for lady Bolingbroke's ill health; but I protest I never knew a very deserving person of that sex who had not too much reason to complain of ill health. I never wake without finding life a more insignificant thing than it was the day before; which is one great advantage I get by living in this country where there is nothing I shall be sorry to lose. But my greatest misery is recollecting the scene of twenty years past, and then all on a sudden dropping into the present. I remember when I was a little boy I felt a great fish at the end of my line which I drew up almost on the ground, but it dropped in, and the disappointment vexes me to this very day, and I believe it was the type of all my future disappointments. I should be ashamed to say this to you, if you had not a spirit fitter to bear your own misfortunes than I have to think of them. Is there patience left to reflect by what qualities wealth and greatness are got and by what qualities they are lost? I have read my friend Congreve's verses to lord Cobham, which end with a vile and false moral, and I remember is not in Horace to Tibullus, which he imitates, "that all times are equally virtuous and vicious:" wherein he differs from all poets, philosophers, and christians, that ever wrote. It is more probable that there may be an equal quantity of virtues always in the world, but sometimes there may be a peck of it in Asia and hardly a thimbleful in Europe. But if there be no virtue, there is abundance of sincerity; for I will venture all I am worth that there is not one human creature in power who will not be modest enough to confess that he proceeds wholly upon a principle of corruption: I say this because I have a scheme, in spite of your notions, to govern England upon the principles of virtue, and when the nation is ripe for it I desire you will send for me. I have learned this by living like a hermit, by which I am got backward about nineteen hundred years in the era of the world, and begin to wonder at the wickedness of men. I dine alone upon half a dish of meat, mix water with my wine, walk ten miles a-day, and read Baronius. *Hic explicit epistola ad Dom. Bolingbroke, et incipit ad amicum Pope.*

Having finished my letter to Aristippus I now begin to you. I was in great pain about Mrs. Pope, having heard from others that she was in a very dangerous way, which made me think it unseasonable to trouble you. I am ashamed to tell you that, when I was very young I had more desire to be famous than ever since; and fame, like all things else in this life, grows with me every day more a trifle. But you who are so much younger, although you want that health you deserve, yet your spirits are as vigorous as if your body were sounder. I hate a crowd where I have not an easy place to see and be seen. A great library always makes me melancholy,[a] where the best author is as much squeezed and as obscure as a porter at a coronation. In my own little library I value the compliments of Grævius and Gronovius, which make thirty-one volumes in folio (and were given me by my lord Bolingbroke), more than all my books besides; because whoever comes into my closet casts his eyes immediately upon them and will not vouchsafe to look upon Plato or Xenophon. I tell you it almost incredible how opinions change by the decline or decay of spirits, and I will further tell you, that all my endeavours, from a boy, to distinguish myself were only for want of a great title and fortune, that I might be used like a lord by those who have an opinion of my parts; whether right or wrong it is no great matter; and so the reputation of wit or great learning does the office of a blue riband or of a coach

[a] Thus indorsed by Dr. Swift:—"The best letter I ever read."

[b] It is not unlikely this was a present of a case of instruments from lady Johnson to the doctor.

[c] Hawkins was keeper of Newgate.

[a] In Montesquieu's "Persian Letters," there is an admirable one upon this subject.

and six horses. To be remembered for ever on the account of our friendship is what would exceedingly please me: but yet I never loved to make a visit or be seen walking with my betters, because they get all the eyes and civilities from me. I no sooner wrote this than I corrected myself, and remembered sir Fulk Grevil's epitaph, "Here lies, &c., who was friend to sir Philip Sidney." And therefore I must heartily thank you for your desire that I would record our friendship in verse, which if I can succeed in, I will never desire to write one more line in poetry while I live. You must present my humble service to Mrs. Pope, and let her know I pray for her continuance in the world, for her own reason, that she may live to take care of you. JONATHAN SWIFT.

FROM THE CHEVALIER RAMSAY.

London, April 10, 1729.

SIR,—One of the greatest pleasures I proposed to myself in a journey to England was that of seeing you at London; and it is a very sensible mortification to me to find myself disappointed in so agreeable an expectation. It is now many years since I had the highest este- of your genius and writings; and when I was very young I found in some of them certain ideas that prepared me for relishing those principles of universal religion which I have since endeavoured to unfold in Cyrus. I could not let our common friend Mr. Leslie[a] go back to Ireland without seizing the opportunity of acknowledging the obliging zeal you have shown to make my work esteemed. Such marks of friendship do me a great deal of honour as well as pleasure, and I hope I have a thorough sense of them. As I have much enlarged my book I am going to publish a new edition by subscription. I have given a hundred copies of the proposals to our friend, and flatter myself that I may count upon the continuation of your friendship. I am, with great respect, sir, your most obliged and most obedient humble servant,

A. RAMSAY.

FROM DR. ARBUTHNOT.

London, May 8, 1729.

DEAR SIR,—I have written three times to Mr. Dean of St. Patrick's without receiving so much as an acknowledgment of the receipt of my letters. At the same time I hear of other letters which his acquaintances receive from him. I believe I should hardly have brought myself to have written this were it not to serve you and a friend at the same time.

I recommended one Mr. Mason, son of Mason, gentleman of the queen's chapel, a barytone voice, for the vacancy of a singer in your cathedral. This letter was written from Bath last September. The same Mason informs me that there is another vacancy: therefore I renew my request. I believe you will hardly get a better: he has a pleasant mellow voice, and has sung several times in the king's chapel this winter, to the satisfaction of the audience. I beg at least your answer to this. Your friends in town, such as I know, are well. Mr. Pope is happy again in having his mother recovered. Mr. Gay is gone to Scotland with the duke of Queensberry. He has about twenty lawsuits with booksellers for pirating his book. The king goes soon to Hanover. These are all the news I know. I hope you do not imagine I am so little concerned about your health as not to desire to be informed of the state of it from yourself. I have been tolerably well this winter, I thank God. My brother Robin is here, and longs, as well as I, to know how you do. This, with my best wishes and respects, from, dear sir, your most faithful humble servant,

J. ARBUTHNOT.

FROM DR. ARBUTHNOT.

London, June 9, 1729.

DEAR SIR,—This is given you by Mr. Mason, whom I believe you will find answer the character I gave of him, which really was not partial; for I am not so much as acquainted with his father or himself. I explained everything to him according to the tenor of the letter which I received from you some time ago, and for which I most heartily thank you. Let him now speak for himself. I have been inquiring about a counter-tenor, but have, as yet, no intelligence of any.

I am really sensibly touched with the account you give of Ireland. It is not quite so bad here, but really bad enough; at the same time we are told that we are in great plenty and happiness.

Your friends whom you mention in yours are well. Mr. Gay is returned from Scotland, and has recovered his strength by his journey. Mr. Pope is well; he had got an injunction in chancery against the printers who had pirated his "Dunciad:" it was dissolved again, because the printer could not prove any property, nor did the author appear. That is not Mr. Gay's case, for he has owned his book. Mr. Pulteney gives you his service. They are all better than myself; for I am now so bad of a constant convulsion in my heart that I am like to expire sometimes. We have no news that I know of. I am apt to believe that in a little time this matter of the provisional treaty will be on or off. The young man waits for my letter. I shall trouble you no more at present, but remain, with my best wishes and most sincere affection, dear sir, your most faithful humble servant, J. ARBUTHNOT.

My family all send you their love and service.

FROM LADY CATHARINE JONES

[Daughter of Richard earl of Ranelagh].

Chelsea, June 11, 1729.

SIR,—I received the favour of your letter the 22nd of May, and own my obligation to Mr. Dean for the information of the decay of my grandfather's monument in the cathedral church of St. Patrick.

Mr. French, the present receiver of my father's estate, will be, some time next month, in that kingdom, whom I have ordered to wait upon you for your direction in that affair; in which, when he has informed me of the expense, I shall immediately give directions to have it done, agreeably to the desire of the dean and chapter, as well as the duty due to the memory of my grandfather, without adding further trouble to Mr. Dean from his most humble and obedient servant, CATHARINE JONES.

TO MR. POPE.

August 11, 1729.

I AM very sensible that in a former letter I talked very weakly of my own affairs, and of my imperfect wishes and desires, which, however, I find with some comfort do now daily decline, very suitably to my state of health for some months past. For my head is never perfectly free from giddiness, and especially toward night. Yet my disorder is very moderate, and I have been without a fit of deafness this half-year; so I am like a horse, which, though off his mettle, can trot on tolerably; and this comparison puts me in mind to add that I am returned to be a rider, wherein I wish you would imitate me.

[a] Son of the rev. Dr. Charles Leslie, the famous nonjuror.

As to this country,[a] there have been three terrible years' dearth of corn, and every place strewed with beggars; but dearths are common in better climates, and our evils here lie much deeper. Imagine a nation, the two-thirds of whose revenues are spent out of it, and who are not permitted to trade with the other third, and where the pride of women will not suffer them to wear their own manufactures, even where they excel what come from abroad: this is the true state of Ireland in a very few words. These evils operate more every day, and the kingdom is absolutely undone, as I have been telling often in print these ten years past.

What I have said requires forgiveness, but I had a mind for once to let you know the state of our affairs, and my reason for being more moved than perhaps becomes a clergyman and a piece of a philosopher; and perhaps the increase of years and disorders may hope for some allowance to complaints, especially when I may call myself a stranger in a strange land. As to poor Mrs. Pope (if she be still alive) I heartily pity you and pity her: her great piety and virtue will infallibly make her happy in a better life, and her great age has made her fully ripe for heaven and the grave, and her best friends will most wish her eased of her labours when she has so many good works to follow them. The loss you will feel by the want of her care and kindness I know very well; but she has amply done her part, as you have yours. One reason why I would have you in Ireland when you shall be at your own disposal is, that you may be master of two or three years' revenues, *provisæ frugis in annos copia*, so as not to be pinched in the least when years increase, and perhaps your health impairs; and when this kingdom is utterly at an end you may support me for the few years I shall happen to live; and who knows but you may pay me exorbitant interest for the spoonful of wine and scraps of a chicken it will cost me to feed you? I am confident you have too much reason to complain of ingratitude; for I never yet knew any person one-tenth part so heartily disposed as you are to do good offices to others without the least private view.

Was it a gasconade to please me that you said your fortune was increased 100*l.* a-year since I left you? you should have told me how. Those *subsidia senectuti* are extremely desirable if they could be got with justice and without avarice? of which vice, though I cannot charge myself yet, nor feel any approaches toward it, yet no usurer more wishes to be richer, or rather to be surer of his rents. But I am not half so moderate as you, for I declare I cannot live easily under double to what you are satisfied with.

I hope Mr. Gay will keep his 3000*l.* and live on the interest without decreasing the principal one penny; but I do not like your seldom seeing him. I hope he is grown more disengaged from his intentness on his own affairs, which I ever disliked, and is quite the reverse to you, unless you are a very dexterous disguiser. I desire my humble service to lord Oxford, lord Bathurst, and particularly to Mrs. Blount, but to no lady at court. God bless you for being a greater dupe than I: I love that character too myself, but want your charity. Adieu.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

FROM LORD BOLINGBROKE.

Aix-la-Chapelle, August 30, 1729, N. S.

I TOOK a letter of yours from Pope, and brought it to this place that I might answer at least a part of it. I begin to-day; when I shall finish I know not; perhaps when I get back to my farm. The waters I have been persuaded to drink, and those which my friends drink, keep me fuddled or employed all the morning. The afternoons are spent in airings or visits, and we go to bed with the chicken.

Brussels, September 27, N. S.

I have brought your French acquaintance [lady Bolingbroke] thus far on her way into her own country, and considerably better in health than she was when she went to Aix. I begin to entertain hopes that she will recover such a degree of health as may render old age supportable. Both of us have closed the tenth lustre, and it is high time to determine how we shall play the last act of the farce. Might not my life be entitled much more properly a what-dy'e-call-it than a farce?[a] Some comedy, a great deal of tragedy, and the whole interspersed with scenes of Harlequin, Scaramouch, and Dr. Baloardo, the prototype of your hero Oxford. I used to think sometimes formerly of old age and of death; enough to prepare my mind; not enough to anticipate sorrow, to dash the joys of youth, and to be all my life a-dying. I find the benefit of this practice now, and shall find it more as I proceed on my journey; little regret when I look backward, little apprehension when I look forward. You complain grievously of your situation in Ireland. I could complain of mine too in England, but I will not, nay, I ought not, for I find, by long experience, that I can be unfortunate without being unhappy. I do not approve your joining together the figure of living and the pleasure of giving, though your old prating friend Montaigne[b] does something like it in one of his rhapsodies: to tell you my reasons would be to write an essay, and I shall hardly have time to write a letter; but if you will come over and live with Pope and me I will show you in an instant why those two things should not *aller de pair*, and that forced retrenchments on both may be made without making us uneasy. You know that I am too expensive, and all mankind knows that I have been cruelly plundered; and yet I feel in my mind the power of descending, without anxiety, two or three stages more. In short, Mr. Dean, if you will come to a certain farm in Middlesex,[c] you shall find that I can live frugally without growling at the world, or being peevish with those whom fortune has appointed to eat my bread, instead of appointing me to eat theirs; and yet I have naturally as little disposition to frugality as any man alive. You say you are no philosopher, and I think you are in the right to dislike a word which is so often abused; but I am sure you like to follow reason, not custom (which is sometimes the reason, and oftener the caprice of others of the mob of the world). Now to be sure of doing this you must wear your philosophical spectacles as constantly as the Spaniards used to wear theirs. You must make them part of your dress, and sooner part with your

[a] There are many acute and new observations on the state of Ireland in Berkeley's "Querist," by which he appears to be as great a patriot and politician as in his other works he is a philosopher and divine.

[a] Bolingbroke is reported in a letter to Pouilly to have said "You, and I, and Pope are the only three men fit to reign." Voltaire, in the 12th volume of his letters, denies this anecdote; and adds, "J'aime mieux ce que disait à ses compagnons la plus fameuse catin de Londres: mes sœurs, Bolingbroke est déclaré aujourd'hui secrétaire d'état: sept mille guinées de rente, mes sœurs; et tout pour nous!" It appears by Voltaire's Letters, vol. i. p. 13, that in the year 1722 he was at La Source, near Orleans, with lord Bolingbroke; to whom he communicated the first sketches of the "Henriade," and received from him the highest commendations.

[b] Yet there are few writers that give us such an insight into human nature as this old prater.

[c] Dawley, the residence of lord Bolingbroke.

broad-brimmed beaver, your gown, scarf, or even that emblematical vestment, your surplice. Through this medium you will see few things to be vexed at, few persons to be angry at.

Ostend, October 5.

And yet there will frequently be things which we ought to wish altered, and persons whom we ought to wish hanged. Since I am likely to wait here for a wind I shall have leisure to talk with you more than you will like perhaps. If that should be so you will never tell it me grossly, and my vanity will secure me against taking a hint.

In your letter to Pope you agree that a regard for fame becomes a man more towards his *exit* than at his entrance into life; and yet you confess that the longer you live the more you grow indifferent about it. Your sentiment is true and natural; your reasoning I am afraid is not so upon this occasion. Prudence will make us desire fame, because it gives us many real and great advantages in all the affairs of life. Fame is the wise man's means; his ends are his own good and the good of society. Your poets and orators have inverted this order; you propose fame as the end; and good, or at least great actions, as the means. You go further: you teach our self-love to anticipate the applause which we suppose will be paid by posterity to our names; and with idle notions of immortality you turn other heads beside your own: I am afraid this may have done some harm in the world.

Calais, October 9.

I go on from this place, whither I am come in hopes of getting to sea, which I could not do from the port of Ostend.

Fame is an object which men pursue successfully by various and even contrary courses. Your doctrine leads them to look on this end as essential, and on the means as indifferent; so that Fabricius and Crassus, Cato and Cæsar, pressed forward to the same goal. After all, perhaps it may appear, from a consideration of the depravity of mankind, that you could do no better, nor keep up virtue in the world, without calling this passion or this direction of self-love in to your aid. Tacitus has crowded this excuse for you, according to his manner, into a maxim,—*Contemptu famæ contemni virtutes.* But now, whether we consider fame as a useful instrument in all the occurrences of private and public life, or whether we consider it as the cause of that pleasure which our self-love is so fond of, methinks our entrance into life, or, to speak more properly, our youth, not our old age, is the season when we ought to desire it most, and therefore when it is most becoming to desire it with ardour. If it is useful, it is to be desired most when we have or may hope to have a long scene of action open before us; toward our exit this scene of action is or should be closed; and then methinks it is unbecoming to grow fonder of a thing which we have no longer occasion for. If it is pleasant, the sooner we are in possession of fame the longer we shall enjoy this pleasure; when it is acquired early in life, it may tickle us on to old age; but when it is acquired late, the sensation of pleasure will be more faint, and mingled with the regret of our not having tasted it sooner.

From my Farm, October 5, O. S.

I am here; I have seen Pope, and one of my first inquiries was after you. He tells me a thing I am sorry to hear: you are building it seems on a piece of land you have acquired for that purpose, in some county of Ireland.[a] Though I have built in a part of the world [Dawley] which I prefer very little to that where you have been thrown and confined by our ill fortune and yours, yet I am sorry you do the same thing. I have repented a thousand times of my resolution; and I hope you will repent of yours before it is executed. Pope tells me he has a letter of yours, which I have not seen yet. I shall have that satisfaction shortly; and shall be tempted to scribble to you again, which is another good reason for making this epistle no longer than it is already. Adieu, therefore, my old and worthy friend. May the physical evils of life fall as easily upon you as ever they did on any man who lived to be old! and may the moral evils which surround us make as little impression on you as they ought to make on one who has such superior sense to estimate things by, and so much virtue to wrap himself up in!

My wife desires not to be forgotten by you; she is faithfully your servant and zealously your admirer. She will be concerned and disappointed not to find you in this island at her return; which hope both she and I had been made to entertain before I went abroad.

[a] Drapier's-hill, where the dean entertained some thoughts of building.

FROM MR. POPE.

October 9, 1729.

It pleases me that you received my books at last: but you have never once told me if you approve of the whole, or disapprove not of some parts, of the commentary, &c. It was my principal aim in the entire work to perpetuate the friendship between us, and to show that the friends or the enemies of one were the friends or enemies of the other; if in any particular anything be stated or mentioned in a different manner from what you like, pray tell me freely, that the new editions now coming out here may have it rectified. You will find the octavo rather more correct than the quarto, with some additions to the notes and epigrams cast in, which I wish had been increased by your acquaintance in Ireland. I rejoice in hearing that Drapier's-hill is to emulate Parnassus; I fear the country about it is as much impoverished. I truly share in all that troubles you, and wish you removed from a scene of distress which I know works your compassionate temper too strongly. But if we are not to see you here, I believe I shall once in my life see you there. You think more for me and about me than any friend I have, and you think better for me. Perhaps you will not be contented, though I am, that the additional 100*l.* a-year is only for my life. My mother is yet living, and I thank God for it: she will never be troublesome to me, if she be not so to herself: but a melancholy object it is to observe the gradual decays both of body and mind in a person to whom one is tied by the links of both. I cannot tell whether her death itself would be so afflicting.

You are too careful of my worldly affairs; I am rich enough, and I can afford to give away 100*l.* a-year. Do not be angry: I will not live to be very old. I have revelations to the contrary. I would not crawl upon the earth without doing a little good when I have a mind to do it: I will enjoy the pleasure of what I give by giving it alive, and seeing another enjoy it. When I die, I should be ashamed to leave enough to build me a monument if there were a wanting friend above ground.

Mr. Gay assures me his 3000*l.* is kept entire and sacred; he seems to languish after a line from you, and complains tenderly. Lord Bolingbroke has told me ten times over he was going to write to you. Has he or not? The doctor [Arbuthnot] is unalterable both in friendship and quadrille: his wife has been very near death last week: his two bro-

thers buried their wives within these six weeks. Gay is sixty miles off, and has been so all this summer with the duke and duchess of Queensberry. He is the same man: so is every one here that you know: mankind is unamendable. *Optimus ille qui minimis urgetur.* Poor Mrs. *** is like the rest; she cries at the thorn in her foot, but will suffer nobody to pull it out. The court lady [Mrs. Howard] I have a good opinion of, yet I have treated her more negligently than you would do, because you like to see the inside of a court, which I do not. I have seen her but twice. You have a desperate hand at dashing out a character by great strokes, and at the same time a delicate one at fine touches. God forbid you should draw mine if I were conscious of any guilt: but if I were conscious only of folly, God send it! for as nobody can detect a great fault so well as you, nobody would so well hide a small one. But after all that lady means to do good, and does no harm, which is a vast deal for a courtier. I can assure you that lord Peterborough always speaks kindly of you, and certainly has as great a mind to be your friend as any one. I must throw away my pen; it cannot, it will never tell you what I inwardly am to you. *Quod nequeo monstrare, et sentio tantum.*

TO MR. POPE.

October 31, 1729.

You were so careful of sending me the "Dunciad" that I have received five of them, and have pleased four friends. I am one of everybody who approve every part of it, text and comment; but am one abstracted from everybody in the happiness of being recorded your friend while wit, and humour, and politeness, shall have any memorial among us. As for your octavo edition we know nothing of it, for we have an octavo of our own which has sold wonderfully, considering our poverty, and dulness the consequence of it.

I write this post to lord Bolingbroke, and tell him in my letter that, with a great deal of loss for a frolic, I will fly as soon as build: I have neither years, nor spirits, nor money, nor patience, for such amusements. The frolic is gone off, and I am only 100*l.* the poorer. But this kingdom is grown so excessively poor that we wise men must think of nothing but getting a little ready money It is thought there are not 200,000*l.* of specie in the whole island; for we return thrice as much to our absentees as we get by trade, and so are all inevitably undone; which I have been telling them in print these ten years to as little purpose as if it came from the pulpit. And this is enough for Irish politics, which I only mention because it so nearly touches myself. I must repeat what I believe I have said before, that I pity you much more than Mrs. Pope. Such a parent and friend hourly declining before your eyes is an object very unfit for your health, and duty, and tender disposition; and I pray God it may not affect you too much. I am as much satisfied that your additional 100*l.* per annum is for your life as if it were for ever. You have enough to leave your friends; I would not have them glad to be rid of you; and I shall take care that none but my enemies will be glad to get rid of me. You have embroiled me with lord B——— about the figure of living and the pleasure of giving. I am under the necessity of some little paltry figure in the station I am; but I make it as little as possible. As to the other part, you are base, because I thought myself as great a giver as ever was of my ability; and yet in proportion you exceed, and have kept it till now a secret even from me, when I wondered how you were able to live with your whole little revenue. Adieu.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

TO LORD BOLINGBROKE.

Dublin, October 31, 1729.

I RECEIVED your lordship's travelling letter of several dates, at several stages, and from different nations, languages, and religions. Neither could anything be more obliging than your kind remembrance of me in so many places. As to your ten lustres, I remember, when I complained in a letter to Prior that I was fifty years old, he was half angry in jest, and answered me out of Terence, *ista commemoratio est quasi exprobratio.* How then ought I to rattle you when I have a dozen years more to answer for, all monastically passed in this country of liberty, and delight, and money, and good company! I go on answering your letter; it is you were my hero, but the other [lord Oxford] never was; yet if he were, it was your own fault who taught me to love him, and often vindicated him in the beginning of your ministry from my accusations. But I granted he had the greatest inequalities of any man alive, and his whole scene was fifty times more a what-d'ye-call-it than yours, for I declare yours was *unie;* and I wish you would so order it that the world may be as wise as I upon that article. Mr. Pope wishes it too, and I believe there is not a more honest man in England even without wit. But you regard us not. I was forty-seven years old when I began to think of death;* and the reflections upon it now begin when I wake in the morning, and end when I am going to sleep.—I wrote to Mr. Pope, and not to you. My birth, although from a family not undistinguished in its time, is many degrees inferior to yours; all my pretensions from person and parts infinitely so; I a younger son of younger sons, you born to a great fortune; yet I see you with all your advantages sunk to a degree that you could never have been without them: but yet I see you as much esteemed, as much beloved, as much dreaded, and perhaps more (though it be almost impossible), than ever you were in your highest exaltation; only I grieve like an alderman that you are not so rich. And yet, my lord, I pretend to value money as little as you, and I will call five hundred witnesses (if you will take Irish witnesses) to prove it. I renounce your whole philosophy because it is not your practice. By the figure of living (if I used that expression to Mr. Pope), I do not mean the parade, but a suitableness to your mind; and as for the pleasure of giving, I know your soul suffers when you are debarred of it. Could you, when your own generosity and contempt of outward things (be not offended, it is no ecclesiastical, but an Epictetian phrase), could you, when these have brought you to it, come over and live with Mr. Pope and me at the deanery? I could almost wish the experiment were tried.—No, God forbid that ever such a scoundrel as Want should dare to approach me. But in the mean time do not brag; retrenchments are not your talent. But, as old Weymouth said to me in his lordly Latin, *Philosopha verba, ignava opera;* I wish you could learn arithmetic, that three and two make five, and will never make more. My philosophical spectacles which you advise me to will tell me that I can live upon fifty pounds a-year (wine excluded, which my bad health forces me to), but I cannot endure that *otium* should be *sine dignitate.*—My lord, what I would have said of fame is meant of fame which a man enjoys in this life; because I cannot be a great lord I would acquire what is a

* The year of queen Anne's death.

kind of *subsidium*, I would endeavour that my betters should seek me by the merit of something distinguishable, instead of my seeking them. The desire of enjoying it in after-times is owing to the spirit and folly of youth: but with age we learn to know the house is so full that there is no room for above one or two at most in an age through the whole world. My lord, I hate and love to write you; it gives me pleasure, and kills me with melancholy. The d—— take stupidity, that it will not come to supply the want of philosophy.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

FROM MR. GAY.

Middleton Stoney, November 9, 1729.

I HAVE long known you to be my friend upon several occasions, and particularly by your reproofs and admonitions. There is one thing which you have often put me in mind of, the overrunning you with an answer before you had spoken. You find I am not a bit the better for it; for I still write and write on without having a word of an answer. I have heard of you once by Mr. Pope: let Mr. Pope hear of you the next time by me. By this way of treating me—I mean by your not letting me know that you remember me, you are very partial to me—I should have said very just to me. You seem to think that I do not want to be put in mind of you, which is very true; for I think of you very often, and as often wish to be with you. I have been in Oxfordshire with the duke of Queensberry for these three months, and have had very little correspondence with any of our friends. I have employed my time in new writing a damned play which I wrote several years ago, called "The Wife of Bath."[a] As it is approved or disapproved of by my friends when I come to town, I shall either have it acted or let it alone, if weak brethren do not take offence at it. The ridicule turns upon superstition, and I have avoided the very words bribery and corruption. Folly, indeed, is a word that I have ventured to make use of; but that is a term that never gave fools offence. It is a common saying that he is wise that knows himself. What has happened of late I think is a proof that it is not limited to the wise.

My lord Bathurst is still our cashier: when I see him I intend to settle our accounts, and repay myself the 5*l.* out of the 200*l.* I owe you. Next week I believe I shall be in town: not at Whitehall, for those lodgings were judged not convenient for me and were disposed of. Direct to me at the duke of Queensberry's, in Burlington-gardens, near Piccadilly. You have often twitted me in the teeth for hankering after the court: in that you mistook me; for I know by experience that there is no dependence that can be sure but a dependence upon oneself. I will take care of the little fortune I have got. I know you will take this resolution kindly, and you see my inclinations will make me write to you whether you will write to me or not. I am, dear sir, yours most sincerely and most affectionately,

J. GAY.

P.S. To the lady I live with I owe my life and fortune: think of her with respect; value and esteem her as I do; never more despise a fork with three prongs. I wish, too, you would not eat from the point of your knife. She has so much goodness, virtue, and generosity, that if you knew her you would have a pleasure in obeying her as I do. She often wishes she had known you.

[a] This comedy was the first he wrote, and was unsuccessfully performed at the theatre in Drury-lane in the year 1713. It was altered by the author, and revived several years after [1730] at the theatre in Lincoln's-inn fields, and condemned a second time, although the author's reputation was then at its height from the uncommon success of his "Beggar's Opera."

FROM LORD BOLINGBROKE.

November 19, 1729.

I FIND that you have laid aside your project of building in Ireland, and that we shall see you in this island *cum zephyris, et hirundine primâ.* I know not whether the love of fame increases as we advance in age, sure I am that the force of friendship does. I loved you almost twenty years ago; I thought of you as well as I do now; better was beyond the power of conception—or, to avoid an equivoque, beyond the extent of my ideas. Whether you are more obliged to me for loving you as well when I knew you less, or for loving you as well after loving you so many years, I shall not determine: what I would say is this: while my mind grows daily more independent of the world, and feels less need of leaning on external objects, the ideas of friendship return oftener—they busy me, they warm me more. Is it that we grow more tender as the moment of our great separation approaches, or is it that they who are to live together in another state (for *vera amicitia non nisi inter bonos*) begin to feel more strongly that divine sympathy which is to be the great band of their future society? There is no one thought which soothes my mind like this: I encourage my imagination to pursue it, and am heartily afflicted when another faculty[a] of the intellect comes boisterously in and wakes from so pleasing a dream, if it be a dream. I will dwell no more on economics than I have done in my former letter: thus much only I will say, that *otium cum dignitate* is to be had with 500*l.* a-year as well as with 5000*l.*; the difference will be found in the value of the man and not in that of the estate. I do assure you that I have never quitted the design of collecting, revising, improving, and extending several materials which are still in my power; and I hope that the time of setting myself about this last work of my life is not far off. Many papers of much curiosity and importance are lost, and some of them in a manner which would surprise and anger you: however, I shall be able to convey several great truths to posterity so clearly and so authentically that the Burnets and the Oldmixons of another age may rail but not be able to deceive. Adieu, my friend. I have taken up more of this paper than belongs to me, since Pope is to write to you; no matter, for upon recollection the rules of proportion are not broken; he will say as much to you in one page as I have said in three. Bid him talk to you of the work he is about:[b] I hope in good earnest it is a fine one, and will be in his hands an original. His sole complaint is that he finds it too easy in the execution: this flatters his laziness: it flatters my judgment, who always thought that (universal as his talents are) this is eminently and peculiarly his above all the writers I know, living or dead: I do not except Horace. Adieu.

[a] Viz. *reason.* Tully (to whom the letter-writer seems to allude) observes something like this on the like occasion, where, speaking of Plato's famous book of the Soul, he says, "Nescio quomodo, dum lego, adsentior: cum posui librum, et mecum ipse de immortalitate animorum cœpi cogitare, adsentio illa omnis elabitur." Cicero seems to have had but a confused notion of the cause of the slippery nature of this assent, which the letter-writer has here explained; namely, that the imagination is always ready to indulge so flattering an idea, but severer reason corrects and disclaims it. As to religion, that is out of the question; for Tully wrote to his few philosophic friends; though, as has been the fate of his lordship's first philosophy (where this whole matter is explained at large), it came at last into the hands of the public.

[b] "Essay on Man;" on which therefore it appears he was employed in 1729.

FROM MR. POPE.

November 28, 1729.

This letter (like all mine) will be a rhapsody: it is many years ago since I wrote as a wit.[a] How many occurrences or informations must one omit if once determined to say nothing that one could not say prettily! I lately received, from the widow of one dead correspondent and the father of another, several of my own letters of about fifteen and twenty years old; and it was not unentertaining to myself to observe how and by what degrees I ceased to be a witty writer; as either my experience grew on the one hand, or my affection to my correspondents on the other. Now as I love you better than most I have ever met with in the world, and esteem you too the more the longer I have compared you with the rest of the world, so inevitably I write to you more negligently—that is, more openly; and what all but such as love one another will call writing worse. I smile to think how Curll would be bit were our epistles to fall into his hands; and how gloriously they would fall short of every ingenious reader's expectations.

You cannot imagine what a vanity it is to me to have something to rebuke you for in the way of economy. I love the man that builds a house *subito ingenio*, and makes a wall for a horse, then cries "We wise men must think of nothing but getting ready money." I am glad you approve my annuity; all we have in this world is no more than an annuity as to our own enjoyment: but I will increase your regard for my wisdom and tell you that this annuity includes also the life of another [his mother], whose concern ought to be as near to me as my own, and with whom my whole prospects ought to finish. I my throw javelin of hope no farther, *cur brevi fortes jaculamur ævo*, &c.[b]

The second (as it is called, but indeed the eighth) edition of the "Dunciad," with some additional notes and epigrams, shall be sent you if I know any opportunity: if they reprint it with you let them by all means follow that 8vo edition. The "Drapier's Letters" are again printed here, very laudably as to paper, print, &c.—for you know I disapprove Irish politics (as my commentator tells you), being a strong and jealous subject of England. The lady you mention you ought not to complain of for not acknowledging your present; she having lately received a much richer present from Mr. Knight, of the South Sea; and you are sensible she cannot ever return it to one in the condition of an outlaw. It is certain, as he never can expect any favour, his motive must be wholly disinterested. Will not this reflection make you blush? Your continual deplorings of Ireland make me wish you were here long enough to forget those scenes that so afflict you: I am only afraid, if you were, you would grow such a patriot here, too, as not to be quite at ease for your love of old England. It is very possible your journey in the time I compute might exactly tally with my intended one to you; and if you must soon again go back you would not be unattended. For the poor woman decays perceptibly every week; and the winter may too probably put an end to a very long and a very irreproachable life. My constant attendance on her does indeed affect my mind very much, and lessen extremely my desires of long life; since I see the best that can come of it is a miserable benediction. I look upon myself to be many years older in two years since you saw me: the natural imbecility of my body, joined now to this acquired old age of the mind, makes me at least as old as you; and we are the fitter to crawl down the hill together: I only desire I may be able to keep pace with you. My first friendship, at sixteen, was contracted with a man of seventy; and I found him not grave enough or consistent enough for me, though we lived well to his death: I speak of old Mr. Wycherley; some letters of whom (by the bye) and of mine the booksellers have got and printed; not without the concurrence of a noble friend of mine and yours. I do not much approve of it, though there is nothing for me to be ashamed of; because I will not be ashamed of anything I do not do myself, or of anything that is not immoral but merely dull: as for instance, if they printed this letter I am now writing, which they easily may if the underlings at the post-office please to take a copy of it. I admire on this consideration your sending your last to me quite open, without a seal, wafer, or any closure whatever, manifesting the utter openness of the writer. I would do the same by this, but fear it would look like affectation to send two letters so together. I will fully represent to our friend (and I doubt not it will touch his heart) what you so feelingly set forth as to the badness of your burgundy, &c. He is an extremely honest man, and indeed ought to be so, considering how very indiscreet and unreserved he is; but I do not approve this part of his character, and will never join with him in any of his idleness in the way of wit. You know my maxim, to keep as clear of all offence as I am clear of all interest in either party. I was once displeased before at you for complaining to Mr. ——— of my not having a pension; and am so again at your naming it to a certain lord. I have given proof in the course of my whole life (from the time when I was in the friendship of lord Bolingbroke and Mr. Craggs even to this when I am civilly treated by sir Robert Walpole) that I never thought myself so warm in any party's cause as to deserve their money, and therefore would never have accepted it; but give me leave to tell you that of all mankind the two persons I would least have accepted any favour from are those very two to whom you have unluckily spoken of it. I desire you to take off any impressions which that dialogue may have left on his lordship's mind, as if I ever had any thought of being beholden to him or any other in that way. And yet you know I am no enemy to the present constitution: I believe as sincere a well-wisher to it—nay, even to the church established, as any minister in or out of employment whatever, or any bishop of England or Ireland. Yet I am of the religion of Erasmus—a Catholic; so I live, so I shall die; and hope one day to meet you, bishop Atterbury, and the younger Craggs, Dr. Garth, dean Berkeley, and Mr. Hutchinson in that place to which God of his infinite mercy bring us and everybody.

Lord B.'s answer to your letter I have just received, and join it to this packet. The work he speaks of with such abundant partiality is a system of ethics in the Horatian way.

[a] He used to value himself on this particular.

[b] Why do we dart with eager strife
At things beyond the mark of life?

TO A CERTAIN ESQUIRE.[a]

January 3, 1730.

Sir,—Seeing your frank on the outside and your address in the same hand, it was obvious who was the writer. And before I opened it, a worthy friend being with me, I told him the contents of the difference between us: that your tithes being generally worth five or six pounds per annum, and by the terror of squireship frighting my agent to take

[a] The dean, who increased the glebe of Laracor several acres, resented any attempt to infringe upon the property he had added to it.

what you graciously thought fit to give, you wronged me of half my due every year; that, having held from your father an island worth three-pence a-year which I planted and paid two shillings annually for, and being out of possession of the said island seven or eight years, there could not possibly be above four shillings due to you, for which you have thought proper to stop three or four years' tithe, at your own rate of two pounds five shillings a-year (as I remember), and still continue to stop it in pretence that the said island was not surrendered to you in form, although you have cut down more plantations of willows and abeles than would purchase a dozen such islands. I told my friend "that this talent of esquires prevailed very much formerly in the country: that as to yourself, from the badness of your education against all my advices and endeavours, and from the cast of your nature, as well as another circumstance which I shall not mention, I expected nothing from you that became a gentleman: that I had expostulated this scurvy matter very gently with you; that I conceived this letter was an answer: that from the prerogative of a good estate, however gotten, and the practice of lording over a few Irish wretches, and from the natural want of better thinking, I was sure your answer would be extremely rude and stupid—full of very bad language in all senses; that a bear in a wilderness will as soon fix on a philosopher as on a cottager; and a man wholly void of education, judgment, or distinction of persons has no regard in his insolence but to the passion of fear; and how heartily I wished that, to make you show your humility, your quarrel had rather been with a captain of dragoons than the dean of St. Patrick's."

All this happened before my opening your letter; which being read, my friend told me, "I was an ill guesser; that you affirmed you despised me only as a clergyman, by your own confession; and that you had reason, because clergymen pretend to learning, wherein you value yourself as what you are an utter stranger to."

I took some pains in providing and advising about your education; but since you have made so ill use of my rules, I cannot deny that, according to your own principles, your usage of me is just. You are wholly out of my danger; the weapons I use will do you no hurt; and to that which would keep nicer men in awe you are insensible. A needle against a stone wall can make no impression. Your faculty lies in making bargains; stick to that. Leave your children a better estate than your father left you; as he left you much more than your grandfather left him. Your father and you are much wiser than I, who gave among you fifty years' purchase for land, for which I am not to see one farthing. This was intended as an encouragement to a clergyman to reside among you whenever any of your posterity shall be able to distinguish a man from a beast. One thing I desire you will be set right in: I do not despise all squires. It is true, I despise the bulk of them. But pray take notice, that a squire must have some merit before I shall honour him with my contempt; for I do not despise a fly, a maggot, or a mite.

If you send me an answer to this, I shall not read it, but open it before company, and in their presence burn it, for no other reason but the detestation of bad spelling, no grammar, and that pertness which proceeds from ignorance and an invincible want of taste.

I have ordered a copy of this letter to be taken, with an intention to print it as a mark of my esteem for you; which, however, perhaps I shall not pursue, for I could willingly excuse our two names from standing in the same paper, since I am confident you have as little desire of fame as I have to give it you.

I wish many happy new-years to you and your family; and am, with truth, your friend and humble servant.

Let me add something serious: That, as it is held an imprudent thing to provoke valour, so, I confess, it was imprudent in me to provoke rudeness; which, as it was my own standing rule never to do, except in cases where I had power to punish it, so my error proceeded from a better opinion of you than you have thought fit to make good: for with every fault in your nature, your education, and your understanding, I never imagined you so utterly devoid of knowing some little distinction between persons.

FROM LORD BATHURST.

February 12, 1730.

DEAR DEAN,—I have this moment received a letter from you; but it is the first I can call a letter; the other scraps were only to direct me to convey your correspondence to others, and I thought I answered them best by obeying your demands. But now you have deigned to send me one in form, with a proper beginning and ending, I will not wait even for a post-day; but I have taken pen and ink immediately to tell you how much I think myself obliged to you, and how sincerely I am——

Well, I might end here if I would, but I cannot part with you so soon, and I must let you know that, as to your money affairs, though I have paid off John Gay, I still keep your 200*l.*, for which I have given him a note. I have paid him interest to this time for it, which he must account to you for. Now you must imagine that a man who has nine children to feed cannot long afford *alienos pascere nummos;* but I have four or five that are very fit for the table.[a] I only wait for the lord-mayor's day to dispose of the largest, and I shall be sure of getting off the youngest whenever a certain great man [sir Robert Walpole] makes another entertainment at Chelsea. Now you see, though I am your debtor, I am not without my proper ways and means to raise a supply answerable to your demand. I must own to you that I should not have thought of this method of raising money but that you seem to point it out to me. For just at the time that scheme came out which pretended to be calculated only for Ireland, you gave me a hint in one of the envelopes (*Anglicè* covers) that you wished I might provide for my numerous family; and in this last you harp upon the same string. I did immmediately propose it to lady Bathurst as your advice, particularly for her last boy, which was born the plumpest, finest thing that could be seen; but she fell in a passion, and bid me send you word that she would not follow your direction, but that she would breed him up to be a parson, and he should live upon the fat of the land; or a lawyer, and then instead of being eat himself he should devour others. You know women in passion never mind what they say; but as she is a very reasonable woman I have almost brought her over now to your opinion; and having convinced her that as matters stood we could not possibly maintain all the nine, she does begin to think it reasonable the youngest should raise fortunes for the eldest; and upon that foot a man may perform family duty with more courage and zeal; for

[a] This alludes to a tract of the dean's, entitled, "A modest Proposal for preventing the Children of poor People in Ireland from being a Burden to their Parents or Country, and for making them beneficial to the Public." The dean had proposed many useful schemes, which having been neglected, he satirically and humorously proposed to fatten and eat the children of the poor, as the only remaining expedient to prevent misery to themselves and render them of some benefit to the public.

if he should happen to get twins, the selling of one might provide for the other. Or if by any accident, while his wife lies in with one child, he should get a second upon the body of another woman, he might dispose of the fattest of the two, and that would help to breed up the other. The more I think upon this scheme, the more reasonable it appears to me, and it ought by no means to be confined to Ireland, for in all probability we shall in a very little time be altogether as poor here as you are there. I believe, indeed, we shall carry it further and not confine our luxury only to the eating of children; for I happened to peep the other day into a large assembly [the parliament] not far from Westminster-hall, and I found them roasting a great fat fellow [sir Robert Walpole]. For my own part I had not the least inclination to a slice of him; but if I guessed right, four or five of the company had a devilish mind to be at him. Well, adieu; you begin now to wish I had ended when I might have done it so conveniently.

FROM MR. GAY.

London, March 3, 1730.

Dear Sir,—I find you are determined not to write to me according to our old stipulation. Had I not been every post for some time in expectation to have heard from you, I should have written to you before, to have let you know the present state of your affairs, for I would not have you think me capable of neglecting yours, whatever you think of me as to my own. I have received 21*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* interest from lord Bathurst for your 200*l.*, from October, 1727, to Christmas, 1729, being two years and two months, at 5*l.* per cent. Lord Bathurst gave me a note for your 200*l.* again, and to allow interest for the same, dated January 15, 1730. If you would have me dispose of your money any other way, I shall obey your orders. Let me know what I shall do with the interest-money I have received. What I have done for you I did for myself, which will be always the way of my transacting anything for you. My old vamped play got me no money, for it had no success. I am going very soon into Wiltshire with the duke of Queensberry, with an intention to stay there till the winter. Since I had that severe fit of sickness, I find my health requires it; for I cannot bear the town as I could formerly. I hope another summer's air and exercise will reinstate me. I continue to drink nothing but water, so that you cannot require any poetry from me. I have been very seldom abroad since I came to town, and not once at court. This is no restraint upon me, for I am grown old enough to wish for retirement. I saw Mr. Pope a day or two ago, in good spirits, and with good wishes for you; for we always talk of you. The doctor [Dr. Arbuthnot] does the same. I have left off all great folk but our own family; perhaps you will think all great folks little enough to leave off us in our present situation. I do not hate the world, but I laugh at it, for none but fools can be in earnest about a trifle. I am, dear sir, yours most affectionately.

Direct for me at the duchess of Queensberry's, Burlington-gardens.[a]

FROM THE EARL OF OXFORD.

Dover-street, March 4, 1730.

Good Mr. Dean,—It is now above a whole year and six months since I have had the favour and pleasure of a line from your own self, and I have not troubled you with one from myself; the answer that you would naturally make is very obvious, Why do you then trouble me now? I reply, It is to join with my friend Mr. Pope in recommending the person concerned in the enclosed proposal to your favour and protection, and to entreat that you would be so good as to promote his interest. I have not sent you any of his receipts, but will when you please to let me know what number you can dispose of; I believe that your bishops have more learning, at least would be thought to have more, than our bench here can pretend to, so I hope they will all subscribe. The person concerned is a worthy, honest man; and by this work of his he hopes to get free of the load which has hung upon him some years. This debt of his is not owing to any folly or extravagance of his, but to the calamnity of his house being twice burnt, which he was obliged to rebuild: and having but small preferment in the church, and a large family of children, he has not been able to extricate himself out of the difficulties these accidents have brought upon him. Three sons he has bred up well at Westminster, and they are excellent scholars; the eldest has been one of the ushers in Westminster school since the year 1714.

He is a man in years, yet hearty, and able to study many hours in a day. This, in short, is the case of an honest, poor, worthy clergyman; and I hope you will take him under your protection. I cannot pretend that my recommendation should have any weight with you, but as it is joined to, and under the wing of, Mr. Pope.

I took hold of this opportunity to write to you, to let you know you had such a humble servant in being that often remembers you and wishes to see you in this island. My family, I thank God, is well; my daughter had, last summer, the small-pox really, and in the natural way, and she is not marked at all. My wife and daughter desire that you will accept of their humble services, and say that they want much to see you.

I obeyed your commands, and did Mr. Whalley all the little service I was capable of: it was little enough that was in my power, God knows. He comes again before us soon after Easter; he seems to be in great hopes; I wish they may be well founded.

I think it is now time to release you, which I will not do until I have told you, I may say repeat to you, that I have a house for you, or house-room, come when you please, provided you come soon. I am, with true respect and esteem, your most obliged and most humble servant, Oxford.

Your lord-lieutenant would do well to encourage this poor man; he deserves it better than Bulkeley.

FROM MR. GAY.

March 31, 1730.

Dear Sir,—I expect in about a fortnight to set out for Wiltshire, and am as impatient as you seem to be to have me to get on horseback. I thought proper to give you this intelligence, because Mr. Lewis told me last Sunday that he was in a day or two to set out for the Bath; so that very soon you are likely to have neither of your cashiers in town. Continue to direct for me at this house: the letters will be sent to me wherever I am. My ambition at present is levelled to the same point that you direct me to, for I am every day building villakins and have given over that of castles. If I were to undertake it in my present circumstances, I should in the most thrifty scheme soon be straitened, and I hate to be in debt, for I cannot bear to pawn 5*l.* worth of my liberty to a tailor or a butcher. I grant you this is not having the true spirit of modern nobility, but it is hard to cure the prejudice of education. I have made your

a Indorsed, "Answered March 1."

compliments to Mr. Pulteney, who is very much your humble servant. I have not seen the doctor, and am not likely to see his Rouen brother very soon, for he is gone to China. Mr. Pope told me he had acquainted the doctor with the misfortune of the sour hermitage. My lord Oxford told me he at present could match yours, and from the same person. The doctor was touched with your disappointment, and has promised to represent this affair to his brother at his return from China. I assure you, too, for all your gibes, that I wish you heartily good wine, though I can drink none myself. When lord Bolingbroke is in town he lodges at Mr. Chetwynd's, in Dover-street. I do not know how to direct to him in the country. I have been extremely taken up of late in settling a steward's account. I am endeavouring to do all the justice and service I can for a friend; so I am sure you will think I am well employed. Upon this occasion I now and then have seen Jo. Taylor, who says he has a demand upon you for rent, you having taken his house in the country, and he being determined not to let it to anybody else; and he thinks it but reasonable that you should either come and live in it or pay your rent. I neither ride nor walk, but I design to do both this month, and to become a laudable practitioner.

The duchess wishes she had seen you, and thinks you were in the wrong to hide yourself and peep through the window that day she came to Mr. Pope's. The duke, too, is obliged to you for your good opinion, and is your humble servant. If I were to write, I am afraid I should again incur the displeasure of my superiors. I cannot for my life think so well of them as they themselves think they deserve. If you have a very great mind to please the duchess and at the same time to please me, I wish you would write a letter to her to send to her brother, lord Cornbury, to advise him in his travels: for she says she would take your advice rather than mine; and she remembers that you told her in the park that you loved and honoured her family. You always insisted upon a lady's making advances to you; I do not know whether you will think this declaration sufficient. Then, too, when you were in England she wrote a letter to you, and I have been often blamed since for not delivering it.

The day the pension-bill was thrown out of the house of lords lord Bathurst spoke with great applause. I have not time to go to Mr. Pope's: in a day or two, very probably, I shall see him and acquaint him about the usquebaugh. I will not embezzle your interest-money; though by looking upon accounts I see how money may be embezzled. As to my being engaged in an affair of this kind, I say nothing for myself but that I will do all I can: for the rest I leave Jo. Taylor to speak for me. To-day I dine with alderman Barber, the present sheriff, who holds his feast in the city. Does not Chartres's misfortune[a] grieve you? For that great man is likely to save his life and lose some of his money. A very hard case!

P.S. I am just now come from the alderman's feast, who had a very fine dinner and a very fine appearance of company.

The post is just going away.

FROM MR. POPE AND LORD BOLINGBROKE.

April 12, 1730.

This is a letter extraordinary, to do and say nothing but recommend to you (as a clergyman, and a charitable one) a pious and a good work, and for a good and an honest man; moreover he is above seventy, and poor, which you might think included in the word honest. I shall think it a kindness done myself if you can propagate Mr. Wesley's subscription for his "Commentary on Job" among your divines (bishops excepted, of whom there is no hope), and among such as are believers or readers of scripture. Even the curious may find something to please them, if they scorn to be edified. It has been the labour of eight years of this learned man's life; I call him what he is, a learned man, and I engage you will approve his prose more than you formerly could his poetry.[a] Lord Bolingbroke is a favourer of it, and allows you to do your best to serve an old Tory and a sufferer for the church of England, though you are a Whig as I am.

We have here some verses in your name, which I am angry at. Sure you would not use me so ill as to flatter me. I therefore think it is some other weak Irishman.

P. S. I did not take the pen out of Pope's hands, I protest to you. But since he will not fill the remainder of the page, I think I may without offence. I seek no epistolary fame, but am a good deal pleased to think that it will be known hereafter that you and I lived in the most friendly intimacy together. Pliny wrote his letters for the public,[b] so did Seneca, so did Balsac, Voiture, &c. Tully did not, and therefore these give us more pleasure than any which have come down to us from antiquity. When we read them, we pry into a secret which was intended to be kept from us. That is a pleasure. We see Cato, and Brutus, and Pompey, and others, such as they really were, and not such as the gaping multitude of their own age took them to be, or as historians and poets have represented them to ours. That is another pleasure. I remember to have seen a procession at Aix-la-Chapelle, wherein an image of Charlemagne is carried on the shoulders of a man who is hid by the long robe of the imperial saint. Follow him into the vestry, you see the bearer slip from under the robe, and the gigantic figure dwindles into an image of the ordinary size and is set by among other lumber. I agree much with Pope, that our climate is rather better than that you are in, and perhaps your public spirit would be less grieved, or oftener comforted, here than there. Come to us, therefore, on a visit at least. It will not be the fault of several persons here if you do not come to live with us. But great good will and little power produce such slow and feeble effects as can be acceptable to heaven alone and heavenly men. I know you will be angry with me if I say nothing to you of a poor woman who is still on the other side of the water in a most languishing state of health. If she regains strength enough to come over (and she is better within these few weeks), I shall nurse her in this farm with all the care and tenderness possible. If she does not, I must pay her the last duty of friendship wherever she is, though I break through the whole plan of life which I have formed in my mind. Adieu.

I am most faithfully and affectionately yours.

[a] He was condemned at the Old Bailey, February 27, 1730, for a rape.

[a] In the "Battle of the Books," Homer is said to have slain Wesley with a kick of his horse's heel. He was author of "The Life of Christ."

[b] A just and sensible criticism on epistolary writings, which we should bear in our minds while we are reading this collection of Letters.

TO LADY WORSLEY.[a]

April 19, 1730.

MADAM,—My lady Carteret (if you know such a lady) commands me to pursue my own inclination; which is to honour myself with writing you a letter; and thereby endeavouring to preserve myself in your memory, in spite of an acquaintance of more years than, in regard to my own reputation as a young gentleman, I care to recollect. I forget whether I had not some reasons to be angry with your ladyship when I was last in England. I hope to see you very soon the youngest great-grandmother in Europe: and fifteen years hence (which I shall have nothing to do with) you will be at the amusement of "Rise up, daughter," &c. You are to answer this letter; and to inform me of your health and humour, and whether you like your daughter better or worse after having so long conversed with the Irish world and so little with me. Tell me what are your amusements at present; cards, court, books, visiting, or fondling (I humbly beg your ladyship's pardon, but it is between ourselves) your grandchildren? My lady Carteret has been the best queen we have known in Ireland these many years; yet is she mortally hated by all the young girls, because (and it is your fault) she is handsomer than all of them together. Pray do not insult poor Ireland on this occasion; for it would have been exactly the same thing in London. And therefore I shall advise the king, when I go next to England, to send no more of her sort (if such another can be found), for fear of turning all his loyal female subjects here against him.

How is our old friend Mrs. Barton?[b] (I forget her new name.) I saw her three years ago at court, almost dwindled to an echo, and hardly knew her; while your eyes dazzled me as much as when I first met them; which, considering myself, is a greater compliment than you are aware of. I wish you may have grace to find it.

My lady Carteret has made me a present, which I take to be malicious, with a design to stand in your place. Therefore I would have you to provide against it by another, and something of your own work, as hers is. For you know I always expect advances and presents from ladies. Neither was I ever deceived in this last article by any of your sex but the queen, whom I taxed three years ago with a present of ten pounds value. Upon taking my leave, she said, "She intended a medal for me, but it was not finished." I afterwards sent her, on her own commands, about 35*l.* worth of silk for herself and the princesses; but never received the medal to this day. Therefore I will trust your sex no more. You are to present my most humble service to my old friend sir Robert Worsley. I hope my friend Harry is well, and fattening in the sun, and continuing a bachelor, to enrich the poor Worsley family.

I command you to believe me to be, with the greatest truth and respect, &c.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

FROM LORD BATHURST

June 30, 1730.

DEAR DEAN,—I received a letter from you some time ago, which gave me infinite pleasure; and I was going to return you an answer immediately, but when I sat down to write I found my thoughts rolled upon the trifles which fill the scene of life in that busy, senseless place [London] where I then was; and though I had nothing to do there, at least nothing worth doing, and time lay upon my hands, I was resolved to defer writing to you till I could clear my head from that rubbish which every one must contract in that place. I cannot but fancy, if one of our heads were dissected after passing a winter's campaign there, it would appear just like a pamphlet-shop; you would see a collection of treaties, a bundle of farces, a parcel of encomiums, another of satires, speeches, novels, sermons, bawdy songs, addresses, epigrams, proclamations, poems, divinity-lectures, quack-bills, historical accounts, fables, and God knows what.

The moment I got down here I found myself quite clear from all those affairs; but really the hurry of business which came upon me after a state of idleness for six months must excuse me to you. Here I am absolute monarch of a circle of above a mile round, at least one hundred acres of ground, which (to speak in the style of one of your countrymen) is very populous in cattle, fish, and fowl.

To enjoy this power, which I relish extremely, and regulate this dominion, which I prefer to any other, has taken up my time from morning to night. There are yahoos in the neighbourhood; but having read in history that the southern part of Britain was long defended against the Picts by a wall, I have fortified my territories all round. That wise people the Chinese, you know, did the same thing to defend themselves against the Tartars. Now I think of it, as this letter is to be sent to you it will certainly be opened; and I shall have some observations made upon it, because I am within three miles of a certain castle. Therefore I do hereby declare that nothing herein contained shall extend or be construed to extend so far; and furthermore, I think myself in honour bound to acknowledge that under our present just and prudent ministry I do not fear the least molestation from that quarter. Neither are the fortifications aforementioned in anywise designed to keep them out; for I am well satisfied they can break through much stronger fences than these if they should have a mind to it. Observe how naturally power and dominion are attended with fear and precaution. When I am in the herd I have as little of it about me as anybody; but now that I am in the midst of my own dominions I think of nothing but preserving them, and grow fearful lest a certain great man should take a fancy to them and transport them into Norfolk,[a] to place them as an island in one of his new-made fish-ponds. Or, if you take this for too proud a thought, I will only suppose it to be hung out under a great bow-window.

In either case I must confess to you that I do not like it. In the first place, I am not sure his new-made ground may hold good; in the latter case, I have some reason to doubt the foundations of his house are not so solid as he may imagine. Now, therefore, I am not so much in the wrong as you may conceive, to desire that my territory may remain where it is: for though I know you could urge many arguments to show the advantages I might reap by being so near him, yet I hold it as a maxim that he who is contented with what he has ought not to risk that, even though he should have a chance to augment it in any proportion. I learned this from our friend Erasmus; and the corrupt notions that money is power, and therefore every man ought to get as much as he can, in order to create more power to himself, have no weight with me.

But now, to begin my letter to you, I have received

[a] Frances lady Worsley, only daughter of Thomas lord viscount Weymouth, was the lady of sir Robert Worsley, bart., and mother to lady Carteret.

[b] The niece of sir Isaac Newton, and married first to colonel Barton, afterwards to Mr. Conduit. She is very frequently mentioned in the "Journal to Stella."

[a] To Houghton, the seat of sir Robert Walpole.

four bottles of usquebaugh and sent three of them to Mr. Pope; so that I have detained only one for myself. I do not believe such an instance of honesty, punctuality, disinterestedness, and self-denial can be given in this age. The whole being in my power, I have withheld but the quarter part. I expect, if ever I come to be a great man, you will write a vindication of me, whether I am aspersed or not. Till then I remain your most faithful and most obedient servant.

FROM MR. GAY.

Amesbury, July 4, 1730.

Dear Sir,—You tell me that I have put myself out of the way of all my old acquaintance, so that unless I hear from you I can know nothing of you. Is it not barbarous then to leave me so long without writing one word to me? If you will not write to me for my sake, methinks you might write for your own. How do you know what is become of your money? If you had drawn upon me when I expected it you might have had your money, for I was then in town; but I am now at Amesbury, at the duke of Queensberry's. The duchess sends you her services. I wish you were here: I fancy you would like her and the place. You might fancy yourself at home; for we have a cathedral near us, where you might find a bishop of the same name.* You might ride upon the Downs, and write conjectures upon Stonehenge. We are but five-and-twenty miles from the Bath; and I was told this very evening by general Dormer (who is here), that he heard somewhere or other that you had some intentions of coming there the latter season. I wish anything would bring us together but your want of health. I have left off wine and writing; for I really think that man must be a bold writer who trusts to wit without it. I took your advice; and some time ago took to love, and made some advances to the lady you sent me to in Soho, but I met no return; so I have given up all thoughts of it and have now no pursuit or amusement. A state of indolence is what I do not like; it is what I would not choose. I am not thinking of a court or preferment; for I think the lady I live with is my friend, so that I am at the height of my ambition. You have often told me there is a time of life that every one wishes for some settlement of his own. I have frequently that feeling about me, but I fancy it will hardly ever be my lot: so that I will endeavour to pass away life as agreeably as I can in the way I am. I often wish to be with you or you with me; and I believe you think I say true. I am determined to write to you, though those dirty fellows of the post-office do read my letters; for since I saw you I am grown of that consequence to be obnoxious to the men I despise; so that it is very probable in their hearts they think me an honest man. I have heard from Mr. Pope but once since I left London: I was sorry I saw him so seldom, but I had business that kept me from him. I often wish we were together again. If you will not write, come. I am, dear sir, yours most sincerely and affectionately.

FROM THE EARL OF OXFORD.

Dover-street, July 15, 1730.

Reverend Sir,—Mr. Clayton telling me he was going for Ireland, I could not forbear sending you a few lines by him, although I may punish you; yet it is so great a pleasure to me to think of you, and to converse with you even in this manner, that I must expect you will be so good as to forgive the trouble this gives you.

I do not know what notions you entertain of us here? I fear and believe you are in a very bad way: this is my thought, that devoured we certainly shall be; but only this will be the difference, we shall have that great favour and instance of mercy, that we shall have the honour to follow you, and be the last devoured; and though this is so plain and that demonstrable, yet we have so many unthinking, unaccountable puppies among us, that to them everything seems to go well as it should do; and are so pleased with this thought, or rather do not think at all, that it is in vain to say anything to them. This is a very disagreeable subject, and I will therefore leave it.

My wife is, I thank God, pretty well: her stomach is rather better than it was: Peggy is very well: both desire you will accept of their humble service. You mention your law-affairs: I know so much of that sort of people called lawyers that I pity most heartily any one that is obliged to be concerned with them; if you are not already, I hope you will be soon safe out of their hands.

I suppose master Whalley is by this time got safe to his living, and enjoying the fruit of his victory, peace and quietness. I believe he has enough of law, of lawyers, and of lords both spiritual and temporal. I hope he is well: if you see him my service to him.

I wish you would come over here that we might have the pleasure of seeing you. Why should you not pass the winter here? I should think it would be more agreeable to you than where you are.

Lord Bathurst has had a fever, but he is now well again. Pope I saw yesterday: he is pretty well. I am, with true respect and esteem, sir, your most affectionate humble servant, Oxford.

FROM LORD BATHURST.

Cirencester, September 9, 1730.

Dear Sir,—You have taken all the precaution which a reasonable man could possibly take to break off an impertinent correspondence, and yet it will not do. One must be more stupid than a Dutch burgomaster not to see through the design of the last letter. "I show all your letters to our Irish wits. One of them is going to write a treatise of English bulls and blunders." And for further security you add at last, "I am going to take a progress God knows where, and shall not be back again God knows when." I have given you a reasonable breathing-time, and now I must at you again. I receive so much pleasure in reading your letters, that, according to the usual good nature and justice of mankind, I can dispense with the trouble I give you in reading mine. But if you grow obstinate, and won't answer, I will plague and pester you, and do all I can to vex you. I will take your works to pieces, and show you that they are all borrowed or stolen. Have not you stolen the sweetness of your numbers from Dryden and Waller? Have not you borrowed thoughts from Virgil and Horace? At least, I am sure I have seen something like them in those books. As to your prose writings, which they make such a noise about, they are only some little improvements upon the humour you have stolen from Miguel de Cervantes and Rabelais. Well, but the style—a great matter indeed for an Englishman to value himself upon, that he can write English; why I write English too, but it is in another style.

But I would not forget your political tracts. You may say that you have ventured your ears at one time and your neck at another for the good of your country. Why, that other people have done in an-

* Dr. Benjamin Hoadly, bishop of Salisbury, whose brother, Dr. John, succeeded archbishop King in the see of Dublin, January 19, 1730

other manner, upon less occasion, and are not at all proud of it. You have overturned and supported ministers; you have set kingdoms in a flame by your pen. Pray what is there in that but having the knack of hitting the passions of mankind? With that alone, and a little knowledge of ancient and modern history, and seeing a little farther into the inside of things than the generality of men, you have made this bustle. There is no wit in any of them: I have read them all over, and do not remember any of those pretty flowers, those just antitheses, which one meets with so frequently in the French writers; none of those clever turns upon words, nor those apt quotations out of Latin authors which the writers of the last age among us abounded in; none of those pretty similes which some of our modern authors adorn their works with, that are not only a little like the thing they would illustrate, but are also like twenty other things. In short, as often as I have read any of your tracts, I have been so tired with them that I have never been easy till I got to the end of them. I have found my brain heated, my imagination fired, just as if I was drunk. A pretty thing indeed for one of your gown to value himself upon, that with sitting still an hour in his study he has often made three kingdoms drunk at once.

I have twenty other points to maul you upon if you provoke me; but if you are civil and good-natured, and will send me a long, a very long letter in answer to this, I will let you alone a good while. Well, adieu. If I had had a better pen I can tell you that I should not have concluded so soon.

FROM LADY BETTY GERMAIN.[a]

London, September 19, 1730.

Had I not been retired into the country yours should have been answered long ago. As to your poetess, I am her obliged servant, and must confess the fact is just as you state it. It is very true I was gaming; and upon the dapper youth's delivering me a paper, which I just opened, found they were verses, so slunk them into my pocket, and there truly they were kept exceeding private; for I cannot accuse myself of showing them to a mortal. But let me assure you it was not out of modesty but in great hopes that the author would have divulged them, which you know would have looked decenter than trumpeting my own fame. But it seems unhappily we were both bit, and judged wrong of each other. However, since you desire it, you may be very sure she should not fail of my entreaties to his grace of Dorset for her, though you have not yet let me into the secret what her request is; so till my lord Carteret does his part, or that I hear from you again, it will be but a blind sort of a petition. I have not seen his grace this great while, and he is now at Windsor, and I choose rather to speak to him on all accounts, having not so fine a talent at writing as that lord's lady; and whether just or no I will not attempt disputing with her ladyship. But as you are commonly esteemed by those who pretend to know you to have a tolerable share of honesty and brains, I do not question your doing what is right by him, nor his paying you all the civility and kindness you can desire. Nor will I hope their influence ever can make him do otherwise, though he has the unfashionable quality of esteeming his old friends; but however partial to them, yet not to be biassed against his own sense and judgment. The consequence of this, I hope, will be your coming to England, and meeting often with him (in lady Betty's chamber[a]) where "the happy composition"[b] should exert her skill in ordering dinner; and I would not mistake oil of amber for the spirit of it, but continue, as I ever was, your sincere friend, as well as faithful humble servant,

E. Germain.

[a] Daughter of the earl of Berkeley, Swift's original, although inefficient, patron.

FROM MR. GAY.

Amesbury, November 8, 1730.

Dear Sir,—So you are determined never to write to me again; but for all that you shall not make me hold my tongue. You shall hear from me (the post-office willing) whether you will or not. I see none of the folks you correspond with, so that I am forced to pick up intelligence concerning you as I can, which has been so very little that I am resolved to make my complaints to you as a friend, who I know loves to relieve the distressed; and in the circumstances I am in where should I apply but to my best friend? Mr. Pope, indeed, upon my frequent inquiries, has told me that the letters which are directed to him concern me as much as himself; but what you say of yourself, or of me, or to me, I know nothing at all. Lord Carteret was here yesterday in his return from the Isle of Wight, where he had been a-shooting, and left seven pheasants with us. He went this morning to the Bath to lady Carteret, who is perfectly recovered. He talked of you three hours last night, and told me that you talk of me: I mean that you are prodigiously in his favour, as he says; and I believe that I am in yours, for I know you to be a just and equitable person, and it is but my due. He seemed to take to me, which may proceed from your recommendation, though, indeed, there is another reason for it, for he is now out of employment, and my friends have been generally of that sort; for I take to them as being naturally inclined to those who can do no mischief. Pray do you come to England this year? He thinks you do. I wish you would, and so does the duchess of Queensberry. What would you have more to induce you? Your money cries, come, spend me; and your friends cry, come, see me. I have been treated barbarously by you. If you knew how often I talk of you, how often I think of you, you would now and then direct a letter to me, and I would allow Mr. Pope to have his share in it. In short, I do not care to keep any man's money that serves me so. Love or money I must have; and if you will not let me have the comfort of the one, I think I must endeavour to get a little comfort by spending some of the other. I must beg that you will call at Amesbury in your way to London, for I have many things to say to you; and I can assure you you will be welcome to a three-pronged fork. I remember your prescription, and I do ride upon the Downs; and at present I have no asthma. I have killed five brace of partridges and four brace and a half of quails; and I do not envy either sir Robert or Stephen Duck, who is the favourite poet of the court.[c] I hear sometimes from Pope, and from scarce anybody else. Were I to live ever so long, I believe I should never think of London, but I cannot help thinking of you. Were you here I could talk to

[a] Alluding to the first line in Frances Harris's petition.

[b] This expression alludes to the last verse of Swift's "Receipt to form a Beauty:"—

"And call'd the happy composition Floyd."

Biddy Floyd is mentioned in the ballad on the "Game of Traffic," as being one of the party at lord Berkeley's and at this time lived with lady Betty.

[c] Stephen Duck, a poor thresher, having written some verses, they were shown to queen Caroline, who made him her library-keeper at Richmond. He afterward took orders, and was preferred to a living, but growing melancholy he at last drowned himself.

you, but I would not, for you shall have all your share of talk,* which was never allowed you at Twickenham. You know this was a grievance you often complained of; and so in revenge you make me write all, and answer nothing. I beg my compliments to Dr. Delany. I am, dear sir, yours most affectionately, J. GAY.

I ended the letter as above to go to the duchess, and she told me I might go down and come a quarter of an hour hence. I had a design to have asked her to sign the invitation that I have made you. As I do not know how much she may have to say to you, I think it will be prudent to leave off, that she may not be stinted for want of room. So much I will say, that whether she signs it or not, both the duke and duchess would be very glad you would come to Amesbury, and you must be persuaded that I say this without the least private view. For what is it to me whether you come or not? For I can write to you, you know.

P.S. BY THE DUCHESS OF QUEENSBERRY.

I would fain have you come. I cannot say you will be welcome, for I do not know you, and perhaps I shall not like you; but if I do not (unless you are a very vain person) you shall know my thoughts as soon as I do myself. C. Q.

TO MR. GAY.

Dublin, November 10, 1730.

WHEN my lord Peterborough, in the queen's time, went abroad upon his embassies, the ministry told me that he was such a vagrant they were forced to write at him by guess, because they knew not where to write to him. This is my case with you; sometimes in Scotland, sometimes at Hamwalks, sometimes God knows where. You are a man of business, and not at leisure for insignificant correspondence. It was I got you the employment of being my lord duke's *premier ministre;* for his grace, having heard how good a manager you were of my revenue, thought you fit to be intrusted with ten talents. I have had twenty times a strong inclination to spend a summer near Salisbury Downs, having ridden over them more than once, and with a young parson of Salisbury reckoned twice the stones of Stonehenge, which are either ninety-two or ninety-three. I desire you to present my most humble acknowledgments to my lady duchess in return of her civility. I hear an ill thing, that she is *matre pulchra filia pulchrior:* I never saw her since she was a girl, and would be angry she should excel her mother, who was long my principal goddess. I desire you will tell her grace that the ill-management of forks is not to be helped when they are only bidential, which happens in all poor houses, especially those of poets; upon which account a knife was absolutely necessary at Mr. Pope's, where it was morally impossible, with a bidential fork, to convey a morsel of beef, with the incumbrance of mustard and turnips, into your mouth at once. And her grace hath cost me thirty pounds to provide tridents for fear of offending her, which sum I desire she will please to return me. I am sick enough to go to the Bath, but have not heard it will be good for my disorder. I have a strong mind to spend my two hundred pounds next summer in France: I am glad I have it, for there is hardly twice that sum left in this kingdom. You want no settlement (I call the family where you live, and the foot you are upon, a settlement) till you increase your fortune to what will support you with ease and plenty, a good house and a garden. The want of this I much dread for you; for I have often known a she-cousin of a good family and small fortune passing months among all her relations, living in plenty and taking her circles till she grew an old maid, and everybody weary of her.* Mr. Pope complains of seldom seeing you; but the evil is unavoidable, for different circumstances of life have always separated those whom friendship will join. God hath taken care of this to prevent any progress toward real happiness here, which would make life more desirable, and death too dreadful. I hope you have now one advantage that you always wanted before, and the want of which made your friends as uneasy as it did yourself: I mean the removal of that solicitude about your own affairs which perpetually filled your thoughts and disturbed your conversation. For if it be true what Mr. Pope seriously tells me you will have opportunity of saving every groat of the interest you receive; and so by the time he and you grow weary of each other you will be able to pass the rest of your wineless life in ease and plenty, with the additional triumphal comfort of never having received a penny from those tasteless ungrateful people from whom you deserved so much, and who deserve no better geniuses than those by whom they are celebrated. If you see Mr. Cæsar present my humble service to him, and let him know that the scrub libel printed against me here, and reprinted in London, for which he showed a kind concern to a friend of us both, was written by myself, and sent to a Whig printer; it was in the style and genius of such scoundrels, when the humour of libelling ran in this strain against a friend of mine whom you know. But my paper is ended.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

TO LORD CHESTERFIELD.*

November 10, 1730.

MY LORD,—I was positively advised by a friend whose opinion has much weight with me, and who has a great veneration for your lordship, to venture a letter of solicitation; and it is the first request of this kind that I ever made since the public changes in times, persons, measures, and opinions, drove me into distance and obscurity.

There is an honest man whose name is Launcelot; he has been long a servant to my lord Sussex: he married a relation of mine, a widow with a tolerable jointure; which, depending upon a lease which the duke of Grafton suffered to expire about three years ago, sunk half her little fortune. Mr. Launcelot had many promises from the duke of Dorset while his grace held that office [lord-steward] which is now in your lordship; but they all failed, after the usual fate that the bulk of court suitors must expect.

I am very sensible that I have no manner of claim to the least favour from your lordship, whom I have hardly the honour to be known to, although you were always pleased to treat me with much humanity, and with more distinction than I could pretend to deserve. I am likewise conscious of that demerit which I have largely shared with all those who concerned themselves in a court and ministry whose maxims and proceedings have been ever since so much exploded. But your lordship will grant me leave to say that, in those times when any persons of the ejected party came to court and were of tolerable consequence, they never failed to succeed in any reasonable request they made for a friend. And when I sometimes added my poor solicitations I used to quote the then ministers a passage in the gospel, —"the poor" (meaning their own dependants) "you have always with you," &c.

* Mr. Gay was reserved in his conversation.

* The celebrated, accomplished, and witty Philip Dormer Stanhope, earl of Chesterfield.

This is the strongest argument I have to entreat your lordship's favour for Launcelot, who is a perfectly honest man, and as loyal as you could wish. His wife, my near relation, has been my favourite from her youth, and as deserving as it is possible for one of her level. It is understood that some little employments about the court may be often in your lordship's disposal, and that my lord Sussex will give Mr. Launcelot the character he deserves; and then let my petition be (to speak in my own trade) "a drop in the bucket."

Remember, my lord, that although this letter be long, yet what particularly concerns my request is but of a few lines.

I shall not congratulate with your lordship upon any of your present great employments, or upon the greatest that can possibly be given to you, because you are one of those very few who do more honour to a court than you can possibly receive from it; which I take to be a greater compliment to any court than it is to your lordship. I am, my lord, &c.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

FROM DR. ARBUTHNOT.[a]

DEAR SIR,—The passage in Mr. Pope's letter about your health does not alarm me; both of us have had the distemper these thirty years. I have found that steel, the warm gums, and the bark, all do good in it. Therefore, first take the vomit A; then every day the quantity of a nutmeg in the morning of the electuary marked B, with five spoonful of the tincture marked D. Take the tincture, but not the electuary, in the afternoon. You may take one of the pills marked C at any time when you are troubled with it; or thirty of the drops marked E, in any vehicle, even water. I had a servant of my own that was cured merely with vomiting. There is another medicine not mentioned which you may try; the pulvis rad. valerianæ sylvestris, about a scruple of it twice a-day. How came you to take it in your head that I was queen's physician? When I am so you shall be a bishop or anything you have a mind to. Pope is now the great reigning poetical favourite. Your lord-lieutenant [the duke of Dorset] has a mind to be well with you. Lady Betty Germain complains you have not written to her since she wrote to you. I have showed as much civility to Mrs. Barber as I could, and she likewise to me. I have no more paper but what serves to tell you that I am, with great sincerity, your most faithful humble servant,

J. ARBUTHNOT.

I recommended Dr. Helsham to be physician to the lord-lieutenant. I know not what effect it will have. My respects to him and Dr. Delany.

A.—℞ pulv. rad. ipecacoanæ, ℈j.

B.—℞ conserv. flavedin. aurant. absynth. Rom. ana ʒvj. rubigin. martis in pollin. reduct. ʒiij. syrup e succo kermes, q. s.

C.—℞ as. fœtid. ʒij. tinctur. castor. q. s. M. fiant pilulæ xxiv.

D.—℞ cortic. peruviani elect. rubigin. martis ana ʒj. digere tepidè in vini alb. Gallic. lb. ij. per 24 horas: postea fiat colatura.

E.—℞ sp. cor. cerv. sp. lavendul. tinctur. castor. ana ʒij. misce.[b]

[a] Indorsed, "Received Nov. 13, 1730."

[b] As these receipts may possibly be useful to some person troubled with the dean's complaint of giddiness, Dr. Arbuthnot's receipt of bitters for strengthening the stomach is added.

Take of zedoary root one drachm; galangal and Roman wormwood of each two drachms; orange peel a drachm; lesser cardamon seeds, two scruples. Infuse all in a quart of boiling spring water for six hours; strain it off, and add to it four ounces of greater compound wormwood water.

TO MR. GAY.

Dublin, November 19, 1730.

I WROTE to you a long letter about a fortnight past, concluding you were in London, from whence I understood one of your former was dated; nor did I imagine you were gone back to Amesbury so late in the year, at which season I take the country to be only a scene for those who have been ill used by a court on account of their virtues; which is a state of happiness the more valuable because it is not accompanied by envy, although nothing deserves it more. I would gladly sell a dukedom to lose favour in the manner their graces have done.[a] I believe my lord Carteret,[b] since he is no lo[illegible]r lieutenant, may not wish me ill, and I have told him often that I only hated him as lieutenant. I confess he had a genteeler manner of binding the chains of this kingdom than most of his predecessors, and I confess at the same time that he had six times a regard to my recommendation by preferring so many of my friends in the church; the two last acts of his favour were to add to the dignities of Dr. Delany and Mr. Stopford, the last of whom was by you and Mr. Pope put into Mr. Pulteney's hands. I told you in my last that a continuance of giddiness (though not in a violent degree) prevented my thoughts of England at present. For in my case a domestic life is necessary, where I can with the centurion say to my servant, Go, and he goeth; and, Do this, and he doeth it. I now hate all people whom I cannot command, and consequently a duchess is at this time the hatefullest lady in the world to me one only excepted [the queen], and I beg her grace's pardon for that exception; for in the way I mean her grace is ten thousand times more hateful. I confess I begin to apprehend you will squander my money, because I hope you never less wanted it; and if you go on with success for two years longer I fear I shall not have a farthing of it left. The doctor hath ill informed me who says that Mr. Pope is at present the chief poetical favourite, yet Mr. Pope himself talks like a philosopher, and one wholly retired. But the vogue of our few honest folks here is that Duck is absolutely to succeed Eusden in the laurel; the contention being between Concannen, or Theobald, or some other hero of the "Dunciad." I never charged you for not talking, but the dubious state of your affairs in those days was too much the subject, and I wish the duchess had been the voucher of

[a] After the success of the "Beggar's Opera," Gay produced another, with the name (now become so popular) of "Polly." This, as it contained severe and pointed sarcasms on the court and those in power, was forbid to be acted by the lord chamberlain. In consequence of the duke and duchess of Queensberry's warmly taking up Gay's cause, they were forbid the court. The following high-spirited letter was sent by the duchess to the king and queen, copies of which were circulated:—

"That the duchess of Queensberry is surprised, and well pleased, that the king has given her so agreeable a command as to stay from court, where she never came for diversion, but to bestow a great civility upon the king and queen.

"She hopes, by such an unprecedented order as this, that the king will see as few as he wishes at his court, particularly such as dare to think, or speak truth. I do not do otherwise nor ought not; nor could have imagined that it would not have been the very highest compliment I could possibly pay to the king to endeavour to support truth and innocence in his house.

"Particularly when the king and queen had both told me that they had not read Mr. Gay's play. I have certainly done right then to stand by my own word rather than by his grace of Grafton's, who has neither made use of truth, judgment, or honour, during this whole affair, either for himself or his friends."

[b] The lines which this nobleman quoted from Homer, on his death bed, to Mr. Wood, on occasion of the peace, were as happily applied as the apology he used to Swift for some harsh measures in Ireland:—

'—— Regni novitas me talia cogit
Moliri.'—DR. WARTON.

your amendment. Nothing so much contributed to my ease as the turn of affairs after the queen's death; by which, all my hopes being cut off, I could have no ambition left unless I would have been a greater rascal than happened to suit with my temper. I therefore sat down quietly at my morsel, adding only thereto a principle of hatred to all succeeding measures and ministries by way of sauce to relish my meat: and I confess one point of conduct in my lady duchess's life has added much poignancy to it. There is a good Irish practical bull toward the end of your letter, where you spend a dozen lines in telling me you must leave off that you may give my lady duchess room to write, and so you proceed to within two or three lines of the bottom; though I would have remitted you my 200*l*. to have left place for as many more.

TO THE DUCHESS.

MADAM,—My beginning thus low is meant as a mark of respect, like receiving your grace at the bottom of the stairs. I am glad you know your duty; for it has been a known and established rule above twenty years in England that the first advances have been constantly made by all ladies who aspired to my acquaintance, and the greater their quality the greater were their advances. Yet I know not by what weakness I have condescended graciously to dispense with you upon this important article. Though Mr. Gay will tell you that a nameless person* sent me eleven messages before I would yield to a visit: I mean a person to whom he is infinitely obliged for being the occasion of the happiness he now enjoys under the protection and favour of my lord duke and your grace. At the same time I cannot forbear telling you, madam, that you are a little imperious in your manner of making your advances. You say perhaps you shall not like me: I affirm you are mistaken, which I can plainly demonstrate; for I have certain intelligence that another person dislikes me of late, with whose likings yours have not for some time past gone together. However, if I shall once have the honour to attend your grace, I will out of fear and prudence appear as vain as I can that I may not know your thoughts of me. This is your own direction, but it was needless; for Diogenes himself would be vain to have received the honour of being one moment of his life in the thoughts of your grace. JONATHAN SWIFT.

TO THE COUNTESS OF SUFFOLK.

November 21, 1730.

MADAM,—I do now pity the leisure you have to read a letter from me; and this letter shall be a history. First, therefore, I call you to witness that I did not attend on the queen till I had received her own repeated messages; which of course occasioned my being introduced to you. I never asked anything till upon leaving England the first time I desired from you a present worth a guinea, and from her majesty one worth ten pounds by way of a memorial. Yours I received, and the queen upon my taking leave of her made an excuse that she had intended a medal for me, which not being ready, she would send it me the Christmas following; yet this was never done nor at all remembered when I went back to England the next year, and by her commands attended her as I had done before. I must now tell you, madam, that I will receive no medal from her majesty, nor anything less than her picture at half-length, drawn by Jervas; and if he takes it from another original, the queen shall sit at least twice for him to touch it up. I desire you will let her majesty know this in plain words, although I have heard that I am under her displeasure. But this is a usual thing with princes as well as ministers upon every false representation; and so I took occasion to tell the queen, upon the quarrel Mr. Walpole had with our friend Gay, the first time I ever had the honour to attend her.

Against you I have but one reproach: that when I was last in England, and just after the present king's accession, I resolved to pass that summer in France, for which I had then a most lucky opportunity, from which those who seemed to love me well dissuaded me, by your advice; and when I sent you a note conjuring you to lay aside the character of a courtier and a favourite upon that occasion, your answer positively directed me not to go in that juncture; and you said the same thing to my friends who seemed to have power of giving me hints, that I might reasonably hope for a settlement in England; which God knows was no very great ambition, considering the station I should leave here of greater dignity, and which might have easily been managed to be disposed of as the queen pleased. If these hints came from you, I affirm you then acted too much like a courtier. But I forgive you, and esteem you as much as ever. You had your reasons which I shall not inquire into; because I always believed you had some virtues, besides all the accomplishments of mind and person that can adorn a lady.

I am angry with the queen for sacrificing my friend Gay to the mistaken piques of sir Robert Walpole about a libel written against him, although he were convinced at the same time of Mr. Gay's innocence; and although, as I said before, I told her majesty the whole story. Mr. Gay deserved better treatment among you upon all accounts, and particularly for his excellent, unregarded Fables, dedicated to prince William, which I hope his royal highness will often read for his instruction. I wish her majesty would a little remember what I largely said to her about Ireland, when before a witness she gave me leave and commanded me to tell here what she spoke to me upon that subject; and ordered me if I lived to see her in her present station to send her our grievances, promising to read my letter, and do all good offices in her power for this miserable and most loyal kingdom, now at the brink of ruin, and never so near as now. As to myself, I repeat again that I never asked anything more than a trifle as a memorial of some distinction which her majesty graciously seemed to make between me and every common clergyman; but that trifle was forgotten, according to the usual method of princes, although I was taught to think myself upon a foot of pretending to some little exception.

As to yourself, madam, I most heartily congratulate with you for being delivered from the toil, the envy, the slavery, and vexation of a favourite; where you could not always answer the good intentions that I hope you had. You will now be less teased with solicitations, one of the greatest evils in life. You possess an easy employment, with quiet of mind, although it be by no means equal to your merit; and if it shall please God to establish your health, I believe and hope you are too wise to hope for more. Mr. Pope has always been an advocate for your sincerity; and even I, in the character I gave you of yourself, allowed you as much of that virtue as could be expected in a lady, a courtier, and a favourite. Yet I confess I never heartily pledged your health as a toast upon any other regards than

* He means queen Caroline, and her neglect of Gay, which recommended him to the duchess of Queensberry.

beauty, wit, good sense, and an unblemished character. For as to friendship, truth, sincerity, and other trifles of that kind, I never concerned myself about them; because I knew them to be only parts of the lower morals, which are altogether useless at courts. I am content that you should tell the queen all I have said of her; and in my own words if you please.

I could have been a better prophet in the character I gave you of yourself, if it had been good manners in the height of your credit to put you in mind of its mortality; for you are not the first by at least three ladies whom I have known to undergo the same turn of fortune. It is allowed that ladies are often very good scaffoldings; and I need not tell you the use that scaffoldings are put to by all builders as well political as mechanic. I should have begun this letter by telling you that I was encouraged to write it by my best friend and one of your great admirers; who told me "that from something that had passed between you he thought you would not receive it ill." After all, I know no person of your sex for whom I have so great an esteem as I do and believe I shall always continue to bear for you, I mean a private person; for I must except the queen, and it is not an exception of form; because I have really a very great veneration for her great qualities, although I have reason to complain of her conduct to me; which I could not excuse although she had fifty kingdoms to govern. I have but room to conclude with my sincere professions of being, with true respect, madam, your most obedient humble servant, JONATHAN SWIFT.

FROM MR. GAY.

Amesbury, December 6, 1730.

DEAR SIR,—Both your letters to my great satisfaction I have received. You were mistaken as to my being in town, for I have been here ever since the beginning of May. But the best way is to direct your letters always to the duke's house in London, and they are sent hither by his porter. We shall stay here till after the holidays. You say we deserve envy; I think we do, for I envy no man either in town or out of it. We have had some visitors, and every one of them such as one would desire to visit. The duchess is a more severe check upon my finances than ever you were, and I submit as I did to you, to comply to my own good. I was a long time before I could prevail with her to let me allow myself a pair of shoes with two heels, for I had lost one, and the shoes were so decayed that they were not worth mending. You see by this that those who are the most generous of their own can be the most covetous for others. I hope you will be so good to me as to use your interest with her (for, whatever she says, you seem to have some) to indulge me with the extravagance suitable to my fortune.

The lady you mention that dislikes you has no discernment. I really think you may safely venture to Amesbury, though indeed the lady here likes to have her own way as well as you, which may sometimes occasion disputes; and I tell you beforehand that I cannot take your part. I think her so often in the right that you will have great difficulty to persuade me that she is in the wrong. Then there is another thing that I ought to tell you to deter you from this place, which is, that the lady of the house is not given to show civility to those she does not like. She speaks her mind and loves truth. For the uncommonness of the thing, I fancy your curiosity will prevail over your fear, and you will like to see such a woman. But I say no more till I know whether her grace will fill up the rest of the paper.

FROM THE DUCHESS OF QUEENSBERRY.

Write I must, particularly now, as I have an opportunity to indulge my predominant passion, contradiction. I do in the first place contradict most things Mr. Gay says of me to deter you from coming here, which if you ever do, I hereby assure you, that unless I like my own way better, you shall have yours; and in all disputes you shall convince me if you can. But, by what I see of you, this is not a misfortune that will always happen; for I find you are a great mistaker. For example, you take prudence for imperiousness; it is from this first that I determined not to like one who is too giddy-headed for me to be certain whether or not I shall ever be acquainted with. I have known people take great delight in building castles in the air, but I should choose to build friends upon a more solid foundation. I would fain know you, for I often hear more good likeable things than it is possible any one can deserve. Pray come, that I may find out something wrong; for I, and I believe most women have an inconceivable pleasure to find out any faults except their own. Mr. Cibber is made poet-laureat. I am, sir, as much your humble servant as I can be to any person I do not know. C. Q.

Mr. Gay is very peevish that I spell and write ill; but I do not care; for neither the pen nor I can do better. Besides, I think you have flattered me, and such people ought to be put to trouble.

MR. GAY'S POSTSCRIPT.

Now I hope you are pleased, and that you will allow, for so sma' a sum as 200*l.*, you have a lumping pennyworth.

FROM LORD CHESTERFIELD.

Hague, December 15, 1730.

SIR,—You need not have made any excuses to me for your solicitations; on the contrary, I am proud of being the first person to whom you have thought it worth your while to apply, since those changes which you say drove you into distance and obscurity. I very well know the person you recommend to me, having lodged at his house a whole summer at Richmond. I have always heard a very good character of him, which alone would incline me to serve him, but your recommendation, I can assure you, will make me impatient to do it. However, that he may not again meet with the common fate of court suitors, nor I lie under the imputation of making court promises, I will exactly explain to you how far it is likely I may be able to serve him.

When first I had this office* I took the resolution of turning out nobody; so that I shall only have the disposal of those places that the death of the present possessors will procure me. Some old servants that have served me long and faithfully have obtained the promises of the first four or five vacancies; and the early solicitations of some of my particular friends have tied me down for about as many more. But, after having satisfied those engagements, I do assure you, Mr. Launcelot shall be my first care. I confess his prospect is more remote than I could have wished it, but as it is so remote he will not have the uneasiness of a disappointment if he gets nothing, and if he gets something we shall both be pleased.

As for his political principles, I am in no manner of pain about them. Were he a Tory, I would venture to serve him in the just expectation, that should I ever be charged with having preferred a Tory, the person who was the author of my crime would like-

* Of lord-steward of the king's household, in which he succeeded the duke of Dorset, appointed lord-lieutenant of Ireland.

wise be the author of my vindication. I am, with real esteem, sir, your most obedient humble servant,
CHESTERFIELD.

FROM LADY ELIZABETH GERMAIN.

December 24, 1730.

SINCE you, with a modest assurance, affirm you understand and practice good manners better than any other person in either kingdom, I wish you would therefore put into very handsome terms my excuse to dean Swift that I have not answered his letter I received before the last; for even prebendary Head assured my brother Harry that he, in all form and justice, took place of a colonel, as being a major-general in the church; and therefore you need not have called a council to know whether you or I were to write last; because, as being but a poor courtesy lady, I can pretend to no place but what other people's goodness gives me. This being settled, I certainly ought not to have written again; but, however, I fear I should have been wrong enough to have desired the correspondence to be kept up, but that I have been ill this fortnight, and of course lazy, and not in a writing mood."

First, as to Mrs. Barber, as I told you before, so I tell you the same again, that upon your recommendation I shall be very glad to serve her, though I never did see her; and as I had not your letter till I went from Tunbridge, she passed unmarked by me in the crowd; nor have I met with her since. She wrote to me to present ' *'s poems to the duke and duchess of Dorset. I answered her letter and obeyed her commands. And as to her own, I shall most willingly subscribe; though I am of the opinion we ladies are not apt to be good poets, especially if we cannot spell; but that is by way of inviolable secret between you and me. So much for this letter. Now to your last epistle, for which it seems I am to give you thanks for honouring me with your commands. Well I do so, because this gets a proof that after so many years' acquaintance there is one that will take my word; which is a certain sign that I have not often broke it. Therefore, behold the consequence is this; I have given my word to the duke of Dorset, that you would not so positively affirm this fact concerning Mr. Fox, without knowing the certain truth, that there is no deceit in this declaration of trust. And though it has been recommended to him, as you say, he never did give any answer to it, nor designed it till he was fully satisfied of the truth; and even then I believe would not have determined to have done it, because it is an easy way of securing a place for ever to a family; and were this to be an example, be it so many pence or so many pounds, for the future they would be inheritances.

So now not to show my power with his grace (in spite of his dependants, who may cast their eyes on it), for that I dare affirm there never will be need of where justice or good nature is necessary; but to shew you his dependance on your honour and integrity, he gives me leave to tell you it shall certainly be done; nor does this at all oblige you to give the thanks you seem so desirous to give; for at any time whensoever you have any business, service, or request to make to his grace of Dorset (whether my proper business or not), till you two are better acquainted with one another's merits, I shall be very glad to show how sincerely I am your friend and faithful humble servant,
E. GERMAIN.

TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

December 28, 1730.

You might give a better reason for restoring my book, that it was not worth keeping. I thought by the superscription that your letter was written by a man, for you have neither the scrawl nor the spelling of your sex. You live so far off, and I believe are so seldom at home, and I am so ill a visitor, that it is no wonder we meet so seldom: but if you knew what I say of you to others, you would believe it was not for want of inclination; I mean what I say of you as I knew you formerly; for as to what you are now, I know but little. I give you the good wishes of the season; and am with true esteem and affection, yours, &c.
JONATHAN SWIFT.

TO LADY SANTRY.

[1730, at a conjecture.]

MADAM,—My reason for waiting on you some time ago was grounded on the esteem I always had for you; which continued still the same, although I had hardly the least acquaintance with your lord, nor was at all desirous to cultivate it, because I did not at all approve of his conduct. In two or three days after I saw you at sir Compton Domville's [lady Santry's brother] house, all my acquaintance told me how full the town was of the visit I had made you, and of the cruel treatment you received from me, with relation to your son [lord Santry]. I will not believe your ladyship was so weak as to spread this complaint yourself; but I lay it wholly to those two young women who were then in the same room, I suppose as visitors. But if you were really discontented, and thought to publish your discontent in aggravating words, I must cut off at least nine-tenths of the friendship I had for you, and list you in the herd of Irish ladies whose titles, or those of their husbands, with me, never have the weight of a feather or the value of a pebble. I imagined you had so much sense as to understand that all I said was intended for the service both of you and your son. I have often spoken much more severely to persons of much higher quality than your son, and in a kingdom where to be a lord is of importance; and I have received hearty thanks, as well as found amendment. One thing I shall observe upon your account, which is never to throw away any more advice upon any Irish lord or his mother; because I thought you would be one of the last to deceive me.

I called four times at the house where you lodge, and you were always denied, by which, I suppose, you would have me think you are angry, whereas I am the person who ought to complain, because all I had said to you proceeded from friendship, and a desire of reforming your son. But that desire is now utterly at an end.
JONATHAN SWIFT.

TO THE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

January 5, 1731.

MY LORD,—I return your lordship my most humble thanks for the honour and favour of your letter, and desire your justice to believe that in writing to you a second time I have no design of giving you a second trouble. My only end at present is to beg your pardon for a fault of ignorance. I ought to have remembered that the arts of courts are like those of play; where if the most expert be absent for a few months, the whole system is so changed that he has no more skill than a new beginner. Yet I cannot but wish that your lordship had pleased to forgive one who has been an utter stranger to public life above sixteen years. Bussy Rabutin himself, the politest person of his age, when he was recalled to court after a long banishment, appeared ridiculous there; and what

could I expect from my antiquated manner of addressing your lordship, in the prime of your life, in the height of fortune, favour, and merit; so distinguished by your active spirit and greatness of your genius? I do here repeat to your lordship that I lay the fault of my misconduct entirely on a friend whom I exceedingly love and esteem, whom I dare not name, and who is as bad a courtier by nature as I am grown by want of practice. God forbid that your lordship should continue in an employment, however great and honourable, where you only can be an ornament to the court so long until you have an opportunity to provide offices for a dozen low people like the poor man whom I took the liberty to mention! and God forbid that in one particular branch of the king's family there should ever be such a mortality as to take away a dozen of his meaner servants in less than a dozen years.

Give me leave, in further excuse of my weakness, to confess that, besides some hints from my friends, your lordship is in great measure to blame for your obliging manner of treating me in every place where I had the honour to see you; which I acknowledge to have been a distinction that I had not the least pretence to, and consequently as little to ground upon it the request of a favour.

As I am an utter stranger to the present forms of the world, I have imagined more than once that your lordship's proceeding with me may be a refinement introduced by yourself; and that as in my time the most solemn and frequent promises of great men usually failed against all probable appearances, so that single slight one of your lordship may by your generous nature early succeed against all visible impossibilities. I am, &c. JONATHAN SWIFT.

FROM LORD BOLINGBROKE.

January 17, 1731.

I BEGIN my letter by telling you that my wife has been returned from abroad about a month, and that her health, though feeble and precarious, is better than it has been these two years. She is much your servant, and as she has been her own physician with some success imagines she could be yours with the same. Would to God you was within her reach. She would, I believe, prescribe a great deal of the *medicina animi* without having recourse to the books of Trismegistus. Pope and I should be her principal apothecaries in the course of the cure; and though our best botanists complain that few of the herbs and simples which go to the composition of these remedies are to be found at present in our soil, yet there are more of them here than in Ireland; besides, by the help of a little chemistry the most noxious juices may become salubrious and rank poison specific. Pope is now in my library with me, and writes to the world—to the present and to future ages—while I begin this letter which he is to finish to you. What good he will do to mankind I know not; this comfort he may be sure of, he cannot do less than you have done before him. I have sometimes thought that if preachers, hangmen, and moral writers keep vice at a stand, or so much as retard the progress of it, they do as much as human nature admits: a real reformation[a] is not to be brought about by ordinary means; it requires those extraordinary means which become punishments as well as lessons: national corruption must be purged by national calamities. Let us hear from you. We deserve this attention because we desire it, and because we believe that you desire to hear from us.

[a] Bolingbroke has enlarged on this topic in his philosophical orks, intending to depreciate christianity by showing that it [illegible] were founded, as it certainly is not.

FROM MR. PULTENEY.

London, February 9, 1731.

DEAR SIR,—Among the many compliments I have received from my friends on the birth of my son, I assure you none gave me greater pleasure than the kind letter you honoured me with on the occasion. When you were last in England your stay was so short that I scarce had time, and very few opportunities, to convince you how great a desire I had to bear some share of your esteem; but should you return this summer I hope you will continue longer among us. Lord Bolingbroke, lord Bathurst, Pope, myself, and others of your friends are got together in a country neighbourhood, which would be much enlivened if you would come and live among us. Mrs. Pulteney joins with me in the invitation, and is much obliged to you for remembering her. She bid me tell you that she is determined to have no more children unless you will promise to come over and christen the next: you see how much my happiness in many respects depends upon your promise. I have always desired Pope when he wrote to you to remember my compliments; and I can assure you with the greatest truth, though you have much older acquaintances, that you have not in England a friend that loves and honours you more than I do, or can be with greater sincerity than I am, your most humble and obedient servant, W. PULTENEY.

P.S.—If any of our pamphlets (with which we abound) are ever sent over to Ireland, and you think them worth reading, you will perceive how low they are reduced in point of argument on one side of the question. This has driven certain people to that last resort of calling names. Villain, traitor, seditious rascal, and such ingenious appellations have frequently been bestowed on a couple of friends of yours. Such usage has made it necessary to return the same polite language, and there has been more Billingsgate stuff uttered from the press within these two months than ever was known before. Upon this Dr. Arbuthnot has written a very humorous treatise, which he showed me this morning; wherein he proves from many learned instances that this sort of altercation is ancient, elegant, and classical; and that what the world falsely imagines to be polite, is truly gothic and barbarous. He shows how the gods and goddesses used one another; dog, bitch, and whore were pretty common expressions among them: kings, heroes, ambassadors, and orators abused one another much in the same way: and he concludes that it is a pity this method of objurgation should be lost. His quotations from Homer, Demosthenes, Æschines, and Tully are admirable; and the whole is very humorously conducted. I take it for granted he will send it you himself as soon as it is printed.

FROM LADY ELIZABETH GERMAIN.

February 23, 1731.

Now were you in vast hopes you should hear no more from me, I being slow in my motions: but do not flatter yourself; you began the correspondence, set my pen a-going, and God knows when it will end: for I had it by inheritance from my father ever to please myself when I could; and though I do not just take the turn my mother did of fasting and praying, yet to be sure that was her pleasure too, or else she would not have been so greedy of it. I do

not care to deliver your messages this great while to lieutenant Head, he having been dead these two years; and though he had, as you say, a head, I loved him very well: but, however, from my dame Wadgar's[a] first impression have ever had a natural antipathy to spirits.

I have not acquaintance enough with Mr. Pope, which I am sorry for, and expect you should come to England in order to improve it. If it was the queen and not the duke of Grafton that picked out such a laureat [Colley Cibber], she deserves his poetry in her praises.

Your friend Mrs. Barber has been here. I find she has some request; but neither you nor she has yet let it out to me what it is: for certainly you cannot mean that by subscribing to her book; if so I shall be mighty happy to have you call that a favour; for surely there is nothing so easy as what one can do oneself, nor anything so heavy as what one must ask other people for; though I do not mean by this that I shall ever be unwilling when you require it, yet shall be much happier when it is in my own power to show how sincerely I am my old friend's most faithful humble servant, E. Germain.

Mrs. Lloyd is much yours; but dumber than ever, having a violent cold.

FROM MR. GAY.

March 20, 1731.

I think it is above three months since I wrote to you in partnership with the duchess. About a fortnight since I wrote to you from Twickenham for Mr. Pope and myself. He was then disabled from writing by a severe rheumatic pain in his arm, but is pretty well again, and at present in town. Lord Oxford, lord Bathurst, he, and I dined together yesterday at Barnes, with old Jacob Tonson, where we drank your health. I am again by the advice of physicians grown a moderate wine-drinker, after an abstinence of above two years; and now look upon myself as qualified for society as before.

I formerly sent you a state of the accounts between us. Lord Bathurst has this day paid me your principal and interest. The interest amounted to 12*l*., and I want your directions how to dispose of the principal, which must lie dead till I receive your orders. I had a scheme of buying two lottery-tickets for you and keeping your principal entire. And as all my good fortune is to come, to show you that I consult your advantage I will buy two more for myself, and you and I will go halves in the 10,000*l*. That there will be a lottery is certain: the scheme is not yet declared, but I hear it will not be the most advantageous one, for we are to have but 3*l*. per cent.

I solicit for no court favours, so that I propose to buy the tickets at the market-price when they come out; which will not be these two or three months. If you do not like to have your money thus disposed of, or if you like to trust to your own fortune rather than to share in mine, let me have your orders; and at the same time tell me what I shall do with the principal sum.

I came to town the 7th of January last with the duke and duchess, about business, for a fortnight: as it depended upon others we could not get it done till now. Next week we return to Amesbury in Wiltshire for the rest of the year; but the best way is always to direct to me at the duke's in Burlington-gardens, near Piccadilly. I am ordered by the duchess to grow rich in the manner of sir John Cutler. I have nothing at this present writing but my frock that was made at Salisbury and a bob periwig. I persuade myself that it is shilling weather as seldom as possible, and have found out that there are few court visits that are worth a shilling. In short, I am very happy in my present independency: I envy no man, but have the due contempt of voluntary slaves of birth and fortune. I have such a spite against you that I wish you may long for my company as I do for yours. Though you never write to me, you cannot make me forget you; so that, if it is out of friendship you write so seldom to me, it does not answer the purpose. Those who you like should remember you, do so whenever I see them. I believe they do it upon their own account, for I know few people who are solicitous to please or flatter me. The duchess sends you her compliments; and so would many more if they knew of my writing to you.

[a] The deaf housekeeper at lord Berkeley's.

FROM LORD BOLINGBOKE AND MR. POPE.

March 29, 1731.

I have delayed several posts answering your letter of January last, in hopes of being able to speak to you about a project which concerns us both, but me the most, since the success of it would bring us together. It has been a good while in my head and at my heart; if it can be set a-going you shall hear of it. I was ill in the beginning of the winter for near a week, but in no danger either from the nature of my distemper or from the attendance of three physicians. Since that bilious intermitting fever I have had, as I had before, better health than the regard I have paid to health deserves. We are both in the decline of life, my dear dean, and have been some years going down the hill; let us make the passage as smooth as we can. Let us fence against physical evil by care and the use of those means which experience must have pointed out to us: let us fence against moral evil by philosophy. I renounce the alternative you propose. But we may, nay (if we will follow nature, and do not work up imagination against her plainest dictates), we shall of course, grow every year more indifferent to life, and to the affairs and interests of a system out of which we are soon to go. This is much better than stupidity. The decay of passion strengthens philosophy, for passion may decay and stupidity not succeed. Passions (says Pope, our divine, as you will see one time or other) are the gales of life; let us not complain that they do not blow a storm. What hurt does age do us in subduing what we toil to subdue all our lives? It is now six in the morning; I recal the time (and am glad it is over) when about this hour I used to be going to bed, surfeited with pleasure or jaded with business; my head often full of schemes, and my heart as often full of anxiety. Is it a misfortune, think you, that I rise at this hour, refreshed, serene, and calm? that the past and even the present affairs of life stand like objects at a distance from me, where I can keep off the disagreeables so as not to be strongly affected by them, and from whence I can draw the others nearer to me? Passions in their force would bring all these, nay, even future contingencies, about my ears at once, and reason would but ill defend me in the scuffle.

I leave Pope to speak for himself, but I must tell you how much my wife is obliged to you. She says she would find strength enough to nurse you if you were here, and yet, God knows, she is extremely weak; the slow fever works under and mines the constitution; we keep it off sometimes, but still it returns and makes new breaches before nature can repair the old ones. I am not ashamed to say to you that I admire her more every hour of my life:

Death is not to her the king of terrors; she beholds him without the least. When she suffers much she wishes for him as a deliverer from pain; when life is tolerable she looks on him with dislike, because he is to separate her from those friends to whom she is more attached than to life itself.[a] You shall not stay for my next as long as you have for this letter; and in every one Pope shall write something much better than the scraps of old philosophers, which were the presents, munuscula, that stoical fop Seneca used to send in every epistle to his friend Lucilius.

P.S. BY MR. POPE.

My lord has spoken justly of this lady; why not I of my mother? Yesterday was her birthday, now entering on the ninety-first year of her age; her memory much diminished, but her senses very little hurt, her sight and hearing good; she sleeps not ill, eats moderately, drinks water, says her prayers; and this is all she does. I have reason to thank God for continuing so long to me a very good and tender parent, and for allowing me to exercise for some years those cares which are now as necessary to her as hers have been to me. An object of this sort daily before one's eyes very much softens the mind, but perhaps may hinder it from the willingness of contracting other ties of the like domestic nature when one finds how painful it is even to enjoy the tender pleasures. I have formerly made so strong efforts to get and to deserve a friend; perhaps it were wiser never to attempt it, but live extempore, and look upon the world only as a place to pass through, just pay your hosts their due, disperse a little charity, and hurry on. Yet am I just now writing (or rather planning) a book[b] to make mankind look upon this life with comfort and pleasure, and put morality in good humour. And just now too I am going to see one I love very tenderly; and to-morrow to entertain several civil people, whom if we call friends it is by the courtesy of England. *Sic, sic juvat ire sub umbras.*[c] While we do live we must make the best of life.

" *Cantantes* licet usque (minus via lædat) eamus,"[d]

as the shepherd said in Virgil when the road was long and heavy. I am yours.

FROM LORD BOLINGBROKE AND MR. POPE.

You may assure yourself that if you come over this spring you will find me not only got back into the habits of study, but devoted to that historical task which you have set me these many years. I am in hopes of some materials which will enable me to work in the whole extent of the plan I propose to myself. If they are not to be had I must accommodate my plan to this deficiency. In the mean time Pope has given me more trouble than he or I thought of; and you will be surprised to find that I have been partly drawn by him, and partly by myself, to write a pretty large volume upon a very grave and very important subject; that I have ventured to pay no regard whatever to any authority except a sacred authority, and that I have ventured to start a thought which must, if it is pushed as successfully as I think it is, render all your metaphysical theology both ridiculous and abominable. There is an expression in one of your letters to me which makes me believe you will come into my way of thinking on this subject; and yet I am persuaded that divines and freethinkers would both be clamorous against it if it was to be submitted to their censure, as I do not intend that it shall. The passage I mean is that where you say you told Dr. Delany the grand points of christianity ought to be taken as infallible revelation, &c.[a]

It happened that while I was writing this to you the doctor came to make me a visit from London, where I heard he was arrived some time ago; he was in haste to return, and is, I perceive, in great haste to print. He left with me eight Dissertations,[b] a small part, as I understand, of his work, and desired me to peruse, consider, and observe upon them against Monday next, when he will come down again. By what I have read of the two first, I find myself unable to serve him. The principles he reasons upon are begged in a disputation of this sort, and the manner of reasoning is by no means close and conclusive. The sole advice I could give him in conscience would be that which he would take ill and not follow. I will get rid of this task as well as I can, for I esteem the man, and should be sorry to disoblige him where I cannot serve him.

As to retirement and exercise, your notions are true: the first should not be indulged so much as to render us savage, nor the last neglected so as to impair health. But I know men who, for fear of being savage, live with all who live with them; and who, to preserve their health, saunter away half their time. Adieu: Pope calls for the paper.

P.S. BY MR. POPE.

I hope what goes before will be a strong motive to your coming. God knows if ever I shall see Ireland: I shall never desire it if you can be got hither, or keep here. Yet I think I shall be, too soon, a free man [by his mother's death]. Your recommendations I constantly give to those you mention; though some of them I see but seldom, and am every day more retired. I am less fond of the world, and less curious about it, yet no way out of humour, disappointed, or angry, though in my way I receive as many injuries as my betters; but I do not feel them, therefore I ought not to vex other people, nor even to return

[a] She was niece to madame de Maintenon, educated at St. Cyr, and was a woman of a beautiful person and very agreeable manners. Her letters were written in very elegant French. She was a woman of much observation. Madame de Maintenon mentions her in her letters. Dr. Trapp told me that, lord Bolingbroke boasting one day of his former gallantries, she said to him, smiling, "When I look at you methinks I see the ruins of a fine old Roman aqueduct; but the water has ceased to flow."

[b] "The Essay on Man;" and alludes to the arguments he uses to make men satisfied even with their present state, without looking to another. Young wrote his "Night Thoughts" in direct opposition to this view of human life, but which, in truth, Young has painted in colours too dark and uncomfortable.

[c] "Thus, thus it pleases us to pass through life."

[d] "Let us still go singing on, to beguile the tediousness of the way."

[a] In this maxim all bigoted divines and freethinking politicians agree: the one, for fear of disturbing the established religion: the other, lest that disturbance should prove injurious to their administration of the state. And would they be content to take these points for granted themselves without injuring those in their fortunes and reputations who are for inquiring into and settling them on their right grounds, I think nobody would envy their piety or their wisdom; but when they begin to persecute those who venture to assume this natural liberty, then they unmask their hypocrisy and Machiavelianism.

[b] The work here alluded to was the first volume of Dr. Delany's "Revelation Examined with Candour," published 1732; a work written in a florid and declamatory style, and with a greater degree of learning and ingenuity than of sound reason and argument. The same may be said of the author's "Life of King David." Witness the first dissertation, on the forbidden fruit; the second, concerning the knowledge of the brute world conveyed to Adam; the third, of the knowledge of marriage given to Adam; the sixth, concerning the difficulties and objections that lie against the Mosaic account of the fall; the fifteenth, on some *difficulties relating to Noah's ark* considered. The best of his works seems to be his "Reflections on Polygamy." Dr. Delany was an amiable, benevolent, and virtuous man; a character far superior to that of the ablest controversial writer. His "Defence of Revelation" is of a very different cast from such solid and masterly works as the bishop of Llandaff's "Apology for the Bible," and archdeacon Paley's "Evidences of Christianity."

injuries. I pass almost all my time at Dawley and at home; my lord (of which I partly take the merit to myself) is as much estranged from politics as I am. Let philosophy be ever so vain, it is less vain now than politics, and not quite so vain at present as divinity: I know nothing that moves strongly but satire, and those who are ashamed of nothing else are so of being ridiculous. I fancy, if we three were together but for three years, some good might be done even upon this age.

I know you will desire some account of my health: it is as usual, but my spirits rather worse. I write little or nothing. You know I never had either taste or talent for politics, and the world minds nothing else. I have personal obligations which I will ever preserve to men of different sides; and I wish nothing so much as public quiet, except it be my own quiet. I think it a merit if I can take off any man from grating or satirical subjects merely on the score of party; and it is the greatest vanity of my life that I have contributed to turn my lord Bolingbroke to subjects moral, useful, and more worthy his pen. Dr. Delany's book is what I cannot commend so much as dean Berkeley's, though it has many things ingenious in it, and is not deficient in the writing part; but the whole book, though he meant it *ad populum*, is, I think, purely *ad clerum*. Adieu.

TO MR. GAY.

Dublin, April 13, 1731.

Your situation is an odd one; the duchess is your treasurer, and Mr. Pope tells me you are the duke's. And I had gone a good way in some verses on that occasion, prescribing lessons to direct your conduct in a negative way, not to do so and so, &c., like other treasurers; how to deal with servants, tenants, or neighbouring squires, which I take to be courtiers, parliaments, and princes in alliance, and so the parallel goes on, but grows too long to please me: I prove that poets are the fittest persons to be treasurers and managers to great persons, from their virtue and contempt of money, &c. Pray why did you not get a new heel to your shoe, unless you would make your court at St. James's by affecting to imitate the prince of Lilliput? But the rest of your letter being wholly taken up in a very bad character of the duchess, I shall say no more to you, but apply myself to her grace.

Madam,—Since Mr. Gay affirms that you love to have your own way, and since I have the same perfection, I will settle that matter immediately, to prevent those ill consequences he apprehends. Your grace shall have your own way in all places except your own house and the domains about it. There, and there only, I expect to have mine, so that you have all the world to reign in, bating only two or three hundred acres and two or three houses in town or country. I will likewise, out of my special grace, certain knowledge, and mere motion, allow you to be in the right against all humankind except myself, and to be never in the wrong but when you differ from me. You shall have a greater privilege in the third article of speaking your mind, which I shall graciously allow you now and then to do even to myself, and only rebuke you when it does not please me.

Madam, I am now got as far as your grace's letter, which having not read this fortnight (having been out of town, and not daring to trust myself with the carriage of it), the presumptuous manner in which you begin had slipped out of my memory. But I forgive you to the seventeenth line, where you begin to banish me for ever by demanding me to answer all the good character some partial friends have given me. Madam, I have lived sixteen years in Ireland, with only an intermission of two summers in England, and consequently am fifty years older than I was at the queen's death, and fifty thousand times duller, and fifty millions times more peevish, perverse, and morose; so that under these disadvantages I can only pretend to excel all your other acquaintance about some twenty bars' length. Pray, madam, have you a clear voice? and will you let me sit at your left hand at least within three of you, for of two bad ears my right is the best? My groom tells me that he likes your park, but your house is too little. Can the parson of the parish play at backgammon and hold his tongue? is any one of your women a good nurse if I should fancy myself sick for four-and-twenty hours? how many days will you maintain me and my equipage? When these preliminaries are settled, I must be very poor, very sick, or dead, or to the last degree unfortunate, if I do not attend you at Amesbury. For I profess you are the first lady that ever I desired to see since the first of August, 1714,[a] and I have forgot the date when that desire grew strong upon me, but I know I was not then in England, else I would have gone on foot for that happiness as far as to your house in Scotland. But I can soon recollect the time by asking some ladies here the month, the day, and the hour, when I began to endure their company, which, however, I think was a sign of my ill judgment, for I do not perceive they mend in anything but envying or admiring your grace. I dislike nothing in your letter but an affected apology for bad writing, bad spelling, and a bad pen, which you pretend Mr. Gay found fault with, wherein you affront Mr. Gay, you affront me, and you affront yourself. False spelling is only excusable in a chambermaid, for I would not pardon it in any of your waiting-women. Pray God preserve your grace and family, and give me leave to expect that you will be so just to remember me among those who have the greatest regard for virtue, goodness, prudence, courage, and generosity; after which you must conclude that I am, with the greatest respect and gratitude, madam, your grace's most obedient and most humble servant, &c.

TO MR. GAY.

I have just got yours of February 24, with a postscript by Mr. Pope. I am in great concern for him; I find Mr. Pope dictated to you the first part, and with great difficulty some days after added the rest. I see his weakness by his hand-writing. How much does his philosophy exceed mine! I could not bear to see him: I will write to him soon.

FROM LORD BATHURST.

April 19, 1731.

I never designed to have written to you any more, because you bantered and abused me so grossly in your last. To flatter a man from whom you can get nothing, nor expect anything, is doing mischief for mischief sake, and consequently highly immoral. However, I will not carry my resentments so far as to stand by and see you undone without giving you both notice and advice. Could any man but you think of trusting John Gay with his money? None of his friends would ever trust him with his own whenever they could avoid it. He has called in the 200*l*. I had of yours: I paid him both principal and interest. I suppose by this time he has lost

[a] The day on which queen Anne died, when all his hopes of more preferment were lost.

it. I give you notice you must look upon it as annihilated.

Now, as I have considered your deanery brings you in little or nothing, and that you keep servants and horses, and frequently give little neat dinners, which are more expensive than a few splendid entertainments; besides which you may be said to water your flock with French wine, which altogether must consume your substance in a little while; I have thought of putting you in a method that you may retrieve your affairs. In the first place, you must turn off all your servants and sell your horses; I will find exercise for you. Your whole family must consist of only one sound wholesome wench. She will make your bed and warm it, besides washing your linen and mending it, darning your stockings, &c. But to save all expense in housekeeping you must contrive some way or other that she should have milk; and I can assure you it is the opinion of some of the best physicians that women's milk is the wholesomest food in the world.

Besides, this regimen, take it altogether, will certainly temper and cool your blood. You will not be such a *boutefeu* as you have been, and be ready, upon every trifling occasion, to set a whole kingdom in a flame. Had the drapier been a milksop, poor Wood had not suffered so much in his reputation and fortune. It will allay that fervour of blood, and quiet that hurry of spirits, which breaks out every now and then into poetry, and seems to communicate itself to others of the chapter. You would not then encourage Delany and Stopford in their idleness, but let them be as grave as most of their order are with us. I am convinced they will sooner get preferment then than in the way they now are. And I shall not be out of hopes of seeing you a bishop in time, when you live in that regular way which I shall propose. In short, in a few years you may lay up money enough to buy even the bishopric of Durham. For if you keep cows instead of horses in that high-walled orchard, and cultivate by your own industry a few potatoes in your garden, the maid will live well, and be able to sell more butter and cheese than will answer her wages. You may preach then upon temperance with a better grace than now that you are known to consume seven or eight hogsheads of wine every year of your life. You will be mild and meek in your conversation, and not frighten parliament-men, and keep even lord-lieutenants in awe. You will then be qualified for that slavery which the country you live in and the order you profess seem to be designed for. It will take off that giddiness in your head which has disturbed yourself and others. The disputes between sir Arthur[a] and my lady will for the future be confined to prose; and an old thorn may be cut down in peace and warm the parlour chimney without heating the heads of poor innocent people and turning their brains.

You ought to remember what St. Austin says, *Poesis est vinum dæmonum.* Consider the life you now lead: you warm all that come near you with your wine and conversation; and the rest of the world with your pen dipped deep in St. Austin's *vinum dæmonum*.

So far for your soul's health. Now, as to the health of your body: I must inform you that part of what I prescribe to you is the same which our great friar Bacon prescribed to the pope who lived in his days. Read his "Cure of Old Age and Preservation of Youth," chapter the 12th. You used to say that you found benefit from riding. The French, an ingenious people, used the word *chevaucher* instead of *monter à cheval*, and they look upon it as the same thing in effect.

Now if you will go on after this in your old ways, and ruin your health, your fortune, and your reputation, it is no fault of mine. I have pointed out the road which will lead you to riches and preferment; and that you may have no excuse from entering into this new course of life, upon pretence of doubting whether you can get a person properly qualified to feed you and compose your new family, I will recommend you to John Gay, who is much better qualified to bring increase from a woman than from a sum of money. But if he should be lazy (and he is so fat that there is some reason to doubt him) I will, without fail, supply you myself, that you may be under no disappointments. Bracton says, *Conjunctio maris et fœminæ est jure naturæ.* Vide Coke upon Littleton. Calvin's case, 1st vol. Reports.

This I send you from my closet at Richkings,[a] where I am at leisure to attend serious affairs; but when one is in town there are so many things to laugh at that it is very difficult to compose one's thoughts even long enough to write a letter of advice to a friend. If I see any man serious in that crowd I look upon him for a very dull or designing fellow. By the bye, I am of opinion that folly and cunning are nearer allied than people are aware of. If a fool runs out his fortune and is undone we say the poor man has been outwitted. Is it not as reasonable to say of a cunning rascal who has lived miserably and died hated and despised to leave a great fortune behind him, that he has outwitted himself? In short, to be serious about those trifles which the majority of mankind think of consequence seems to me to denote folly, and to trifle with those things which they generally treat ludicrously may denote knavery. I have observed that in comedy the best actor plays the part of the droll, while some scrub rogue is made the hero or fine gentleman. So in this farce of life, wise men pass their time in mirth, while fools only are serious. Adieu. Continue to be merry and wise; but never turn serious or cunning.

FROM MR. GAY.

April 21, 1731.

Dear Sir,—The fortune of the person you interest yourself in amounts to at present (all debts paid) about 3400*l.*; so that, whatever other people think, I look upon him, as to fortune, to be happy; that is to say, an independent creature. I have been in expectation, post after post, to have received your directions about the disposal of your money, which lord Bathurst paid into my hands some time ago. I left that sum, with 200*l.* of my own, in Mr. Hoare's hands at my coming out of town. If I hear nothing from you I shall do with it as I do with my own. I made you a proposal about purchasing lottery-tickets in partnership with myself; that is to say, four tickets between us. This can be done with the overplus, with the interest-money I have received; but in this I will do nothing till I hear from you.

I am now got to my residence at Amesbury; getting health and saving money. Since I have got over the impediment to a writer, of water-drinking, if I can persuade myself that I have any wit, and find I have inclination, I intend to write, though, as yet, I have another impediment, for I have not provided myself with a scheme. Ten to one but I shall have a propensity to write against vice, and who can tell how far that may offend? But an

[a] Sir Arthur Acheson, at whose seat, in a village called Market-hill, in Ireland, the dean sometimes made a long visit.

[a] A seat of his lordship's in Buckinghamshire.

author should consult his genius rather than his interest if he cannot reconcile them. Just before I left London I made a visit to Mrs. Barber. I wish I could anywise have contributed to her subscription. I have always found myself of no consequence, and am now of less than ever; but I have found out a way, in one respect, of making myself of more consequence, which is by considering other people of less. Those who have given me up I have given up; and in short, I seek after no friendships, but am content with what I have in the house. And they have subscribed, and I proposed it before Jo. Taylor, who, upon hearing she was a friend of yours, offered his subscription, and desired his compliments to you. I believe she has given you an account that she has some prospect of success from other recommendations to those I know; and I have not been wanting upon all occasions to put in my good word, which I fear avails but little. Two days ago I received a letter from Dr. Arbuthnot, which gave me but a bad account of Mr. Pope's health. I have written to him, but have not heard from him since I came into the country. If you knew the pleasure you gave me you would keep your contract of writing more punctually; and especially you would have answered my last letter, as it was about a money affair, and you have to do with a man of business.

Your letter was more to the duchess than to me, so I now leave off to offer her the paper.

POSTSCRIPT BY THE DUCHESS.

It was Mr. Gay's fault that I did not write sooner, which, if I had, I should hope you would have been here by this time; for I have to tell you all your articles are agreed to, and that I only love my own way when I meet not with others whose ways I like better. I am in great hopes that I shall approve of yours, for, to tell you the truth, I am at present a little tired of my own. I have not a clear or distinct voice except when I am angry; but I am a very good nurse when people do not fancy themselves sick. Mr. Gay knows this, and he knows too how to play at backgammon. Whether the parson of the parish can I know not; but if he cannot hold his tongue I can. Pray set out the first fair wind, and stay with us as long as ever you please. I cannot name any fixed time that I shall like to maintain you and your equipage; but if I do not happen to like you I know I can so far govern my temper as to endure you for about five days. So come away directly; at all hazards you will be allowed a good breathing-time. I shall make no sort of respectful conclusions; for till I know you I cannot tell what I am to you.

MR. GAY'S POSTSCRIPT.

The direction is to the duke of Queensberry's, in Burlington-gardens, Piccadilly. Now I have told you this you have no excuse from writing but one, which is coming; get over your lawsuit and receive your money.

The duchess adds, "He shall not write a word more from Amesbury, in Wiltshire. Your groom was mistaken, for the house is big enough, but the park is too little."

FROM MR. GAY.

Amesbury, April 27, 1731.

Dear Sir,—Yours without a date I received two days after my return to this place from London, where I stayed only four days. I saw Mr. Pope, who is much better. I dined with him at lord Oxford's; who never fails drinking your health and is always very inquisitive after everything that concerns you. Mr. Pulteney had received your letter, and seemed very much pleased with it; and I thought you very much too in the good graces of the lady. Sir William Wyndham, who you will by this time have heard has buried lady Catherine, was at Dawley in great affliction. Dr. Arbuthnot I found in good health and spirits. His neighbour, Mr. Lewis, was gone to Bath. Mrs. Patty Blount I saw two or three times; who will be very much pleased when she knows you so kindly remember her. I am afraid Mrs. Howard will not be so well satisfied with the compliments you send her. I breakfasted twice with her at Mrs. Blount's, and she told me that her indisposition had prevented her answering your letter. This she desired me to tell you, that she would write to you soon; and she desires you will accept of her compliments in the mean time by me. You should consider circumstances before you censure. It will be too long for a letter to make her apology; but when I see you I shall convince you that you mistake her.[a] This day before I left London I gave orders for buying two South-Sea or India bonds for you, which carry 4*l.* *per cent.*, and are as easily turned into ready money as bank-bills, which by this time I suppose is done. I shall go to London again for a few days in about a fortnight or three weeks, and then I will take care of the twelve pound affair with Mrs. Launcelot, as you direct; or, if I hear of Mr. Pope's being in town, I will do it sooner, by a letter to him. When I was in town (after a bashful fit for having writ something like a love-letter, and in two years making one visit) I wrote to Mrs. Drelincourt to apologise for my behaviour, and received a civil answer, but had not time to see her; they are naturally very civil; so that I am not so sanguine to interpret this as any encouragement. I find by Mrs. Barber that she very much interests herself in her affair, and indeed from everybody who knows her she answers the character you first gave me.

Whenever you come to England, if you will put that confidence in me to give me notice, I will meet you at your landing-place and conduct you hither. You have experience of me as a traveller; and I promise you I will not drop you on the road for any visit whatever. You tell me of thanks that I have not given. I do not know what to say to people who will be perpetually laying one under obligations: my behaviour to you shall convince you that I am very sensible of them, though I never once mention them. I look upon you as my best friend and counsellor. I long for the time when we shall meet and converse together. I will draw you into no great company, besides those I live with. In short, if you insist upon it, I will give up all great company for yours. These are conditions that I can hardly think you will insist upon after your declarations to the duchess, who is more and more impatient to see you: and all my fear is that you will give up me for her, which, after my ungallant declaration, would be very ungenerous. But we will settle this matter together when you come to Amesbury. After all, I find I have been saying nothing; for speaking of her I am talking as if I were in my own power. You used to blame me for over-solicitude about myself. I am now grown so rich, that I do not think myself worth thinking on: so that I will promise you never to mention myself or my own affairs; but you owed it all to the inquisitiveness of your friendship, and ten to one but you will every now and then draw me in to talk of myself again. I sent you a gross state of my fortune already. I have not room to draw it out in particulars. When you come over the duchess will state it you. I have

[a] See lady Betty Germain's letters, of November 7, 1732, and February 8, 1732-3.

left no room for her to write, so that I will say nothing till my letter is gone; but she would not forgive me if I did not send her compliments.

TO VENTOSO.

April 28, 1731.

SIR,—Your letter has lain by me without ackowledging it longer than I intended, not for want of civility, but because I was wholly at a loss what to say; for, as your scheme of thinking, conversing, and living, differs in every point diametrically from mine, so I think myself the most improper person in the world to converse or correspond with you. You would be glad to be thought a proud man, and yet there is not a grain of pride in you; for you are pleased that people should know you have been acquainted with persons of great names and titles, whereby you confess that you take it for an honour, which a proud man never does; and besides you run the hazard of not being believed. You went abroad and strove to engage yourself in a desperate cause, very much to the damage of your fortune, and might have been to the danger of your life if there had not been, as it were, a combination of some who would not give credit to the account you gave of your transactions, and of others who, either really or pretending to believe you, have given you out as a dangerous person: of which last notion I once hinted something to you; because, if what you repeated of yourself were true, it was necessary that you had either made your peace, or must have been prosecuted for high treason. The reputation (if there be any) of having been acquainted with princes and other great persons arises from its being generally know to others, but never once mentioned by ourselves, if it can possibly be avoided. I say this perfectly for your service; because an universal opinion among those who know or have heard of you, that you have always practised a direct contrary proceeding, has done you more hurt than your natural understanding left to itself could ever have brought upon you. The world will never allow any man that character which he gives to himself, by openly confessing it to those with whom he converses. Wit, learning, valour, great acquaintance, the esteem of good men, will be known, although we should endeavour to conceal them, however they may pass unrewarded; but I doubt our own bare assertions upon any of those points will very little avail, except in tempting the hearers to judge directly contrary to what we advance. Therefore, at this season of your life, I should be glad you would act after the common custom of mankind, and have done with thoughts of courts, of ladies, of lords of politics, and all dreams of being important in the world. I am glad your country life has taught you Latin, of which you were altogether ignorant when I knew you first; and I am astonished how you came to recover it. Your new friend Horace will teach you many lessons agreeable to what I have said, for which I could refer to a dozen passages in a few minutes. I should be glad to see the house wholly swept of these cobwebs, and that you would take an oath never to mention a prince or princess, a foreign or domestic lord, an intrigue of state or of love; but suit yourself to the climate and company where your prudence will be to pass the rest of your life. It is not a farthing matter to you what is doing in Europe, more than to every alderman who reads the news in a coffeehouse. If you could resolve to act thus, your understanding is good enough to qualify you for any conversation in this kingdom. Families will receive you without fear or restraint; nor watch to hear you talk in the grand style, laugh when you are gone, and tell it to all their acquaintance. It is a happiness that this quality may, by a man of sense, be as easily shaken off as it is acquired, especially when he has no proper claim to it; for you were not bred to be a man of business; you never were called to any employments at courts; but destined to be a private gentleman, to entertain yourself with country business and country acquaintance; or at best with books of amusement in your own language. It is an uncontrolled truth, that no man ever made an ill figure who understood his own talents, nor a good one who mistook them. I am, &c. JONATHAN SWIFT.

FROM LADY BETTY GERMAIN.

June 5, 1731.

I FANCY you have comforted yourself a long time with the hopes of hearing no more from me; but you may return your thanks to a downright fit of the gout in my foot, and as painful a rheumatism that followed immediately after in my arm, which bound me to my good behaviour. So you may perceive I should make a sad nurse to Mr. Pope, who finds the effects of age and a crazy carcase already. However, if it is true what I am informed, that you are coming here soon, I expect you should bring us together; and if he will bear me with patience, I shall hear him with pleasure.

I do not know what number of chaplains the duke of Dorset intends to carry over; but as yet I have heard of but one that he has sent, and he as worthy, honest, sensible a man as any I know,—Mr. Brandreth, who I believe was recommended to your acquaintance. I have not been in a way of seeing Mrs. Barber this great while; but I hear (and I hope it is so) that she goes on in her subscription very well; nor has the lady she so much feared done her any harm, if she endeavoured it, which is more than I know that she did. I believe you will find by my writing that it is not quite easy to me, so I will neither teaze you nor trouble myself longer, who am most sincerely, your faithful humble servant,

E. GERMAIN.

TO MR. POPE.

Dublin, June 12, 1731.

I DOUBT habit has little power to reconcile us with sickness attended by pain. With me the lowness of spirits has a most unhappy effect; I am grown less patient with solitude, and harder to be pleased with company, which I could formerly better digest, when I could be easier without it than at present. As to sending you anything that I have written since I left you (either verse or prose), I can only say that I have ordered by my will, that all my papers of any kind shall be delivered you to dispose of as you please. I have several things that I have had schemes to finish or to attempt, but I very foolishly put off the trouble, as sinners do their repentance; for I grow every day more averse from writing, which is very natural, and when I take a pen, say to myself a thousand times *non est tanti*. As to those papers of four or five years past, that you are pleased to require soon, they consist of little accidental things writ in the country, family amusements never intended further than to divert ourselves and some neighbours; or some effects of anger on public grievances here, which would be insignificant out of this kingdom. Two or three of us had a fancy, three years ago, to write a weekly paper, and call it an "Intelligencer." But it continued not long, for the whole volume (it was reprinted in London, and I find you have seen it) was the work only of two, myself and Dr. Sheridan. If we could have got some ingenious young man to have been the manager, who should have published

all that might be sent to him, it might have continued longer, for there were hints enough. But the printer here could not afford such a young man one farthing for his trouble, the sale being so small, and the price one halfpenny; and so it dropped. In the volume you saw (to answer your questions), the 1, 3, 5, 7, were mine. Of the 8th I writ only the verses (very uncorrect, but against a fellow [Richard Tighe] we all hated), the 9th mine, the 10th only the verses, and of those not the four last slovenly lines; the 15th is a pamphlet of mine printed before, with Dr. Sheridan's preface, merely for laziness, not to disappoint the town; and so was the 19th, which contains only a parcel of facts relating purely to the miseries of Ireland, and wholly useless and unentertaining. As to other things of mine, since I left you; there are in prose, a "View of the State of Ireland;" a "Project for Eating Children;" and a "Defence of Lord Carteret:" in verse, a "Libel on Dr. Delany and Lord Carteret;" a "Letter to Dr. Delany on the Libels writ against him;" the "Barrack" (a stolen copy); the "Lady's Journal;" the "Lady's Dressing-room" (stolen copy); the "Plea of the Damned" (a stolen copy): all these have been printed in London. (I forgot to tell you that the "Tale of Sir Ralph" was sent from England.) Besides these there are five or six (perhaps more) papers of verse written in the north, but perfectly *family things*,[a] two or three of which may be tolerable, the rest but indifferent, and the humour only local, and some that would give offence to the times. Such as they are, I will bring them, tolerable or bad, if I recover this lameness, and live long enough to see you either here or there. I forget again to tell you that the "Scheme of paying Debts by a Tax on Vices," is not one syllable mine, but of a young clergyman whom I countenance; he told me it was built upon a passage in Gulliver, where a projector hath something upon the same thought. This young man[b] is the most hopeful we have; a book of his poems was printed in London; Dr. Delany is one of his patrons; he is married and has children, and makes up about 100*l.* a-year, on which he lives decently. The utmost stretch of his ambition is, to gather up as much superfluous money as will give him a sight of you and half an hour of your presence; after which he will return home in full satisfaction, and in proper time die in peace.

My poetical fountain is drained, and I profess I grow gradually so dry that a rhyme with me is almost as hard to find as a guinea, and even prose speculations tire me almost as much. Yet I have a thing in prose,[c] begun above twenty-eight years ago and almost finished. It will make a four-shilling volume, and is such a perfection of folly that you shall never hear of it till it is printed, and then you shall be left to guess. Nay, I have another of the same age,[d] which will require a long time to perfect, and is worse than the former, in which I will serve you the same way. I heard lately from Mr. ——, who promises to be less lazy in order to mend his fortune. But women who live by their beauty, and men by their wit, are seldom provident enough to consider that both wit and beauty will go off with years, and there is no living upon the credit of what is past.

I am in great concern to hear of my lady Bolingbroke's ill health returned upon her, and I doubt my lord will find Dawley too solitary without her. In that neither he nor you are companions young enough for me, and I believe the best part of the reason why men are said to grow children when they are old is because they cannot entertain themselves with thinking; which is the very case with little boys and girls, who love to be noisy among their playfellows. I am told Mrs. Pope is without pain, and I have not heard of a more gentle decay, without uneasiness to herself or friends; yet I cannot but pity you, who are ten times the greater sufferer, by having the person you most love so long before you and dying daily; and I pray God it may not affect your mind or your health. JONATHAN SWIFT.

[a] A very excellent, because perfect, sort of primitive verses, which never rose above daily topics and the *chat* of the times. The greatest part of Swift's poetry is of this kind. I know not of any work of the dean's that can be strictly called *poetical*. Our bards of this species are numerous.

[b] His name was Pilkington; and he was husband of the lady who wrote "Memoirs of her own Life."

[c] Polite Conversation.

[d] Directions to Servants.

A COUNTERFEIT LETTER TO THE QUEEN.[a]

Dublin, June 22, 1731.

MADAM,—I have had the honour to tell your majesty, on another occasion, that provinces labour under one mighty misfortunne, which is, in a great measure, the cause of all the rest; and that is, that they are for the most part far removed from the prince's eye: and, of consequence, from the influence both of his wisdom and goodness. This is the case of Ireland beyond expression!

There is not one mortal here who is not well satisfied of your majesty's good intentions to all your people: and yet your subjects of this isle are so far from sharing the effects of your good dispositions in any equitable degree; are so far from enjoying all the good to which they are entitled from your majesty's most gracious inclinations; that they often find great difficulty how to enjoy even the relief of complaint.

To omit a thousand other instances, there is one person of Irish birth, eminent for genius and merit of many kinds, an honour to her country and to her sex: I will be bold to say, not less so in her sphere than your majesty in yours. And yet all talents and virtues have not yet been able to influence any one person about your majesty so far as to introdnce her into your least notice. As I am your majesty's most dutiful and loyal subject, it is a debt I owe your majesty to acquaint you that Mrs. Barber, the best female poet of this or perhaps of any age, is now in your majesty's capital; known to lady Hertford, lady Torrington, lady Walpole, &c.; a woman whose genius is honoured by every man of genius in this kingdom, and either honoured or envied by every man of genius in England.

Your majesty is justly reverenced for those great abilities with which God has blessed you; for your regard to learning and your zeal for true religion. Complete your character by your regard to persons of genius; especially those who make the greatness of their talents, after your majesty's example, subservient to the good of mankind and the glory of God; which is most remarkably Mrs. Barber's case and character.

Give me leave to tell you, madam, that every subject of understanding and virtue throughout your dominions is appointed by Providence of your council. And this, madam, is an open and an honest apology for this trouble; or, to speak more properly, for this dutiful information. It is your true interest, that all your subjects should see that merit is regarded by you in one instance; or rather, that it is not disregarded in any instance. Let them daily bless God for every gift of wisdom and goodness bestowed upon you, and pray incessantly for the long continuance of them; as doth your majesty's most dutiful and loyal subject and servant, JONATHAN SWIFT.

[a] Thus indorsed by Dr. Swift: "Counterfeit letter from me to the queen, sent to me by Mr. Pope; dated June 22, 1731; received July 19, 1731; given by the countess of Suffolk."

TO MR. GAY.

Dublin, June 29, 1731.

Ever since I received your letter I have been upon a balance about going to England, and landing at Bristol, to pass a month at Amesbury, as the duchess has given me leave. But many difficulties have interfered: first, I thought I had done with my lawsuit, and so did all my lawyers, but my adversary, after being in appearance a protestant these twenty years, has declared he was always a papist, and consequently by the law here cannot buy nor (I think) sell; so that I am at sea again, for almost all I am worth. But I have still a worse evil; for the giddiness I was subject to, instead of coming seldom and violent, now constantly attends me more or less, though in a more peaceable manner, yet such as will not qualify me to live among the young and healthy: and the duchess, in all her youth, spirit, and grandeur, will make a very ill nurse, and her women not much better. Valetudinarians must live where they can command and scold: I must have horses to ride; I must go to bed and rise when I please, and live where all mortals are subservient to me. I must talk nonsense when I please, and all who are present must commend it. I must ride thrice a-week, and walk three or four miles besides every day.

I always told you Mr. ——— was good for nothing but to be a rank courtier. I care not whether he ever writes to me or no. He and you may tell this to the duchess, and I hate to see you so charitable, and such a cully; and yet I love you for it because I am one myself.

You are the silliest lover in Christendom: If you like Mrs. ———, why do you not command her to take you? if she does not, she is not worth pursuing; you do her too much honour; she has neither sense nor taste if she dares to refuse you, though she had 10,000*l.* I do not remember to have told you of thanks that you have not given, nor do I understand your meaning, and I am sure I had never the least thoughts of any myself. If I am your friend, it is for my own reputation, and from a principle of self-love; and I sometimes reproach you for not honouring me in letting the world know we are friends.

I see very well how matters go with the duchess in regard to me. I heard her say, "Mr. Gay, fill your letter to the dean, that there may be no room for me; the frolic is gone far enough, I have written thrice, I will do no more; if the man has a mind to come let him come; what a clutter is here! Positively I will not write a syllable more." She is an ungrateful duchess, considering how many adorers I have procured her here, over and above the thousands she had before. I cannot allow you rich enough till you are worth 7000*l.*, which will bring you 300*l.* per annum, and this will maintain you, with the perquisite of sponging while you are young, and when you are old will afford you a pint of port at night, two servants and an old maid, a little garden, and pen and ink—provided you live in the country. Have you no scheme either in verse or prose? The duchess should keep you at hard meat, and by that means force you to write; and so I have done with you.

Madam,—Since I began to grow old I have found all ladies become inconstant, without any reproach from their conscience. If I wait on you, I declare that one of your women (whichever it is that has designs upon a chaplain) must be my nurse, if I happen to be sick or peevish at your house; and in that case you must suspend your domineering claim till I recover. Your omitting the usual appendix to Mr. Gay's letters has done me infinite mischief here; for while you continued them you would wonder how civil the ladies here were to me, and how much they have altered since. I dare not confess that I have descended so low as to write to your grace, after the abominable neglect you have been guilty of; for if they but suspected it I should lose them all. One of them, who had but an inkling of the matter, (your grace will hardly believe it,) refused to beg my pardon upon her knees for once neglecting to make my rice-milk. Pray, consider this, and do your duty, or dread the consequence. I promise you shall have your will six minutes every hour at Amesbury, and seven in London, while I am in health: but if I happen to be sick I must govern to a second. Yet, properly speaking, there is no man alive with so much truth and respect your grace's most obedient and devoted servant,

Jonathan Swift.

FROM THE DUCHESS OF QUEENSBERRY AND MR. GAY.

THE DUCHESS.

July 18, 1731.

You are my dear friend, I am sure, for you are hard to be found: that you are so is certainly owing to some evil genius. For if you say true, this is the very properest place you can repair to. There is not a head here upon any of our shoulders that is not at some times worse than yours can possibly be at the worst; and not one to compare with yours when at best, except your friends are your sworn liars. So in one respect at least you will find things just as they could be wished. It is further necessary to assure you that the duchess is neither healthy nor young; she lives in all the spirits she can, and with as little grandeur as she can possibly. She too, as well as you, can scold and command; but she can be silent and obey if she pleases; and then for a good nurse, it is out of dispute that she must prove an excellent one, who has been so experienced in the infirmities of others and of her own. As for talking nonsense, provided you do it on purpose, she has no objection: there is some sense in nonsense, when it does not come by chance. In short, I am very sure that she has set her heart upon seeing you at this place. Here are women enough to attend you, if you should happen not to approve of her. She has not one fine lady belonging to her or her house. She is impatient to be governed, and is cheerfully determined that you shall quietly enjoy your own will and pleasure as long as ever you please.

MR. GAY.

You shall ride, you shall walk, and she will be glad to follow your example: and this will be doing good at the same time to her and yourself. I had not heard from you so long, that I was in fears about you, and in the utmost impatience for a letter. I had flattered myself your lawsuit was at an end, and that your own money was in your own pocket; and about a month ago I was every day expecting a summons to Bristol. Your money is either getting or losing something; for I have placed it in the funds. For I am grown so much a man of business, that is to say, so covetous, that I cannot bear to let a sum of money lie idle. Your friend Mrs. Howard is now countess of Suffolk. I am still so much a dupe that I think you mistake her. Come to Amesbury, and you and I will dispute this matter; and the duchess will be judge. But I fancy you will object against her; for I will be so fair to you as to own that I think she is of my side; but in short, you shall choose any impartial referee you please. I have heard from her; Mr. Pope has seen her; I beg you would suspend your judgment till we talk over this affair together; for I fancy by your letter you have neither heard from her nor seen her; so that you cannot at present be as good a judge as we are. I will be a dupe for you at any time: therefore I beg it of you that you would let me be a dupe in quiet.

As you have had several attacks of the giddiness you at present complain of, and that it has formerly left you, I will hope that at this instant you are perfectly well; though my fears were so very great before I received your letter, that I may probably flatter myself, and think you better than you are. As to my being a manager for the duke, you have been misinformed. Upon the discharge of an unjust steward, he took the administration into his own hands. I own, I was called in to his assistance, when the state of affairs was in the greatest confusion. Like an ancient Roman, I came, put my helping hand to set affairs right, and as soon as it was done I am retired again as a private man.

THE DUCHESS.

What you imagined you heard her say was a good deal in her style: it was a thousand to one she had said so; but I must do her the justice to say that she did not either in thought or word. I am sure she wants to be better acquainted with you; for which she has found out ten thousand reasons, that we will tell you if you will come.

MR. GAY.

By your letter I cannot guess whether we are likely to see you or not. Why might not the Amesbury Downs make you better?

THE DUCHESS.

Dear Sir,—Mr. Gay tells me I must write you his line for fear of taking up too much room. It was his fault that I omitted my duty in his last letter, for he never told me one word of writing to you till he had sent away his letter. However, as a mark of my great humility, I shall be ready and glad to ask your pardon upon my knees as soon as ever you come, though not in fault. I own this is a little mean-spirited; which I hope will not make a bad impression, considering you are the occasion. I submit to all your conditions; so pray, come; for I have not only promised myself, but Mr. Gay also, the satisfaction to hear you talk as much nonsense as you can possibly utter.

MR. GAY.

You will read in the Gazette of a friend of yours who has lately had the dignity of being disgraced;[a] for he, and everybody, except five or six, look upon it in the same light. I know, were you here, you would congratulate him upon it. I paid the twelve pounds to Mrs. Launcelot, for the uses you directed. I have no scheme at present, either to raise my fame or fortune. I daily reproach myself for my idleness. You know one cannot write when one will. I think and reject: one day or other, perhaps, I may think on something that may engage me to write. You and I are alike in one particular, I wish to be so in many; I mean, that we hate to write upon other folks' hints. I love to have my own scheme, and to treat it in my own way. This, perhaps, may be taking too much upon myself, and I may make a bad choice; but I can always enter into a scheme of my own with more ease and pleasure than into that of any other body. I long to see you; I long to hear from you: I wish you health; I wish you happiness; and I should be very happy myself to be witness that you enjoyed my wishes.

TO MR. POPE.

July 20, 1731.

Dear Sir,—I wrote you a long letter not many days ago, which therefore did not arrive until after your last that I received yesterday, with the enclosed from me to the queen. You hinted something of this in a former letter: I will tell you sincerely how the affair stands. I never was at Mrs. Barber's house in my life, except once that I chanced to pass by her shop, was desired to walk in, and went no farther, nor stayed three minutes. Dr. Delany has been long her protector; and he, being many years my acquaintance, desired my good offices for her, and brought her several times to the deanery. I knew she was poetically given, and, for a woman, had a sort of genius that way. She appeared very modest and pious, and I believe was sincere, and wholly turned to poetry. I did conceive her journey to England was on the score of her trade, being a woollen-draper, until Dr. Delaney said she had a design of printing her poems by subscription, and desired I would befriend her; which I did, chiefly by your means; the doctor still urging me on: upon whose request I wrote to her two or three times, because she thought that my countenancing her might be of use. Lord Carteret very much befriended her, and she seems to have made her way not ill. As for those three letters you mention, supposed all to be written by me to the queen on Mrs. Barber's account, especially the letter which bears my name, I can only say that the apprehensions one may be apt to have of a friend's doing a foolish thing is an effect of kindness: and God knows who is free from playing the fool some time or other. But in such a degree as to write to the queen, who has used me ill without any cause, and to write in such a manner as the letter you sent me, and in such a style, and to have so much zeal for one almost a stranger, and to make such a description of a woman as to prefer her before all mankind; and to instance it as one of the greatest grievances of Ireland that her majesty has not encouraged Mrs. Barber, a woollen-draper's wife, declined in the world, because she has a knack at versifying; was to suppose or fear a folly so transcendant that no man could be guilty of who was not fit for Bedlam. You know the letter you sent enclosed is not my hand; and why I should disguise, and yet sign my name, should seem unaccountable: especially when I am taught, and have reason to believe, that I am under the queen's displeasure on many accounts, and one very late, for having fixed up a stone over the burying-place of the duke of Schomberg, in my cathedral: which, however, I was assured by a worthy person, who solicited that affair last summer with some relations of the duke, "that her majesty, on hearing the matter, said they ought to erect a monument." Yet I am told assuredly, that the king, not long ago, on the representation and complaint of the Prussian envoy, (with a hard name,) who has married a grand-daughter of the duke, said publicly in the drawing-room "that I had put up that stone out of malice, to raise a quarrel between his majesty and the king of Prussia." This perhaps may be false, because it is absurd: for I thought it was a Whiggish action to honour duke Schomberg, who was so instrumental in the revolution, and was stadtholder of Prussia, and otherwise in the service of that electorate, which is now a kingdom. You will observe the letter sent me concluded "your majesty's loyal subject;" which is absolutely absurd; for we are only subjects to the king, and so is her majesty herself. I have had the happiness to be known to you above twenty years; and I appeal whether you have known me to exceed the common indiscretions of mankind; or that, when I conceived myself to have been so very ill-used by her majesty, whom I never attend but on her own commands, I should turn solicitor to her for Mrs. Barber? If the queen had not an inclination to think ill of me, she knows me too well to believe in her own heart that I should be such a coxcomb. I am pushed by that unjust suspicion to give up so much of my discretion as to write next post to my lady Suffolk on

[a] William Pulteney, esq., who, July 1, 1731, was, by order of King George II., struck out of the list of the privy-council, and put out of all the commissions of the peace.

this occasion, and to desire she will show what I write to the queen; although I have as much reason to complain of her as of her majesty, upon the score of her pride and negligence, which make her fitter to be an Irish lady than an English one. You told me "she complained that I did not write to her;" when I did, upon your advice, and a letter that required an answer, she wanted the civility to acquit herself. I shall not be less in the favour of God, or the esteem of my friends, for either of their majesties' hard thoughts, which they only take up from misrepresentations. The first time I saw the queen, I took occasion, upon the subject of Mr. Gay, to complain of that very treatment which innocent persons often receive from princes and great ministers, that they too easily receive bad impressions; and although they are demonstrably convinced that those impressions had no grounds, yet they will never shake them off. This I said upon Sir Robert Walpole's treatment of Mr. Gay about a libel; and the queen fell entirely in with me, yet now falls into the same error. As to the letter[a] * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * of accidents, and out of perfect commiseration, &c.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

TO THE COUNTESS OF SUFFOLK.

July 24, 1731.

MADAM,—I give you joy of your new title, and of the consequences it may have, or hath had, on your rising at court, whereof I know nothing but by common fame; for, you remember how I prophesied of your behaviour, when you should come to be a great lady, at the time I drew your character; and hope you have kept it. I wrote to you some time ago, by the advice of Mr. Pope: I wrote to you civilly; but you did not answer my letter, although you were not then a countess; and if you were, your neglect was so much the worse; for your title has not increased your value with me, and your conduct must be very good if it will not lessen you. Neither should you have heard from me now if it were not on a particular occasion. I find, from several instances, that I am under the queen's displeasure; and, as it is usual among princes, without any manner of reason. I am told there were three letters sent to her majesty in relation to one Mrs. Barber, who is now in London and soliciting for a subscription to her poems. It seems the queen thinks that these letters were written by me: and I scorn to defend myself even to her majesty, grounding my scorn upon the opinion I had of her justice, her taste, and good sense; especially when the last of those letters, whereof I have just received the original from Mr. Pope, was signed with my name: and why I should disguise my hand, which you know very well, and yet write my name, is both ridiculous and unaccountable. Last post I wrote my whole sentiments on the matter to Mr. Pope, who tells me, "that you and he vindicated me on all the three letters;" which, indeed, was but bare justice in you both, for he is my old friend, and you are in my debt on account of the esteem I had for you. I desire you would ask the queen, "whether, since the time I had the honour to be known to her, I ever did one single action, or said one single word, to disoblige her?" I never asked her for anything: and you well know that when I had an intention to go to France, about the time that the late king died, I desired your opinion (not as you were a courtier) whether I should go or not: and that you absolutely forbid me, as a thing that would look disaffected, and for other reasons, wherein, I confess, I was your dupe as well as somebody's else: and, for want of that journey, I fell sick, and was forced to return hither to my unenvied home. I hear the queen has blamed me for putting a stone, with a Latin inscription, over the duke of Schomberg's burying-place in my cathedral; and that the king said publicly I had done it in malice, to create a quarrel between him and the king of Prussia. But the public prints, as well as the thing itself, will vindicate me: and the hand the duke had in the revolution made him deserve the best monument. Neither could the king of Prussia justly take it ill, who must needs have heard that the duke was in the service of Prussia, and stadtholder of it, as I have seen in his titles. The first time I saw the queen I talked to her largely upon the conduct of princes and great ministers, (it was on a particular occasion,) that when they receive an ill account of any person, although they afterward have the greatest demonstration of the falsehood, yet will they never be reconciled. And although the queen fell in with me upon the hardship of such a proceeding, yet now she treats me exactly in the same manner. I have faults enough, but never was guilty of any either to her majesty or to you; and as little to the king, whom I never saw but when I had the honour to kiss his hand. I am sensible that I owe a great deal of this usage to sir Robert Walpole; whom yet I never offended, although he was pleased to quarrel with me very unjustly: for which I showed not the least resentment, (whatever I might have in my heart,) nor was ever a partaker with those who have been battling with him for some years past. I am contented that the queen should see this letter; and would please to consider how severe a censure it is to believe I should write three to her, only to find fault with her ministry, and recommend Mrs. Barber, whom I never knew until she was recommended to me by a worthy friend, to help her to subscribers, which, by her writings, I thought she deserved. Her majesty gave me leave, and even commanded me, above five years ago, if I lived until she was queen, to write to her on behalf of Ireland: for the miseries of this kingdom she appeared then to be much concerned. I desired the friend who introduced me to be a witness of her majesty's promise. Yet that liberty I never took, although I had too many occasions; and is it not wonderful that I should be suspected of writing to her in such a style, in such a counterfeit hand, and my name subscribed, upon a perfect trifle, at the same time that I well knew myself to be very much out of her majesty's good graces? I am, perhaps, not so very much awed with majesty as others, having known courts more or less from my early youth. And I have more than once told the queen that I did not regard her station half so much as the good understanding I heard and found to be in her; neither did I ever once see the late king, although her majesty was pleased to chide me on that account for my singularity. In this I am a good Whig, by thinking it sufficient to be a dutiful subject, without any personal regard for princes, farther than as their virtues deserve; and upon that score had a most particular respect for the queen, your mistress. One who asks nothing may talk with freedom; and that is my case. I have not said half that was in my heart, but I will have done: and, remembering that you are a countess, will borrow so much ceremony as to remain, with great respect, madam, your ladyship's most obedient and most humble servant,

JONATHAN SWIFT.

FROM LORD BOLINGBROKE.

August 2, 1731.

I AM indebted to you, my reverend dean, for a letter of a very old date; the expectation of seeing you from week to week, which our friend Gay made me entertain, hindered me from writing to you a good while;

[a] Here the paper is accidentally torn. There seem to be wanting eight small quarto lines, which conclude with those few words on the back of the page, which follow the asterisks

and I have since deferred it by waiting an opportunity of sending my letter by a safe hand. That opportunity presents itself at last, and Mr. Echlin will put this letter into your hands. You will hear from him and from others of the general state of things in this country, into which I returned, and where I am confined for my sins. If I entertained the notion which, by the way, I believe to be much older than popery, or even than christianity, of making up an account with Heaven, and demanding the balance in bliss, or paying it by good works and sufferings of my own, and by the merits and sufferings of others, I should imagine that I had expiated all the faults of my life one way or other, since my return into England, ... the circumstances of my situation which have afflicted me most, and which afflicts me still so, ... absolute inutility I am of to those whom I should be the best pleased to serve. Success in serving my friends would make me amends for the want of it in disserving my enemies. It is intolerable to want it in both, and yet both go together generally.

I have had two or three projects on foot for making such an establishment here as might tempt you to quit Ireland. One of them would have succeeded, and would have been agreeable in every respect, if engagements to my lady's kinsman (who did not, I suppose, deserve to be your clerk) had not prevented it. Another of them cannot take place without the consent of those who would rather have you a dean in Ireland than a parish priest in England; and who are glad to keep you where your sincere friend, my late lord Oxford, sent you. A third was wholly in my power; but when I inquired exactly into the value I found it less than I had believed; the distance from these parts was great; and beside all this, an unexpected and groundless dispute about the right of presentation (but still such a dispute as the law must determine) had arisen. You will please to believe that I mention these things for no other reason than to show you how much those friends deserve you should make them a visit at least, who are so desirous to settle you among them. I hope their endeavours will not be always unsuccessful.

I received some time ago a letter from Dr. Delany, and very lately Mr. Pope sent me some sheets, which seem to contain the substance of the sermons of that gentleman's. The *philosophia prima* is above my reach, and especially when it attempts to prove that God has done or does so and so, by attempting to prove that doing so and so is essential to his attributes or necessary to his design; and that the not doing so and so would be inconsistent with the former or repugnant to the latter. I content myself to contemplate what I am sure he has done, and to adore him for it in humble silence. I can demonstrate that every cavil which has been brought against the great system of the world, physical and moral, from the days of Democritus and Epicurus to this day, is absurd; but I dare not pronounce why things are made as they are, state the ends of infinite wisdom, and show the proportion of the means.[a]

Dr. Delany, in his letter to me, mentioned some errors in the critical parts of learning which he hoped he had corrected by showing the mistakes, particularly of sir John Marsham, on whose authority those errors were built. Whether I can be of use to him even in this part I know not; for having fixed my opinion long ago concerning all ancient history and chronology, by a careful examination into the first principles of them, I have ever since laid that study totally aside. I confess, in the letter I wrote lately to the doctor, notwithstanding my great respect for sir John Marsham, that his authority is often precarious, because he leans often on other authorities which are so. But to you I will confess a little more: I think, nay, I know, that there is no possibility of making any system of that kind without doing the same thing; and that the defect is in the subject, not in the writer. I have read the writings of some who differ from him, and of others who undertook particularly to refute him. It seems plain to me that this was the case. All the materials of this sort of learning are disjointed and broken. Time has contributed to render them so, and the unfaithfulness of those who have transmitted them down to us, particularly of that vile fellow Eusebius,[a] has done even more than time itself. By throwing these fragments into a different order, by arbitrary interpretations (and it is often impossible to make any others), in short, by a few plausible guesses for the connection and application of them, a man may, with tolerable ingenuity, prove almost anything by them. I tried formerly to prove, in a learned dissertation, by the same set of authorities, that there had been four Assyrian monarchies; that there had been but three; that there had been but two; that there had been but one; and that there never had been any. I puzzled myself and a much abler man than myself, the friend to whom I lent the manuscript, and who has, I believe, kept it. In short, I am afraid that I shall not be very useful to Dr. Delany in making remarks on the work he is about. His communication of this work may be useful, and I am sure it will be agreeable to me. If you and he are still in Ireland, pray give my best services to him; but say no more than may be proper of all I have writ to you.

I know very well the project you mean, and about which you say that Pope and you have often teazed me. I could convince you, as he is convinced, that a publication of anything of that kind would have been wrong on many accounts, and would be so even now. Besides, call it pride if you will, I shall never make, either to the present age or to posterity, any apology for the part I acted in the late queen's reign.[b] But I will apply myself very seriously to the composition of just and true relations of the events of those times in which both I and my friends and my enemies must take the merit or the blame which an authentic and impartial deduction of facts will assign to us. I will endeavour to write so as no man could write who had not been a party in those transactions, and as few men would write who had been concerned in them. I believe I shall go back, in considering the political interests of the principal powers in Europe, as far as the Pyrenean treaty; but I shall not begin a thread of history till the death of Charles II. of Spain and the accession of queen Anne to the throne of England. Nay, even from that time downward, I shall render my relations more full or *piu magra* (the word is father Paul's) just as I have or have not a stock of authentic materials. These shall regulate my work, and I will neither indulge my own vanity nor other men's curiosity in going one step further than they carry me. You see, my dear Swift, that I open a large field to myself; with what success I shall expatiate in it I

a Yet this appears to have been the attempt of Mr Pope, in his "Essay on Man," in which he professes to have adopted lord Bolingbroke's principles—

"Thou wert my guide, philosopher, and friend;"

and which lord Bolingbroke, in a subsequent part of this letter, says was undertaken at his instigation; approving, at the same time, of the first three books, which he had seen and considered.

a The learned bishop of Cæsarea, in the fourth century, in his "Chronicon," published by Joseph Scaliger, with notes, at Leyden, in 1606, folio, and reprinted at Amsterdam, with great additions to the notes, in 1658.

b This probably alludes to a tract called "Letters on the Spirit of Patriotism," of which lord Bolingbroke permitted a few copies to be taken for his particular friends, and which afterwards found its way into the world by Mr. Pope's means.

know as little as I know whether I shall live to go through so great a work; but I will begin immediately, and will make it one principal business of the rest of my life. This advantage, at least, I shall reap from it, and a great advantage it will be, my attention will be diverted from the present scene. I shall grieve less at those things which I cannot mend; I shall dignify my retreat; and shall wind up the labours of my life in serving the cause of truth.

You say that you could easily show, by comparing my letters for twenty years past, how the whole system of my philosophy changes by the several gradations of life. I doubt it. As far as I am able to recollect, my way of thinking has been uniform enough for more than twenty years. True it is, to my shame, that my way of acting has not been always conformable to my way of thinking. My own passions, and the passions and interests of other men still more, have led me aside. I launched into the deep before I had loaded ballast enough. If the ship did not sink, the cargo was thrown overboard. The storm itself threw me into port. My own opinion, my own desires would have kept me there; the opinion, the desires of others sent me to sea again. I did, and blamed myself for doing what others, and you among the rest, would have blamed me if I had not done. I have paid more than I owed to party, and as much, at least, as was due to friendship. If I go off the stage of public life without paying all I owe to my enemies, and to the enemies of my country, I do assure you the bankruptcy is not fraudulent. I conceal none of my effects.

Does Pope talk to you of the noble work which, at my instigation, he has begun in such a manner that he must be convinced by this time I judged better of his talents than he did? The first epistle, which considers man, and the habitation of man, relatively to the whole system of universal being: the second, which considers him in his own habitation, in himself, and relatively to his particular system: and the third, which shows how—

> - A universal cause
> Works to one end, but works by various laws,

how man, and beast, and vegetables are linked in a mutual dependency, parts necessary to each other, and necessary to the whole; how human societies were formed; from what spring true religion and true policy are derived; how God has made our greatest interest and our plainest duty indivisibly the same:—these three epistles, I say, are finished. The fourth he is now intent upon. It is a noble subject; he pleads the cause of God, I use Seneca's expression, against that famous charge which atheists in all ages have brought, the supposed unequal dispensations of Providence; a charge which I cannot heartily forgive your divines for admitting.[a] You admit it indeed for an extreme good purpose, and you build on this admission the necessity of a future state of rewards and punishments. But what if you should find that this future state will not account, in opposition to the atheist, for God's justice in the present state,[a] which you give up? Would it not have been better to defend God's justice in this world, against these daring men, by irrefragable reasons, and to have rested the proof of the other point on revelation? I do not like concessions made against demonstration, repair or supply them how you will. The epistles I have mentioned will compose a first book; the plan of the second is settled. You will not understand by what I have said that Pope will go so deep into the argument, or carry it so far as I have hinted.

You inquire so kindly after my wife that I must tell you something of her. She has fallen upon a remedy, invented by a surgeon abroad, and which has had great success in cases similar to hers. This remedy has visibly attacked the original cause of all her complaints, and has abated, in some degree, by one gentle and uniform effect, all the grievous and various symptoms. I hope, and surely with reason, that she will receive still greater benefit from this method of cure, which she will resume as soon as the great heat is over. If she recovers, I shall not for her sake abstract myself from the world more than I do at present in this place. But if she should be taken from me, I should most certainly yield to that strong desire which I have long had of secluding myself totally from the company and affairs of mankind; of leaving the management even of my private affairs to others; and of securing by these means for the rest of my life an uninterrupted tenour of philosophical quiet.

I suppose you have seen some of those volumes of scurrility which have been thrown into the world against Mr. Pulteney and myself, and the "Craftsman," which gave occasion to them. I think, and it is the sense of all my friends, that the person who published the "Final Answer,"[b] took a right turn in a very nice and very provoking circumstance. To answer all the falsities, misrepresentations, and blunders which a club of such scoundrels as Arnall, Concanen, and other pensioners of the minister crowd together, would have been equally tedious and ridiculous, and must have forced several things to be said neither prudent, nor decent, nor perhaps strictly honourable to be said. To have explained some points and to have stopped at others would have given strength to that impertinent suggestion. Guilt alone is silent in the day of inquiry. It was therefore right to open no part of the scene of the late queen's reign, nor submit the passages of her administration, and the conduct of any of her ministers to the examination of so vile a tribunal. This was still the more right because, upon such points as relate to subsequent transactions, and as affect me singly, what the "Craftsman" had said was justified unanswerably, and what the remarker had advanced was proved to be infamously false. The effect of this paper has answered the design of it, and, which is not common, all sides agree that the things said ought to have been said. The public writers seem to be getting back from these personal altercations to national affairs, much against

[a] To prove that the dispensations of Providence in the present state are not unequal is certainly very desirable, but there is reason to fear that those who blame divines for admitting an inequality have not succeeded in the attempt. The philosophers both ancient and modern, who have endeavoured to justify the ways of God to man, by proving that happiness does not consist in externals, in order to show that his dispensations are equal, have yet placed happiness in virtue chiefly, as a principle of active benevolence.

> "Happier as kinder in each due degree,
> And height of bliss but height of charity."

Now there seems to be an inconsistency between these two principles, of which they are not aware.

It may reasonably be asked what virtue, as a principle of active benevolence, has to bestow? Can it bestow upon others anything more than externals? If not, it either has not the power of communicating happiness, or happiness is to be communicated in externals. If it has not the power of communicating happiness, it is indeed a mere name, the subject receives nothing: the agent gives nothing. The bliss of charity is founded on a delusion; on the false supposition of a benefit communicated by externals, which externals cannot communicate. If happiness can be communicated by externals, and consequently is dependent upon them, and these externals are unequally distributed, how is the dispensation of Providence with respect to happiness in the present state equal?

[a] That is, will not reconcile the present unequal dispensation to the divine justice.

[b] This pamphlet was written by lord Bolingbroke in his own vindication, 1731. It is intitled, "A Final Answer to the Remarks on the 'Craftsman's' Vindication of his two honourable Patrons, and to all the Libels which have come or may come from the same Quarter against the Person last mentioned in the 'Craftsman' of 22nd of May."

the grain of the minister's faction. What the effect of all this writing will be I know not; but this I know, that when all the information which can be given is given; when all the spirit which can be raised is raised; it is to no purpose to write any more. Even you men of this world have nothing else to do but to let the ship drive till she is cast away, or till the storm is over. For my own part, I am neither an owner, an officer, nor a foremast-man. I am but a passenger, said my lord Carbury.

It is well for you I am got to the end of my paper, for you might else have a letter as long again from me. If you answer me by the post, remember while you are writing that you write by the post. Adieu, my reverend friend.

TO MR. GAY AND THE DUCHESS OF QUEENSBERRY.

August 28, 1731.

You and the duchess use me very ill, for I profess I cannot distinguish the style or the hand-writing of either. I think her grace writes more like you than herself; and that you write more like her grace than yourself. I could swear the beginning of your letter writ by the duchess, though it is to pass for yours; because there is a cursed lie in it, that she is neither young nor healthy, and besides, it perfectly resembles the part she owns. I will likewise swear that what I must suppose is written by the duchess is your hand; and thus I am puzzled and perplexed between you, but I will go on in the innocency of my own heart. I am got eight miles from our famous metropolis to a country parson's, to whom I lately gave a city living such as an English chaplain would leap at. I retired thither for the public good, having two great works in hand:[a] one to reduce the whole politeness, wit, humour, and style of England into a short system for the use of all persons of quality, and particularly the maids of honour. The other is of almost equal importance; I may call it the whole duty of servants, in about twenty several stations, from the steward and waiting-woman down to the scullion and pantry-boy. I believe no mortal had ever such fair invitations as, to be happy in the best company of England. I wish I had liberty to print your letter with my own comments upon it. There was a fellow in Ireland who, from a shoe-boy, grew to be several times one of the chief governors, wholly illiterate, and with hardly common sense; a lord-lieutenant told the first king George that he was the greatest subject he had in both kingdoms; and truly this character was gotten and preserved by his never appearing in England, which was the only wise thing he ever did, except purchasing 16,000*l*. a-year—why, you need not stare; it is easily applied; I must be absent in order to preserve my credit with her grace—Lo, here comes in the duchess again (I know her by her d d's, but am a fool for discovering my art,) to defend herself against my conjecture of what she said. —Madam, I will imitate your grace, and write to you upon the same line. I own it is a base unromantic spirit in me to suspend the honour of waiting at your grace's feet till I can finish a paltry lawsuit. It concerns, indeed, almost all my whole fortune; it is equal to half Mr. Pope's, and two-thirds of Mr. Gay's, and about six weeks' rent of your grace's. This cursed accident has drilled away the whole summer. But, madam, understand one thing, that I take all your ironical civilities in a literal sense, and whenever I have the honour to attend you, shall expect them to be literally performed; though perhaps I shall find it hard to prove your hand-writing in a court of justice; but that will not be much for your credit. How miserably has your grace been mistaken in thinking to avoid envy by running into exile, where it haunts you more than ever it did even at court? *Non te civitas, non regia domus in exilium miserunt, sed tu utrasque.* So says Cicero (as your grace knows), or so he might have said.

I am told that the "Craftsman" in one of his papers, is offended with the publishers of (I suppose) the last edition of the "Dunciad;" and I was asked whether you and Mr. Pope were as good friends to the new disgraced person as formerly? This I knew nothing of, but suppose it was the consequence of some mistake. As to writing, I look on you just in the prime of life for it, the very season when judgment and invention draw together. But schemes are perfectly accidental;[a] some will appear barren of hints and matter but prove to be fruitful; and others the contrary; and what you say is past doubt, that every one can best find hints for himself; though it is possible that sometimes a friend may give you a lucky one just suited to your own imagination. But all this is almost past with me; my invention and judgment are perpetually at fisty-cuffs, till they have quite disabled each other; and the merest trifles I ever wrote are serious philosophical lucubrations in comparison to what I now busy myself about; as (to speak in the author's phrase) the world may one day see.

FROM LADY BETTY GERMAIN.

Drayton, September 7, 1731.

To show how strictly I obey your orders, I came from the duchess of Dorset's county-house to my own, where I have rid and walked as often as the weather permitted me. Nor am I very nice in that; for, if you remember, I was not bred up very tenderly, nor a fine lady; for which I acknowledge myself exceedingly obliged to my parents; for had I had that sort of education, I should not have been so easy and happy as I thank God I now am. As to the gout, indeed, I believe I do derive it from my ancestors; but I may forgive even that, since it waited upon me no sooner; and especially since I see my elder and two younger brothers so terribly plagued with it; so that I am now the only wine drinker in my family; and upon my word I am not increased in that since you first knew me.

I am sorry you are involved in lawsuits; it is the thing I most fear. I wish you had met with as complaisant an adversary as I did; for my lord Peterborough plagued sir John[b] all his life-time; but declared if ever he gave the estate to me, he would have done with it; and accordingly has kept his word like an honourable man. I saw Mrs. Barber the day before I came out of town, and should be mighty glad to serve her; but cannot say so much by her husband, whom, for her sake, I recommended to the duke of Dorset to buy his liveries of. The first thing he did was to ask a greater price than anybody else; and when we were at Whitchurch, where I attended their graces, he was informed he had not cloth enough in his shop, and he feared they would not be ready against he came over.

I hope in God I shall soon hear of their safe landing;[c] and I do not question the people of Ireland's liking them as well as they deserve. I desire no better for them; for, if you do not spoil him there, which I think he has too good sense to let happen, he is the most worthy, honest, good-natured, great-souled man that ever was born. As to my duchess, she is so reserved that perhaps she may not be at first so much admired; but, upon knowledge, I will defy anybody upon earth with sense, judgment, and good nature, not only not to

[a] "Dialogues of Polite Conversation," and "Directions to Servants."

[a] As were the subjects of the "Lutrin," and "Rape of the Lock," and "The Dispensary."

[b] Lady Betty's husband.

[c] The duke and duchess of Dorset

admire her, but must love and esteem her as much as I do, and every one else; that is really acquainted with her. You know him a little; so for his own sake you must like him: and till you are better acquainted with them both, I hope you will like them for mine. Your friend Biddy [Biddy Floyd] is just the same as she was; laughs sedately and makes a joke slily. And I am, as I ever was, and hope I ever shall be, your most sincere friend and faithful humble servant,

E. GERMAIN.

TO MR. GAY AND THE DUCHESS OF QUEENSBERRY.

September 10, 1731.

If your ramble was on horseback, I am glad of it on account of your health: but I know your arts of patching up a journey between stage-coaches and friends' coaches; for you are as arrant a cockney as any hosier in Cheapside. One clean shirt with two cravats, and as many handkerchiefs, make up your equipage; and as for night-gown, it is clear from Homer that Agamemnon rose without one. I have often had it in my head to put it into yours, that you ought to have some great work in scheme, which may take up seven years to finish, beside two or three under ones that may add another 1000*l.* to your stock; and then I shall be in less pain about you. I know you can find dinners, but you love twelvepenny coaches too well without considering that the interest of a whole 1000*l.* brings you but half-a-crown a-day. I find a greater longing than ever to come among you; and reason good when I am teased with dukes and duchesses for a visit, all my demands complied with, and all excuses cut off. You remember "O happy Don Quixote! queens held his horse, and duchesses pulled off his armour," or something to that purpose. He was a mean-spirited fellow; I can say ten times more: O happy, &c., such a duchess was designed to attend him, and such a duke invited him to command his palace. *Nam istos reges ceteros memorare nolo, hominum mendicabula:* go read your Plautus, and observe Strobilus vapouring after he had found the pot of gold. I will have nothing to do with that lady: I have long hated her on your account, and the more because you are so forgiving as not to hate her: however, she has good qualities enough to make her esteemed; but not one grain of feeling. I only wish she were a fool. I have been several months writing near five hundred lines on a pleasant subject, only to tell what my friends and enemies will say on me after I am dead.[a] I shall finish it soon, for I add two lines every week, and blot out four and alter eight. I have brought in you and my other friends, as well as enemies and detractors. It is a great comfort to see how corruption and ill conduct are instrumental in uniting virtuous persons and lovers of their country of all denominations: Whig and Tory, high and low church, as soon as they are left to think freely, all joining in opinion. If this be disaffection, pray God send me always among the disaffected! and I heartily wish you joy of your scurvy treatment at Court, which has given you leisure to cultivate both public and private virtue; neither of them likely to be soon met within the walls of St. James's or Westminster. But I must here dismiss you, that I may pay my acknowledgments to the duke for the great honour he has done me.

MY LORD,—I could have sworn that my pride would be always able to preserve me from vanity; of which I have been in great danger to be guilty for some months past, first by the conduct of my lady duchess, and now by that of your grace, which had like to finish the work: and I should have certainly gone about showing my letter under the charge of secrecy to every blab of my acquaintance, if I could have the least hope of prevailing on any of them to believe that a man in so obscure a corner, quite thrown out of the present world and within a few steps of the next, should receive such condescending invitations from two such persons to whom he is an utter stranger, and who know no more of him than what they have heard by the partial representations of a friend. But in the mean time I must desire your grace not to flatter yourself that I waited for your consent to accept the invitation. I must be ignorant indeed not to know that the duchess, ever since you met, has been most politically employed in increasing those forces and sharpening those arms with which she subdued you at first, and to which, the braver and wiser you grow, you will more and more submit. Thus I knew myself on the secure side, and it was a mere piece of good manners to insert that clause, of which you have taken the advantage. But as I cannot forbear of informing your grace that the duchess's great secret in her art of government has been to reduce both your wills into one; so I am content, in due observance to the forms of the world, to return my most humble thanks to your grace for so great a favour as you are pleased to offer me, and which nothing but impossibilities shall prevent me from receiving, since I am with the greatest reason, truth, and respect, my lord, your grace's most obedient, &c.

MADAM,—I have consulted all the learned in occult sciences of my acquaintance, and have sat up eleven nights to discover the meaning of those two hieroglyphic lines in your grace's hand at the bottom of the last Amesbury latter, but all in vain. Only it is agreed hat the language is Coptic, and a very profound Behmist assures me the style is poetic, containing an invitation from a very great person of the female sex to a strange kind of man whom she never saw, and this is all I can find, which, after so many former invitations, will ever confirm me in that respect, wherewith I am, madam, your grace's most obedient, &c. JONATHAN SWIFT.

a His celebrated verses on his own death.

FROM THE COUNTESS OF SUFFOLK.[a]

Hampton Court, September 25, 1731.

SIR,—You seem to think that you have a natural right to abuse me because I am a woman and a courtier. I have taken it as a woman and as a courtier ought, with great resentment, and a determined resolution of revenge. The number of letters that have been sent, and thought by many to be yours, (and thank God they were all silly ones,) has been a fair field to execute it. Think of my joy to hear you suspected of folly; think of my pleasure when I entered the list for your justification! Indeed I was a little disconcerted to find Mr. Pope took the same side; for I would have had the man of wit, the dignified divine, the Irish drapier, have found no friend but the silly woman and the courtier. Could I have preserved myself alone in the list, I should not have despaired, that this monitor of princes, this Irish patriot, this excellent man at speech and pen, should have closed the scene under suspicion of having a violent passion for Mrs. Barber; and lady M—[b] or Mrs. Haywood[c] have writ the progress of it. Now, to my mortification, I find everybody inclined to think you had no hand in writing those letters; but I every day thank Providence that there is an epitaph in St. Patrick's cathedral,[d] that will be a lasting monument of your imprudence. I cherish this extremely: for, say

a Three letters recommending Mrs. Barber (the wife of a tradesman in Ireland who had failed) to the queen, in order to forward a subscription for some poems, were forged in the dean's name, and sent to her majesty. The dean wrote an account of the fraud, and a justification of himself, to the countess of Suffolk, July 24, 1731, to which this is an answer.

b Probably lady Mary Wortley Montague.

c Mrs. Haywood, a well-known writer of scandal in novels.

d On the duke of Schomberg, often mentioned in this correspondence

what you can to justify it, I am convinced *I* shall as easily argue the world into the belief of a courtier's sincerity as you (with all your wit and eloquence) will be able to convince mankind of the prudence of that action. I expect to hear if peace shall ensue, or war continue between us. If I know but little of the art of war, yet you see I do not want courage; and that has made many an ignorant soldier fight successfully. Besides I have a numerous body of light-armed troops to bring into the field, who, when single, may be as inconsiderable as a Lilliputian, yet ten thousand of them embarrassed captain Gulliver. If you send honourable articles they shall be signed. I insist that you own that you have been unjust to me; for I have never forgot you; for I have made others send my compliments, because I was not able to write myself. If I cannot justify the advice I gave you, from the success of it, I gave you my reasons for it: and it was your business to have judged of my capacity by the solidity of my arguments. If the principle was false, you ought not to have acted upon it. So you have been only the dupe of your own ill judgment, and not my falsehood. Am I to send back the crown and the plaid well packed up in *my own character?* or am I to follow my own inclination, and continue very truly and very much your humble servant, H. SUFFOLK.

TO SIR CHARLES WOGAN *

[September or October, 1732.]

SIR,—I received your packet at least two months ago, and took all this time not only to consider maturely myself, but to show it to the few judicious friends I have in this kingdom. We all agreed that the writer was a scholar, a man of genius and of honour. We guessed him to have been born in this country, from some passages; but not from the style which we were surprised to find so correct, in an exile, a soldier, and a native of Ireland. The history of yourself, although part of it be employed in your praise and importance, we did not dislike, because your intention was to be wholly unknown; which circumstance exempts you from any charge of vanity. However, although I am utterly ignorant of present persons and things, I have made a shift, by talking in general with some persons, to find out your name, your employments, and some of your actions, with the addition of such a character as would give full credit to more than you have said (I mean of yourself) in the dedicatory epistle.

You will pardon a natural curiosity on this occasion, especially when I began with so little, that I did not so much as untie the strings of the bag for five days after I received it, concluding it must come from some Irish friar in Spain, filled with monastic speculations, of which I have seen some in my life; little expecting a history, a dedication, a poetical translation of the penitential psalms, Latin poems, and the like, and all from a soldier. In these kingdoms you would be a most unfashionable military man among troops where the least pretension to learning, or piety, or common morals would endanger the owner to be cashiered. Although I have no regard for your trade, from the judgment I make of those who profess it in these kingdoms, yet I cannot but highly esteem those gentlemen of Ireland, who with all the disadvantages of being exiles and strangers, have been able to distinguish themselves by their valour and conduct in so many parts of Europe, I think, above all other nations; which ought to make the English ashamed of the reproaches they cast on the ignorance, the dulness, and the want of courage in the Irish natives; those defects, wherever they happen, arising only from the poverty and slavery they suffer from their inhuman neighbours, and the base corrupt spirits of too many of the chief gentry, &c. By such events as these, the very Grecians are grown slavish, ignorant, and superstitious. I do assert, that from several experiments I have made in travelling over both kingdoms I have found the poor cottagers here, who could speak our language, to have a much better natural taste for good sense, humour, and raillery, than ever I observed among people of the like sort in England. But the millions of oppressions they lie under, the tyranny of their landlords, the ridiculous zeal of their priests and the general misery of the whole nation, have been enough to damp the best spirits under the sun. I return to your packet.

Two or three poetical friends of mine have read your poems with very good approbation; yet we all agree some corrections may be wanting, and at the same time we are at a loss how to venture on such a work. One gentleman of your own country, name, and family, who could do it best, is a little too lazy; but, however, something shall be done, and submitted to you. I have been only a man of rhymes, and that upon trifles; never having written serious couplets in my life; yet never any without a moral view. However, as an admirer of Milton, I will read yours as a critic, and make objections where I find anything that should be changed. Your directions about publishing the epistle and the poetry will be a point of some difficulty. They cannot be printed here with the least profit to the author's friends in distress. Dublin booksellers have not the least notion of paying for a copy. Sometimes things are printed here by subscription; but they go on so heavily, that few or none make it turn to account. In London it is otherwise; but even there the authors must be in vogue, or, if not known, be discovered by the style; or the work must be something that hits the taste of the public, or what is recommended by the presiding men of genius.

When Milton first published his famous poem, the first edition was very long going off; few either read, liked, or understood it; and it gained ground merely by its merit. Nothing but an uncertain state of my health (caused by a disposition to giddiness, which, although less violent, is more constant) could have prevented my passing this summer into England to see my friends, who hourly have expected me; in that case I could have managed this affair myself, and would have

* Mr. Wogan, a gentleman of an ancient and good family in Ireland, sent a present of a cask of Spanish Cassalia wine to the dean, also a green velvet bag, with gold and silk strings, in which were enclosed a paraphrase, in Miltonic verse on the seven penitential Psalms of David, and several original pieces in verse and prose, particularly the "Adventures of Eugenius," and an "Account of the Courtship and Marriage of the Chevalier to the Princess Sobieski," wherein he represents himself to have been a principal negotiator; it was written in the novel style, but a little heavily. His letter to the dean contained also remarks on the "Beggar's Opera," in which he censures the taste of the people of England and Ireland; and concluded with paying the dean the compliment of entreating him to correct his writings. The dean receiving them about the time (1732) Mr Pilkington was coming to London as chaplain to alderman Barber, he put them into Mr. Pilkington's hands to look over at his leisure; but quickly recalled them into his own custody. See "Pilkington's Memoirs," vol. iii p. 168 They were afterward in possession of dean Swift • This Mr. Wogan was a gentleman of great bravery and courage, and distinguished himself in several battles and sieges He embarked in the insurrection of 1715. He was appointed by the chevalier de St. George, in the year 1718, to take the princess Sobieski (grand-daughter of the famous James Sobieski, king of Poland, who raised the siege of Vienna,) to whom he was married by proxy in Poland; who, in her journey to Rome, was, by order of the imperial court, made a prisoner in Tyrol, and closely confined in the castle of Inspruck for some time, when Mr. Wogan undertook to set her at liberty and bring her safe to Rome, which he effectually performed by carrying her through all the guards; for which dangerous and gallant service he was made a Roman knight an honour that was not conferred on a foreigner for many centuries before This gentleman soon after went into the service of Spain, where he got a government and other military commands, and distinguished himself in many engagements, being well known all over Europe by the name of chevalier or sir Charles Wogan

readily consented that my name should have stood at length before your epistle; and by the caprice of the world, that circumstance might have been of use to make the thing known; and consequently better answer the charitable part of your design, by inciting people's curiosity. And in such a case I would have written a short acknowledgment of your letter, and published it in the next page after your epistle; but giving you no name, nor confessing my conjecture of it. This scheme I am still upon, as soon as my health permits me to return to England.

As I am conjectured to have generally dealt in raillery and satire both in prose and verse, if that conjecture be right, although such an opinion has been an absolute bar to my rising in the world; yet that very world must suppose that I followed what I thought to be my talent; and charitable people will suppose I had a design to laugh the follies of mankind out of countenance, and as often to lash the vices out of practice. And then it will be natural to conclude, that I have some partiality for such kind of writing, and favour it in others. I think you acknowledge that in some time of your life you turned to the rallying part; but I find at present your genius runs wholly into the grave and sublime; and therefore I find you less indulgent to my way by your dislike of the "Beggar's Opera," in the persons particularly of Polly Peachum and Macheath; whereas we think it a very severe satire upon the most pernicious villanies of mankind. And so you are in danger of quarrelling with the sentiments of Mr. Pope, Mr. Gay the author, Dr. Arbuthnot, myself, Dr. Young, and all the brethren whom we own. Dr. Young is the gravest among us, and yet his satires have many mixtures of sharp raillery.[a] At the same time you judge very truly, that the taste of England is infamously corrupted by shoals of wretches who write for their bread; and therefore, I had reason to put Mr. Pope on writing the poem called the "Dunciad;" and to hale those scoundrels out of their obscurity by telling their names at length, their works, their adventures, sometimes their lodgings and their lineage; not with *A's* and *B's* according to the old way, which would be unknown in a few years.

As to your blank verse, it has too often fallen into the same vile hands of late. One Thomson, a Scotchman, has succeeded the best in that way, in four poems he has writ on the four seasons: yet I am not over fond of them, because they are all description, and nothing is doing; whereas Milton engages me in actions of the highest importance: *Modo me Romæ, modo ponit Athenis:* and yours on the seven psalms, &c. have some advantages that way.

You see, Pope, Gay, and I, use all our endeavours to make folks merry and wise, and profess to have no enemies, except knaves and fools. I confess myself to be exempted fr m them in one article, which was engaging with a ministry, to prevent if possible the evils that have overrun the nation, and my foolish zeal in endeavouring to save this wretched island. Wherein though I succeeded absolutely in one important article;[b] yet even there I lost all hope of favour from those in power here, and disobliged the court of England, and have in twenty years drawn above one thousand scurrilous libels on myself, without any other recompense than the love of the Irish vulgar, and two or three dozen sign-posts of the Drapier in this city, besides those that are scattered in country towns; and even these are half worn out. So that whatever little genius God has given me, I may justly pretend to have been the worst manager of it to my own advantage of any man upon earth.

August 2.

What I have above written has long lain by me, that I might consider further: but I have been partly out of order, and partly plagued with a lawsuit of ten years' standing, and I doubt very ill closed up, although it concerns two-thirds of my little fortune. Think whether such periods of life are proper to encourage poetical or philosophical speculations.

I shall not therefore tire you any longer; but, with great acknowledgment for the distinction you please to show me, desire to be always thought, with great truth and a most particular esteem, sir, your most obedient and obliged servant, JONATHAN SWIFT.

We have sometimes editions printed here of books from England, which I know not whether you are in a way of getting. I will name some below, and if you approve of any, I shall willingly increase your library; they are small, consequently more portable in your marches, and, which is more important, the present will be cheaper for me. Dr. Young's Satires, Mr. Gay's Works, Mr. Pope's Works, Pope's "Dunciad," Gay's "Fables," "Art of Politics," and some other trifles in verse, &c.

[a] Yet he says of the author of the "Night Thoughts."—

"So in a saw-pit and wet weather,
Let Young and Phillips drudge together.'

[b] Against Wood's copper halfpence.

TO MR. GAY, AND THE DUCHESS OF QUEENSBERRY.

Dublin, October 3, 1731.

I USUALLY write to friends after a pause of a few weeks, that I may not interrupt them in better company, better thoughts, and better diversions. I believe, I have told you of a great man, who said to me, that he never once in his life received a good letter from Ireland; for which there are reasons enough without affronting our understandings. For there is not one person out of this country who regards any events that pass here, unless he has an estate or employment. I cannot tell that you or I ever gave the least provocation to the present ministry and much less to the court; and yet I am ten times more out of favour than you. For my own part, I do not see the policy of opening common letters, directed to persons generally known; for a man's understanding would be very weak to convey secrets by the post, if he knew any, which I declare I do not: and besides, I think the world is already so well informed by plain events, that I question whether the ministers have any secrets at all. Neither would I be under any apprehension if a letter should be sent me full of treason; because I cannot hinder people from writing what they please, nor sending it to me; and although it should be discovered to have been opened before it came to my hand, I would only burn it and think no further. I approve of the scheme you have to grow somewhat richer, though, I agree, you will meet with discouragements; and it is reasonable you should, considering what kind of pens are at this time only employed and encouraged. For you must allow that the bad painter was in the right, who, having painted a cock, drove away all the cocks and hens, and even the chickens, for fear those who passed by his shop might make a comparison with his work. And I will say one thing in spite of the post-officers, that since wit and learning began to be made use of in our kingdoms, they were never professedly thrown aside, contemned and punished, till within your own memory; nor dulness and ignorance ever so openly encouraged and promoted. In answer to what you say of my living among you, if I could do it to my ease: perhaps you have heard of a scheme for an exchange in Berkshire proposed by two of our friends; but, beside the difficulty of adjusting certain circumstances, it would not answer. I am at a time of life that seeks

ease and independence: you will hear my reasons when you see those friends, and I concluded them with saying: that I would rather be a freeman among slaves, than a slave among freemen. The dignity of my present station damps the pertness of inferior puppies and 'squires, which, without plenty and ease on your side the Channel, would break my heart in a month.

MADAM,—See what it is to live where I do. I am utterly ignorant of that same Strado del Poe; and yet, if that author be against lending or giving money, I cannot but think him a good courtier; which I am sure your grace is not,—no not so much as to be a maid of honour. For I am certainly informed, that you are neither a freethinker nor can sell bargains; that you can neither spell, nor talk, nor write, nor think like a courtier. Then you pretend to be respected for qualities which have been out of fashion ever since you were almost in your cradle; that your contempt for a fine petticoat is an infallible mark of disaffection; which is further confirmed by your ill taste for wit, in preferring two old-fashioned poets before Duck or Cibber. Besides, you spell in such a manner as no court lady can read, and write in such an old-fashioned style, as none of them can understand. You need not be in pain about Mr. Gay's stock of health. I promise you he will spend it all upon laziness, and run deep in debt by a winter's repose in town; therefore I entreat your grace will order him to move his chops less and his legs more, for the six cold months, else he will spend all his money in physic and coach-hire. I am in much perplexity about your grace's declaration of the manner in which you dispose what you call your love and respect, which, you say, are not paid to merit, but to your own humour. Now, madam, my misfortune is, that I have nothing to plead but abundance of merit; and there goes an ugly observation, that the humour of ladies is apt to change. Now, madam, if I should go to Amesbury with a great load of merit, and your grace happen to be out of humour, and will not purchase my merchandise at the price of your respect, the goods may be damaged, and nobody else will take them off my hands. Besides, you have declared Mr. Gay to hold the first part, and I, but the second; which is hard treatment, since I shall be the newest acquaintance by some years; and I will appeal to all the rest of your sex, whether such an innovation ought to be allowed? I should be ready to say in the common forms, that I was much obliged to the lady who wished she could give me the best living, &c., if I did not vehemently suspect it was the very same lady who spoke many things to me in the same style, and also with regard to the gentleman at your elbow when you writ, whose dupe he was, as well as of her waiting woman; but they were both arrant knaves, as I told him and a third friend, though they will not believe it to this day. I desire to present my most humble respects to my lord duke, and with my heartiest prayer for the prosperity of the whole family, remain your grace's, &c. JONATHAN SWIFT.

TO THE COUNTESS OF SUFFOLK.

October 26, 1731.

MADAM,—Your ladyship's last letter made me a little grave, and in going to answer it, I was in danger of leaning on my elbow (I mean my left elbow) to consider what I should write; which posture I never used except when I was under a necessity of writing to fools, or lawyers, or ministers of state, where I am to consider what is to be said. But as I write to a person whom I esteem, I am in no pain at all.

It would be an injury to you or Mr. Pope, to give thanks to either of you for justifying me about those letters sent to the queen, because to think me guilty would disgrace your understandings; and, as he is my best friend, so your ladyship owes me no malice, except that of raillery; and good raillery is always sincere. And if her majesty were deceived, it would lessen my opinion of her judgment; which would no otherwise affect me than by making me sorry upon her own account. But what your ladyship would have me discover, through all your refined civilities, is my great imprudence in ordering that monument to be fixed in my cathedral. I shall not trouble you with a long story—but if ever a numerous venerable body of dignified clergymen had reason to complain of the highest repeated indignity, in return of the greatest honour offered by them to persons they were wholly strangers to, then my chapter is not to be blamed, nor I who proposed the matter to them: which, however, I could have done by my own authority, but rather chose it should be the work of us all. And I will confess it was upon their advice that I omitted the only two passages which had much bitterness in them; and which a bishop here, one after your own heart, blamed me very much for leaving out; declaring that the treatment given us by the Schomberg family deserved a great deal worse. Indeed, madam, I shall not attempt to convince England of anything that relates to this kingdom. The drapier, whom you mention, could not do it in relation to the halfpence. Neither can the parliament here convince you that we ought not to be just now in so miserable condition in every article of distress. Why should the Schomberg family be so uneasy at a thing they were so long warned of, and were told they might prevent for 50*l.*? But here I wish your ladyship would put the queen in mind of what passed between her majesty and me upon the subject of Ireland, when she was princess of Wales, and appeared so much to pity this distressed kingdom, and gave me leave to write to her if ever I should live to see her queen; that she would answer my letter, and promised, that in such a case she would use all her credit to relieve it. Whereupon I desired Dr. Arbuthnot, who was present, to be witness of what she said: and her majesty confirmed it. I will not ask what the event has been. ——If any state scribble writ here should happen to reach London, I entreat your ladyship would continue to do me the justice of believing my innocence, because I lately assured the duke of Dorset that I would never have a hand in any such thing. But I gave him my reason before his secretary; that looking upon this kingdom's condition as absolutely desperate, I would not prescribe a dose to the dead. Some parts of your letter I do not understand. Mrs. Barber was recommended to me by Dr. Delany, who is now in London, and whom I once presented to you at Marble-hill. She seems to be a woman of piety and genius; and though I never visited her in my life, yet was I disposed to do her good offices on the doctor's account, and her own good character. By Lady M—— I cannot guess whom you mean. Mrs. Haywood I have heard of as a stupid, infamous, scribbling woman, but have not seen any of her productions. And now, madam, I utterly acquit your ladyship of all things that may concern me, except your good opinion, and that very little share I can pretend to in your memory. I never knew a lady who had so many qualities to beget esteem; but how you act as a friend is out of my way to judge. As to the queen, whom I never offended, since it would be presumption in me to imagine I ever came voluntarily into her thoughts, so it must be a mortification to think, when I happen to be named in her presence, it is usually to my disadvantage. I remember to have once told her majesty, how hard a thing it was that when a prince or great minister had once received an ill impression of any person, although from the most false information, although the

prince were demonstrably convinced of the person's innocence, yet the impression still continued; and her majesty condemned the severity of such a proceeding. I had said the same thing before to sir R. Walpole; who, upon reporting it to others, was pleased to give it a turn that I did not deserve. I remember the plaid, but I forgot the crown, and the meaning of it. If you had thought fit to have sent me as much of the plaid as would have made me a morning-cap before it fell to the share of the lowest of your women, I should have been proud that my head should have worn your livery. But if you are weary of your character, it must lie upon my hands, for I know no other whom it will fit. And if your ladyship will not allow it to be a character, I am sure it may pass for a prediction. If you should put the same fancy into the queen's head, I must send her a much larger character, and in royal paper, otherwise she will not be able to wrap the bundle in it. I fear so long a letter is beyond your mercy to forgive; but your ladyship is sure to be easy till Mr. Pope shall tell me that you are content to receive another. I should be heartily sorry if your increase in honour and employment has not been accompanied with increase of health. Let Mr. Pope in all his letters give me a particular account on this head, and pray God I may never have the least motive to pity you. For as a courtier, I forgive your *ame endurcie;* which I once charged on my lord Chesterfield, and I did not dislike it. And you have not a favourite or flatterer who makes more outward offers of wishes for your ease and happiness than I do prayers from the bottom of my heart, which proceed entirely from that respect and esteem wherewith I am, madam, your ladyship's most obedient humble servant, JONATHAN SWIFT.

FROM LADY BETTY GERMAIN.

November 4, 1731.

I BELIEVE in my conscience, that though you had answered mine before, the second was nevertheless welcome.

So much for your *topscript*, not *postscript;* and in very sincere earnest I heartily thank you for remembering me so often. Since I came out of the country my riding days are over; for I never was for your Hyde-park courses, although my courage serves me very well at a hand-gallop in the country, six or seven miles, with one horseman and a ragged lad, a labourer's boy, that is to be clothed when he can run fast enough to keep up with my horse, who has yet only proved his dexterity by escaping from school. But my courage fails me for riding in town, where I should have the happiness to meet with plenty of your very pretty fellows that manage their own horses to show their art; or that think a postilion's cap with a white frock the most becoming dress. These and their grooms I am most bitterly afraid of, because, you must know, if my complaisant friend, your Presbyterian housekeeper,[a] can remember anything like such days with me, that is a very good reason for me to remember that time is past; and your toupets would rejoice to see a horse throw an ancient gentlewoman.

I am sorry to hear you are no wiser in Ireland than we English; for our birthday was as fine as hands could make us; but I question much whether we all paid ready money. I mightily approve of my duchess's being dressed in your manufacture;[b] if your ladies will follow her example in all things, they cannot do amiss. And I dare say you will soon find that the more you know of them both the better you will like them; or else Ireland has strangely depraved your taste, and that my own vanity will not let me believe since you still flatter me.

Why do you tantalize me? Let me see you in England again if you dare; and choose your residence, summer or winter, St. James's-square or Drayton. I defy you in all shapes, be it dean of St. Patrick's governing England or Ireland, or politician drapier. But my choice should be "the parson in lady Betty's chamber."

Make haste then if you have a mind to oblige your ever sincere hearty old friend, LADY BETTY.

[a] Mrs. Brent, widow of a printer in Dublin, with whom the dean lodged when a young man.

[b] The duchess of Dorset appeared at the castle of Dublin wholly clad in the manufactures of Ireland on his majesty's birthday in 1753, when the duke was a second time lord-lieutenant.

FROM MR. GAY AND THE DUKE OF QUEENSBERRY.[a]

FOR about this month or six weeks past I have been rambling from home, or have been at what I may not improperly call other homes, at Dawley and at Twickenham; and I really think at every one of my homes you have as good a pretension as myself; for I find them all exceeding disappointed by the lawsuit that has kept you this summer from us. Mr. Pope told me that affair was now over, that you have the estate which was your security; I wish you had your own money; for I wish you free from every engagement that keeps us from one another. I think you deciphered the last letter we sent you very judiciously. You may make your own conditions at Amesbury, where I am at present; you may do the same at Dawley; and Twickenham you know is your own. But if you rather choose to live with me (that is to say, if you will give up your right and title) I will purchase the house you and I used to dispute about over against Ham-walks, on purpose to entertain you. Name your day, and it shall be done. I have lived with you; and I wish to do so again in any place and upon any terms. The duchess does not know of my writing, but I promised to acquaint the duke the next time I wrote to you, and for aught I know he may tell the duchess, and she may tell sir William Wyndham, who is now here; and for fear they should all have something to say to you, I leave the rest of the paper till I see the duke.

THE DUKE.

MR. GAY tells me you seem to doubt what authority my wife and he have to invite a person hither, who by agreement is to have the government of the place during his stay; when at the same time it does not appear that the present master of these demesnes has been consulted in it. The truth of the matter is this; I did not know whether you might not have suspected me for a sort of a pert coxcomb had I put in my word in the late correspondence between you and my wife. Ladies (by the courtesy of the world) enjoy privileges not allowed to men; and in many cases the same thing is called a favour from a lady which might perhaps be looked upon as impertinence from a man. Upon this reflection I have hitherto refrained from writing to you, having never had the pleasure of conversing with you otherwise; and as that is a thing I most sincerely wish, I would not venture to meddle in a negotiation that seemed to be in so fair a way of producing that desirable end. But our friend John has not done me justice if he has never mentioned to you how much I wish for the pleasure of seeing you here; and though I have not till now avowedly taken any steps toward bringing it about, what has passed conducive to it has been all along with my privity and consent, and I do now formally ratify all the preliminary articles and conditions agreed to on the part of my wife, and will undertake for the due observance of them. I depend upon my friend John to answer for my sincerity. I

[a] Indorsed "No date: received November 8, 1731."

was not long at court, and nave been a country gentleman for some time.

Poll manus sub linus darque dds.
Sive hig fig gnipite gnaros.[a]

THE REV. MR. PILKINGTON TO MR. BOWYER THE PRINTER.

November 9, 1731.

SIR,—I have been much surprised at your long silence, and perhaps you have been affected in the same manner at mine. But as I hope always to preserve the friendship we have begun, I must acquaint you with the reasons of my conduct.

I have the misfortune to live in a scene of great hurry; and between attending those who live in high stations who honour me with their friendship, and discharging the duties of my profession, I have scarce a moment disengaged; yet I constantly desired my friend Faulkner to write to you in my name, because I imagined it would save postage; and I thought it unreasonable to trouble you with my letters when I had no very urgent business to write to you upon, and had too many obligations to you to think of adding to your expense. But I cannot imagine what you can plead in your case for your neglect of writing to me, who am desirous to continue a constant correspondence; I shall be glad to hear you justify yourself.

Yesterday I saw a letter of yours to Mr. Faulkner, and on so distressful a subject that I very sensibly shared in your affliction.[b] I am naturally apt to pity the woes of my fellow creatures, but the wounds of my friend are my own. Here my office ought to be to administer comfort to you in so great a calamity, but I know how much easier it is to preach patience and resignation than to practise either. The strongest reason acts but feebly upon the heart that is loaded with grief, nor is the highest eloquence powerful enough to heal a wounded spirit. Time and a firm trust in Divine Providence, which undoubtedly orders all things for the best, are the only ministers of comfort in our misfortunes; and I hope your own virtue will enable you to bear this affliction with the resolution of a Christian, though joined with all the tenderness of a friend and the fondest esteem for the memory of that relation you have lost.

I desired Mr. Faulkner, about six weeks ago, to return you my thanks for your kindness in procuring me the books from Mr. Giles's, which I received safe, and also the box of those writings of mine; and I am extremely grieved to find that Faulkner neglected mentioning either. I had not known it only for your postscript wherein you desire to know whether I received them. I would have wrote to you before this if I had not believed that your charge was paid; for Dr. Delany is, I believe, by this time in London; and he wrote to me from Bath for directions where to find you in London, that he might pay off his bill, and return you his thanks for your kindness to us. Let me beg the favour of you to acquaint Mr. Giles with this, because I would not for any consideration seem to forget my creditors, though in another country. If Dr. Delany be not come to you, I desire you will inquire out his lodgings; and I believe you may be informed either at lord Bolingbroke's or Mr. Percival's, in Conduit-street. Tell him your name whenever you go to wait upon him, and I assure you the doctor will be extremely friendly to you, and glad to see you, for I have often talked to him of you.

I received ninety-four books[c] from you, but I believe you must commit them to the charge of Mr. Faulkner, because I have no opportunity of selling but bestowing them; for when any of my friends are desirous to have one, and ask me where they are to be had, I am always too generous or too bashful (which is a great rarity among us Irish) to accept of payment for them; and by this means I shall be under the necessity of giving all away, which would be too expensive an article to me. Now what I think would answer, would be to send what I have not bestowed to Mr. Faulkner, and let him publish in his newspaper that he has imported some of those books, and let him be accountable to you for the sale. I wrote to you for thirty, which I expected to give away, and I believe I have distributed so many. When I receive your answer, I will give you a particular account, and remit you the money for them the first opportunity. If I find Dr. Delany's lodgings out from any friends here, or from his letters to me, I will give you immediate notice. I should be glad to have any catalogues that were now selling in London; and if you could send any of them, or any other little pamphlets, they may be directed to the lord-bishop of Killala, in Dublin, for me. I never received either the "Monthly Chronicle" for March, nor the "Historia Literaria" for ditto; I believe it miscarried by being directed to Faulkner; they were not for Dr. Delany, but for another gentleman in town; but I had forgot, till the gentleman asked me for them the other day. I shall be glad to hear from you soon; and am your most sincere friend,

MATT. PILKINGTON.

There is one Green, a bookseller, lately come from London to this town, who has imported a very curious collection of books, but he has rated them so excessively dear, and seems to act so haughtily in the sale of them, that I believe above three-fourths of them will be sent back to-morrow to England again. I made the dean of St. Patrick's go with me there the first morning; but all the books were too dear for either of us.

FROM MR. GAY AND MR. POPE.

December 1, 1731.

You used to complain that Mr. Pope and I would not let you speak; you may now be even with us, and take it out in writing. If you do not send to me now and then, the post-office will think me of no consequence, for I have no correspondent but you. You may keep as far from us as you please, you cannot be forgotten by those who ever knew you, and therefore please me by sometimes showing that I am not forgot by you. I have nothing to take me off my friendship to you; I seek no new acquaintance, and court no favour; I spend no shillings in coaches or chairs to levees or great visits, and as I do not want the assistance of some that I formerly conversed with, I will not so much as seem to seek to be a dependant. As to my studies, I have not been entirely idle, though I cannot say that I have yet perfected anything. What I have done is something in the way of those fables I have already published. All the money I get is by saving, so that by habit there may be some hopes (if I grow richer) of my becoming a miser. All misers have their excuses; the motive to my parsimony is independence. If I were to be represented by the duchess, (she is such a downright niggard for me,) this character might not be allowed me; but I really think I am covetous enough for any who lives at the court end of the town, and who is as poor as myself; for I do not pretend that I am equally saving with S——k. Mr. Lewis desired you might be told that he has 5*l.* of yours in his hands, which he fancies you may have forgot, for he will hardly allow that a verseman can have a just knowledge of his own affairs. When you got rid of your lawsuit I was in hopes that you had got your own and

[a] This is another hand; possibly sir W. Wyndham's.
[b] The death of Mrs. Bowyer.
[c] Mr. Pilkington's poems, printed in 1730.

was free from every vexation of the law; but Mr. Pope tells me you are not entirely out of your perplexity, though you have the security now in your own possession; but still your case is not so bad as captain Gulliver's, who was ruined by having a decree for him with costs. I have had an injunction for me against pirating booksellers, which I am sure to get nothing by, and will, I fear, in the end drain me of some money. When I began this prosecution, I fancied there would be some end of it; but the law still goes on, and it is probable I shall some time or other see an attorney's bill as long as the book. Poor duke Disney is dead, and has left what he had among his friends, among whom are lord Bolingbroke, 500*l.*; Mr. Pelham, 500*l.*; sir William Wyndham's youngest son, 500*l.*; gen. Hill, 500*l.*; lord Masham's son, 500*l.*

You have the good wishes of those I converse with; they know they gratify me when they remember you; but I really think they do it purely for your own sake. I am satisfied with the love and friendship of good men, and envy not the demerits of those who are most conspicuously distinguished. Therefore as I set a just value upon your friendship, you cannot please me more than letting me now and then know that you remember me; the only satisfaction of distant friends!

P.S. Mr. Gay's is a good letter; mine will be a very dull one; and yet what you will think the worst of it is what should be its excuse, that I write in a headach that has lasted three days. I am never ill but I think of your ailments, and repine that they mutually hinder our being together; though in one point I am apt to differ from you, for you shun your friends when you are in those circumstances and I desire them; your way is the more generous, mine the more tender. Lady Suffolk took your letter very kindly, for I had prepared her to expect no answer under a twelvemonth; but kindness perhaps is a word not applicable to courtiers. However, she is an extraordinary woman here. who will do you common justice. For God's sake, why all this scruple about lord Bolingbroke's keeping your horses, who has a park: or about my keeping you on a pint of wine a-day? We are infinitely richer than you imagine; John Gay shall help me to entertain you, though you come like a king Lear with fifty knights.—Though such prospects as I wish cannot now be formed for fixing you with us, time may provide better before you part again; the old lord[a] may die, the benefice may drop, or, at worst, you may carry me into Ireland. You will see a work of lord Bolingbroke's and one of mine; which, with a just neglect of the present age, consult only posterity; and, with a noble scorn of politics, aspire to philosophy. I am glad you resolve to meddle no more with the low concerns and interests of parties even of countries (for countries are but larger parties), *Quid verum atque decens, curare, et rogare, nostrum sit.* I am much pleased with your design upon Rochefoucault's maxim, pray finish it.[b] I am happy whenever you join our names together; so would Dr. Arbuthnot be, but at this time he can be pleased with nothing, for his darling son is dying in all probability, by the melancholy account I received this morning.

The paper you ask me about is of little value. It might have been a seasonable satire upon the scandalous language and passion with which men of condition have stooped to treat one another: surely they sacrifice too much to the people when they sacrifice their own characters, families, &c., to the diversion of that rabble of readers. I agree with you in my contempt of most popularity, fame, &c. Even as a writer I am cool in it; and whenever you see what I am now writing,[a] you will be convinced I would please but a few, and (if I could) make mankind less admirers, and greater reasoners. I study much more to render my own portion of being easy, and to keep this peevish frame of the human body in good humour. Infirmities have now quite unmanned me, and it will delight you to hear they are not increased, though not diminished. I thank God I do not very much want people to attend me, though my mother now cannot. When I am sick, I lie down; when I am better, I rise up: I am used to the headache, &c. If greater pains arrive, (such as my late rheumatism,) the servants bathe and plaster me, or the surgeon scarifies me, and I bear it, because I must. This is the evil of nature, not of fortune. I am just now as well as when you were here: I pray God you were no worse. I sincerely wish my life were passed near you, and such as it is, I would not repine at it.

All you mention remember you, and wish you here.

a Lord St. John, father of Bolingbroke.
b The dean's poem on his own death.

FROM LADY BETTY GERMAIN.

January 11, 1732.

It is well for Mr. Pope your letter came as it did, for otherwise I had called for my coach, and was going to make a thorough search at his house; for that I was most positively assured that you were there in person the duke of Dorset can tell you. *Non credo* is all the Latin I know, and the most useful word upon all occasions to me. However, like most other people, I can give it up for what I wish; so for once I believed, or at least went half way in what I hoped was true, and then, for the only time, your letter was unwelcome. You tell me you have a request, which is purely personal to me; *non credo* for that; for I am sure you would not be so disagreeable as not to have made it, when you know it is a pleasure and satisfaction to me to do anything you desire, by which you may find you are not *sans consequence* to me.

I met with your friend Mr. Pope the other day. He complains of not being well, and indeed looked ill. I fear that neither his wit or sense do arm him enough against being hurt by malice; and that he is too sensible of what fools say: the run is much against him on the duke of Chandos's[b] account: but I believe their rage is not kindness to the duke, but glad to give it vent with some tolerable pretence. I wish your presence would have such a miraculous effect as your design on Biddy's [Floyd] speech; you know formerly her tongue was not apt to run much by inclination; but now every winter is kept still perforce, for she commonly gets a violent cold that lasts her all winter. But as to that quarrelsome friend of the duke of Dorset's, I will let her loose at you, and see which can get the better. Miss Kelly[c] was a very pretty girl when she went from hence, and the beaux showed there good taste by liking her. I hear her father is now kind to her; but, if she is not mightily altered, she would give up some of her airs and equipage to live in England.

Since you are so good as to inquire after my health, I ought to inform you I never was better in my life than this winter. I have escaped both headaches and gout; and, that yours may not be in danger by reading such a long letter, I will add no more, but bid adieu to my dear dean. E. GERMAIN.

a This was said whilst he was employed on the "Essay on Man," not yet published, 1731.
b There is no doubt but Mr. Pope intended the character of Timon, in his Epistle on the Use of Riches in works of taste, addressed to the earl of Burlington, for the Duke of Chandos.
c Daughter of Dennis Kelly, esq., a gentleman of very good estate in Ireland, who was committed to the Tower of London in 1722, on suspicion of corresponding with the pretender; but nothing could be proved against him.

FROM MR. GAY.

London, January 18, 1732.

DEAR SIR,—It is now past nine o'clock. I deferred sitting down to write to you, in expectation to have seen Mr. Pope, who left me two or three hours, again to try to find lord Burlington, within whose walls I have not been admitted this year and a half; but for what reason I know not. Mr. Pope is just this minute come in, but had not the good luck to find him: so that I cannot give you any satisfaction in the affair you writ last about. He designs to see him to-morrow; and, if anything can be done, he says you shall hear from him.

By the beginning of my letter, you see how I decline in favour; but I look upon it as my particular distinction, that as soon as the court gains a man, I lose him. It is a mortification I have been used to, so I bear it as a philosopher should.

The letter which you writ to me and the duke, I received; and Mr. Pope showed me that directed to him, which gave me more pleasure than all the letters you have writ since I saw you, as it gives me hopes of seeing you soon.

Were I to acquaint the duke and duchess of my writing, I know that they would have something to say to you, and perhaps would prevent my sending the letter this post, so I choose to say nothing about it. You are in great favour and esteem with all, that love me, which is one great reason that I love and esteem them.

Whenever you will order me to turn your fortune into ready money, I will obey you; but I choose to leave it where it is till you want it, as it carries some interest; though it might be now sold to some advantage, and is liable to rises and falls with the other stocks. It may be higher as well as lower; so I will not dispose of it till I hear from you. I am impatient to see you, so are all your friends. You have taken your resolution, and I shall henceforth every week expect an agreeable surprise. The bellman rings for the letter, so I can say no more.

MR. PILKINGTON TO MR. BOWYER

February 5, 1732.

SIR,—I find you are resolved to lay me under so many obligations to you, that, upon principles of gratitude, I must be always desirous to promote your interest to the utmost of my power. I think you have nothing more left to do but to make the experiment, by putting it in my way to return your favours. I sent sixty-five books to Mr. Faulkner's, and hope, some time or other, to have it in my power to make acknowledgments. I find Mr. Faulkner sent you a little pamphlet of my writing, called "An Infallible Scheme to pay the Debts of this Nation." I have the honour to see it mistaken for the dean's, both in Dublin and in your part of the world; but I am still diffident of it, whether it will merit esteem or contempt. It was a sudden whim; and I was tempted to send it into the world by the approbation which the dean (my wisest and best friend) expressed when he read it: if you were concerned in the printing of it, I hope you will be no sufferer. I am very much obliged to you for receiving the young printer, whom I recommended to you, in so friendly a manner. If I can, on this side of the water, be serviceable to any friend of yours, command me.

I am much pleased to hear of your acquaintance with Dr. Delany, who is the best of friends; and I do not doubt but your affection for him will increase with your intimacy with him. I desire you to present my service to him; and tell him that the dean designs to trouble him to buy a convenient microscope, that he may find out both myself and my house with greater ease than he can at present, because we are both so excessively small, that he can scarce discover either. I hope to hear soon from you, although it be parliament time, and you hurried with business; and shall always be your sincere friend and servant,

MATT. PILKINGTON.

TO THE REV. MR. WINDAR.

Dublin, February 19, 1732.

SIR,—I had the favour of yours of the 6th instant. I have been above a fortnight confined by an accidental strain, and neither read nor walk, nor easily write, else you should have heard from me sooner. I am heartily sorry for your disorder, and am the more sensible by those I have myself, though not of the same kind, but a constant disposition to giddiness, which I fear my present confinement, with the want of exercise, will increase. I am afraid you could not light upon a more unqualified man to serve you, or my nearest friends, in any manner, with people in power; for I have the misfortune to be not only under the particular displeasure both of the king and queen, as everybody knows, but likewise of every person, both in England and Ireland, who are well with the court, or can do me good or hurt. And although this and the two last lieutenants were of my old acquaintance, yet I never could prevail with any of them to give a living to a sober grave clergyman, who married my near relation, and has been long in the church; so that he is still my curate; and I reckon this present governor will do like the rest. I believe there is not any person you see from this town who does not know that my situation is as I describe. If you or your son were in favour with any bishop or patron, perhaps it might be contrived to have them put in mind, or solicited; but I am no way proper to be the first mover, because there is not one spiritual or temporal lord in Ireland whom I visit, or by whom I am visited, but am as mere a monk as any in Spain; and there is not a clergyman on the top of a mountain who so little converses with mankind, or is so little regarded by them, on any other account except showing malice. All this I bear as well as I can; eat my morsel alone like a king, and am constantly at home when I am not riding or walking, which I do often, and always alone.

I give you this picture of myself out of old friendship: from whence you may judge what share of spirits and mirth is now left me. Yet I cannot read at nights, and am therefore forced to scribble something, whereof nine things in ten are burned next morning. Forgive this tediousness in the pen, which I acquire by the want of spending it in talk; and believe me to be, with true esteem and friendship, your most obedient humble servant, &c.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

FROM LADY BETTY GERMAIN.

February 23, 1732.

I LIKE to know my power, (if it is so,) that I can make you uneasy at my not writing; though I shall not often care to exert it, lest you should grow weary of me and my correspondence; but the slowness of my answer does not come from the emptiness of my heart, but the emptiness of my head; and that you know, is nature's fault, not mine. I was not learned enough to know *non credo* has been so long in fashion; but every day convinces me more of the necessity of it, not but that I often wish against myself; as, for example, I would fain believe you are coming to England, because most of your acquaintance tell me so; and yet I turn, and wind, and sift

your letters to find anything like it being true; but instead of that, there I find a lawsuit, which is a worse tie by the leg than your lameness. And, pray, what is this "hurt above my heal?" Have you had a fellow-feeling with my lord-lieutenant [the duke of Dorset] of the gout, and call it a sprain, as he does? who has lied so long and often to disguise it, that I verily think he has not a new story left. Does he do the same in Ireland? for there I hoped he would have given a better example.

I find you are grown a horrid flatterer, or else you could never have thought of anything so much to my taste as this piece of marble you speak of for my sister Penelope,[a] which I desire may be at my expense. I cannot be exact, neither as to the time nor year, but she died soon after we came there, and we did not stay quite two years, and were in England some months before king William died. I wish I had my dame Wadgar's, or Mr. Ferris's memorandum head, that I might know whether it was "at the time of gooseberries."[b]

Surely your Irish air is very bad for darts; if Mrs. Kelly's are blunted already, make her cross father let her come over, and we would not use her so in England. If my duchess[c] sees company in a morning, you need not grumble at the hour; it must be purely from great complaisance, for that never was her taste here, though she is as early a riser as the generality of ladies are: and I believe there are not many dressing-rooms in London but mine where the early idle come.

Adieu abruptly: for I will have no more formal humble servants, with your whole name at the bottom, as if I was asking you your catechism.

FROM SIR CHARLES WOGAN.[d]

February 27, 1732.

I HAVE the honour of a very obliging letter from a person whose penetration I flattered myself I could have escaped: although I might assure him, with great sincerity, that I never had a more earnest desire for any man's acquaintance and friendship than for his. Upon the late occasion, it is true, my design was to have travelled and been received *incognito*. I had taken my measures for it in the best manner I could devise. But all my art and travestie was vain. His Mentor was superior to my Uranius, who could not avoid being discovered, as in the story of Telemachus, and striking sail to a more exalted divinity. I own I am somewhat concerned at my being seen in my undress, through all the magnificence of those disguises I had put on. But Mentor has so much the air of a benign and friendly spirit, that my confusion was soon over: and methinks I could be exposed in the midst of all my defects without any concern, provided it were only to those whom he judges worthy of his intimacy.

Nothing can be more distinguishing, in regard of an unhappy people, than his character of those abroad; nor more just than his remarks upon the genius and sufferings of those at home. But *jacta est alea:* the set of people he means can no longer be looked upon as a nation, either in or out of their country. Those who have chosen a voluntary exile, to get rid of oppression, have given themselves up with great gaiety of spirit, to the slaughter in foreign and ungrateful service, to the number of above 120,000 men, within these forty years. The rest, who have been content to stay at home, are reduced to the wretched condition of the Spartan helots. They are under a double slavery. They serve their inhuman lordliness, who are the more severe upon them because they dare not yet look upon the country as their own; while all together are under the supercilious dominion and jealousy of another over-ruling power.

To turn to our exiles: Mentor certainly does them that justice which cannot be denied them by any of those nations among whom they have served; but it is seldom or ever allowed them by those who can write or speak English correctly. They have shown a great deal of gallantry in the defence of foreign states and princes, with very little advantage to themselves but that of being free, and without half the outward marks of distinction they deserved. These southern governments are very slow in advancing foreigners to considerable or gainful preferments. Their chief attention is reserved for their own subjects, to make them some amends for the heavy yoke they have laid over them. The only fruit the Irish have reaped by their valour is their extinction; and that general fame, which they have lost themselves, to acquire for their country, already lost, with respect to them. They had the honour of Ireland at heart; while those who actually possessed their country, were little affected with any other glory than that of England; which they advanced with great bravery during all the late wars. They were content to forget they were Irishmen; and England, in return for that compliment, has graciously conferred upon them, as she still does, the first employments both at sea and land; whereby they have been enabled to leave very comfortable establishments to their children: whereas the Irish exiles can only be said to have buried the synagogue with honour. They were undoubtedly the flower of the Catholic distinction of subjects. They are extinct to a very inconsiderable number, and have not left one single settlement in all the continent to any of their posterity. They had always the post of honour allowed them, where it was mixed with danger; and lived in perpetual fire, which was all they could bequeath as an inheritance to their issue, who are extremely few, on account of the little encouragement given for begetting them. The very scum of French refugees have had much better treatment and fortune in those countries, where they were only a charge to the government, than the Irish nobility and gentry have met with, where their courage and fidelity were in a great measure its support. Had it not been much better for them to have gone in search of new establishments out of the known world, and made some settlement for themselves and their posterity in the antipodes?

As I was but a new comer among them, I have often

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a Lady Penelope Berkeley died in Dublin, while her father was in the government, and was interred in St. Andrew's church, under the altar. No monument was erected to her memory till about this time, when Dr. Swift caused a plate of black marble to be fixed in the wall over the altar-piece, with this inscription:—

"Underneath lieth the body of the Lady Penelope Berkeley,
daughter of the Right Hon. Charles, Earl of Berkeley.
She died September the 3rd, 1669."

b In the Petition of Frances Harris to the lords-justices, upon losing her purse, printed in this collection, there are these verses:—

"Yes," says th steward, "I remember, when I was at
my Lady Shrewsbury's,
Such a thing as this happened, just about the time of
gooseberries."

This steward was Mr. Ferris; and dame Wadgar was the old deaf housekeeper in lord Berkeley's family, when he was one of the lords-justices of Ireland.

c The duchess of Dorset.

d This tract, written in the epistolary style, was addressed to Dr. Swift by its author, sir Charles Wogan, a gentleman at that time of high reputation, and much distinguished at most of the courts of Europe. He was of an ancient Irish family, and nephew to the famous duke of Tyrconnel, who was first minister to king James II., and commander in-chief of his forces, during his residence in Ireland. Of course he was bred up in all the principles of Jacobitism, and being also a Roman Catholic, was tinctured with all the bigotry of the times. He followed his unfortunate master into exile, where he continued to serve him with a zeal worthy a better cause. See an account of him at the end of September, 1732, where the dean's letter here alluded to is printed; and a second letter from sir Charles Wogan, dated in June, 1735.

blamed their men of chief distinction and sense for having rejected the terms offered by the prince of Orange to my uncle Tyrconnel, in favour of the Irish Catholics in general, before the decisive battle of Aghrim; which, by the by, till the sudden fall of their general, was fought with more bravery on their side than any battle has been, perhaps, for some centuries past by any people under equal disadvantages. The prince was touched with the fate of a gallant nation, that had made itself a victim to French promises, and ran headlong to its ruin for the only purpose, in fact, of advancing the French conquests in the Netherlands, under the favour of that hopeless diversion in Ireland, which gave work enough to 40,000 of the best troops of the grand alliance of Augsbourgh. He longed to find himself at the head of the confederate army with so strong a reinforcement. In this anxiety he offered the Irish Catholics the free exercise of their religion; half the churches of the kingdom; half the employments, civil and military too, if they pleased, and even the moiety of their ancient properties. These proposals, though they were to have had an English act of parliament for their sanction, were refused with universal contempt. Yet the exiles, in the midst of their hard usage abroad, could not be brought to repent of their obstinacy. Whenever I pressed them upon the matter, their answer was generally to this purpose: "If England can break her public faith, in regard of the wretched articles of Limerick, by keeping up a perpetual terror and persecution over that parcel of miserable, unarmed peasantry, and dastard gentry we have left at home, without any other apology or pretence for it, but her wanton fears and jealousies: what could have been expected by the men of true vigour and spirit, if they had remained in their country, but a cruel war, under greater disadvantages, or such a universal massacre as our fathers have often been threatened with by the confederate rebels of Great Britain?"—*Ad quod non fuit responsum.*—Yet their liberty and glory abroad is but the price of their blood; and, even at that expense, they have only purchased a more honourable *haceldama* [Field of Blood].

It was impossible for a people to thrive, after having been driven by their too warrantable distrust of their enemies into the snares laid for them by their false friends. France, upon their arrival, gave them a cruel reduction of their officers and of their pay for a welcome, by a scandalous breach of faith; sacrificed them to her wars; made their zeal and spirit the dupes of her idle pretences; and, at last, inhumanly disbanded great numbers of them to the wide world, after the peace of Ryswick. Had they been kept together in one body from the beginning, to the number of 30,000 men, according to the promise that tempted them partly to quit their country, they had made a much better figure in the world. Richelieu's politics were against it. He was a great master, particularly in the judgment he had formed of the valour of his countrymen; since he has left it on record, that bodies of foreign troops must be mixed with French, in order to give them emulation. Upon this account the Irish were parcelled by brigades among the many armies entertained by the French king. Although this repartition was very mortifying to them, they ever behaved in their several bands apart with particular distinction. They never found themselves in any engagement where they did not pierce the opposite enemy. Not one regiment of them ever fled, till it was in a manner left alone; and during all the late wars, in which their principals were generally worsted, they cannot be said to have lost two pair of colours. The French never gained a victory, to which those handsful of Irish were not known to have contributed in a singular manner; nor lost a battle in which they did not preserve, or rather augment, their reputation, by carrying off colours and standards from the victorious enemy. From this we may conclude, without any great vanity, that they had been an impenetrable phalanx, if they had been allowed to continue in one body; and that, instead of acquiring glory by detail, they had gained complete victories, as one single brigade of them did at Mellazo, having driven the whole German army into the town, or the sea, after they had been deserted by the Spanish troops and generals to a man. Yet their principal officers, who have signalized themselves equally upon all occasions have been advanced to no higher preferment than that of lieutenant-general; whereas, Scots, Germans, Livonians, Italians, have been promoted to the dignity of maréchals of France. But as the valour of the Irish is already taken for granted abroad, and their zeal turned into a sort of ridicule, on account of the unprecedented usage it has met with at home, it is modestly presumed all over the world, that they scarce need any reward for their virtue, but their virtue alone.

I have often been at a loss for the cause of this odd destiny that attends the Irish Catholics in all foreign courts and countries. They are the first called upon for any service that requires fidelity and resolution: the last distinguished with any eminent marks of honour or advantage. Let them behave ever so well, if it be thought fit to give them any recompense, it is always inferior to what might be judged sufficient for men of any other country in the like case. Whatever others might be entitled to grumble at as a reward, must be received by them as a gift. Whatever is taken from them, either at home or abroad, is lawful prize. Their zeal, in regard of loyalty and religion, has been so cruelly misrepresented, and their unparalleled sufferings so involved in shades, or clad with an air of justice, that they are become a by-word in all countries alike; which are perfectly agreed to keep them low, after the example of their own princes, upon a presumption that they could not have been used so extremely ill if they had not in some measure deserved it. A long and perpetual train of misfortunes has a strange tendency toward putting a people in the wrong; or, at best, making them the objects of ridicule. The Irish for having been steady to their principles, and not as cunning knaves as the two neighbouring nations, have groaned, during the two last centuries, under all the weight of injustice, calumny, and tyranny, of which there is no example, in equal circumstances, to be shown in any history of the universe. All this calumny has been sounded into the ears of all Europe by their enemies, both foreign and domestic; and thereby gained credit, more or less, on account of not having been sufficiently controverted or refuted in time. Their constant misfortunes have given a sort of sanction to all this imposture and iniquity. They could not defend themselves in the midst of so much division at home, from so many powerful and confederated enemies, who had alienated the hearts of their very sovereigns from them, in order to make him the first, and them the last victims of the tragedy. In the mean time they were involved in too much war, or in too much misery, to be the relaters of their own story with any advantage; or found the English language as backward as the English nation and government, to do them common justice. Their enemies have spared them the labour with a vengeance.

The mongrel historians of the birth of Ireland, from Stanihurst and Dr. King down to the most wretched scribbler, cannot afford them a good word, in order to curry favour with England. Our callow bards of the drama, with the same view, draw their first pens against their country, and force their way into the world through their mother's womb. The English writers take the hints from them with pleasure; and delight in gratifying the flattest nonsense, and most silly artifices, upon teigueism, to divert that honest generation of num-

skulls, the mobs of England, from the Land's End to Berwick-upon-Tweed, in regard of improprieties in the turn of a foreign speech or accent, *totus mundus egit histrionem;* but the genuine characters of a nation ought to be as sacred, even upon the stage, as in history. In the days of king Charles II. the Irish bravery and fidelity had the applause of whole theatres; but now nothing but Irish stupidity, and wretched small craft, will go down even upon that of Dublin.

As all the honour the Protestant Irish have acquired by their pen or their swords, passes generally for English, so the English, and their adherents in Ireland, have been in a long confederacy, before Clarendon appeared, to suppress or tarnish all the renown accruing to that unhappy country, from the worth and gallant actions of the Catholics. Their pens are ever dipped in bitterness and detraction, as if whatever could be reckoned valuable in that unfortunate people were a lessening to the honour of the English nation, to which all their incense is addressed. However, though they have done horrible outrages to justice and veracity, by propagating lies, more or less, all over the world, they must be allowed to have acted with great sagacity in favour of themselves. For if the Irish had not been represented with uncommon industry, and in full cry, as a barbarous and stupid people, breakers of public faith, cowards, murderers of the innocents, without any provocation, in every corner of their country; rebels to their lawful sovereigns, in whose defence they have ruined and annihilated themselves, all these attributes (except that of folly) had necessarily fallen to the share of England; and she must have been looked upon by the whole universe as the most lawless and inhuman tyrant upon the face of the earth. Yet all this villany ought not, in strict justice, to be imputed to her. She had not gone all those lengths of cruelty and iniquity, if she had not been under the force of Cromwell and the influence of a Clarendon.

In the mean time Ireland is left to trapes in her old draggle-tailed weeds by her own children; bribed, by their attention and respect for England, to abandon her to all the dirt and barbarism laid at her door by her ancient and modern enemies; while other countries are brightening up in their story and character by the industry of their writers successively labouring to adorn them. The newest accounts given all over Europe, of the soil, genius, improvement, and customs of Ireland, may be dated 400 years ago. She is still reckoned as savage as she was under the oppression of the Danes, or after the first incursion of the English, who drove her, in spite of her voluntary submission, into wildness. For, after all, if I invite people civilly into my house, and they will not admit me to sit at my own fire, but rather will grow insolent, and force my family to herd in the bare court among my cattle, which I cannot reckon my own, but upon the foot of their will and pleasure, I must either quit my dwelling altogether, or lay about me like a madman till I can repossess it.

On account of this perpetual silence about Ireland, all Europe looks upon her as under a constant fog the seat of dulness, and the dismal mansion of ignorance and distress. Scarce any people are taken for mere Irish, either in England or on the continent, but the vulgar of the country and the few unfortunate exiles. The very distinction carries in the face of it a lessening, and strikes the fancy with the ungrateful idea of misery. Besides, the arms of Whiggism are extremely long, and reach them to their remotest haunts. There are a thousand instances of this enchantment; and notwithstanding the known ingratitude of France, some of the Irish had been maréchals of France before now; the whole voice of that nation was for them; but the fear of disobliging the present government of England gave a check to their promotion. As for the new nobility and gentry of Ireland, they pass currently for English abroad; and Dublin, the fourth city in Christendom, is still taken for no more than the Eblana of Ptolemy.

Thus Ireland has not only lost all her ancient progeny of any distinction, and seen them buried under the ruins of calumny and distress, by the overbearing pride and power of those several swarms of inmates thrown in upon her, at several times, and supported by her masters of Great Britain; those very colonies are no sooner settled in that country, and warmed into affection for it, than they are taken for mere Irish too; and so must be driven off to make room for new ones. Yet all this is not enough. Ireland might still have some name in the world if she were allowed what belongs to her; but she is stripped into the bargain, of all the honour and merit that might redound to her, either from the actions or geniuses of her latter offspring. The very name of Irish carries so uncouth an idea along with it, especially in England, that all those who depend chiefly upon her for their fortune or their fame, are shy, at their first setting out, of making an open confession of their country, and suffer themselves to pass for English; while England permits the cheat to pass upon the rest of the world, and naturalizes them by a tacit consent, upon the modest presumption that wit and merit, such as theirs, can be only of her own growth. Thus England, without being at the pains of assuming it, is allowed a right to all those who have either written or fought in English with any distinction, as Scotland impudently whips away from Ireland all her old saints and her sophists, on account of having shared with her the same name of Scotia. The Ushers, Boyles, Congreves, Garths, Denhams, Swifts, Ormonds, Cadogans, Aylmers, &c. are all taken for English in foreign countries. MacFlecno, and all the wretched adepts in metaphysics are counted Irish of course. We have but one dunce of irrefragable fame, the father of dunces by thousands all over Europe: and the Scots have kidnapped him from us, by the consent or connivance of all modern dictionaries, notwithstanding the number of sheriffs and sheriffs' bailiffs of the same name upon the records of our ancient city of Dublin. In short, what can Ireland have left her, but her bogs and her stupidity, since England and Scotland have swept away the stakes? If we must give up all our great men of war and figure to England, let her even show us the example, and resign to the Normans her Plantagets, Talbots and Nevills, conquerors of France.

However, we will not stick out in our controversy about these mighty men. They shall belong to England, since they have made her a present of their arms and allegiance. But in the name of wonder, let us have our men of parts and letters. Let not the English wits, and particularly my friend Mr. Pope, (whom I had the honour to bring up to London, from our retreat in the forest of Windsor, to dress à la mode, and introduce at Will's coffeehouse,) run down a country as the seat of dulness to whose geniuses he owns himself so much indebted. What encomiums does he not lay out upon Roscommon and Walsh, in the close of his excellent "Essay on Criticism?" How gratefully does he express his thanks to Dr. Swift, sir Samuel Garth, Mr. Congreve, and my poor friend and neighbour, Dr. Parnell, in the Preface to his admirable translation of the Iliad, in return for the many lights and lessons they administered to him, both in the opening and the prosecution of that great undertaking? Is it possible that these heroes of wit and learning, whom he commemorates with so much applause, and of whom he glories in having been the pupil, could have been of the birth of Ireland? while England could only furnish him with titled pageants and names of quality, fitter to swell and encourage the subscription than to polish or enrich

the performance? But granting they were Irishmen that, it seems, is no manner of argument in favour of their country. Were not all those lights and lessons given by them to Mr. Pope, in the purer air of England? Was it not to that air alone they owed the refinement and elevation of their geniuses? Mr. Pope, though the best-natured man living, to my knowledge, had laughed at them with great gaiety, had they pretended to forward any notices or instructions to him by letters written under their native fogs.

I remember to have been present at a scene, humorous enough, upon this very subject at Will's coffee-house. The sages there, in profound contemplation, were very gravely offering their several reasons why wit could not be the growth of Ireland. Some would have it owing to the bogginess of the soil, which must undoubtedly and imperceptibly convey too much humidity to the brain; others to the perpetual cloudiness of the sky, that must, of all necessity, cast a dull influence, infusing melancholy, sloth, and heaviness to the understanding; many to the want of sunshine, so sovereign in invigorating and giving cheerfulness and alacrity to the spirits. Among such a number of shining geniuses, who brightened up under the continual mist over London, it was hard to end the dispute about the cause while all were agreed about the fact. At length the wag, Bob Dodwell, (who had a little before forced a company of foot from lord Peterborough as a sort of amends for a severe joke upon his country,) rose up with a very demure countenance as demanding audience of the very oaf-full assembly; which being granted———

"My lords and gentlemen," says he, "it is a very moot point to which of those causes we may ascribe the universal dulness of the Irish. It may be owing perhaps to some one; perhaps to the combination of all together: God only knows, who was pleased to order it so from the beginning. But that the case is, as you agree it in your great wisdom, I shall offer a familiar and unanswerable proof. My father had studied with great applause in Oxford; (for had he studied in Dublin, where he was born, he had made but a very slender progress in learning, as you shall find by the sequel;) in short he was allowed, in that famous university, to be both an excellent divine, and a most eloquent preacher. From thence he removed to Dublin: where, on account of the reputation he had justly acquired abroad, he was instantly preferred to the parish of St. Mican's. Great was the concourse to hear him; but much greater the surprise to find how little his sermons answered the character the world had given him. This could not miss being whispered to him: he made several efforts in vain to regain his credit; his sermons were still worse and worse liked: at length his church was almost forsaken, and he left to hold forth to very few but the old women.

"The man was at his wit's end to find the cause of this unaccountable change in him: at last he wisely judged it must be owing to the climate in which he writ; and to make proof of it, set out one Monday morning in the packet-boat for Holyhead; there composed his sermon for next Sunday; and returning to Dublin on the eve, after having begged of some friends, out of mere charity, to assist at it, preached divinely well, to the utter astonishment of his auditory, charmed at the excellency of his performance. This miracle rung immediately over the whole city; and he, making use of the same happy stratagem every week, of composing at Holyhead what he was to deliver from the pulpit in Dublin, the doctor's name was up: all Dublin thronged to hear him: and persons of the best distinction resorted thither from all parts of the kingdom to see this second Livy.

"However, as the devil owed the doctor a spite, it chanced unfortunately for him that he was obliged, for some slight indispositions, to take physic two or three several times on the very days the packet-boat set out; and being thereby under the unhappy necessity of penning his sermons for the week in Dublin, his auditory were astonished, on those occasions, to find them good for nothing. By these ups and downs of the doctor the mystery at length came out; and whenever the packet-boat sailed for Holyhead, the common question over the whole city was, whether the doctor had gone on board? If the answer was in the affirmative, there was an universal joy throughout; all were sure of being charmed the next Sunday. If in the negative, the poor doctor was left on that day to preach to the bare walls."

While Bob held forth in this manner, with a very grave phiz that carried a wicked undersneer, very natural to him, the scene (I must own) was admirable, in regard of the auditory; and could give a bystander room to form a certain judgment of the weight of brains that came to the share of every one of them. Upon the opening of the discourse, all ears were alert: it was a solemn silence and profound attention! for when that Demogorgon, Ireland, is to be run down, it is wonderful how almost every English heart bounds for joy. Before Bob had brought his father back from Holyhead the first time, some had sense enough to see the ridicule levelled at themselves, and sneaked off. Others were so numskulled as to wait for the sermon composed in Anglesey, and delivered with applause at St. Mican's, whereat a sudden light broke in upon their noddles; they could stand the joke no longer, and slunk away too. But when it came to the unhappy consequences of the doctor's taking physic, the whole shoal of virtuosoes were sensible to the stroke, and voided the room at once, except one blue, one green ribbon, and a lieutenant-general of the queen's army that had courage and insipidity enough to hear the poor doctor preach to the bare walls. Then the cloud that had hung so long and so obstinately over their intellectuals disappeared. However, they were too stout to quit the field, as their betters had done, and so contented themselves with casting sheep's eyes and silly leers at each other, while Bob and I enjoyed their stupidity.

This received notion of dulness in the Irish has not taken its rise from the mob, though they gladly join in the cry. The English populace, the bluntest and most unenlightened race of people in Europe, are incapable of making so nice a discovery. They can readily imagine that the Irish have horns and hoofs: and it has been found easy, and of excellent use in politics, not very long ago, to persuade them that every Irishman was somewhat more than of Venner's gang; since, instead of only chasing, he was to have slain his thousands. What affects the English mob, with regard to Irishmen, is terror. Our English ancestors despatched into Ireland, and their descendants have taken effectual care to fasten this bugbear upon their mother-country, and represent the Irish as monsters and cannibals in order to justify their own more barbarous oppressions upon that people. These dreadful ideas have left so strong an impression that even at this day, when the nations are more mixed than they have been formerly, an Irishman is looked upon by the vulgar in England, remote from great towns, as a raw-head and bloody-bones! It is therefore that the rumour spread of an Irish massacre had been found, of all stratagems, the most effectual toward promoting any change of government in England, by the extreme facility of raising a fright in the good people there, whenever the Trojan horse is supposed to be filled with Irishmen. This may suffice to excuse that honest generation of mortals (for whom I have a great regard,

as I have a real concern for all men that are easily thrown into a panic fear) from having had any hand in introducing the opinion of Irish dulness. That grand arcanum could be discovered only by the sublimer geniuses of England.

However, this opinion, foolishly attributed to the climate, has some truth in it, with regard to those remnants of old nobility and gentry, who have been stripped by the iniquity of Cromwell, and the greater one of Clarendon, of all they had a title to, except the blood and spirit of their ancestors. These are a severe and a very inconvenient burden to them at home, where they are obliged to keep them under hatches in the neighbourhood of barracks, and of more tyrannical justices of peace. There are in Ireland a thousand well-born Brutuses of this kind, whose souls are stupified by the perpetual dread of persecution, and dare not peep out of their bodies lest they should fall under the lash of the penal laws. But snatch these potato-mongers from their immediate slavery, or from the ploughshares to which their fathers have been reduced, into an air of liberty and politeness; transplant them but for one month into the hot-beds of London, how sudden is the change! how surprising the improvement! The booby instantly commences beau, bully, sharper, and cuckold-maker with a vengeance! he is *passe, presto, vite*, Jack of all trades; all fire, all mercury in the turn of a hand! With what dexterity does he empty the pockets of that notable son of earth, the English 'squire, at seven or eleven! What a sturdy back is he to a bashful English peer! What an awe does his modest assurance create in all the assemblies of men! How do the London ladies fall into fits at his approach, alarmed at the sight of his broad shoulders, and engaging, though somewhat rough, addresses. But, to conclude, this wonderful metamorphose of mere animals into smart and dexterous fellows, by the change of air, though it may go against one's stricter morals to justify their industry; it is hard to blame them for taking what reprisals they can upon the public in England, by way of revenge, or at least some amends for the irreparable wrongs and losses at home.

In the mean time it is impossible for an upright and good-natured spirit not to look with concern upon the inhuman slavery of the poor in Ireland. Since they have neither liberty nor schools allowed them; since their clergy, generally speaking, can have no learning but what they scramble for through the extremities of cold and hunger in the dirt and egotism of foreign universities; since all together are under the perpetual dread of persecution, and have no security for the enjoyment of their lives or their religion against the annual thunders of the English vatican, but the present moment: how can it be expected they should keep clear of superstition which is so elegantly and so truly called by a modern author the spleen of the soul? But that of my spirit is up, and I must out with it, after having asked pardon of my friend Mr. Pope, for having animadverted upon his jokes in the "Dunciad" with regard to Ireland. Those railleries are so agreeable to the humour of the world in general that, like favourite vices, they carry their excuse along with them.

"Heu, patria! infidis nimium vicina Britannis;
Olim altrix divûm; soboli jam sæpe noverca
Dura tuæ, inque dies aliis data præda colonis.
Te, dum spernit, arat novus accola: mox ubi cultam
Diligit, illiciti pœnas luit exul amoris;
Aut sua colla jugo, demissis auribus, ultro
Aptat, inops animi, et jam non sua seminat arva.
Sic, uno excusso, te comprimit alter adulter
Nequior, et scortum infelix post improba calcat
Oscula; seu Scotus ille rapax, seu Saxo superbus.
Quis Deus hisce favet stupris? tua deperit usque
Stirps antiqua; novis solum licet esse beatis:
Inque vicem sese tam dira examina pellunt
Certatim: tibi rara quies; tibi perfidus idem
Hostis et hospes inest. Qui dividit, imperat Anglus,
Immeritam in terris matrem te scilicet unam
Temnere fas, et amare nefas. Quis strenuus ausit
Consuluisse tibi, et non immemor esse parentis,
Semper in exitium præceps ruit? Imminet Anglus,
Iratisque frui divis jubet; utque tumescit
Bile jecur, crudelis et implacabilis instat.
Religio dat opem sceleri; nec deficit atrox
Inter, quos invita paris, discordia fratres.
Tantis victa malis servit fortuna Medusæ
Angliæ; et horrificos angues quatit ista quotannis,
Ut libet esse truci; seu rumpere fœdera malit,
Seu fera bella ciet civilia; spargere pestes
Vafra, dies condit lætos; tibi turpis egestas,
Et metus, et dolus, et malesuada peritia legum
Invigilant: at nec melior, neque fortior illa,
Ni divisa ruas: ni tu tibi sævior hostis.
Nec satis est in vota tuæ juràsse tyrannæ,
Et coluisse novos renuenti poplite ritus,
Improba si miseram non rideat, atque catenis
Crimina ficta tuis et dedecus insuper addat
Historia fallax mordacibus: inde per orbem
Justis victa diis, simul immiserabilis audis.
Dùm despecta jaces, Angli pueri atque puellæ
Illudent, impunè rudem stolidamque notantes,
Et magis insulsi, jocus es et fabula vulgi.
Undique te lacerant spinæ; rapit Anglia flores
Usque tuos: . . . .
. . . . Frustrà tibi lucet Apollo
Gratus, et æterno faverunt carmine Musæ:
Frustrà animos virtute tuos Mars impiger auxit:
Cedit in Angligenas decus et laus transfuga fures.
Nimirum quodcunque tui fecere nepotes
Fortiter, aut sacris monti scripsere camœnis,
Desinit esse tuum! nec gens inimica cachinnis
Parcit, dum tibi raptat opes: tua splendida mendax
Induit, et falsis ovat insignita tropheis.
Proh scelus! Harpyæ manibus dum plaudit utrisque,
Te nudam atque inopem, totus te sibilat orbis!
Nempe nec è gnatis aderit, qui vindicet, ultor,
Exuvias? si nemo domi, nisi proditor, ausim
Ferre, parens, licet exul, opem. Sanxisse nefandam,
Aut siluisse nefas fraudem. Manet unicus heros.
Ictus amore tui miseræ (cognomen Achillei
Is, ποδας ωκυς, habet) nec tantis hostibus impar,
Sortis et invidiæ pergit tela aspera contra,
Et quatit indomitam, mediis in millibus, hastam.
Immemor ipse sui, spretæ memor usque parentis,
Hic tibi fidus adest—Hoc uno excepto, alienos
Quisque domi patitur manes; estque omnis Hibernus
Spreve, metuve Anglus."

The remains of the Irish (*Reliquiæ Danaûm atque immitis Achillei*) labour under another very great inconvenience. They are far from partaking of the indulgence, or other privilege, allowed to all other people, by an exemption from any general charge on account of personal defects or villanies. If one Irishman of any distinction be found a blockhead, a knave, a traitor, or coward, there arises a certain mirth upon the discovery among strangers of all kinds, especially the English; as if they were glad to light upon an example in that nation of what is a pretty general rule in most countries at this time of day. But where they dare joke upon it, the single blot is imputed with great gaiety to that whole people. Thus all Ireland is made answerable for the faults of every one of her children; and every one of these bears the whole weight of his country upon his shoulders. This is the greatest of all compliments if taken in a right light. It presupposes a certain infallibility annexed to the Irish alone, which makes the world enjoy any exception from it with so much pleasure. In this uncouth attitude the Irishman must, in his own defence and that of his whole country, be braver, and more nice in regard of his reputation than it is necessary for any other man to be. All that he gets generally for his pains is the character of having behaved as might be expected from an Irishman: yet if there be any crime or mistake in his conduct, not only he but his whole country is sure to pay for it. This, in strictness, regards only the Irishmen abroad; those at home may be Englishmen, and join in the banter when they please.

All this is owing to the calumny dispersed, time

out of mind, by the tongues and pens of the two neighbouring nations, in order to justify their own barbarous proceedings in regard of that unhappy people. But, not to misspend our time upon those wretched historians and geographers who have continued so long to mislead the world in that respect, there has appeared of late a writer of importance, the malignity of whose aspersions upon the Irish has spread itself with an air both at home and abroad. This is the famous lord Clarendon, whose long legend is translated into French. He was the man generally employed by king Charles I. in that ruinous paper war he unfortunately waged with his parliamentarians, who never entered into negotiation with him but with a view of imposing upon the people, and procuring a respite for themselves when they were inferior in the field. In this fatal medley of war and peace, both out of their proper season, the king was undone, as well as the church and monarchy, by the mixture of fear and corruption that reigned in Clarendon, and his fellows of the privy-council. They engaged him to strip himself of his rights in favour of his rebels: and then took effectual care to alienate his mind from the most loyal subjects, especially the Irish, whom they represented as a parcel of inhuman, intractable, and senseless brutes, in order to deter him from accepting all they were worth in men and money, to support his sinking cause. These notable counsellors, after having done all the vile work inspired to them by their cowardice, or their hollow intrigues with parliament, fled generally to it, and became its dupes at last. The king, robbed by their infusions of the assistance of his most gallant and loyal friends, both in England and Ireland, found himself obliged to fly to the Scots, who soon delivered him up to his mortal enemies.

Clarendon followed the fate of the royal son, and would not suffer him to transport himself into Ireland at the instance of that English hero, lord Digby, in order to vindicate his own cause, and that of his father while he was yet alive. By his removal into France that was then, and a long time before, in a tacit confederacy with the parliament, the father lost his life upon the scaffold; the loyalists, and especially the Irish, were devoted to destruction soon after, for having been willing to support the king, in spite of his council. They lost their lives, and all their lands at home under the violence of a triumphant rebellion, when they had no prince to countenance or unite them. Numbers followed the royal exile; changed sides with him as he was obliged to change protection with the contending powers of France and Spain; served him faithfully, and assisted him in his distress. But the Clarendons of the council had contrived matters so well, that the father king could not maintain his rights, because they would not let him trust his friends; nor the son ever be restored, but by the declared enemies and assassins of his father.

At the Restoration, that ought to have settled the fundamentals both of church and state upon a basis no more to be shaken by popular commotions, the joy was so universal throughout upon the meeting of the king and his people, that they unhappily passed their time in capping of courtesy and compliments with each other. The king would exact nothing from them with an air of resolution, out of pure modesty and grateful deference to his restorers. Though he was very hard put to it for the maintaining of his own family, and in no manner of condition to reward his fellow-sufferers, he was advised, forsooth, only to recommend to his people, with great humility, what he should have demanded with authority for the redress of his and their former wrongs, and the further security both of the temporal and spiritual establishment. The people, on the other hand, were grown so weary of their past servitude, and so charmed to see their lawful prince among them, that they waited only for his commands to show their prompt obedience, and looked upon all his slight overtures, as things he had very little at heart.

In this giddy interval, the occasion of securing the rights both of church and state was lost: and the prime-minister Clarendon, who was taken for the king's second self, profited by the mutual ecstasy of king and people to advance the ends of his own avarice and ambition. While the prince, after so tedious an exile, gave himself up to the enjoyment of his present happiness, the subjects squared all the regulations of government, and the measures of justice, by the standard of Clarendon, whom they reckoned the faithful echo of their master's intentions. The plans of ecclesiastical and civil establishments were equally committed to his care; and he has left such a gangrene in both as has since reached their very vitals. The church, it is true, was restored to her livings; but her pales were so ill fenced, that an inundation of all those sectaries, who had so lately borne her down to the ground, has forced its way into her very sanctuary; and while they graciously suffer her name to subsist, appropriate to themselves all her riches and authority. Clarendon, in that happy conjuncture, might have gone the lengths of Laud and Strafford with success. But their undaunted zeal never could inhabit such a heart as his. They had rendered her one of the most firm and amiable societies in the universe, free from tyranny, inaccessible to heresy: whereas, in her present state, she is become the helpless victim of Clarendon's politics, and neither durst stand by her principles nor assert her doctrine, while all her hierarchy is in heterodox hands. Whatever the appearances may be, she has, in fact, changed places with her adversary. Presbytery is become episcopal; and she is reduced, in regard of her authority and livings, to be only presbyterian; in short, she has taken a huge dose of laudanum; and is in no danger, though she have no pulse, because she has been forced to sleep extremely sound.

All this has befallen the church, as a necessary consequence of Clarendon's horrible prevarications and injustices with respect to the state. In all national churches, loyalty and religion are linked in a very close union, and tend naturally to the support of each other. Where the one is wounded in any essential part, the evil is taking, and the other suffers of course. Clarendon opened the administration of king Charles II. with the most unexampled and impolitic scene, in regard of monarchy, that ever appeared in the world. The church and monarchy had just been rescued from the claws of a horrid rebellion. Those loyalists, whom neither the corruption of the former privy-council nor the terrors of the parliament had withdrawn from their zeal for the royal cause, had been long groaning under cruel oppression or miserable exile. They had now reason to flatter themselves, not only with the repossession of their land, but the reward of their sufferings and services. But though thousands of loyal families had been undone by the rebellion, Clarendon, by imposing on his master's indolence and facility, ordered matters so, that he was the only considerable gainer by the Restoration, and made his fortune by perpetuating the distress and unaccountable hard fate of the cavaliers, after the return of their prince. Those men of quality alone, who had the king's immediate favour, or cunning enough to deal with the chancellor in his own way, were reinstated in their lands. The rest, and the far greater number, were left to the wide world, or the permission of sharping by a lottery, which unworthy resource was soon taken from them. The rebels and their issue, the spawn of fanaticism and rebellion, were continued in their ill-gotten possessions,

and consequently, as they had art enough to dissemble their old religion and principles, were gaily admitted into the best preferments both in church and state, and lent a helping hand to all their brethren in iniquity, under the same mask. The abandoned cavaliers and their disinherited offspring must even make the best of a bad world; and since they were undone by loyalty, endeavour to repair their broken fortunes by faction, and lie in wait for an opportunity to be revenged of the royal family. This could not be long missing in a government the majority of whose supporters were divided against it by their rotten and antimonarchical principles; and therefore it is observable that the most strenuous opposers of the royal cause since the Restoration were, and still are, the descendants of those families that had behaved with the stanchest loyalty in the days of king Charles I.

Thus the proceedings of Clarendon, upon the Restoration, only laid in seed for a large crop of rebellion. How could the church and monarchy thrive, by fostering their covert foes in their very bosom, and obliging their only friends to become their inveterate enemies? No loyalty in the universe but the Irish alone could be proof against such usage. No church in Christendom, not even the Catholic, could stand firm and united if sectaries of all the present denominations were admitted, upon the merit of one ceremony, or rather chosen to make up her hierarchy. And thus Clarendon, by his unjust and interested politics, has been the real father of Whiggism, the second edition corrected and amended of the Roundheads, that has found the way to make an indisputable property of Ireland, and to turn the natural frame of the church and state of England *hors de page*, by the address of stepping into their places.

This may seem hard upon the memory of that gentleman; but after the most impartial reflection it will be found undoubted truth. The gallant lord Digby opened the charge against him in parliament, the third year of his maladministration, to no purpose: his ascendant was still too prevalent over the king and the English nation. Most of the rebellious members, who owed their all to him, were yet alive; and the universities had not yet had time to form the youth to the ancient principles of honour and integrity. At length the veil was drawn off, and the eyes of the whole nation opened upon the iniquity of Clarendon, during the most loyal and wise session of parliament that perhaps ever was seen in England. But it was too late. Foundations could not be removed then, without threatening the whole building once again. The only redress that could be found for such a heap of crying injustices, that are and ever must be in force, was the head of Clarendon, that contrived and established them—an admirable state-mender, who had found no other expedient for the support of the monarchy but that of putting loyalty to death!

He fled his country and his master, after he had done them all the mischief he could, because he durst not stand his trial. He vanished, and left a horrible stench behind him to this day. The few friends he had, upon his impeachment, could find no defence for him against the vile treachery of having kept correspondence with his master's enemies during his exile, and made a visit, incognito, to Cromwell, upon his return from his embassy in Spain. He had no pretence to secure him from the vengeance due to his former crimes, but that ample act of oblivion he had penned himself upon the Restoration, and had made so vastly comprehensive in order to find room in it for his own iniquity. But that *mare magnum* could not save him from the prodigious charge of having sold, not settled, the whole kingdom of Ireland afterward. His flight alone could rescue him from the wrath of the whole English nation against him, for his having doomed so many thousands of innocent, or rather of meriting people, to the utmost extremities of shame, cold, and hunger, to serve the purposes of his own corruption, and to make rebellion as lasting as the world.

Not all the mutual cruelty of the civil war, not the massacre acted in Ireland, first under the connivance of the roundhead justices at Clontarf, Ballock &c.; next by the Scots in the island of Maggee, near Carrickfergus, and then by sir Phelim O'Neil's brutal revenge in a part of the north, which was retaliated more than tenfold by Coote, Ireton, and Cromwell, over that whole kingdom, can equal the list of those loyal Irish families which have been rased out of the world in miserable infamy by the pen of Clarendon! The rump parliament, and all its emissaries, were but transient plagues, that rioted for a while over the church, the state, and the royal family of England. The hand of God soon overtook them. They died, and all their iniquities and abominations had died with them, had not the church, the state, and the royal family, found their bane perpetuated to immortality by the single corruption of Mr. Hyde, the chancellor of the exchequer and the lord high-chancellor of England.

During his voluntary exile, Clarendon, to justify himself and his amphibious companions of the former privy-council, digested at Rouen that long and eloquent satire he had composed, for the most part, in the isle of Jersey, upon the king's father and all his friends, but especially the Irish; because they never can forgive who do the wrong. He has taken a vast deal of pains to blanch rebellion in all its promoters, and cast invidious colours upon the most eminent loyalists. He can scarce find a man of thorough worth and sense in the royal party in England, except Mr. Hyde, the chancellor of the exchequer, and the lord Falkland. No Irishman has the honour of his approbation but Daniel O'Neil[a] and colonel Wogan.[b] However, though he allows the former more sense than came to his share of all his countrymen together, he vitiates that sense with a mxiture of too much cunning, whereby he mounted to the sublime post of groom of the bedchamber, which, in his opinion, ought to be inaccessible to an Irishman. As for colonel Wogan, he is so much in love with him that he sinks the mention of his country; and though he executed his purpose with wonderful courage and dexterity, he looks upon him as a little out of his senses because he was extremely loyal and brave. He omits, however, giving him the honour of having saved the king's life at the battle, or rather flight, of Worcester, by the desperate stand he made at the head of 300 horse against Cromwell's whole army, in the suburbs of that town, till the king and colonel Careless were out of sight. How could the father king be maintained on his throne, or the son be restored to it by his friends, since, in the language of their dastard or corrupt counsellors, all that was brave was mad, and all that was thoroughly loyal and firm savoured of popery: but as an instance of the unfair dealing of the English historians, the glory of the escape at Worcester has always been ascribed to their countryman Careless, as if it were more honourable to fly with the king than to stop those that are in full chase after him. The rest of the Irish, according to Clarendon, were a horrid compound of stupidity and barbarism, except the marquises of Ormond and Clanricard, who were still more cunning than Daniel O'Neil, and not half so

[a] An intriguing but very able courtier, often mentioned in Clarendon's history. He was groom of the chamber to Charles II.

[b] A gallant cavalier, who undertook the desperate task of marching through England with a party of royalist cavalry.

mad as Wogan. Yet if the privy-council of king Charles I. had been as wise or as honest as the supreme council of Kilkenny,* he had never been engaged to divest himself of his own will and prerogative till he was forced to maintain his cause with the wretched remains; he had never been sold by one people, or beheaded by another, who had nothing but treason in their hearts and cant in their religion.

But, on the other hand, Clarendon so kindly recommends the persons, and mixes such shining colours in the talents and characters of the most notorious traitors, that one can hardly find in his heart to detest them for their villanies. The virtues of the bravest cavaliers are tarnished, and the vices of the blackest republicans brightened up in his hands. Milton engages our fancies, perhaps too far, in favour of the devils, by the lively and beautiful images he often mixes with their characters; but if he had dealt with the angels as Clarendon has with the cavaliers, the devils had undoubtedly been the heroes of his poem. In short, he has left a legend to all posterity, the best lesson that has ever yet been given to wicked subjects, and the most encouraging, to dethrone or destroy their kings.

If justice had been done to that voluminous treatise, it should have had the same fate with the petition he left behind him in London, addressed to the house of lords, by way of justification, which was unanimously voted by both houses a malicious and scandalous paper, and a reproach to the justice of the nation.

But that posthumous work came out in excellent season for him. The church was wonderfully perverted for him, which made her overlook the mortal wound he has given her through the side of the state. The state was possessed by his grandchild. The witnesses against his falsehoods and calumnies were no more in being. That England, which had him in the greatest detestation in 1667, and for many years after, subsisted no longer. The lists, both ecclesiastical and civil, were thronged either with the unwary admirers of his style, or with those that owed their fortunes to his motley establishments. His perpetual running down of the Irish was no small help toward gaining him a general benevolence among the English and Scots, whose rank treasons he had taken so much pains to soften or to spare. His books had frontlets of Scripture to recommend and sanctify all their venom. This is but the second part of the Spanish hypocrisy in America, while they murdered whole nations in cold blood with their beads in their hands.

How could any better dealings be expected from a man who had resolved to make his fortune at any rate, nay at the expense of his trust, honour, and loyalty, when abroad; as most of his companions in the former privy-council had done before him, to keep their estates at home? He had none to lose that could be as beneficial to him as his attendance on his exiled master. However, in order to bid fair for one, it is notorious that, in the year 1657, when he found his master's affairs desperate, he made his peace and terms with Cromwell, by the mediation of Mr. secretary Thurloe, whom he was afraid, on account of that confidence, not to protect after the Restoration; and then, since he could not sell his master during his exile, he made himself more than amends after his return. He first sold one of his kingdoms, with all its loyal subjects (who had ruined themselves by their endeavours to serve and assist him, both in and out of their country), to his known enemies: he then, by his base and faithless moderation, sold the church and state of England to their false friends: and, lastly, did worse, by the rotten foundations he laid, than Cromwell and all his accomplices could ever have compassed, since he sold the royal family of England to distress and exile for all eternity.

As I am under voluntary articles neither to conceal nor disguise any of my thoughts from Mentor, my spirit has been tempted to wander into this long dissertation, in order to give itself some ease, while it had the satisfaction of opening itself entirely to him. I am willing to flatter myself it has some sympathy with his, which I should be extremely sorry to shock, or even disoblige, by this frank confession of my sentiments. If I have incurred his displeasure by any freedom of speech that may be offensive, or any notions that may be repugnant to his, I submit to his censure, and am willing to stand corrected. I do not pretend either to instruct his better genius, or to force my thoughts upon him. I am a fond admirer of that worth and generosity which has put a stop to his rising in the world. I have no personal enmity to any man living, nor any interest in view that can interfere in the least with Mentor's.

It is true, I reckon Clarendon a more pernicious subject and a worse man than the brave and wicked Cromwell. I take him to be the author of most irreparable mischiefs to the church, the state, and more especially to the people of England, whom his design to maintain in a perpetual superiority over their prince has devoted to perpetual slavery. He, for his own ends, (as he fairly declared to the earl of Southampton,) as well as in compliment to them, hindered the first parliament after the Restoration to settle a constant and indefeasible revenue upon the crown; whereby it had been screened from factions, and the government from revolution, which must necessarily happen where the prince must depend on the people for his yearly subsistence, and the maintenance of his own state and family. This was by no means the circumstances of the kings of England till James I. had squandered away all the royal demesnes upon his hungry and insatiable countrymen; and so made his son a sacrifice by forcing him to become a bull-beggar.

All the constitutions of our western world began by limited monarchies, after the fall of the Roman empire, as most adapted to the spirit and genius of our Gothic ancestors. These limitations regarded the measures of peace, the means of war, and the regular administration of justice, but not the daily bread of the sovereigns, who had lands and immediate vassalages of their own for the support of their estate and dignity. Our Norman monarchs were the only arbitrary ones in Europe, except those of Castile, who were complimented with absolute sway by the people to enable them, without any delay or consultation, to issue their orders, and repress the sudden invasions of the Moors, whose neighbourhood was a perpetual alarm.

However, as the common people of England were generally villains or slaves to their lords, these lords became, by the importance of their vassalages, an hereditary council of state, upon extraordinary occasions, when it was thought convenient to gain their assistance by the compliment of asking their advice or their concurrence in taxing their vassals for the public good. The weak princes of the Plantagenet family (which has produced the greatest in Europe) were strangely given over to favourites and minions; as weak princes generally are, because they have not their glory and power so much at heart as their private satisfaction. The barons, as counsellors by their birth and fortune, were so disgusted at this humour, and at subsidies and other vexations that had their rise in the king's closet, and not in his council, that they made frequent confederacies of rebellion, on pretence of grievances; and as they were supported by the people, obtained great concessions in their favour from the crown. The

*Elected for management of the Catholic Insurrection.

kings found no way of supporting themselves against the barons, but by disengaging the people from them This they effected by admitting them, who had no manner of pretence to it before, to appear by their representatives in the great council of the nation which obtained the name of parliament, whenever they had any occasion for subsidies against the barons, or the foreign enemies of the state. The people, in return of their liberalities, obtained frequent enlargements of their privileges. But the Plantagenets and Tudors had still an ample share of their absolute dominion left, and were greatly superior both to the people and the barons. They had it always in their power to divide and rule, because they had wherewithal, by their own demesnes, to maintain their state independent of them, except where the right of the crown was in dispute. They called parliaments when they listed, and dissolved them as freely; or browbeat them, when they had spirit, into what they pleased. Whether it regarded peace or war, church or state, their will, in effect, was a law; and they had no need either of tricks or double-dealings, or of upstart prime-ministers. These they made use of to execute their orders, not to gain their points.

But after king James I. had lavished the ample demesnes left him by queen Elizabeth, the case was quite altered. His successor could neither maintain his authority over the people nor in his own house, for want of means to support his dignity. He was reduced to a wretched dependency on his vassals, who never fail of becoming insolent where they know they are masters. As fast as he called them together they began with complaints, though they never had less cause for them. He wanted subsidies, in fact, for the maintenance of his household, but made use of other pretences, after the example of his ancestors, who were under no such extremities at home. They immediately called for the previous redress of supposed grievances, and so he dissolved and redissolved them, which was almost the only branch of power he had left him. Under these hardships he could hold out no longer; and, without debasing his majesty, could find no other resource for subsisting in independency but that of reviving some rights and claims of his despotic ancestors, which were grown into disuse, because they had no need of them. All this came very short of his necessary expenses, and increased the ill humour of the people; who were growing extremely rich and luxuriant, on account of giving him nothing but extorted trifles. At length his wants obliged him to lay himself at the mercy of a saucy and inexorable house of commons, upon which he, his ministers, and his barons split at last. Surely no prince ever found himself in so forlorn and deplorable a situation as his, from the first sitting of that parliament upon his majesty till the last sitting upon his life.

He had been long borrowing from all the world, upon the credit of dead authority, in order to give bread to a household he could not pay. All his servants, from the secretaries of state down to the scullions of his kitchen, were in an interest contrary to that of his dignity, and could never hope either for their arrears or their current wages, but by his being well with a parliament that never intended to be well with him. His honour was concerned in supporting his rights; his necessity and conscience in making away with them by degrees, in hopes that his parliament might at length be engaged by his condescensions to allow him wherewithal to pay his debts and defray his daily expenses. All those that served him, either in his council or his house or his parliament, had a personal interest in making him take this party, except those very few that were sacrificed for voting generously, and at their own cost, on the side of his honour. All the rest were bribed against his royal dignity, by their wants and their fears; and not only left him to be worried unmercifully by two nations, under the insolent pretensions of loyalty and religion, but obliged him to waste part of his force, and all his indignation, against a third, the only one that had real loyalty and religion enough to restore him.

The mettle and superior genius of Cromwell subdued faction and rebellion, by the very power they had put into their hands against the lawful sovereign. He supported his state, and terrified all Europe, as well as the three nations, by the grandeur of his courage and the spirit of his army, which he made, in effect, his parliament. They paid themselves, and laughed at the constitution. Upon the return of king Charles II., the English nation, grown wise by a very dear-bought experience, had resolved, at their first meeting in parliament, to set the royal family in its ancient state of independency upon the people, except upon extraordinary occasions, by settling a perpetual revenue on the crown, and thereby securing it from the unavoidable danger and insolence of faction. Clarendon, as perfidious to his country as to his sovereign, has hindered this excellent purpose from taking effect, by his vile and interested infusions, and made himself a merit with the English nation of what has left it a prey ever since to unavoidable discontents and convulsions. By this means, and the abrogation of the ancient tenures, the crown was abandoned to a more wretched necessity of begging annually and condescending than before; and robbed of its old influence and authority over the people. Thus the kings of England were left in a worse state than the ancient kings of Sparta. Their cellars, their kitchens, and the wages of their footmen and grooms, depended upon the good graces of the house of commons: their inherent rights of making war, and peace, and alliances, or issuing *quo warrantos*, &c., were but mere feathers, the sport of every wind that blew from the ephori of the people.

In this manner king Charles II., though the idol of England, was forced, by the malign ascendant of Clarendon, to become her wretched pensioner. King only (and a very limited king) of Scotland, and tyrant of Ireland, to no manner of purpose for himself, but to the exceeding joy of his own and his father's enemies, he led a life of continual struggle and uneasiness, from which he had no relief, but in turning rake and drowning his royal spleen in all the common pleasures he could afford himself. To ward against those factions that arose naturally out of the triumph of the good old cause, and aimed at nothing less than his life and dignity, he found himself obliged to become a captain Tom too, to mix his majesty with the mob, and turn cabalist and factioneer, as well and as knavishly as the best of them. He must call parliaments as oft as his wants called upon him, not to advise him, (according to their original institution,) but merely to keep him from starving At length he grew weary of acting a part so far beneath him: he plucked up his spirit by calling to mind the power of his ancestors, cast his enemies into a panic fear, put Presbytery to death, and died soon after he had made himself in effect king of England.

His successor, who had not the force of his genius, and had more religion than either he or Clarendon would have thought necessary, was soon outwitted and outdone by faction. He had been used to closeting, favourites, and intrigues during his former life, in order to secure his rights against the inconvenience of that religion; and after he had mounted the throne with great acclamation, he misplaced his confidence upon those that grew too hard for him at his own weapons. A he had made himself pretty easy in his domestic

circumstances, by making up a little demesne of forfeited estates, he was not so entirely at the devotion of his parliament as his predecessors had been; and so began to resume the old prerogatives of the crown, without a sufficient fund of money, or friends, or art, to make them pass upon a people that had so long looked upon themselves as masters, with a great deal of reason. He did not sink under the mutual villany of privy-council and parliament, like his father; his favourites in the privy-council alone were more than enough for him. Deserted by two kingdoms, and attacked by a foreign power; since he was too good-natured to allow any foreign power to support him, he had nothing left but the common people of Ireland, and those remnants of Catholic nobility and gentry there who had rested their estates, by favour or interest at court, out of the intricacies of Clarendon's act of settlement: for the infinitely greater number of Irish proprietors, though restored to their lands by the act of repeal, had been bred in so much distress and ignorance that they could scarce be of any use to him. And so he was obliged to abandon that kingdom to its evil destiny, as the other two had abandoned him.

Now Clarendon's politics began to have their full effect. His posterity was seated on the throne. The republican tares had been sown so thick in the church and state of England that they choked and overtopped the genuine grain. King James II. had given a liberty of conscience in general. This, as it was shocking to the established church, was exchanged, by the prevalence of calvinistical and freethinking interlopers, for the softer title of toleration, which has been improved by a very easy turn of legerdemain into actual dominion. A great cry was kept up on all sides about the dangers that threatened the church. The unthinking Tories, or church-of-England men, joined in it along with the Whigs, with a view of keeping out popery. The Whigs heightened it at every turn, not to keep out popery, which they made use of as a bugbear, but to oblige the church to suppress her true doctrine and discipline, and let in presbytery. The Tories were all along the dupes of this farce; and king William, with all his penetration, could not see through the whole plot, or did not go all the lengths he should to favour the Whigs, and thereby secure his own independency on the people. He had a very uneasy time of it, while he laboured in vain to mix parties that never can incorporate.' The Whig will never become Tory: the Tory, generally speaking, is not so stubborn. It is true, he never will expose his life or his fortune by rising to the sublime pitch of a cavalier, which renders any government secure against him. He may drink, and prate, and protest, to get a name among the vulgar; but Clarendon's usage of the loyalists after the Restoration is a sufficient warning to him to keep his own house and live within the verge of the laws in being. However, as he will not play the fool for church or state, he is extremely wise in regard of himself. Royalty and religion hang loose enough about him, and he can turn Whig without much difficulty, where he can find a considerable advantage in it. And thus king William, by endeavouring to jumble both parties together, became agreeable to neither; and had shared the same fate with his predecessor, if the war which England necessarily drew upon itself, and the absolute dominion he had over the seven provinces, had not kept him on the throne. For since the government of England has been reduced to a democracy by Clarendon, the Whigs must reign alone, or it must be in perpetual convulsions.

That prince had not found out this grand arcanum, which has since been discovered, and put in practice with infallible success; and has rendered his successors under an air of limitation as absolute in fact as any of our ancient monarchs, or of the present kings of Christendom. It is true the Tories had a lucid interval in the last years of queen Anne; but it could not last, because they never can have spirit enough to play all their game and fix their fortune. The Whigs, that will ever despise them as a rope of sand, have still art and mettle enough, though they be at the lowest ebb, to frighten or make them fall together by the ears, and thereby make a jest of all their projects. While the crown has no demesnes nor any settled revenue, the Tories can never do its business with unanimity and success. The Whigs, whose birthright it is to make the people uneasy and mutinous, can never miss of breaking, or at least thwarting their measures, under colour of their concern for the grievances and unsupportable taxes laid on the public. But let the prince put himself wholly under their protection, he is perfectly safe in regard of the Tories; and the Whigs will easily find the method of paying him, and themselves into the bargain, at the expense of the people, and with the most careless contempt of their adversaries. A prime-minister, under the inoffensive title of treasurer or secretary; a privy-council, under the title of parliament, the majority of which is gained over by his art or his largesses, and who, in return, secure the nation, with all its wealth, will, and power, in the most implicit obedience to him, and consequently to his master; does all the business of the crown to a wonder, and reduces the people, by their own consent, to as much slavery as is convenient for all the purposes of the prince.

Thus, in regard of the government, Clarendon's politics are entirely overset. He has ruined one royal family by leaving it at the mercy of the people; he has ruined the rights of the people by leaving them at the mercy of another that has been too cunning for him, and found the knack of keeping them whom he proposed to leave masters for ever, under perpetual and unlimited subjection, by the help and corruption of their representatives, notwithstanding the addition of new and more irksome limitations of the crown. He had destroyed the cavaliers at the Restoration, and has given the *coup de grace* to the Tories at the Revolution, which was a child of his own begetting upon the body of the former iniquity.

The world has never seen a frame of government so nicely fitted for all the purposes of the sovereign as the present constitution of England. The king has not a foot of land; yet all Britain is his property in fact: he is under the most unbecoming restrictions in the eyes of the people; however, he can be as despotic, when he thinks it necessary, as William the Conqueror; provided he save appearances by letting old forms subsist in the administration, he can turn them to what use he thinks proper, and has no need of very great dexterity in the management. The people flatter themselves with a notion of being free, because they have an air of being represented; and yet it is that very representation makes them slaves. They have no real liberty left but that of the press, which would soon grow contemptible in their own eyes if the minister (against whom it is generally directed) had sense enough to despise it. The barons have no shadow of their old authority, only in the vain formality of entering their protests by half-dozens against the votes of a vast and a sure majority, that speaks the sense of the minister, while it pretends to speak that of the nation. All this is a riddle,—yet every cobbler in England can unfold it, to no manner of purpose for himself or his country. The charm is irresistible; all the subjects are caught in the snare that Clarendon had laid for the sovereign.

In the mean time the prince, vested by this magic

in as much real state and power as the most arbitrary monarch in Europe, has other advantages, which none of them can share with him. The interposition of his parliament screens him from all censure, as well as danger or want. Though he be an arrant knave in his dealings with his people, or a notorious trickster and breaker of public faith in regard of his foreign alliances, he is ever absolved by the unthinking world, and the blame thrown entirely on his parliament; which he is still supposed, upon the credit of a received tradition, not to be able to govern or lead into all his honest purposes, though it be in reality the best trained and most easily managed of any beast of burden in the universe. So that, as things now stand, Clarendon's antimonarchical scheme is like to continue for ever the surest support of tyranny. The Whigs must be the majority in parliament. They alone can be bribed to sell and subdue the people; and a king of Great Britain must be a downright fool or a madman not to be on a surer foot of reputation, as well as power, than any other sovereign upon earth. He may be at the head of different alliances at the same time, as well as of different churches; and has a more undisputed right to personal infallibility than the pope. The other monarchies of Europe, originally limited, have become absolute by the policy of keeping their ancient demesnes, and adding those of the rebellious barons to them from time to time; that of England, by having no demesnes at all.

In this happy circumstance, a king of England, while he is in perfect security at home, can keep his foreign enemies in awe by the terror of his fleets at sea, and confederacies on the continent, or by sowing corruption in councils and cabinets abroad, which are now as accessible to it as his parliament. If intrigue should fail, the Whigs, by whom he reigns, will always find him money enough to do the business. In the mean time he can stand in no manner of apprehension with respect to any part of his subjects, except a distant one, in regard of those established by Clarendon, to wit, the Irish Whigs. These have had earnest longings after independency, both upon the church and state of England, ever since their establishment in Ireland. The division of the vulgar of that country from them in point of religion, and the long peace of the neighbouring powers with England, have rendered all their views impracticable hitherto. England is mad enough to encourage persecution in that country; and if they can, by executing the penal laws in all their rigour, force the people at length to be of a piece with them, they may not be long to seek for a proper occasion to withdraw themselves from the dominion of England, as the Portuguese did some time ago from that of Spain, though upon the same continent. In that case, as they were founded upon presbytery and fanaticism, the ecclesiastical livings will be no small accession of power and encouragement for them to return to the religion of their fathers. Their honour will be concerned in having a church of their own; and there is nothing so easy as to make five hundred as good as any of those now in being within the comprehensive system.

Who can think it strange, after all, that Clarendon should reckon the Irish a blind and stupid people, since they could not discover the broad way to their temporal and eternal happiness as well as he and all his pupils of the present latitude? But, in the name of wonder, since they could have made the way to heaven, notwithstanding the needless burden of their articles of faith, why should they be destroyed in this world merely upon account of them? After having suffered so much for their rebellion against Cromwell, why should they be made martyrs to their loyalty, when their king was actually on the throne? a man must be stupid indeed not to see through all this mechanism of sacrificing people to God and to the devil at once. But, thanks to their stars! their friend Clarendon is still alive: his spirit of persecution will open their eyes at last, and bring them to their senses. Whenever they can get clear of the devil in his way, by having little or no religion at all, they will soon become as wise as their neighbours; and, by agreeing among themselves, get clear of England and her church too into the bargain.

Dear Mentor, excuse me for having finished, as folks do generally in their drink, with a dispute about religion; I love religion with all my soul where it is sincere; but abhor, above all things, the pretence or abuse of it, to advance any purpose but those that regard the other world. As I have a soul (I hope) to be saved, I have studied all the present religions with care; and, if my creed did not determine me to be a Catholic, I freely own I should be troubled with none of them, because of all the vile and cruel rogueries I have seen them misapplied to. Most of them, for want of authority, are lost in freethinking; others, by arrogating too much authority, vanish into superstition. These two kinds, abandoned to such extremities, have infinitely more business upon earth than ever they are like to have in heaven. The catholic may be free from either if he pleases; if he fall into either, he must be knave or fool. The same may be said of a national church, guarded by the civil, and fenced by her own ecclesiastical authorty. She may be very catholic, without being enslaved to the decertals and extravagancies of popery; or overlaid by the heavier weight of presbytery; or made the jest and handmaid of freethinking. It is a general remark that two of a trade cannot agree. The most sanguine Jesuits, though they are forced to keep some measures, are horribly cried out at by those who pretend to the strictest kind of reformation: yet these, whenever they get the temporal power into their hands, outdo them infinitely in all their arts of double-dealing and tyranny. But all our jars are a noise about nothing.—Clarendon, a man of much more religion and sense than either the apostles, fathers, or councils, has discovered, of late, that heresy is only a dream; since, according to him, Catholic and Christian are one and the same thing in fact. So let us burn our books and our schools, for there is an end of controversy. However, let us keep rancour and persecution on foot, with all the zeal of our fathers. There has been, and there is still, something to be got by it.

I own I am a little mad; so Mentor must take nothing ill that I say to him. My patience is exhausted, and I have done all I could to tire his. He must blame his own good nature, that has given me room to vent my spleen. As I have no friend here of genius or freedom of thought enough to comprehend these notions, they had rotted in my breast, and thrown me, perhaps, into some dangerous indisposition, if I had not come out with them. I am now setting out upon an expedition against the Moors, since the modern Christians are too hard for me; and, whatever may be my fate, it is an exceeding comfort to me to have thus discharged my conscience in regard of these, before I enter the lists against their brethren the Mahometans.

As for the blank verses which I recommended so earnestly to the care of Mentor, I now abandon them to his discretion. If he thinks them worth his correction, he will give them to the public as he proposes, without the name of an author, and with his own after the epistle to recommend them. It will do me a great deal of honour, and I will take care it shall do him no manner of mischief. If he neglect pub-

lishing them, I shall have the mortification of believing the present I took the liberty to make him no worth his while, or that my present liberty of speech is offensive to him. This must not be. We are all brethren in fact; and no man should be angry at another for using him with all the intimacy of a friend, and opening his whole heart to him without malice or disguise. I beg pardon of Mentor, and of all those great names he mentions, for my censures upon rhyme and raillery, which he may soften or expunge entirely, according to his better judgment. I should be very sorry to make enemies of those whom, of all mankind, I would choose to make my friends. Mr. Pope and I lived in perfect union and familiarity, for two or three summers, before he entered upon the stage of the world, where he has since gained so great and so just an applause. The other geniuses have a right to all my regard, by the merit of sharing the affection and esteem of Mentor, who will do me a great deal of honour if he allow me any place in so learned and polite a society. Without any compliment, they are fitter for the Augustan age than for this. They are at home, and endeavour to give the world a sense of its follies with great humour and gaitey. The cheerfulness of my temper is, in a great measure, sunk under a long and hopeless exile, which has given it a serious, or, if you will, a supercilious turn. I lash the world with indignation and grief, in the strain of Jeremiah. But the world is grown so inveterate in iniquity, that I fear we shall all lose our labour. It will have just the same effect to flog as to tickle them. However, if there be any room for a grave, sullen fellow, that has been one of the merriest fellows in Europe, in Mentor's academy, I offer myself: and, to pay my entrance, as I did in Newgate,[a] I send him a kilderkin of the best wine on this side of the country, to drink their healths, and mine if he pleases. I accept, with a great deal of acknowledgments, the present of books offered me by Mentor, and desire he will send along with them Dr. Jonathan Swift's "Miscellanies," which they tell me are worth them all. I can give him nothing in return, but some heads of the Saracens of Oran, which I shall be ordered to cut off, because they will not become Christians. I must be their executioner in my own defence; for, with all my spleen and vexation of spirit, I am the most inoffensive creature in the world in regard of religion. I would not shed one ounce of blood in anger or enmity, or wrong any man living of a cracked sixpence, to make all the world Catholics; yet I am as stanch a one myself as any Pope in the universe. I am all for the primitive church, in which people made proof of their religion only at their own expense. But I laugh with great contempt at those who will force others to Heaven their way, in spite of charity.

Though I should be in the deserts of Libya, I can still hear from Mentor. It is not necessary he should submit his criticism or correction to me, since I constitute him my judge without appeal. The gentleman of my family mentioned by him is the honestest but the idlest fellow breathing: I cannot even get a letter from him. Thus my reliance for the revising and publishing of those pieces is entirely upon Mentor, whom I embrace with all my heart this 27th of February, 1732.

FROM MR. GAY.

March 13, 1732.

Dear Sir,—I hope this unlucky accident of hurting your leg will not prevent your coming to us this spring, though you say nothing about it. All your friends expect it and particularly my landlord and landlady, who are my friends as much as ever; and I should not think them so if they were not as much yours. The downs of Amesbury are so smooth that neither horse nor man can hardly make a wrong step, so that you may take your exercise with us with greater security. If you prevail with the duchess to ride and walk with you, you will do her good; but that is a motive I could never prevail with her to comply with. I wish you would try whether your oratory could get over this difficulty. General Dormer, sir Clement Cotterell, and I set out to-morrow morning for Rousham, in Oxfordshire, to stay ten days or a fortnight. The duchess will undertake to recommend the lords of her acquaintance to attend Mr. Ryves's cause, if it should come on before our return; the duke will do the same. Her grace, too, has undertaken to answer your letter. I have not disposed of your South-Sea bonds; there is a year's interest due at Lady-day. Were I to dispose of them at present, I should lose a great deal of the premium I paid for them: perhaps they may fall lower, but I cannot prevail with myself to sell them. The rogueries that have been discoveried on some other companies, I believe, make them all have less credit. I find myself dispirited for want of having some pursuit. Indolence and idleness are the most tiresome things in the world. I begin to find a dislike to society. I think I ought to try to break myself of it, but I cannot resolve to set about it. I have left off almost all my great acquanitance, which saves me something in chair-hire, though in that article the town is still very expensive. Those who were your old acquaintance are almost the only people I visit; and, indeed, upon trying all, I like them best. Lord Cornbury refused the pension that was offered him; he is chosen to represent the university of Oxford, in the room of Mr. Bromley, without opposition. I know him, and I think he deserves it. He is a young nobleman of learning and morals, which is so particular that I know you will respect and value him; and to my great comfort, he lives in our family. Mr. Pope is in town and in good health. I lately passed a week with him at Twickenham. I must leave the rest to the duchess: for I must pack up my shirts, to set out to-morrow, being the 14th of March, the day after I received your letter. If you would advise the duchess to confine me four hours a-day to my own room, while I am in the country, I will write; for I cannot confine myself as I ought.

TO MR. FAULKNER.

Deanery-house, March 28, 1732.

Mr. Faulkner,—Without the least regard to your wager, I do assure you, upon my word and reputation, that I am not the author of one single line or syllable of that pamphlet called "An Infallible Scheme to Pay the Debts of the Nation;"[a] and, as it is a very unjust, so it is equally an imprudent and fallible proceeding, to pronounce determinately on our taste and knowledge of style or manner of writing, where very good judges are often deceived: and in this case, few men have suffered so much as myself, who have borne the reproach of many hundred printed papers which I never saw. I do likewise protest in the same manner that I did not write the epigram upon Taylor, nor heard of it until Mr. Pilkington showed it me in manuscript. Therefore, pray desire your wagerer, from me, to be more cautious in determining on such matters, and not venture the loss of his money and credit with so much odds against him. I am your humble servant,

Jonathan Swift.

[a] Where he had been imprisoned as one of the rebels taken at Preston in 1715.

[a] Which was written by Mr. Pilkington, and is founded upon a hint in "Gulliver's Travels" for levying a tax upon vices.

If this fancy should hold, of taxing me with all the papers that come out, and at the same time I should take a fancy to be a writer, I shall be discovered when I have no mind, for it will be only to catechise me whenever I am suspected.

TO LADY ACHESON.

AN APRIL-FOOL LETTER.

Saturday morning, 1732.

A GENTLEMAN called here last night upon some business, who took Mr. ———'s house yesterday at dinner in his return from Wicklow.[a] He tells me that Mrs. ——— was brought to-bed yesterday morning at five o'clock of half a child, just as if it were divided in two equal parts. It had one eye, half a nose, and a mouth, one leg, and so from top to bottom. They could see it was a boy, or rather half a boy: it was dead born, but she is very well. It was thought that this was the cause of all her colics. Mrs. Brent tells me she has known the like more than once. I am glad the poor woman had her mother and sister with her.

Are you not undone for want of Monky? How are you? Does your milk agree with you? We shall see you no more at church until Monday returns. Adieu, &c. I mend a little.

FROM LADY ACHESON.

Saturday morning, 1752.

I AM greatly surprised at the account you gave me of poor Mrs. ———; but since it was so, I am heartily glad she has got rid of it. Mrs. Morris's gout seized her all over on Thursday, so that she keeps her bed. None of them know anything of this matter: they sent a boy yesterday to Dilginney, (I will not mention this thing to them till he returns,) to let them know she was not able to go to the country. I am sorry that you mend but a little; this bad weather has increased my cough; the milk agrees very well with me. I will be at your church to-morrow. I am, yours, &c.

TO MR. GAY.

Dublin, May 4, 1732

I AM now as lame as when you wrote your letter, and almost as lame as your letter itself, for want of that limb from my lady duchess, which you promised, and without which I wonder how it could limp hither. I am not in a condition to make a true step even on Amesbury downs, and I declare that a corporeal false step is worse than a political one: nay, worse than a thousand political ones, for which I appeal to courts and ministers, who hobble on and prosper without the sense of feeling. To talk of riding and walking is insulting me, for I can as soon fly as do either. It is your pride or laziness, more than chair-hire, that makes the town expensive. No honour is lost by walking in the dark; and in the day you may beckon a blackguard boy under a gate, near your visiting place, (*experto crede*,) save elevenpence, and get half-a-crown's worth of health. The worst of my present misfortune is, that I eat and drink, and can digest neither for want of exercise; and, to increase my misery, the knaves are sure to find me at home, and make huge void spaces in my cellars. I congratulate with you for losing your great acquaintance; in such a case, philosophy teaches that we must submit and be content with good ones. I like lord Cornbury's refusing his pension, but I demur at his being elected for Oxford; which, I conceive, is wholly changed, and entirely devoted to new principles; so it appeared to me the two last times I was there.

I find by the whole cast of your letter that you are as giddy and as volatile as ever: just the reverse of Mr. Pope, who has always loved a domestic life from his youth. I was going to wish you had some little place that you could call your own, but I profess I do not know you well enough to contrive any one system of life that would please you. You pretend to preach up riding and walking to the duchess, yet, from my knowledge of you after twenty years, you always joined a violent desire of perpetually shifting places and company with a rooted laziness and an utter impatience of fatigue. A coach and six horses is the utmost exercise you can bear, and this only when you can fill it with such company as is best suited to your taste; and how glad would you be if it could waft you in the air to avoid jolting; while I, who am so much later in life, can, or at least could, ride five hundred miles on a trotting horse. You mortally hate writing, only because it is the thing you chiefly ought to do; as well to keep up the vogue you have in the world, as to make you easy in your fortune: you are merciful to everything but money, your best friend, whom you treat with inhumanity. Be assured I will hire people to watch all your motions and to return me a faithful account. Tell me, have you cured your absence of mind? can you attend to trifles? can you at Amesbury write domestic libels to divert the family and neighbouring squires for five miles round? or venture so far on horseback without apprehending a stumble at every step? can you set the footmen a-laughing as they wait at dinner? and do the duchess's women admire your wit? in what esteem are you with the vicar of the parish? can you play with him at backgammon? have the farmers found out that you cannot distinguish rye from barley, or an oak from a crab-tree? You are sensible that I know the full extent of your country skill is in fishing for roaches or gudgeons at the highest.

I love to do you good offices with your friends, and therefore desire you will show this letter to the duchess, to improve her grace's good opinion of your qualifications, and convince her how useful you are likely to be in the family. Her grace shall have the honour of my correspondence again when she goes to Amesbury. Hear a piece of Irish news: I buried the famous general Meredyth's father last night in my cathedral, he was ninety-six years old; so that Mrs. Pope may live seven years longer. You saw Mr. Pope in health, pray is he generally more healthy than when I was among you? I would know how your own health is, and how much wine you drink in a day? My stint in company is a pint at noon, and half as much at night; but I often dine at home like a hermit, and then I drink little or none at all. Yet I differ from you, for I would have society, if I could get what I like, people of middle understanding and middle rank. Adieu.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

FROM LADY BETTY GERMAIN.

London, May 13, 1732.

I AM sorry my writing should inconvenience your eyes; but I fear it is rather my style than my ink that is so hard to be read: however, if I do not forget myself, I will enlarge my hand to give you the less trouble. Their graces are at last arrived in perfect health, in spite of all their perils and dangers, though I must own they were so long in their voyage that they gave me an exceeding heartache; and if that would be any hinderance, they shall never have my consent to go back to Ireland, but remain here and be only king of Knowle[a] and Drayton; and I do not think it would be the worse for him, either in person or pocket. I dare say he would not need a remembrancer's office

[a] A delightful village in the county of Wicklow, about fourteen miles from Dublin.

[a] A fine mansion of the duke of Dorset's, Sevenoaks, Kent.

for anything you have spoke to him about: but, however, I will not fail in the part that you have set me.

I find you want a strict account of me how I pass my time. But first, I thank you for the nine hours out of the twenty-four you bestowed on sleeping; one or two of them I do willingly present you back again. As to quadrille, though I am, generally speaking, a constant attendant to it every day, yet I will most thankfully submit to your allowance of time; for, when complaisance draws me no further, it is with great yawnings and a vast expense of my breath is asking Who plays? Who's called? And what's trumps? and if you can recollect anything of my former way of life, such as it was, so it is. I never loved to have my hands idle; they were either full of work or had a book; but as neither sort was the best or most useful, so you will find forty years and a wee bit have done no more good to my head than it has to my face. Your old friend Biddy is much your humble servant, and could she get rid of her cough, her spleen would do her and her friend no harm; for she loves a sly sedate joke as well as ever you knew her do.

The duke and duchess are just come in, who both present their service to you, and will take it as a favour, if you will bestow any of your time that you can spare upon lord George.[a]

Adieu; for the duchess, the countess of Suffolk, Mr. Chardin, and I are going to quadrille.

FROM MR. GAY.

London, May 19, 1732.

Dear Sir,—To-morrow we set out for Amesbury, where I propose to follow your advice of employing myself about some work against next winter. You seemed not to approve of my writing more fables. Those I am now writing have a prefatory discourse before each of them, by way of epistle, and the morals of them mostly are of the political kind; which makes them run into a greater length than those I have already published. I have already finished fifteen or sixteen; four or five more would make a volume of the same size as the first. Though this is a kind of writing that appears very easy, I find it the most difficult of any that I ever undertook. After I have invented one fable and finished it, I despair of finding out another; but I have a moral or two more which I wish to write upon. I have also a sort of scheme to raise my finances by doing something for the stage; with this, and some reading and a great deal of exercise, I propose to pass my summer. I am sorry it must be without you. Why cannot you come and saunter about the downs a-horseback in the autumn, to mark the partridges for me to shoot for your dinner? Yesterday I received your letter, and notwithstanding your reproaches of laziness, I was four or five hours about business, and did not spend a shilling in a coach or chair. I received a year's interest on your two bonds, which is 8*l.* I have four of my own. I have deposited all of them in the hands of Mr. Hoare, to receive the half-year's interest at Michaelmas. The premium of the bonds is fallen a great deal since I bought yours. I gave very near 6*l.* on each bond, and they are now sold for about 50*s.* Everything is very precarious, and I have no opinion of any of their public securities; but I believe the parliament next year intend to examine the South-Sea scheme. I do not know whether it will be prudent to trust our money there till that time. I did what I could to assist Mr. Ryves; and I am very glad that he has found justice. Lord Bathurst spoke for him, and was very zealous on bringing on his cause. The duchess intended to write in my last letter, but she set out all on a sudden to take care of lord Drumlanrig,[a] who was taken ill of the small-pox at Winchester-school. He is now perfectly well recovered (for he had a favourable kind) to the great joy of our family. I think she ought, as she intends, to renew her correspondence with you at Amesbury. I was at Dawley on Sunday. Lady Bolingbroke continues in a very bad state of health, but still retains her spirits. You are always remembered there with great respect and friendship. Mrs. Pope is so worn out with old age, but without any distemper, that I look upon her life as very uncertain. Mr. Pope's state of health is much in the same way as when you left him. As for myself, I am often troubled with the colic. I have as much inattention, and have, I think, lower spirits than usual, which I impute to my having no one pursuit in life. I have many compliments to make you from the duke and duchess, and lords Bolingbroke, Bathurst, sir William Wyndham, Mr. Pulteney, Dr. Arbuthnot, Mr. Lewis, &c. Every one of them is disappointed in your not coming among us. I have not seen dean Berkeley, but have read his book,[b] and like many parts of it; but in general think, with you, that it is too speculative, at least for me. Dr. Delany I have very seldom seen; he did not do me the honour to advise with me about anything he has published.[c] I like your thoughts upon these sort of writings; and I should have advised him as you did, though I had lost his good opinion. I write in very great haste; for I have many things to do before I go out of town. Pray make me as happy as you can, and let me hear from you often. But I am still in hopes to see you, and will expect a summons one day or other to come to Bristol, in order to be your guide to Amesbury.

TO THE REV. DR. HENRY JENNY.

AT HIS HOUSE IN ARMAGH.[d]

Dublin, June 8, 1732.

Sir,—It is true that some weeks ago a manuscript paper of verses was handed about this town, and afterwards printed. The subject was, my great ingratitude and breach of hospitality in publishing a copy of verses called "Hamilton's Bawn." The writer hath likewise taken severe notice of some other verses published many years ago by the indiscretion of a friend, to whom they were sent in a letter. It was called a journal, and written at Mr. Rochfort's; and the consequences drawn from both by this late writer is, that the better I am used in any family the more I abuse them; with other reflections that must follow from such a principle. I was originally as unwilling to be libelled as the nicest man can be; but having been used to such treatment ever since I unhappily began to be known, I am now grown hardened; and while the friends I have left will continue to use me with any kindness, I shall need but a small degree of philosophy to bear me up against those who are pleased to be my enemies on the score of party zeal, and the hopes of turning that zeal to account. One thing, I confess, would still touch me to the quick; I mean if any person of true genius would employ his pen against me; but if I am not very partial to myself, I cannot remember that, among at least two thousand papers, full of groundless reflections against me, hundreds of which I have seen, and heard of more, I never saw any one production that the meanest writer could have cause to be proud of; for which I can assign a very natural reason; that during the whole busy time of

[a] Lord George Sackville was at that time a student in the university of Dublin.

[a] The duke of Queensberry's eldest son.

[b] "Alciphron; or, the Minute Philosopher."

[c] He published in London, in the year 1732, "Revelation examined with Candour," &c.

[d] Rector of Armagh, and introduced into Swift's poem on "Hamilton's Bawn."

my life, the men of wit (in England) were all my particular friends, although may of them differed from me in opinions of public persons and proceedings. As to Ireland, where I lived very little before the queen's death, and ever since in perfect retirement, I remember to have published nothing but what is called the "Drapier's Letters," and some few other trifles relating to the affairs of this miserable and ruined kingdom. What other things fell from me (chiefly in verse) were only amusements in hours of sickness or leisure, or in private families to divert ourselves and some neighbours, but were never intended for public view, which is plain from the subjects and the careless way of handling them; neither indeed can it answer the true ends of vanity, or desire of praise, to let the world see such little sallies of fancy or humour, because, if they be ill or indifferently performed, (which must often be the case,) the loss of reputation is certain; and however well executed, after a week's vogue, they are utterly forgotten. I know not how I come to be led so far from the subject of your letter. I confess there were some few persons who made random conjectures that you might possibly be concerned in the paper you hint at, but they were such who knew very little of you or me; for others who were better acquainted with us both have always cleared you, because they did not look upon that paper any way equal to your known good sense and candour, or talent of writing. And as to myself, I had further conviction, because I knew how well you were acquainted with the whole history and occasion of writing those verses on the barrack; how well pleased the master and lady of the family were with it; that you had read it more than once; that it was no secret to any neighbour, nor any reserve but that against giving a copy. You know well by what incidents that reserve was broken, by granting a copy to a great person, and from thence how it fell into other hands, and so came (as is the constant case) to be published, and is now forgotten. I confess my own conjectures about this late libel against me lay towards another gentleman, who, I am informed, hath since cleared himself,—I mean Dr. Tisdall:[a] but that suspicion was first taught me by others: and yet I know very well that for at least fifteen years past he hath been often engaged in a kind of flirting war of satiric burlesque verse with certain wags both in town and country, who, it seems, were provoked with his faculty of jibing, and used to answer him in his own way. Yet I have been assured that in these combats he was generally mistaken in his adversaries, falling foul upon many persons who never dipped a pen either for or against him: and I think you, among others, had some marks of his favour. But as to me, who I solemnly profess was always entirely innocent, during the whole time that his pen and tongue took this unhappy turn, as well as before and since, I could never be one month at peace for his wit; whatever was writ to ridicule him was laid at my door, and only by himself; with a further declaration, much to my honour, that he knew my style, would trouble himself to inquire no further; and, using my sirname, said I was his man. Some of his performances I have seen, and have heard of more, besides the great number he kept *in petto;* so that five or six gentlemen have often and very lately assured me that in one evening sitting he has produced a dozen of his libels wholly against me; desiring I might be told of it, and assuring those gentlemen that the whole dozen should be published if I would not let him alone. This was a little hard upon me, who had never one single moment in my life the least inclination to enter the lists with him, at those or any other weapons whatsoever, any more than I would venture to sit four hours disputing with him any point of controversy. I confess this keenness of the doctor in determining, whenever he was attacked, to fix on me for his adversary, inclined me to conceive that he might probably have written this last paper, and other people had the same thought: but I hear he hath utterly denied it; and I believe him: for I am confident he is an honest man, but unhappily misled, through the whole course of his life, by mistaking his talent, which he hath, against nature, applied to wit and raillery and rhyming: besides which, his incurable absence of mind on all occasions and in all companies hath led him into ten thousand errors, especially of that kind which are mortal to all agreeable or improving conversation, and which hath put him upon such a foot with every friend that I heartily lament the situation he is in.

I entreat your pardon for the length and insignificancy of this letter, but my solitary way of life is apt to make me talkative upon paper. I desire you would believe, first, that I have so frequently been libelled, that my curiosity to know the authors is quite extinct, though that of some friends is not; secondly, that I am not hasty in judging of men's style, or matter, or malice. I can venture to say that a thing is not written by such a person, because it is much below his good sense; and to look among the herd of dunces is endless. As to yourself, I hope you will be my witness that I have always treated you with particular distinction; and if we differ in opinions relating to public proceedings, it is for very good reasons: you are an expectant from the world and from power; I have long done with both: having been an original offender against all principles set up since the death of the queen, I could not think it worth my while to quit my old ones, and must have done it with an ill grace, though honour and conscience had been out of the question. Whoever really believes that things are well is many ways happy; he is pleased with the world, (as I was formerly,) and the world with him; his merit is allowed, and favour will certainly follow; which I heartily wish you, only desiring that, in what appears to my eyes a very dirty road, you would pick out the cleanest stages you can; and believe me to be, with much esteem, sir, your most obedient humble servant, JONATHAN SWIFT.

[a] To this gentleman Dr. Swift addressed a letter, April 20, 1704, on the subject of his addresses to Mrs. Johnson, assuring him very candidly that he had himself never seen any other lady whose conversation he entirely valued; and freely giving consent to her marrying Dr. Tisdall.

FROM LADY CATHERINE JONES.

June 15, 1732.

The return of my humble thanks to Mr. Dean, by the date it bears, looks more like a slumber of gratitude than the quick sense of that rare virtue which I owe to you, sir, for the trouble you have so willingly undertaken in executing what I so much desired, since the manner you have done it in answers my wishes in every respect. The proposal you made I acquainted my sister Kildare and niece Fanny Coningsby with; for I, being but one part of the family, cannot act further than they will consent, which is, that they will settle twenty shillings per year that you may never be liable to any more trouble upon the same occasion.[a]

I need not inform Mr. Dean that the world teaches us that relations and friends look like two different species: and though I have the honour to be allied to my lord Burlington, yet, since the death of my good father and his, the notice he takes of me is as if I was separated blood; or else, I am vain enough to say,

[a] For the purpose of keeping in repair the monument of her grandfather, archbishop Jones.

we are sprung from one ancestor, whose ashes keep up a greater lustre than those who are not reduced to it.

I cannot conclude without saying that, were I worthy, in any way, to have the pleasure of seeing dean Swift, I do not know any passion, even envy, would not make innocent in my ambition of seeing the author of so much wit and judicious writing as I have had the advantage to reap. Your most humble and obliged servant, CATHERINE JONES.

Your opinion of Mr. French[a] is just, and his due.

TO THE REV. JOHN BRANDRETH, DEAN OF EMLY.[b]

Dublin, June 30, 1732.

SIR,—If you are not an excellent philosopher, I allow you personate one perfectly well; and if you believe yourself, I heartily envy you; for I never yet saw in Ireland a spot of earth two feet wide that had not in it something to displease. I think I once was in your county, Tipperary,[c] which is like the rest of the whole kingdom,—a bare face of nature, without houses or plantations; filthy cabins, miserable, tattered, half-starved creatures, scarce in human shape; one insolent, ignorant oppressive 'squire to be found in twenty miles' riding; a parish church to be found only in a summer-day's journey, in comparison of which an English farmer's barn is a cathedral; a bog of fifteen miles round; every meadow a slough, and every hill a mixture of rock, heath, and marsh; and every male and female, from the farmer inclusive to the day-labourer, infallibly a thief, and consequently a beggar, which in this island are terms convertible. The Shannon is rather a lake than a river, and has not the sixth part of the stream that runs under London Bridge. There is not an acre of land in Ireland turned to half its advantage; yet it is better improved than the people: and all these evils are effects of English tyranny;—so your sons and grandchildren will find to their sorrow. Cork indeed was a place of trade; but for some years past is gone to decay; and the wretched merchants, instead of being dealers, are dwindled into pedlars and cheats. I desire you will not write such accounts to your friends in England. Did you ever see one cheerful countenance among our country vulgar? unless once a-year at a fair or on a holiday, when some poor rogue happened to get drunk, and starved the whole week after. You will give a very different account of your winter campaign, when you can't walk five yards from your door without being mired to your knees, nor ride half a mile without being in slough to your saddle-skirts; when your landlord must send twenty miles for yeast, before he can brew or bake; and the neighbours for six miles round must club to kill a mutton. Pray, take care of damps, and when you leave your bedchamber let a fire be made, to last till night; and after all, if a stocking happens to fall off a chair, you may wring it next morning.—*I nunc, et tecum versus meditare canoros.*

I have not said all this out of any malicious intention, to put you out of conceit with the scene where you are, but merely for your credit; because it is better to know you are miserable than to betray an ill taste: I consult your honour, which is dearer than life; therefore I demand that you shall not relish one bit of victuals, or drop of drink, or the company of any human creature within thirty miles of Knoctoher, during your residence in those parts; and then I shall begin to have a tolerable opinion of your understanding.

My lameness is very slowly recovering; and if it be well when that the year is out, I shall gladly compound; yet I make a shift to ride about ten miles a-day by virtue of certain implements called gambadoes, where my feet stand firm as on a floor; and I generally dine alone, like a king or an hermit, and continue alone until I go to bed; for even my wine will not purchase company, and I begin to think the lame are forsaken as much as the poor and the blind. Mr. Jebb[a] never calls at the deanery of late: perhaps he hath found out that I like him as a modest man, and of very good understanding. This town is neither large nor full enough to furnish events for entertaining a country correspondent. Murder now and then is all we have to trust to. Our fruit is all destroyed with the long spring and eastern winds; and I shall not have the tenth part of my last year's fruit. Miss Hoadly hath been nine days in the small-pox which I never heard of till this minute; but they say she is past danger. She would have been a terrible loss to the archbishop.[b] Dr. Felton, of Oxford, hath written an octavo about Revelation;[c] I know not his character. He sent over four copies to me, one of which was for Mr. Tickell,[d] two for the bishops of Cork and Waterford,[e] and one to myself, by way of payment for sending the rest, I suppose, for he sent me no letter. I know him not. Whenever you are in this town, I hope you will mend your usage of me by coming often to a philosophical dinner at the deanery: this I pretend to expect for the sake of our common princess, lady Elizabeth Germaine, to whom I owe the happiness of your acquaintance; and on her account I expect your justice to believe me to be, with truest esteem, your most obedient humble servant,

JONATHAN SWIFT.

TO MR GAY AND THE DUCHESS OF QUEENSBERRY.

Dublin, July 10, 1732.

I HAD your letter by Mr. Ryves a long time after the date, for I suppose he stayed long in the way. I am glad you determine upon something; there is no writing I esteem more than fables, nor anything so difficult to succeed in: which, however, you have done excellently well, and I have often admired your happiness in such a kind of performances, which I have frequently endeavoured at in vain. I remember I acted as you seem to hint; I found a moral first, and studied for a fable, but could do nothing that pleased me, and so left off that scheme for ever. I remember one, which was to represent what scoundrels rise in armies by a long war, wherein I supposed the lion was engaged; and having lost all his animals of worth, at last serjeant Hog came to be brigadier, and corporal Ass a colonel, &c. I agree with you likewise about getting something by the stage, which, when it succeeds, is the best crop for poetry in England: but pray take some new scheme, quite different from anything you have already touched. The present humour of the players, who hardly (as I was told in London) regard any new play, and your present situation at the court, are the difficulties to be overcome; but those circumstances may have altered (at least the former) since I left you. My scheme was to pass a

[a] Humphrey French, esq., lord mayor of Dublin.

[b] Also rector of Kilmore, in the diocese of Armagh. Died in 1764.

[c] Emly, of which Mr Brandreth was dean, is in the diocese of Cashel, and in the county of Tipperary.

[a] Dr. John Jebb, afterwards dean of Cashel, the brother of Dr. Samuel Jebb, an eminent physician.

[b] Hugh Boulter, archbishop of Armagh; who died September 27, 1742.

[c] "The Christian faith asserted against Deists, Arians, and Socinians, in Eight Sermons, preached at the Lady Moyer's Lectures"

[d] Thomas Tickell, esq., the friend of Addison, and then secretary to the lords-justices of Ireland.

[e] Dr. Peter Browne, famous for having written against drinking *memories*, was at that time bishop of Cork. The bishop of Waterford was Dr. Thomas Mills, who sat in that see from 1707 to 1742.

month at Amesbury, and then go to Twickenham, and live a winter between that and Dawley, and sometimes at Riskins, without going to London, where I now can have no occasional lodgings; but I am not yet in any condition for such removals. I would fain have you get enough against you grow old to have two or three servants about you and a convenient house. It is hard to want those *subsidia senectuti,* when a man grows hard to please, and few people care whether he be pleased or not. I have a large house, yet I should hardly prevail to find one visitor if I were not able to hire him with a bottle of wine; so that, when I am not abroad on horseback, I generally dine alone, and am thankful if a friend will pass the evening with me. I am now with the remainder of my pint before me, and so here's your health; and the second and chief is to my Tunbridge acquaintance, my lady duchess; and I tell you that I fear my lord Bolingbroke and Mr. Pope (a couple of philosophers) would starve me, for even of port wine I should require half a pint a-day, and as much at night: and you were growing as bad, unless your duke and duchess have mended you. Your colic is owing to intemperance of the philosophical kind; you eat without care, and if you drink less than I you drink too little. But your inattention I cannot pardon, because I imagined the cause was removed, for I thought it lay in your forty millions of schemes by court hopes and court fears. Yet Mr. Pope has the same defect, and it is of all others the most mortal to conversation: neither is my lord Bolingbroke untinged with it: all for want of my rule, *Vive la bagatelle!* but the doctor is the king of inattention! What a vexatious life should I lead among you! If the duchess be a *rêveuse,* I will never go to Amesbury; or, if I do, I will run away from you both to one of her women and the steward and chaplain.

MADAM, I mentioned something to Mr. Gay of a Tunbridge acquaintance, whom we forget of course when we return to town, and yet I am assured that, if they meet again next summer, they have a better title to resume their commerce. Thus I look on my right of corresponding with your grace to be better established upon your return to Amesbury; and I shall at this time descend to forget, or at least suspend, my resentments of your neglect all the time you were in London. I still keep in my heart that Mr. Gay had no sooner turned his back than you left the place in his letter void which he had commanded you to fill: though your guilt confounded you so far that you wanted presence of mind to blot out the last line, where that command stared you in the face. But it is my misfortune to quarrel with all my acquaintance, and always come by the worst; and fortune is ever against me, but never so much as by pursuing me out of mere partiality to your grace, for which you are to answer. By your connivance, she has pleased, by one stumble on the stairs, to give me a lameness that six months have not been able perfectly to cure: and thus I am prevented from revenging myself by continuing a month at Amesbury, and breeding confusion in your grace's family. No disappointment through my whole life has been so vexatious by many degrees; and God knows whether I shall ever live to see the invisible lady to whom I was obliged for so many favours, and whom I never beheld since she was a brat in hanging sleeves. I am and shall be ever, with the greatest respect and gratitude, madam, your grace's most obedient and most humble, &c.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

FROM LORD BOLINGBROKE.

July 18, 1732.

I WRITE this letter in hopes that Pope, a man scattered in the world, (according to the French phrase,) will soon procure me an opportunity of conveying it safely to you, my reverend dean. For my own part, half this wicked nation might go to you, or half your beggarly nation might come to us, and the whole migration be over before I knew anything of the matter. My letter will concern neither affairs of state nor of party; and yet I would not have it fall into the hands of our ministers; it might pass in their excellent noddles for a piece of a plot against themselves, if not against the state; or at least it might furnish them with an opportunity of doing an ill-natured, and disappointing a good-natured thing; which being a pleasure to the malicious and the base, I should be sorry to give it on any occasion, and especially on this, to the *par nobile fratrum.*[a]

After this preamble, I proceed to tell you that there is in my neighbourhood, in Berkshire, a clergyman, one Mr. Talbot, related to the solicitor-general, and protected by him. This man has now the living of Burfield,[b] which the late bishop of Durham held before, and for aught I know after, he was bishop of Oxford. The living is worth 400*l.* per annum, over and above a curate paid, as Mr. Correy, a gentleman who does my business in that country, and who is a very grave authority, assures me. The parsonage-house is extremely good, the place pleasant, and the air excellent; the distance from London a little day's journey, and from hence (give me leave to think this circumstance of some importance to you) not much above half a day's, even for you who are no great jockey. Mr. Talbot has many reasons which make him desirous to settle in Ireland for the rest of his life, and has been looking out for a change of preferments some time. As soon as I heard this I employed one to know whether he continued in the same mind, and to tell him that an advantageous exchange might be offered him if he could engage his kinsman to make it practicable at court. He answered for his own acceptance and his kinsman's endeavours. I employed next some friends to secure my lord Dorset, who very frankly declared himself ready to serve you in anything, and in this if you desired it. But he mentioned a thing, at the same time, wholly unknown to me, which is, that your deanery is not in the nomination of the crown, but in the election of the chapter. This may render our affair perhaps more easy; more hard, I think, it cannot be; but in all cases it requires other measures to be taken. One of these, I believe, must be, to prepare Hoadly, bishop of Salisbury, if that be possible, to prepare his brother the archbishop of Dublin. The light in which the proposition must be represented to him and our ministers (if it be made to them) is this: that, though they gratify you, they gratify you in a thing advantageous to themselves, and silly in you to ask. I suppose it will not be hard to persuade them that it is better for them you should be a private parish priest in an English county than a dean in the metropolis of Ireland, where they know because they have felt your authority and influence. At least this topic is a plausible one for those who speak to them to insist upon, and coming out of a Whig mouth may have weight. Sure I am, they will be easily persuaded that quitting power for ease, and a greater for a less revenue, is a foolish bargain, which they should, by consequence help you to make.

You see now the state of this whole affair, and you will judge better than I am able to do of the means

[a] Sir Robert, and his brother Horace Walpole.
[b] A rectory in Berkshire.

to be employed on your side of the water: as to those on this, nothing shall be neglected. Find some secure way of conveying your thoughts and your commands to me; for my friend has a right to command me arbitrarily, which no man else upon earth has: or rather, dispose of affairs so as to come hither immediately. You intended to come some time ago. You speak in a letter Pope has just now received from you as if you still had in view to make this journey before winter. Make it in the summer, and the sooner the better. To talk of being able to ride with stirrups is trifling: get on Pegasus, bestride the hippogryph, or mount the white nag in the Revelation. To be serious: come anyhow, and put neither delay nor humour in a matter which requires despatch and management. Though I have room, I will not say one word to you about Berkeley's[a] or Delany's[b] book. Some part of the former is hard to be understood; none of the latter is to be read. I propose, however, to reconcile you to metaphysics, by showing how they may be employed against metaphysicians; and that, whenever you do not understand them, nobody else does—no, not those who write them.

I know you are inquisitive about the health of the poor woman who inhabits this place; it is tolerable,—better than it has been some years. Come and see her; you shall be nursed, fondled, and humoured. She desires you to accept this assurance, with her humble service. Your horses shall be grazed in summer, and fothered in winter; and you and your man shall have meat, drink, and lodging. Washing, I cannot afford, Mr. Dean; for I am grown saving, thanks to your sermon about frugality.

[a] "Alciphron; or the Minute Philosopher."
[b] "Revelation examined with Candour."

FROM LADY BETTY GERMAIN.

Drayton, July 19, 1732.

I BELIEVE you will not wonder at my long silence when I tell you that Mrs. Floyd came ill here, but that she kept pretty much to herself; and ever since she has been here, till within these two or three days, I have had no hopes of her life. You may easily guess what I must have suffered for a so long tried, prudent useful, agreeable companion and friend. And God knows she is now excessively weak, and mends but slowly: however I have now great hopes, and I am very good at believing what I heartily wish. As I dare say you will be concerned for her, you may want to know her illness, but that is more than I can tell you. See has fancied herself in a consumption a great while; but though she has had the most dreadful cough I ever heard in my life, all the doctors said it was not that; but none of them did say what it was. The doctor here, who is an extraordinary good one, (but lives fourteen long, long miles off,) has lately been left ten thousand pounds, and now hates his business: he says it is a sharp humour that falls upon her nerves, sometimes on her stomach and bowels; and indeed what he has given her has, to appearance, had much better effect than the millions of things she has been forced to take. After this, you will not expect I should have followed your orders and rid, for I have scarcely walked; although I dare not be very much in her room, because she constrained herself to hide her illness from me. * * * *

The duke and duchess of Dorset have not been here yet, but I am in hopes they will soon. I do not know whether you remember Mrs. Crowther, and Mrs. Acourt; they and Mr. Persode are my company; but as I love my house full, I expect more still; and my lady Suffolk talks of making me a short visit. I have been so full of Mrs. Floyd, I had like to have forgot to tell you that I am such a dunderhead, that I really do not know what my sister Pen's age was; but I think she could not be above twelve years old. She was the next to me, but whether two or three years younger I have forgotten; and what is more ridiculous, I do not exactly know my own, for my mother and nurse used to differ upon that notable point. And I am willing to be a young lady still, so will not allow myself to be more than forty-eight next birthday; but if I make my letter any longer, perhaps you will wish I had never been born. So adieu, dear dean.

TO MR. ALDERMAN BARBER.

Dublin, July 22, 1732.

MR. ALDERMAN,—There is a young gentlemen of the clergy here, for whom I have great regard. And I cannot but wish this young gentleman (for whose learning and oratory in the pulpit I will engage) might have the honour to be your chaplain in your mayoralty. His name is Matthew Pilkington: he is some years under thirty, but has more wit, sense, and discretion than any of your London parsons ten years above his age. He has a great longing to see England, and appear in the presence of Mr. Pope, Mr. Gay, and others, in which I will venture to befriend him. You are not to tell me of prior engagements, because I have some title, as an old acquaintance, to expect a favour from you. Therefore pray let me know immediately that you have complied with my request before you had read half my letter.[a] I expect your answer, to my satisfaction, and the happiness of the young gentleman; and am, with great sincerity, your most obedient servant, JONATHAN SWIFT.

P.S. You need not be afraid of Mr. Pilkington's hanging upon you; for he has some fortune of his own, and somewhat in the church; but he would be glad to see England, and be more known to those who will esteem him and may raise him.

FROM MR. GAY AND THE DUCHESS OF QUEENSBERRY.

Amesbury, July 24, 1732.

DEAR SIR,—As the circumstances of our money affairs are altered, I think myself obliged to acquaint you with them as soon as I can; which, if I had not received your letter last post, I should have done now. I left your two South-Sea bonds, and four of my own, in Mr. Hoare's hands, when I came out of town, that he might receive the interest for us, when due; or, if you should want your money, that you might receive it upon your order. Since I came out of town, the South-Sea company have come to a resolution to pay off 50 per cent. of their bonds, with the interest of the 50 per cent. to Michaelmas next; so that there is now half of our fortunes in Mr. Hoare's hands at present, without any interest going on. As you seem to be inclined to have your money remitted to Ireland, I will not lay out the sum that is paid into his hands in any other thing till I have your orders. I cannot tell what to do with my own. I believe I shall see Mr. Hoare in this country very soon: for he has a house not above six miles from us, and I intend to advise with him; though, in the present situation of affairs, I expect to be left to take my own way. The remaining 50 per cent., were it to be sold at present, bears a premium; but the premium on the 50 that was paid is sunk. I do not know whether I write

[a] This letter was sent to Mrs. Barber the poetess and Mr. Delany, who were then in London, to be delivered by them to the alderman; but they never delivered it, out of a desire, as was supposed, to prevent the recommendation from succeeding: and the dean was under the necessity of writing a second letter to the same purpose, which secured the place to Mr. Pilkington.

intelligibly upon the subject. I cannot send you the particulars of your account, though I know I am in debt to you for interest, beside the principal; and you will understand so much of what I intend to inform you, that half of your money is now in Mr. Hoare's hands without any interest. So, since I cannot send you the particulars of your account, I will now say no more about it.

I shall finish the work I intended this summer; but I look upon the success in every respect to be precarious. You judge very right of my present situation, that I cannot propose to succeed by favour: and I do not think, if I could flatter myself that I had any degree of merit, much could be expected from that unfashionable pretension.

I have almost done everything I proposed, in the way of fables, but have not set the last hand to them. Though they will not amount to half the number, I believe they will make much such another volume as the last. I find it the most difficult task I ever undertook; but have determined to go through with it; and, after this, I believe I shall never have courage enough to think any more in this way. Last post I had a letter from Mr. Pope, who informs me he has heard from you; and that he is preparing some scattered things of yours and his for the press. I believe I shall not see him till the winter; for, by riding and walking, I am endeavouring to lay in a stock of health to squander in the town. You see, in this respect, my scheme is very like the country gentlemen in regard to their revenues. As to my eating and drinking, I live as when you knew me; so that in that point we shall agree very well in living together; and the duchess will answer for me that I am cured of inattention; for I never forget anything she says to me.[a]....For he never hears what I say, so cannot forget. If I served him the same way, I should not care a farthing ever to be better acquainted with my Tunbridge acquaintance, whom, by attention to him, I have learned to set my heart upon. I began to give over all hopes, and from thence began my neglect. I think this a very philosophical reason, though there might be another given. When fine ladies are in London, it is very genteel and allowable to forget their best friends; which, if I thought modestly of myself, must needs be you, because you know little of me. Till you do more, pray do not persuade Mr. Gay that he is discreet enough to live alone; for I do assure you he is not, nor I either. We are of great use to one another; for we never flatter nor contradict, but when it is absolutely necessary, and then we do it to some purpose; particularly the first agrees mightily with our constitutions. If ever we quarrel, it will be about a piece of bread and butter; for somebody is never sick, except he eats too much of it. He will not quarrel with you for a glass or so; for by that means he hopes to gulp down some of that forty millions of schemes that hindered him from being good company. I would fain see you here, there is so fair a chance that one of us must be pleased; perhaps both, you with an old acquaintance, I with a new one: it is so well worth taking a journey for, that if the mountain will not come to Mahomet, Mahomet must go to the mountain. But before either of our journeys are settled, I desire you would resolve me one question—whether a man, who thinks himself well where he is, should look out for his house and servants before it is convenient, before he grows old, or before a person, with whom he lives, pulls him by the sleeve in private (according to oath) and tells him that they have enough of his company? He will not let me write one word more, but that I have a very great regard for you, &c.

The duke is very much yourr, and will never leave you to your wine. Many thanks for your drum—— I wish to receive your congratulations for the other boy, you may believe.

a The duchess here begins.

FROM MRS. CÆSAR[a]

August 6, 1732.

PERMIT me to congratulate you upon the return of Mrs. Barber, with thanks for pleasures enjoyed in her company; for had she not come recommended by the dean of St. Patrick's, likely I had passed her by unheeded, being apt to follow a good author in shunning those of my own coat. But hold; I must look if it runs not from corner to corner, which I more fear than length. For Pope says, though sometimes he finds too many letters in my words, never too many words in my letters. So, with Mr. Cæsar's and my best wishes, thou worthy, witty, honest dean, adieu.

M. ADELMAR CÆSAR.

FROM LADY WORSLEY[b]

August 6, 1732.

SIR,—I flatter myself that if you had received my last letter you would have favoured me with an answer; therefore I take it for granted it is lost.

I was so proud of your commands, and so fearful of being supplanted by my daughter [lady Carteret], that I went to work immediately, that her box might not keep her in your remembrance, while there was nothing to put you in mind of an old friend and humble servant. But Mrs. Barber's long stay here (who promised me to convey it to you) has made me appear very negligent. I doubt not but you think me unworthy of the share (you once told me) I had in your heart. I am yet vain enough to think I deserve it better than all those flirting girls you coquet with. I will not yield (even) to *dirty Patty*, whom I was the most jealous of when you was last here. What if I am a great-grandmother, I can still distinguish your merit from all the rest of the world; but it is not consistent with your good breeding to put one in mind of it; therefore I am determined not to use my interest with sir Robert for a living in the Isle of Wight, though nothing else could reconcile me to the place. But if I could make you archbishop of Canterbury, I should forget my resentments, for the sake of the flock, who very much want a careful shepherd. Are we to have the honour of seeing you or not? I have fresh hopes given me; but I dare not please myself too much with them, lest I should be again disappointed. If I had it as much in my power as my inclination to serve Mrs. Barber, she should not be kept thus long attending: but I hope her next voyage may prove more successful. She is just come in, and tells me you have sprained your foot, which will prevent your journey till next summer; but assure yourself the Bath is the only infallible cure for such an accident. If you have any regard remaining for me, you will show it by taking my advice; if not, I will endeavour to forget you, if I can. But till that doubt is cleared, I am as much as ever, the dean's obedient humble servant,

F. WORSLEY.

TO ALDERMAN BARBER.

Dublin, August 10, 1732.

MR. ALDERMAN,—I am very angry with my friend doctor Delany for not applying to you sooner, as I desired him, in favour of Mr. Matthew Pilkington, a young clergyman here, who has a great ambition to have the honour of being your chaplain in your mayoralty. I waited for the doctor's answer before I could

a Wife to the treasurer of the navy during lord Oxford's administration, in the reign of queen Anne.

b Indorsed, "Lady Worsley, with a present of a writing-box japanned by herself."

write to you, and it came but last night. He tells me you have been so very kind as to give him a promise upon my request; I will therefore tell my story. This gentleman was brought to me by the doctor about four years ago, and I found him so modest a young man, so good a scholar and preacher, and of so hopeful a genius, and grew still better upon my hands the more I knew him, that I have been seeking all opportunities to do him some real service, from no other motive in the world but the esteem I had of his worth. And I hope you know me long enough to believe me capable of acting as I ought to do in such a case, however contrary it may be to the present practice of the world. He has a great longing to see England, and appear in the presence of Mr. Pope, Mr. Gay, Dr. Arbuthnot, and some other of my friends, wherein I will assist him with my recommendations. He is no relation or dependant of mine. I am not putting you upon a job, but to encourage a young man of merit upon his own account as well as mine. He will be no burden upon you, for he has some fortune of his own, and will have a much better from his father; and has also a convenient establishment in a church in this city.

Mr. Pilkington will be ready to attend you upon your command, and I wish he may go as soon as possible, that he may have a few weeks to prepare him for his business, by seeing the Tower, the Monument, and Westminster Abbey, and have done staring in the streets.

I am so entirely out of the world that I cannot promise a hope ever to requite your favour otherwise than with hearty thanks for conferring this obligation upon me. And I shall ever remain, with true esteem, your most obedient and obliged humble servant,

JONATHAN SWIFT.

TO MR. GAY AND THE DUCHESS OF QUEENSBERRY.

Dublin, August 12, 1732.

I KNOW not what to say to the account of your stewardship, and it is monstrous to me that the South Sea should pay half their debts at one clap. But I will send for the money when you put me into the way, for I shall want it here, my affairs being in a bad condition by the miseries of the kingdom, and my own private fortune being wholly embroiled and worse than ever; so that I shall soon petition the duchess, as an object of charity, to lend me three or four thousand pounds to keep up my dignity. My one hundred pounds will buy me six hogsheads of wine, which will support me a year; *provisæ frugis in annum copia*. Horace desired no more: for I will construe *frugis* to be wine. You are young enough to get some lucky hint which must come by chance, and it shall be a thing of importance, *quod et hunc in annum vivat et in plures*, and you shall not finish it in haste, and it shall be diverting and usefully satirical, and the duchess shall be your critic; and between you and me, I do not find she will grow weary of you till this time seven years. I had lately an offer to change for an English living, which is just too short by 300*l*. a-year, and that must be made out of the duchess's pin-money before I can consent. I want to be minister of Amesbury, Dawley, Twickenham, Riskins, and prebendary of Westminster, else I will not stir a step, but content myself with making the duchess miserable three months next summer. But I keep ill company: I mean the duchess and you, who are both out of favour; and so I find am I, by a few verses wherein Pope and you have your parts. You hear Dr. Delany has got a wife with 1600*l*. a-year; I, who am his governor, cannot take one under two thousand; I wish you would inquire of such a one in your neighbourhood. See what it is to write godly books! I profess I envy you above all men in England; you want nothing but 3000*l*. more to keep you in plenty when your friends grow weary of you. To prevent which last evil at Amesbury, you must learn to domineer and be peevish, to find fault with their victuals and drink, to chide and direct the servants, with some other lessons which I shall teach you, and always practised myself with success. I believe I formerly desired to know whether the vicar of Amesbury can play at backgammon? pray ask him the question and give him my service.

MADAM,—I was the most unwary creature in the world[a] when, against my old maxims, I writ first to you upon your return to Tunbridge. I beg that this condescension of mine may go no further, and that you will not pretend to make a precedent of it. I never knew any man cured of any inattention, although the pretended causes were removed. When I was with Mr. Gay last in London, talking with him on some poetical subjects, he would answer, "Well, I am determined not to accept the employment of gentleman-usher;" and of the same disposition were all my poetical friends, and if you cannot cure him I utterly despair. As to yourself, I will say to you (though comparisons be odious) what I said to the queen, that your quality should be never any motive of esteem to me: my compliment was then lost, but it will not be so to you; for I know you more by any one of your letters than I could by six months conversing. Your pen is always more natural and sincere and unaffected than your tongue; in writing you are too lazy to give yourself the trouble of acting a part, and have indeed acted so indiscreetly that I have you at mercy: and although you should arrive to such a height of immorality as to deny your hand, yet, whenever I produce it, the world will unite in swearing this must come from you only.

I will answer your question. Mr. Gay is not discreet enough to live alone, but he is too discreet to live alone; and yet (unless you mend him) he will live alone; even in your grace's company. Your quarrelling with each other upon the subject of bread and butter is the most usual thing in the world; parliaments, courts, cities, and kingdoms quarrel for no other cause; from hence, and from hence only, arise all the quarrels between Whig and Tory; between those who are in the ministry and those who are out; between all pretenders to employment in the church, the law, and the army: even the common proverb teaches you this, when we say, It is none of my bread and butter: meaning it is no business of mine. Therefore I despair of any reconcilement between you till the affair of bread and butter be adjusted, wherein I would gladly be a mediator. If Mahomet should come to the mountain, how happy would an excellent lady be who lives a few miles from this town! As I was telling of Mr. Gay's way of living at Amesbury, she offered fifty guineas to have you both at her house for one hour over a bottle of Burgundy, which we were then drinking. To your question, I answer that your grace should pull me by

[a] Gay, as well as his friend Pope, ventured some money in the famous South Sea scheme. And there was a print by Hogarth, representing Pope putting one of his hands into the pocket of a large fat personage, who wore a hornbook at his girdle, designed for the figure of Gay: and the hornbook had reference to his "Fables," written for the young duke of Cumberland.

a One of the last and most elegant compliments which this singular lady, after having been celebrated by so many former wits and poets, received, was from the amiable Mr. William Whitehead, in the third volume of his works, p. 65; which compliment turns on the peculiar circumstance of her grace's having never changed her dress according to the fashion, but retained that which had been in vogue when she was a young beauty.

the sleeve ti you tore it off, and when you said you were weary of me, I would pretend to be deaf, and think (according to another proverb) that you tore my clothes to h[illegible] I never will believe one word you say of my lord duke unless I see three or four lines in his own hand at the bottom of yours. I have a concern in the whole family, and Mr. Gay must give me a particular account of every branch, for I am not ashamed of you though you be duke and duchess, though I have been of others who are, &c., and I do not doubt but even your own servants love you, even down to your postilions; and when I come to Amesbury, before I see your grace, I will have an hour's conversation with the vicar, who will tell me how familiarly you talk to Goody Dobson and all the neighbours as if you were their equal, and that you were godmother to her son Jacky. I am, and shall be ever, with the greatest respect, your grace's most obedient, &c.

FROM THE EARL OF PETERBOROUGH TO MR. POPE.

1732.

I AM under the greatest impatience to see Dr. Swift at Bevis-mount,[a] and must signify my mind to him by another hand: it not being permitted me to hold correspondence with the said dean, for no letter of mine can come to his hands.

And whereas it is apparent in this Protestant land, most especially under the care of Divine Providence, that nothing can succeed or come to a happy issue without bribery; therefore let me know what he expects to comply with my desires, and it shall be remitted unto him.

For, though I would not corrupt any man for the whole world, yet a benevolence may be given without any offence to conscience; every one must confess that gratification and corruption are two distinct terms; nay, at worst, many good men hold that, for a good end, some very naughty measures may be made use of.

But, sir, I must give you some good news in relation to myself, because I know you wish me well: I am cured of some diseases in my old age which tormented me very much in my youth.

I was possessed with violent and uneasy passions, such as a peevish concern for truth, and a saucy love for my country.

When a Christian priest preached against the spirit of the gospel, when an English judge determined against Magna Charta, when the minister acted against common sense, I used to fret.

Now, sir, let what will happen, I keep myself in temper. As I have no flattering hopes, so I banish all useless fears; but as to the things of this world, I find myself in a condition beyond expectation; it being evident, from a late parliamentary inquiry, that I have as much ready money, as much in the funds, and as great a personal estate, as sir Robert Sutton.

If the translator of Homer find fault with this unheroic disposition, or (what I more fear) if the drapier of Ireland accuse the Englishman of want of spirit, I silence you both with one line out of your own Horace,—

Quid te exempta juvat spinis e pluribus una?

for I take the whole to be so corrupted, that a cure in any part would but little avail. Yours, &c.

[a] This year lord Peterborough and Pope paid a visit from Southampton to Winchester College, and gave prizes to the scholars for the best copy of verses that should be written on a subject proposed to them by Pope himself—The campaign of Valentia. The prizes were sets of Pine's "Horace." Hampton, the excellent translator of "Polybius," at that time very young, gained one of these prizes; Mr. Whitehead another.

TO THE EARL OF PETERBOROUGH.

1732.

MY LORD,—I never knew or heard of any person so volatile and so fixed as your lordship; you, while your imagination is carrying you through every corner of the world, where you have or have not been, can at the same time remember to do offices of favour and kindness to the meanest of your friends; and, in all the scenes you have passed, have not been able to attain that one quality peculiar to a great man, of forgetting everything but injuries. Of this I am a living witness against you; for, being the most insignificant of all your old humble servants, you were so cruel as never to give me time to ask a favour; but prevented me in doing whatever you thought I desired, or could be for my credit or advantage.

I have often admired at the capriciousness of fortune in regard to your lordship. She hath forced courts to act against their oldest and most constant maxims; to make you a general because you had courage and conduct; an ambassador because you had wisdom and knowledge in the interests of Europe; and an admiral on account of your skill in maritime affairs; whereas, according to the usual method of court proceedings, I should have been at the head of the army, and you of the church, or rather a curate under the dean of St. Patrick's.

The archbishop of Dublin laments that he did not see your lordship till he was just upon the point of leaving the Bath: I pray God you may have found success in that journey; else I shall continue to think there is a fatality in all your lordship's undertakings, which only terminate in your own honour, and the good of the public, without the least advantage to your health or fortune.

I remember lord Oxford's ministry used to tell me, "That, not knowing where to write to you, they were forced to write at you." It is so with me; for you are in one thing an evangelical man, that "you know not where to lay your head;" and I think you have no house. Pray, my lord, write to me that I may have the pleasure, in this scoundrel country, of going about, and showing my depending parsons a letter from the earl of Peterborough. I am, &c.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

MR. PILKINGTON TO MR. BOWYER.

Dublin, August 17, 1732.

SIR,—I received your last letter with the note to Mr. North. I am extremely obliged to you for the favour of such a present, and shall be glad to have an opportunity to express my gratitude to you.

I would send with this letter two or three of those papers which I design for your volume; but the dean is reading them over to try if there be any alteration requisite in any of them. I showed him your note to Mr. North, and I believe he was at least as much pleased as the person who was to receive it. We have thoughts of preparing a preface to your edition in the name of the editor. Let me know whether I shall send the pamphlets by post, and whether you have the "Journal of a Dublin Lady," the "Ballad on the English Dean," and "Rochfort's Journal," because you shall have the copies sent to you and the property effectually secured. I mentioned your request to the dean; and I shall get you the right of printing the "Proposal for Eating Children." I mentioned the alteration of the titles; and he thinks it will be most proper to give them both the Irish and English titles; for instance, the "Soldier and the Scholar," or "Hamilton's Bawn," &c. I have some hope of being able to send all these in about a week or fortnight's time, and shall venture to send them by post, though it will be expensive. The dean says he thinks the

assignment as full as it is possible for him to write; but that he will comply with any alterations we think proper. I shall expect to hear from you as soon as possible, because I have some schemes to transact which probably I shall acquaint you with in my next letter. I am, sir, your most obliged servant,

MATT. PILKINGTON.

FROM MR. ALDERMAN BARBER.

London, August 24, 1732.

SIR,—I wish Dr. Delany had complied with your request sooner in acquainting me with your intentions in favour of Mr. Pilkington. I could have been glad also that he had acquainted you, as I desired him, with the particulars how I stood circumstantiated in relation to the chaplain; for I flatter myself that your usual good nature would have induced you to comply with my request in writing a letter to me, in an authoritative way, in your recommendation of Mr. Pilkington; which would have given me a good excuse for my refusing a gentleman whom my deputy and common-councilmen had recommended to me above six months ago.

Another accident happened in this affair by the doctor's not receiving a letter I sent him, which, by mistake, came not to his hands (though at home) until many hours after my man had left it at his lodgings; which letter, had he seen in time, would have prevented some little difficulties I lie under in this affair, and which I must get over as well as I can. For, sir, when I reflect on the many obligations I have to you, which I shall ever acknowledge, I am glad of any occasion to show my gratitude; and do hereby, at your request, make Mr. Pilkington my chaplain when mayor. I wish it may answer his expectations; for the profits are not above 120*l.* if so much, as I am told. He constantly dines with the mayor, but I am afraid cannot lie in the hall, the rooms being all of state. For your sake I will show him all the civilities I can. You will recommend him to Jo. (Dr. I mean) Trapp. The mayor's day is the 30th of October; so that he may take his own time.

It would add very much to my felicity if your health would permit you to come over in the spring, and see a pageant of your own making. Had you been here now, I am persuaded you would have put me to an additional expense by having a raree-show (or pageant) as of old on the lord-mayor's day. Mr. Pope and I were thinking of having a large machine carried through the city, with a printing-press, author, publishers, hawkers, devils, &c., and a satirical poem printed and thrown from the press to the mob in public view, but not to give offence; but your absence spoils that design.

Pray God preserve you long, very long, for the good of your country and the joy and satisfaction of your friends; among whom I take the liberty to subscribe myself, with great sincerity, sir, your most obedient and most humble servant,

J. BARBER.

FROM MR. GAY AND THE DUCHESS OF QUEENSBERRY.

Amesbury, August 28, 1732.

DEAR SIR,—Mr. Hoare has a hundred and odd pounds of yours in his hands, which you may have whenever you please to draw upon me for it. I know I am more indebted to you (I mean beside the South-Sea bond of a hundred that still subsists), but I cannot tell you exactly how your account stands till I go to town. I have money of my own too in Mr. Hoare's hands which I know not at present how to dispose of. I believe I shall leave it without interest till I go to town, and shall then be at the same loss how to dispose of it as now. I have an intention to get more money next winter; but am prepared for disappointments, which I think it is very likely I shall meet with; yet, as you think it convenient and necessary that I should have more than I have, you see I resolve to do what I can to oblige you. If my designs should not take effect, I desire you will be as easy under it as I shall be; for I find you so solicitous about me that you cannot bear my disappointments as well as I can. If I do not write intelligibly to you, it is because I would not have the clerks of the post-office know everything I am doing. If you would come here this summer you might with me have helped to have drunk up the duke's wine, and saved your money. I am growing so saving of late that I very often reproach myself with being covetous; and I am very often afraid that I shall have the trouble of having money and never have the pleasure of making use of it. I wish you could live among us, but not unless it could be to your ease and satisfaction. You insist upon your being minister of Amesbury, Dawley, Twickenham, Riskings, and prebendary of Westminster. For your being minister in those places I cannot promise you; but I know you might have a good living in every one of them. Gambadoes I have rid in, and I think them a very fine and useful invention; but I have not made use of them since I left Devonshire. I ride and walk every day to such excess that I am afraid I shall take a surfeit of it. I am sure if I am not better in health after it it is not worth the pains. I say this, though I have this season shot nineteen brace of partridges. I have very little acquaintance with our vicar; he does not live among us, but resides in another parish. And I have not played at backgammon with anybody since I came to Amesbury but lady Harold and lady Bateman. As Dr. Delany has taken away a fortune from us, I expect to be recommended in Ireland. If authors of godly books are entitled to such fortunes, I desire you would recommend me as a moral one; I mean in Ireland, for that recommendation would not do in England.

THE DUCHESS BEGINS.

THE duchess will not lend you 2000*l.* or 3000*l.* to keep up your dignity, for reasons to *Strada del Poe*; but she had much rather give you that, or 10,000*l.* more, than lay it out in a fine petticoat to make herself respected.

I believe, for all you give Mr. Gay much good advice, that you are a very indiscreet person yourself, or else you would come here to take care of your own affairs, and not be so indiscreet as to send for your money over to a place where there is none. Mr. Gay is a very rich man, for I really think he does not wish to be richer; but he will, for he is doing what you bid him; though, if it may not be allowed, he will acquire greater honour and less trouble. His covetousness, at present, is for health, which he takes so much pains for that he does not allow himself time to enjoy it. Neither does he allow himself time to be either absent or present. When he began to be a sportsman he had like to have killed a dog; and now every day I expect he will kill himself, and then the bread and butter affair can never be brought before you. It is really an affair of too great consequence to be trusted in a letter; therefore pray come on purpose to decide it. If you do, you will not hear how familiar I am with Goody Dobson; for I have seen Goody Dobson play at that with so ill a grace that I was determined never to risk anything so unbecoming. I am not beloved, neither do I love any creature except a very few, and those not for having any sort of merit; but only because it is my humour; in this rank Mr. Gay stands first and yourself next, if you like to be respected upon these conditions. Now do you know me? He stands over

me, and scolds me for spelling ill, and is very peevish (and sleepy) that I do not give him up the pen; for he has yawned for it a thousand times.* We both once heard a lady (who at that time we both thought well of) wish that she had the best living in England to give you.* It was not I: but I do wish it with all my heart if Mr. Gay does not hang out false lights for his friend.

MR. GAY GOES ON HERE.

I HAD forgot to tell you that I very lately received a letter from Twickenham, in which was this paragraph:—"Motte and another idle fellow, I find, have been writing to the dean, to get him to give them some copyright, which surely he will not be so indiscreet as to do, when he knows my design, and has done these two months and more. Surely I should be a properer person to trust the distribution of his works with than a common bookseller. Here will be nothing but the ludicrous and little things, none of the political, or any things of consequence, which are wholly at his own disposal. But, at any rate, it would be silly in him to give a copyright to any, which can only put the manner of publishing them hereafter out of his own and his friends' power into that of mercenaries."

I really think this is a very useful precaution, considering how you have been treated by these sort of fellows.

The duke is fast asleep, or he would add a line.

MR. PILKINGTON TO MR. BOWYER.

August 28, 1732.

SIR,—I have sent you some of the pamphlets I promised, in as large a parcel as I could venture. The dean has, with his own hand, made some alterations in some of them. I will by next post, or next but one, send you another pamphlet at least, and a new assignment from the dean. He received a letter from Mr. Pope and Mr. Motte; but neither have been of the least disadvantage to my request. I cannot say but I am proud of his friendship to me.

I desire that you will insist upon your right by the assignment I formerly sent; and let Mr. Motte show you anything under the dean's hand which will invalidate it! Our affair is a point where the dean's honour is concerned; and that very consideration may convince you that your interests will be secured. You shall hear from me more particularly in a post or two.

I send you a catalogue of some of those pieces which you are entitled to print; and if you would add any of the "Intelligencers," I can inform you which are the dean's, and which not.

A catalogue of pieces which you are empowered to print by the dean's assignment:—"The Barrack;" "An Ode to Ireland," from Horace; "A Libel on Dr. Delany and Lord Carteret;" "To Dr. Delany, on the Libels against him;" "O'Rourk;" "The Dressing-room;" "The Defence of it;" "The Journal at Rochford's;" "The Thorn;" "City Cries;" "Project, Bishops' Lands;" "On Bishops' Leases;" "Arguments against repealing the Test Act;" "Consideration ... the Bishops' Bills;" "Vindication of Lord Carteret;" "Proposal for Eating Children;" "Poem on the English Dean" "Journal of a Dublin Lady."

MATT. PILKINGTON

FROM SIR WILLIAM FOWNES

Island Bridge, September 9, 1732.

DEAR SIR,—It has been the observation of travellers, (as I have been frequently told,) that in all the countries they have seen they never met with fewer public charitable foundations than in this kingdom.

Private charities, no doubt, will have their reward; but public are great incitements; and good examples often draw others on, though grudgingly; and so a good work be done, no matter who are the workmen.

When I was lord-mayor, I saw some miserable lunatics exposed to the hazard of others, as well as themselves. I had six strong cells made at the workhouse for the most outrageous, which were soon filled; and by degrees, in a short time, those few drew upon us the solicitations of many, till, by the time the old corporation ceased, we had in that house forty and upward. The door being opened, interest soon made way to let in the foolish, and such-like, as mad folks. These grew a needless charge upon us, and had that course gone on, by this time the house had been filled with such. The new corporation got rid of most of these by death or the care of friends, and came to a resolution not to admit any such for the future; and the first denial was to a request of the earl of Kildare; which put a full stop to further applications. As I take it, there are at this time a number of objects which require assistance; and probably many may be restored, if proper care could be taken of them. There is no public place for their reception, nor private undertakers, as about London. Friends and relations here would pay the charge of their support and attendance, if there were a place for securing such lunatics.

I own to you I was for some time averse to our having a public bedlam, apprehending we should be overloaded with numbers under the name of mad. Nay, I was apprehensive our case would soon be like that in England; wives and husbands trying who could first get the other to bedlam. Many, who were next heirs to estates, would try their skill to render the possessor disordered, and get them confined, and soon run them into real madness. Such-like consequences I dreaded, and therefore have been silent on the subject till of late. Now I am convinced that regard should be had to those under such dismal circumstances; and I have heard the primate and others express their concern for them; and no doubt but very sufficient subscriptions may be had to set this needful work on foot. I should think it would be a pleasure to any one that has any intention in this way to see something done in their lifetime, rather than leave it to the conduct of posterity. I would not consent to the proceeding on such a work in the manner I have seen our poor-house, and Dr. Steven's hospital, viz., to have so expensive a foundation laid that the expense of the building should require such a sum, and so long a time to finish, as will take up half an age.

My scheme for such an undertaking should be much to this effect:—

First, I would have a spot of ground fixed on, that should be in a good open air, free from the neighbourhood of houses; for the cries and exclamations of the outrageous would reach a great way, and ought not to disturb neighbours: which was what you did not think of, when you mentioned a spot in a close place, almost in the heart of the city. There are many places in the outskirts of the city I can name very proper.

Next to the fixing of a proper spot, I would, when that is secured, (which should be a good space,) have it well enclosed with a high wall, the cost of all which must be known. Then I would have the cells at the Royal Hospital Infirmary, lately made for mad people, be examined, how convenient and how in all points they are adapted to the purpose, with the cost of these cells, which I take to be six or eight. Then I would proceed to the very needful house for the master and the proper servants. Then another building, to which there should be a piazza for a stone gallery, for walking dry; and out of that several lodging-cells for such as are not outrageous, but melancholy, &c. This may be of such a size that it may

* Lady Suffolk, or perhaps the princess of Wales.

be enlarged in length, or by a return; and overhead the same sort of a gallery, with little rooms or cells, opening the doors into the gallery; for, by intervals, the objects affected may be permitted to walk at times in the galleries. This is according to the custom of London. Annexed to the master's house must be the kitchen and offices.

This proceeding may be so contrived as to be enlarged from time to time, as there shall be a fund and occasion to require additions. There is no necessity for any plans or architects; but any ordinary capacities may contrive those enlargements. Perhaps there may appear some well-disposed persons who will say they will make this enlargement, and so others, and, by such helps, they may be sufficiently done to answer all purposes.

It comes just now into my head that there is a very proper spot,[a] which I think the chapter of St. Patrick let to one Lee, a bricklayer or builder. It lies back of Aungier-street east, comes out of York-street down a place called the Dunghill, runs down to the end of King-street, facing William-street; at the north end of which some almshouses are built by Dowling and others. Also there stands, to the front of the street, a large stone building, called an almshouse, made by Mrs. Mercer; though, by the by, I hear she is weary of her project, and does little in supplying that house, or endowing it. Perhaps the ground may be easily come at from Lee's heirs; and, by your application, I know not but Mrs. Mercer may give her house up to promote so good a work. This will go a good way, and being followed by subscriptions, a great and speedy progress may be made, in which I will readily join my interest and labour. If that spot fail, we will pitch upon another. Whatsoever may be your future intentions, do not deny me the consideration of the good your appearance and help may now do. I would not make a step in this affair if it shall not be agreed that all matters which require the consent by votes shall be determined by the method of a balloting-box, that no great folks, or their speeches, should carry what they please, by their method of scoring upon paper, and seeing who marks, &c., too much practised.

If there be nothing in this paper worth your attention, you know how to dispose of it. You have the thoughts of your assured humble servant,

W. Fownes.

THE PROPOSAL.

I. That an hospital, called Bedlam, be built in the city of Dublin, or liberties, for the reception of lunatics from any part of the kingdom.

II. In order to promote so good a work, subscriptions to be taken in Dublin, and in every city and town in the kingdom; and that the chief magistrate of each place be desired to recommend the subscription-paper sent to him for that purpose.

III. That when public notice is given in print that ground is secured for building the hospital of Bedlam, the subscription be collected and sent to Dublin, and paid into the hands of (query, Mr. Thorn, steward to the Blue-coat hospital, a very proper person?)

IV. That upon notice given by Mr. Thorn that he has received 200*l.*, a meeting shall be held of all subscribers who happen to be in Dublin at a proper time and place.

V. Such persons as subscribe 5*l.* or upwards to have a vote at such a meeting.

VI. That Mr. Thorn, giving security, be continued to receive and pay out the money subscribed for one year and be allowed only 6*d.* per 1*l.* for receiving and paying.

[a] The ground here mentioned by sir William Fownes does not belong to the dean and chapter of St. Patrick, but to the corporation of vicars choral in that cathedral.

VII. That the money first laid out shall be for the building of six or eight strong cells for outrageous lunatics to be confined in, and after the form of those made at the infirmary of the Royal Hospital.

VIII. That the college of physicians be desired to contribute to this good work, by appointing two or three of their body to be present at the first meeting, and to give their opinion as to the conveniency of the cells, what boilers are proper to be set up in a kitchen, and what food is proper to be provided for such lunatics

IX. That near the cells be made a kitchen, small at first, and in such a manner as capable to be enlarged. That over this kitchen be a middle room, and over it a garret, to lodge the cook-maid and one other maid.

X. That adjoining the kitchen may be made one room of 18 feet by 18, which may serve for Mr. Thorn to attend in, and where the doctors or any subscribers may meet on occasion. And over this room another, to serve for a store-room, and a garret to lodge a porter or two, that must attend the lunatics.

XI. That these buildings be made plain and strong, with as little cost as can be.

XII. That the charge of these be computed separate, and of the inside necessaries; so that the work may go on as fast as the subscription-fund can be got in.

XIII. That the subscribers at the first meeting do elect seven of their number, such as are knowing in carrying on of the work, and willing to attend at needful times. That any three or more, at any meeting at the hospital, may give directions for proceeding on the buildings agreed upon to be made at the first meeting of the subscribers; at which first meeting a second meeting may be agreed upon, and so from time to time.

The walling-in of the piece of ground intended for this use may go on as the fund will bear, without obstructing the first useful buildings. And whereas there are lunatics of several kinds, as the melancholy, &c., and some that are unruly by fits, a building must be designed for this sort; the floors not lofty, but made sufficiently airy, 20 feet wide, whereof 10 for a gallery and 10 for lodges; each lodge 8 or 10 feet broad.

As there is a fund * * * *

Dear Sir,—Herewith you have my thoughts of the affair you mentioned to me. I wish I could prevail on you to patronise it, and lay down your own scheme. I am most confident it cannot fail going on briskly. You have friends and interest enough to set it agoing, although there may be some grandees would rather other hands had the conduct of it; yet the work speaks so much for itself, they must be ashamed not to contribute, much more to obstruct it.

In the paper called "The Proposal" I have considered the privatest and least expensive way of going to work, avoided public forms and grandees interposing. Tom Thorn by chance I thought upon for that reason, and for preventing jobs, &c., Do what you please with my papers. I am just ditto.

TO MR. ALDERMAN BARBER.

Dublin, September 11, 1732.

My Lord Elect,—I anticipate your title, because perhaps it my be your due before your chaplain, Mr. Pilkington, can attend you. And besides, I have a mind to be the first person who gives it to you. And, first, I heartily acknowledge your goodness in favouring a young gentleman who has well answered all the recommendations that have been given me of him, and I have some years watched all opportunities to do him a good office, but none of the few things in my own gift that would be proper for him have fallen in my way since I knew him; and power with others,

you know or may believe, I have none. I value Mr. Pilkington as much for his modesty as his learning and sense, or any good quality he has. And it would be hard, after your sending us over so many worthless bishops, all bedangled with their pert illiterate relations and flatterers, if you would not suffer us to lend you, at least for one year, one sample of modesty, virtue, and good sense; and I am glad it falls to your lordship to give the first precedent. I will write to Dr. Trapp in Mr. Pilkington's favour, but whether I have any credit with him I cannot tell, although perhaps you will think I may pretend to some. It is by my advice that Mr. Pilkington goes over somewhat sooner; for I would have him know a little of your end of the town, and what he is to do; but he will not give you any trouble or care till yo . please to command him, which I suppose will not be till you are settled in your office.

Nothing but this cruel accident of a lameness could have hindered me from attending your ceremonial as a spectator, and I should have forwarded, to the utmost, Mr. Pope's scheme, for I never approved the omission of those shows. And I think I saw, in my youth, a lord-mayor's show with all that pomp, when sir Thomas Pilkington,[a] of your chaplain's name and family, made his procession.

I have advised your chaplain to send you this letter, and not present it, that you may be in no pain about him, for he shall wait on you the next morning, when he has taken a lodging for himself, till you come into your mayoralty.

I cannot conclude without repeating my acknowledgments for your kind remembrance of me. We were both followers of the same court and the same cause and exiles, after a sort, you a voluntary one,[b] and I a necessary; but you have out-thrown me many a hundred bars' lengths. I heartily wish the continuance of your good success, and am, with great truth, your most constant friend and most obedient humble servant,

JONATHAN SWIFT.

FROM LADY BETTY GERMAIN.

London, November 7, 1732.

I SHOULD have answered yours sooner, but that I every day expected another from you, with your orders to speak to the duke; which I should with great pleasure have obeyed, as it was to serve a friend of yours. Mrs. Floyd is now, thank God, in as good health as I have seen her these many years, though she has still her winter cough hanging upon her; but that, I fear, I must never expect she should be quite free from at this time of day. All my trouble with her now is to make her drink wine enough according to the doctor's order, which is not above three or four glasses, such as are commonly filled at sober houses; and that she makes so great a rout with, and makes so many faces, that there is nobody that did not know her perfectly well but would extremely suspect she drank drams in private.

I am sorry to find our tastes so different in the same person; and as everybody has a natural partiality to their own opinion, so it is surprising to me to find lady Suffolk dwindled in yours, who rises infinitely in mine the more and the longer I know her. But you say, "you will say no more of courts, for fear of growing angry;" and, indeed, I think you are so already, since you level all without knowing them, and seem to think that no one who belongs to a court can act right. I am sure this cannot be really and truly your sense, because it is unjust; and if it is, I shall suspect there is something of your old maxim in it, (which I ever admired and found true,) that you must have offended them, because you do not forgive. I have been about a fortnight from Knowle, and shall next Thursday go there again for about three weeks, where I shall be ready and willing to receive your commands, who am most faithfully and sincerely yours.

FROM MR. GAY.

November 16, 1732.

DEAR SIR,—I am at last come to London before the family, to follow my own inventions. In a week or fortnight I expect the family will follow me. You may now draw upon me for your money as soon as you please. I have some of my own too that lies dead; and I protest I do not know which way at present to dispose of it, everything is so precarious. I paid Mrs. Launcelot 12*l.*, and pay myself the five guineas you had of me, and have deducted your loss by paying off one of the South Sea bonds; and I find I have remaining of yours 211*l.* 15*s.* 6*d.* And I believe, over and above that sum, there will be more owing to you upon account of interest on the bonds, about four or five pounds. Mr. Hoare has done this for me, but I have not had time to call upon him yet, so that I cannot be more particular. As the money now lies in Mr. Hoare's hands, you see it is ready on demand. I believe you had best give notice when you draw on me for it, that I may not be out of the way. I have not as yet seen Mr. Pope, but design in a day or two to go to him, though I am in hopes of seeing him here to-day or to-morrow. If my present project succeeds, you may expect a better account of my own fortune a little while after the holidays; but I promise myself nothing, for I am determined that neither anybody else or myself shall disappoint me. I wish the arguments made use of to draw you here were every way of more consequence. I would not have you change one comfort of life for another. I wish you to keep every one of those you have already, with as many additional ones as you like. When I sit down to consider on the choice of any subject, to amuse myself by writing, I find I have a natural propensity to write against vice, so that I do not expect much encouragement; though I really think, in justice, I ought to be paid for stifling my own inclination; but the great are ungrateful. Mr. Pulteney's young son has had the small-pox, and is perfectly recovered. He is not in town, but is expected in about a week from the Bath. I must answer the letter you writ to the duchess and me, when her grace comes to town; for I know she intended to have a part in it. Why cannot you come among us in the beginning of the new year? The company will be then all in town, and the spring advancing upon us every day. What I mean by the company is, those who call themselves your friends, and I believe are so. It is certain the parliament will not meet till the middle of January. I have not been idle while I was in the country; and I know your wishes in general, and in particular that industry may always find its account. Believe me, as I am, unchangeable in the regard, love, and esteem I have for you.

[a] Sir Thomas Pilkington was lord-mayor in three successive years, from 1689 to 1691. There is a broadside, containing an account of the festivities upon the occasion, drawn up by no less a person than Elkanah Settle, once the rival of Dryden. Pilkington's triumph was the more complete, as he had been a sufferer for his adherence to the Whig interest in the reigns of Charles II. and his successor.

[b] Barber was a violent adherent of lord Bolingbroke, and deemed it safe to go abroad upon the accession of the Hanoverian line.

FROM MR. POPE.

December 5, 1732.

It is not a time to complain that you have not answered me two letters (in the last of which I was impatient under some fears). It is not now indeed a time to think of myself, when one of the nearest and longest ties I have ever had is broken all on a sudden by the unexpected death of poor Mr. Gay. An inflammatory fever hurried him out of this life in three days. He died last night at nine o clock, not deprived of his senses entirely at last, and possessing them perfectly till within five hours. He asked of you a few hours before, when in acute torment by the inflammation in his bowels and breast. His effects are in the duke of Queensberry's custody. His sisters, we suppose, will be his heirs, who are two widows; as yet it is not known whether or no he left a will.—Good God! how often are we to die before we go quite off this stage? in every friend we lose a part of ourselves, and the best part. God keep those we have left! few are worth praying for, and oneself the least of all.

I shall never see you now, I believe; one of your principal calls to England is at an end. Indeed he was the most amiable by far, his qualities were the gentlest, but I love you as well and as firmly. Would to God the man we have lost had not been so amiable nor so good; but that's a wish for our own sakes, not for his. Sure, if innocence and integrity can deserve happiness, it must be his. Adieu. I can add nothing to what you will feel, and diminish nothing from it. Yet write to me, and soon. Believe no man now living loves you better, I believe no man ever did, than ALEXANDER POPE.

Dr. Arbuthnot, whose humanity you know, heartily commends himself to you. All possible diligence and affection has been shown, and continued attendance, on this melancholy occasion. Once more adieu, and write to one who is truly disconsolate.

P.S. BY DR. ARBUTHNOT.

DEAR SIR,—I am sorry that the renewal of our correspondence should be upon such a melancholy occasion. Poor Mr. Gay died of an inflammation, and I believe at last a mortification, of the bowels; it was the most precipitate case I ever knew, having cut him off in three days. He was attended by two physicians besides myself. I believed the distemper mortal from the beginning. I have not had the pleasure of a line from you these two years; I wrote one about your health, to which I had no answer. I wish you all health and happiness, being with great affection and respect, sir, your, &c

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TO THE RIGHT HON. JOHN BARBER, LORD-MAYOR OF LONDON

Dublin, December 14, 1732.

MY LORD,—After obtaining one favour from your lordship, I am under the necessity of requesting another; which, however, I hope will not give you much trouble. I know that it depends upon chance what employments you may have in your disposal during your mayoralty; but some I presume you will have. It is therefore my request, and will be so likewise of some others among your friends, that if any employment should fall vacant during your government, which Mr. Barber would be allowed capable of executing well, your lordship would please that he may have the refusal, with as much favour as will consist with your own generous disposition, adding the friendship you are pleased to profess to me, which I throw heartily into the balance. He is of English birth; a very upright, honest man, and his wife has abundance of merit in all respects; they design to settle among you, having turned what fortune they had here into money.

And now, my lord, I heartily give you joy of governing the noblest city in the world, where I know you are desirous and able to do so much good, and to set a worthy pattern for the imitation of those who shall come after you. If my health and the bad situation of my private affairs will permit, I shall hope to have the honour of being one among your guests next summer. Mr. Pilkington is, in his letters, perpetually full of your great favours to him, and says you will be his voucher that he still continues his modest behaviour, which I always pressed upon him as the best quality in a young man, although I never observed the least want of it in him.

I hope you will take care of your health, which in our city of Dublin is a difficult task for a lord-mayor to perform; and if your lordship be under the necessity of drinking as many healths in proportion on public days as are done here, you will be in great danger of ruining your own. I am, with entire friendship and true respect, my lord, your lordship's most obedient and most humble servant,

JONATHAN SWIFT.

FROM CHARLES FORD, ESQ.

London, December 23, 1732.

YESTERDAY I received your letter of the 9th, and am infinitely obliged to you for the constant concern you show for me. I am ashamed to trouble you so much and so often in my own affairs; and your great kindness makes me almost ashamed to ask pardon for it. * * * * * * * * * * * *

I am very glad to hear the character you give of lord Orrery. He was extremely applauded for a speech he made against the army bill. There is no danger of repealing the test. The court has taken the usual method of gaining the fanatic leaders, much against the grain of the body. It is said the bishop of Salisbury [Dr. Benjamin Hoadly] is the chief encourager of them; that the queen spoke to him, and that he answered, He can be besmeared, although they would not suffer him to go the dirty road to Durham. That was the excuse they made him upon the last vacancy of that see. I am extremely proud that lady Acheson does me the honour to remember her humble servant. I heartily wish she could be persuaded to keep good hours, having observed by many of my acquaintance, that nothing impairs health so much as sitting up late. I often hear from my sister: she writes in quite another strain than she talked, with cheerfulness and good-nature. I fancy Arsalia[a] has cured the lady of her spleen.

I heartily wish you many new years, with health and happiness, and am, most entirely, &c.

I am told poor Gay's play is now in rehearsal, and will please. It was that brought him to town a little before he died; though, without his fever, he could not probably have held out long anywhere.

TO MRS. PILKINGTON.

Deanery-house, January 1, 1733.

MADAM,—I send you your bit of a newspaper, with the verses,[b] than which I never saw better in their kind.

* Indorsed "On my dear friend Mr. Gay's death: Received December 15, but not read till the 20th, by an impulse foreboding some misfortune" This note is indorsed on the original letter in Dr. Swift's hand.—POPE.

a The seat of Peter Ludlow, esq., father to the first earl of Ludlow.

b Mrs. Pilkington, when she was about sixteen, having been teazed by her brother to write some verses as a school exercise

I have the same opinion of those you were pleased to write upon me,[a] as have also some particular friends of genius and taste, to whom I ventured to communicate them, who universally agree with me. But as I cannot with decency show them, except to a very few, I hope, for both our sakes, others will do it for me. I can only assure you I value your present as much as either of the others, only you must permit it to be turned into a pen; which office I will perform with my own hand, and never permit any other to use it. I heartily wish you many happy new years; and am, with true esteem, madam, your most obliged friend and servant,
JONATHAN SWIFT.

FROM MR. ROBERT ARBUTHNOT.

Rouen, January 2, 1733.

DEAR SIR,—I have flattered myself these many years that vapours or company would have brought you over seas to Spa, or to some such place, and that you would have taken Paris in your way; and so I should have had the pleasure of seeing you in some place of my own. I wonder much that a person of so much good humour can let yourself grow old, or die, without seeing some other country than your own. I am not quite so wicked as to wish you any real illness to bring you to us, though I should not be sorry that you thought you had need of change of air. I wish you a happy new year, and many more; and (whatever interest I have against it) good health and prosperity, and everything that I can wish to one that I much honour and esteem.

I recommend to your friendship and acquaintance the bearer, Mr. De la Mar. His brother, now dead, has been with you in Ireland; and this gentleman deserves from me all the kindness my friends can show him. Adieu, dear sir; if I can serve you in anything, command me always, for I am, with great esteem, your most humble and most obedient servant,
ROBERT ARBUTHNOT.

TO LADY BETTY GERMAIN.

January 8, 1733.

MADAM,—Although I have but just received the honour of your ladyship's letter, yet, as things stand, I am determined, against my usual practice, to give you no respite but to answer it immediately; because you have provoked me with your lady Suffolk. It is six years last spring since I first went to visit my friends in England after the queen's death. Her present majesty heard of my arrival, and sent at least nine times to command my attendance before I would obey her, for several reasons not hard to guess; and, among others, because I had heard her character from those who knew her well. At last I went, and she received me very graciously. I told her the first time "that I was informed she loved to see old persons; and that, having sent for a wild boy from Germany, she had a curiosity to see a wild dean from Ireland." I was not much struck with the honour of being sent for, because I knew the same distinction had been offered to others, with whom it would not give me much pride to be compared. I never went once but upon command; and Mrs. Howard, now lady Suffolk, was usually the person who sent for me, both at Leicester-house and Richmond. Mr. Pope (with whom I lived) and Mr. Gay were then great favourites of Mrs. Howard, especially the latter, who was then one of her led-captains. He had written a very ingenious book of fables, for the use of her younger son, and she often promised to provide for him. But some time before, there came out a libel against Mr. Walpole, who was informed it was written by Mr. Gay; and although Mr. Walpole owned he was convinced that it was not written by Gay, yet he never would pardon him, but did him a hundred ill offices to the princess. Walpole was at that time very civil to me, and so were all the people in power. He invited me and some of my friends to dine with him at Chelsea. After dinner I took an occasion to say what I had observed of princes and great ministers, "that if they heard an ill thing of a private person, who expected some favour, although they were afterward convinced that the person was innocent, yet they would never be reconciled." Mr. Walpole knew well enough that I meant Mr. Gay. I afterward said the same thing to the princess, with the same intention; and she confessed it a great injustice. But Mr. Walpole gave it another turn; for he said to some of his friends, and particularly to a lord, a near relation of yours, "that I had dined with him, and had been making apologies for myself;" it seems for my conduct in her late majesty's reign, in which no man was more innocent, and particularly more officious to do good offices to many of that party which was then out of power, as it is well known. Mrs. Howard was then in great favour, and openly protected Mr. Gay; at least, she saw him often, and professed herself his friend; but Mr. Walpole could hardly be persuaded to let him hold a poor little office for a second year, of commissioner to a lottery. When I took my leave of her highness on coming hither, she was very gracious; told me "the medals she had promised me were not ready, but she would send them to me." However, by her commands I sent her some plaids for herself and the princesses, and was too gallant to hear of any offers of payment. Next spring I came again to England; was received the same way; and as I had many hints given me that the court at Leicester-fields would endeavour to settle me in England, (which I did not much regard,) the late king died. I went, by Mrs. Howard's orders, to kiss their new majesties' hands, and was particularly distinguished by the queen. In a few weeks the queen said to Mrs. Howard (alluding to one of Gay's fables) "that she would take up the Hare;" and bade her to put her in mind, in settling the family, to find some employment for Mr. Gay; but, in the event, it proved only an offer to be a gentleman-usher to a girl of two years old, which all his friends (and I among the rest) advised him not to accept: and accordingly he excused himself with the utmost respect. This I and everybody else were sure must have been a management of Mr. Walpole. As to myself, in a few weeks after the king's death I found myself not well, and was resolved to take a step to Paris for my health, having an opportunity of doing it with some advantages and recommendations. But my friends advised me first

for him, asked him what she should write upon: "Why," said he pertly, "what should you write upon but paper?" So, taking it for her subject, she wrote the following lines; which, four years after, were printed in one of the London newspapers. See Pilkington's Memoirs, vol. i. p. 88.

"O spotless paper, fair and white!
On whom, by force constrain'd, I write,
How cruel am I to destroy
Thy purity to please a boy!
Ungrateful I, thus to abuse
The fairest servant of the muse.
Dear friend, to whom I oft impart
The choicest secrets of my heart,
Ah, what atonement can be made
For spotless innocence betray'd!
How fair, how lovely didst thou show,
Like lilied banks or falling snow!
But now, alas! become my prey,
No floods can wash thy stains away;
Yet this small comfort I can give,
That which destroy'd shall make thee live."

[a] Mrs. Pilkington, having heard that Dr Swift had received a book from the earl of Orrery and a silver standish from Dr. Delany, sent him an eagle-quill with the verses upon his birthday. See vol. i. p. 647.

to consult Mrs. Howard; because, as they knew less of courts than I, they were strongly possessed that the promise made me might succeed, since a change was all I desired. I wrote to her for her opinion, and particularly conjured her, "since I had long done with courts, not to use me like a courtier, but give me her sincere advice;" which she did, both in a letter and to some friends. It was, "by all means not to go: it would look singular, and perhaps disaffected;" and to my friends enlarged upon the good intentions of the court toward me. I staid; my health grew worse; I left Mr. Pope's house; went to a private lodging near Hammersmith; and, continuing ill, I wrote to Mrs. Howard, with my duty to the queen, took coach for Chester, recovered in my journey, and came over hither; where, although I have ever since lived in obscurity, yet I have the misfortune, without any grounds except misinformation, to lie under her majesty's displeasure, as I have been assured by more than two honourable persons of both sexes; and Mr. Gay[a] is in the same condition. For these reasons, as I did always, so I do still think Mrs. Howard, now my lady Suffolk, to be an absolute courtier. Let her show you the character I wrote of her, and whereof no one else has a copy; and I take Mr. Pope and Mr. Gay, who judge more favourably, to be a couple of simpletons. In my answer to the last letter which my lady Suffolk honoured me with, I did with great civility discharge her from ever giving herself another trouble of that kind. I have a great esteem for her good sense and taste. She would be an ornament to any court; and I do not in the least pity her for not being a female minister, which I never looked on as an advantageous character to a great and wise lady; of which I could easily produce instances. Mr. Pope, besides his natural and acquired talents, is a gentleman of very extraordinary candour; and is, consequently, apt to be too great a believer of assurances, promises, professions, encouragements, and the like words of course. He asks nothing; and thinks, like a philosopher, that he wants nothing. Mr. Gay is, in all regards, as honest and sincere a man as ever I knew; whereof neither princes nor ministers are either able to judge, or inclined to encourage: which, however, I do not take for so high a breach of politics as they usually suppose: for, however insignificant wit, learning, and virtue may be thought in the world, it perhaps would do government no hurt to have a little of them on its side. If you have gone thus far in reading, you are not so wise as I thought you to be; but I will never offend again with so much length. I write only to justify myself. I know you have been always a zealous Whig, and so am I to this day: but nature has not given you leave to be virulent. As to myself, I am of the old Whig principles, without the modern articles and refinements.

Your ladyship says not one syllable to inform me whether you approve of what I sent you to be written on the monument,[b] nor whether you would have it in Latin or English. I am ever, with true respect and high esteem, madam, your ladyship's, &c.,

JONATHAN SWIFT.

The friend I named, who I was afraid would die, is recovered: and his preferment is by turns in the crown and the primate; but the next vacancy will not be in the crown's disposal.

[a] This letter must have been written before its date, of 8th January, for the dean had intelligence of Gay's death on 20th December.

[b] In St. Andrew's church, Dublin, to the memory of her sister, lady Penelope Berkeley.

FROM DR. ARBUTHNOT.

London, January 13, 1733.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I had the pleasure of receiving one from you by Mr. Pilkington. I thank you for the opportunity it gave me of being acquainted with a very agreeable, ingenious man. I value him very much for his music, which you give yourself an air of contemning; and I think I treated him in that way to a degree of surprise.

I have had but a melancholy, sorrowful life for some time past, having lost my dear child, whose life, if it had so pleased God, I would have willingly redeemed with my own. I thank God for a new lesson of submission to his will, and likewise for what he has left me.

We have all had another loss, of our worthy and dear friend Mr. Gay [who died Dec. 4, 1732]. It was some alleviation of my grief to see him so universally lamented by almost everybody, even by those who knew him only by reputation. He was interred at Westminster-Abbey, as if he had been a peer of the realm; and the good duke of Queensberry, who lamented him as a brother, will set up a handsome monument upon him. These are little affronts put upon vice and injustice, and is all that remains in our power. I believe the "Beggars' Opera," and what he had to come upon the stage, will make the sum of the diversions of the town for some time to come. Curll (who is one of the new terrors of death) has been writing letters to everybody for memoirs of his life. I was for sending him some, particularly an account of his disgrace at court, which I am sure might have been made entertaining: by which I should have attained two ends at once, published truth, and got a rascal whipped for it. I was overruled in this. I wish you had been here, though I think you are in a better country. I fancy to myself that you have some virtue and honour left, some small regard for religion. Perhaps Christianity may last with you at least twenty or thirty years longer. You have no companies or stock-jobbing, are yet free of excises; you are not insulted in your poverty, and told with a sneer that you are a rich and a thriving nation. Every man that takes neither place nor pension is not deemed with you a rogue and an enemy to his country.

Your friends of my acquaintance are in tolerable good health. Mr. Pope has his usual complaints of headach and indigestion, I think more than formerly. He really leads sometimes a very irregular life, that is, lives with people of superior health and strength. You will see some new things of his, equal to any of his former productions. He has affixed to the new edition of his "Dunciad," a royal declaration against the haberdashers of points and particles, assuming the title of critics and restorers, wherein he declares that he has revised carefully this his "Dunciad," beginning and ending so and so, consisting of so many lines, and declares this edition to be the true reading: and it is signed by John Barber, *major civitatis Londini.*

I remember you, with your friends, who are my neighbours; they all long to see you. As for news, there is nothing here talked of but the new scheme of excise. You may remember that a ministry in the queen's time, possessed of her majesty, the parliament, army, fleet, treasury, confederate, &c., put all to the test by an experiment of a silly project in the trial of a poor parson [Dr. Sacheverell]. The same game, in my mind, is playing over again, from a wantonness of power. *Miraberis quàm paucâ sapientiâ mundus regitur.*

I have considered the grievance of your wine; the friend that designed you good wine was abused by an agent that he intrusted this affair to. It was not this gentleman's brother, whose name is De la Mar, to

whom show what friendship you can. My brother is getting money now in China, less and more honestly than his predecessor's supercargoes; but enough to make you satisfaction, which, if he comes home alive, he shall do.

My neighbour the proseman is wiser and more cowardly and despairing than ever. He talks me into a fit of vapours twice or thrice a-week. I dream at night of a chain and rowing in the galleys. But, thank God, he has not taken from me the freedom I have been accustomed to in my discourse, (even with the greatest persons to whom I have access,) in defending the cause of liberty, virtue, and religion; for the last, I have the satisfaction of suffering some share of the ignominy that belonged to the first confessors. This has been my lot, from a steady resolution I have taken of giving these ignorant impudent fellows battle upon all occasions. My family send you their best wishes and a happy new year; and none can do it more heartily than myself, who am, with the most sincere respect, your most faithful humble servant.

TO MR. POPE.

Dublin, January 1733.

I RECEIVED yours with a few lines from the doctor, and the account of our losing Mr. Gay, upon which event I shall say nothing. I am only concerned that long living has not hardened me; for even in this kingdom, and in a few days past, two persons of great merit, whom I loved very well, have died in the prime of their years, but a little above thirty. I would endeavour to comfort myself upon the loss of friends as I do upon the loss of money, by turning to my account-book, and seeing whether I have enough left for my support; but in the former case I find I have not any more than in the other; and know not any man who is in a greater likelihood than myself to die poor and friendless. You are a much greater loser than I by his death, as being a more intimate friend and often his companion; which latter I could never hope to be, except perhaps once more in my life for a piece of a summer. I hope he has left you the care of any writings he may have left, and I wish that, with those already extant, they could be all published in a fair edition, under your inspection. Your poem on the "Use of Riches" has been just printed here, and we have no objection but the obscurity of several passages by our ignorance in facts and persons, which makes us lose abundance of the satire. Had the printer given me notice, I would have honestly printed the names at length, where I happened to know them; and writ explanatory notes, which, however, would have been but few, for my long absence has made me ignorant of what passes out of the scene where I am. I never had the least hint from you about this work, any more than of your former, upon "Taste." We are told here that you are preparing other pieces of the same bulk to be inscribed to other friends, one (for instance) to my lord Bolingbroke, another to lord Oxford, and so on. Dr. Delany presents you his most humble service: he behaves himself very commendably, converses only with his former friends, makes no parade, but entertains them constantly at an elegant plentiful table; walks the streets, as usual, by daylight; does many acts of charity and generosity; cultivates a country-house two miles distant; and is one of those very few within my knowledge on whom a great access of fortune hath made no manner of change. And particularly, he is often without money, as he was before. We have got my lord Orrery among us, being forced to continue here on the ill condition of his estate by the knavery of an agent; he is a most worthy gentleman, whom I hope you will be acquainted with. I am very much obliged by your favour to Mr. Pilkington, which I desire may continue no longer than he shall deserve by his modesty, a virtue I never knew him to want, but is hard for young men to keep without abundance of ballast. If you are acquainted with the duchess of Queensberry, I desire you will present her my most humble service; I think she is a greater loser by the death of a friend than either of us. She seems a lady of excellent sense and spirits. I had often postscripts from her in our friend's letters to me, and her part was sometimes longer than his, and they made up a great part of the little happiness I could have here. This was the more generous because I never saw her since she was a girl of five years old, nor did I envy poor Mr. Gay for anything so much as being a domestic friend to such a lady. I desire you will never fail to send me a particular account of your health; I dare hardly inquire about Mrs. Pope, who I am told is but just among the living, and consequently a continual grief to you; she is sensible of your tenderness, which robs her of the only happiness she is capable of enjoying. And yet I pity you more than her; you cannot lengthen her days, and I beg she may not shorten yours. JONATHAN SWIFT.

TO THE EARL OF ORRERY.

January, 1733.

MY LORD,—It is some time since Mrs. Ball gave me, enclosed and directed to me, your lordship's verses, in your own hand, with the alterations you were pleased to make, for which I have long deferred my acknowledgments; and if I were to follow the course of my own nature, the delay should be longer; because, although I believe no man has a more grateful sense of a real honour done him than myself, yet no man is in more confusion how to express it. Although I had not the least hand in publishing those verses (which would have ill become me), yet I will not be so affected as to conceal the pride I have in seeing them abroad, whatever enmity they may procure against your lordship for publicly favouring one so obnoxious to present powers, and turning their hatred into envy; which last, as it is more tormenting to the owners, will better gratify my revenge. And of this advantage I shall make the proper use, leaving your lordship to shift for yourself, without the least grain of pity for what you may suffer.

In the mean time I beg you to accept my most humble thanks for the honour done me by so excellent a performance on so barren a subject; by which words I wisely anticipate the censure of all those who love me not; in spite of whom it will be said in future ages that one of lord Orrery's first essays in poetry were these verses on Dr. Swift. That your lordship may go on to be the great example, restorer, and patron of virtue, learning, and wit, in a most corrupt, stupid, and ignorant age and nation, shall be the constant wish, hope, and prayer of, my lord, your most obedient, obliged, and most humble servant, JONATHAN SWIFT.

FROM MISS KELLY.

Jarvis-street, six o'clock, Friday evening, February 2, 1733.

SIR,—I danced so long last night that I have not been able till this moment to thank you for the goodness you showed me this morning. Be assured the favours you bestow on me are received with the greatest pleasure, and I only am sorry it is not in my power to convince you that nobody can set a higher value on your friendship than I do.

Indeed I have an implicit faith in your medicine; for if only despising the poets can hinder its proving effectual, I must certainly receive from it all the be-

nefit I desire; for really I am quite of the other side, and am a sincere admirer of all the good poets; but am more particularly attached to the best. What I shall do to convince you of the truth of this I cannot determine; but surely the care I shall always take to mend upon your reproofs will, in time, let you know that nobody can desire more sincerely to please you than, sir, your most obliged and most faithful humble servant, F. A. KELLY.

I am half asleep, so do not be angry at these blots. Being out of cash at present, I send you my note, which I hope will satisfy you.

I acknowledge to be indebted to the reverend doctor Swift, dean of St. Patrick's, the sum of 0*l*. 1*s*. 1½*d*. for value received, this 2nd day of February, 1733.

FRANCES ARABELLA KELLY.[a]

FROM MR. POPE TO MR. DODSLEY.[b]

February 5, 1733.

SIR,—I was very willing to read your piece, and do freely tell you I like it, so far as my particular judgment goes. Whether it has action enough to please on the stage, I doubt; but the morality and satire ought to be relished by the reader. I will do more than you ask me, I will recommend it to Mr. Rich.[c] If he can join it to any play, with suitable representations, to make it an entertainment, I believe he will give you a benefit-night; and I sincerely wish it may be turned any way to your advantage, or that I could show you my friendship in any instance. I am, &c.

ALEXANDER POPE.

FROM THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.

London, February 6, 1733.
Queen Anne's birthday, the bells all ringing.

BELIEVE me, sir, and it is with great truth I speak it, that there is not a person in the world I would sooner oblige than yourself; and I should be glad to have it in my power to serve Mrs. Barber in the way you mention; but it is odds it may not be in my power, for many things may fall that her spouse is not fit for; as all places relating to the law he can have no pretensions to. There are a dozen persons in my house called *lord-mayors' officers*, who wear black gowns and give from eight to nine hundred pounds for their places, which at first they make about sixty pounds per annum of, and rise in time to three or four hundred pounds; but they are generally young men. These places, I suppose, should any one fall, would not be thought good enough. There are many other places in my gift. We have had mayors gone through the office who have not got one hundred pounds, and others have got ten thousand pounds; it is all chance. I have gone through the fourth part of my year, and have got only about two hundred guineas, by the deaths of one of the city music and a porter to Guildhall.

But suppose a place should fall worth fifteen hundred or two thousand pounds that he may be fit for, one-third of the purchase goes to the city, and must be paid before his admission; the other two-thirds are mine: but I cannot put a less price than was paid before, because the last price is entered in the city books.

I know you love particulars, and thus you have the case as it stands. * * *

You will give me leave to add a word or two, which I do in confidence, that I have been for many years plagued with a set of ungrateful monsters called *cousins*, that I tremble at the name. And though I give yearly pensions to some, and monthly and weekly to others, all would not do, and I am insulted and abused by them, and cannot help myself.

Now, as Mrs. Barber and her family design to settle here, and she has done me the honour in most places to call me *cousin*, I hope it will not be expected I should have the care of them. I have very ill health, and any additional care that way would hurt me very much; but for doing her and her family any good offices, I shall never be wanting.

I must now beg leave to return you my thanks for your affectionate and kind wishes. The honour, I own, is very great I am in possession of, and I am sensible I am placed aloft, and that all my words and actions are scanned; but I will not be discouraged, and hope I shall get through with honour. One motive for making me think so is the great pleasure and satisfaction I have in the hopes of seeing you here, where your advice and example will be of great use; and therefore I hope you will lose no time, but come away, and I will fit up an apartment for you in Queen-square, and another at Sheen (which I hope you will accept), places that I shall hardly be able to see this year.

Mr. Pilkington gains daily upon us, and comes out a facetious, agreeable fellow. I carried him the other day to see her grace of Bucks in the park. Her grace, seeing him, asked who he was; I answered, "he was a present from you from Dublin." She smilingly replied, "he is no fool then, I am sure."

I shall conclude a long dull letter with my sincere wishes for your health and prosperity, and that you would not delay one hour coming to bless your friends here with your company, which by none is more desired than, sir, your most obedient and most humble servant, J. BARBER.

FROM LADY BETTY GERMAIN.

February 28, 1733.

I RECEIVED yours of the 8th of January but last week, so find it has lain long on the road after the date. It was brought me while at dinner, that very lady sitting close to me whom you seem to think such an absolute courtier [countess of Suffolk]. She knew your hand, and inquired much after you as she always does; but I, finding her name frequently mentioned not with that kindness I am sure she deserves, put it into my pocket with silence and surprise. Indeed, were it in people's power that live in a court with the appearance of favour to do all they desire with their friends, they might deserve their anger and be blamed when it does not happen right to their minds; but that I believe never was the case of any one: and in this particular of Mr. Gay, thus far I know and so far I will answer for, that she was under very great concern that nothing better could be got for him; and the friendship upon all other occasions in her own power that she showed him did not look like a double-dealer.

As to that part concerning yourself and her, I suppose it is my want of comprehension that I cannot find out why she was to blame to give you advice when you asked it, that had all the appearance of sincerity, good-nature, and right judgment. And if, after that the court did not do what you wanted, and she both believed and wished they would, was it her fault? At least I cannot find out that you have hitherto proved it upon her. And though you say you lamented the hour you had seen her, yet I cannot tell how to suppose that your good sense and justice can impute anything to her, because it did

[a] This promissory note is pinned to the letter. It certainly is an answer to some whim or other of the dean's.

[b] Mr. Robert Dodsley, the celebrated bookseller, to whom Mr. Pope was one of the earliest patrons. He died Sept. 25, 1764.

[c] He was as good as his word. He recommended to Mr. Rich "The Triflers," the piece above alluded to; and by his interest it was brought on the stage, and very favourably received.

not fall out just as she endeavoured and hoped it would.

As to your creed in politics, I will heartily and sincerely subscribe to it (that I detest avarice in courts, corruption in ministers, schisms in religion, illiterate fawning betrayers of the church in mitres). But at the same time I prodigiously want an infallible judge to determine when it is really so: for as I have lived longer in the world and seen many changes, I know those out of power and place always see the faults of those in with dreadful large spectacles; and I dare say you know many instances of it in lord Oxford's time. But the strongest in my memory is sir Robert Walpole, being first pulled to pieces in the year 1720 because the South Sea did not rise high enough, and since that he has been to the full as well banged about because it did rise too high. So experience has taught me how wrong, unjust, and senseless, party factions are; therefore I am determined never wholly to believe any side or party against the other; and to show that I will not, as my friends are in and out of all sides, so my house receives them altogether; and those people meet here that have and would fight in any other place. Those of them that have great and good qualities and virtues I love and admire, in which number is lady Suffolk; and I do like and love her because I believe, and as far as I am capable of judging know, her to be a wise, discreet, honest, and sincere courtier, who will promise no further than she can perform, and will always perform what she does promise; so now you have my creed as to her.[a]

I though. I had told you in my last, at least I am sure I designed it, that I desire you would do just as you like about the monument; and then it will be most undoubtedly approved by your most sincere and faithful servant, E. GERMAIN.

TO THE EARL OF OXFORD.

Dublin, February 16, 1733.

MY LORD,—The bearer, Mr. Faulkner, the prince of Dublin printers, will have the honour to deliver you this. He tells me your lordship was so gracious as to admit him into your presence and receive him with great condescension, which encouraged him to hope for the same favour again by my mediation, which I could not refuse. Although for his own profit he is engaged in a work that very much discontents me, yet I would rather have it fall into his hands than any other's on this side.

I am just recovered in some degree of two cruel indispositions, of giddiness and deafness, after seven months. I have got my hearing; but the other evil hangs still about me, and I doubt will never quite leave me until I leave it.

I hope your lordship, and lady Oxford, and lady Margaret continue in perfect health. I pray God preserve you all, for the good of your friends and your country. I am, with entire respect and esteem, your lordship's most obedient and most obliged servant, JONATHAN SWIFT.

FROM MR. POPE.

February 16, 1733.

IT is indeed impossible to speak on such a subject as the loss of Mr. Gay, to me an irreparable one. But I send you what I intend for the inscription on his tomb which the duke of Queensberry will set up at Westminster. As to his writings, he left no will, nor spoke a word of them or anything else during his short and precipitate illness, in which I attended him to his last breath. The duke has acted more than the part of a brother to him, and it will be strange if the sisters do not leave his papers totally to his disposal, who will do the same that I would with them. He has managed the comedy[a] (which our poor friend gave to the playhouse the week before his death) to the utmost advantage for his relations; and proposes to do the same with some fables[b] he left finished.

There is nothing of late which I think of more than mortality, and what you mention of collecting the best monuments we can of our friends, their own images in their writings: for those are the best when their minds are such as Mr. Gay's was, and as yours is. I am preparing also for my own, and have nothing so much at heart as to show the silly world that men of wit, or even poets, may be the most moral of mankind. A few loose things sometimes fall from them, by which censorious fools judge as ill of them as possibly they can for their own comfort: and indeed, when such unguarded and trifling *jeux d'esprit* have once got abroad, all that prudence or repentance can do, since they cannot be denied, is to put them fairly upon that foot, and teach the public (as we have done in the preface to the four volumes of "Miscellanies") to distinguish betwixt our studies and our idlenesses, our works and our weaknesses. That was the whole end of the last volume of "Miscellanies," without which our former declaration in that preface, "that these volumes contained all that we have ever offended in that way," would have been discredited. It went indeed to my heart to omit what you called the libel on Dr. Delany, and the best panegyric on myself that either my own times or any other could have afforded or will ever afford to me. The book as you observe was printed in great haste; the cause whereof was that the booksellers were doing the same in collecting your pieces, the corn with the chaff; I do not mean that anything of yours is chaff, but with other wit of Ireland which was so, and the whole in your name. I meant principally to oblige them to separate what you wrote seriously from what you wrote carelessly; and thought my own weeds might pass for a sort of wild flowers when bundled up with them.

It was I that sent you those books into Ireland, and so I did my epistle to lord Bathurst even before it was published, and another thing of mine, which is a parody from Horace [2 Sat. i.] written in two mornings. I never took more care in my life of anything than of the former of these, nor less than of the latter; yet every friend has forced me to print it, though in truth my own single motive was about twenty lines toward the latter end which you will find out.

I have declined opening to you by letters the whole scheme of my present work, expecting still to do it in a better manner in person; but you will see pretty soon that the letter to lord Bathurst[c] is a part of it, and you will find a plain connexion between them if you read them in the order just contrary to that they were published in. I imitate those cunning tradesmen who show their best silks last; or (to give you a truer idea though it sounds too proudly) my works will in one respect be like the works of nature, much more to be liked and understood when considered in the relation they bear with

[a] This spirited defence of lady Suffolk, against a man of Swift's ability and disposition, does lady Betty Germain more honour than she would have deserved by writing the best satire against all the courts and courtiers in the world.

[a] "The Wife of Bath;" which, in truth, is but an indifferent comedy.

[b] The second volume of the Fables is much inferior to the first; particularly on account of the long and languid introductions to each fable, which read like party pamphlets.

[c] He himself, we see, calls this piece a *letter*, not a *dialogue*, as it was afterwards entitled.

each other, than when ignorantly looked upon one by one; and often those parts which attract most at first sight will appear to be not the most but the least considerable.

I am pleased and flattered by your expression of *orna me.* The chief pleasure this work can give me is that I can in it with propriety, decency, and justice, insert the name and character of every friend I have, and every man that deserves to be loved or adorned. But I smile at your applying that phrase to my visiting you in Ireland; a place where I might have some apprehension (from their extraordinary passion for poetry and their boundless hospitality) of being *adorned* to death, and buried under the weight of garlands, like one I have read of somewhere or other. My mother lives (which is an answer to that point), and I thank God, though her memory be in a manner gone, is yet awake and sensible to me, though scarce to anything else; which doubles the reason of my attendance, and at the same time sweetens it. I wish (beyond any other wish) you could pass a summer here; I might (too probably) return with you, unless you preferred to see France first, to which country I think you would have a strong invitation [from Bolingbroke]. Lord Peterborough has narrowly escaped death, and yet keeps his chamber; he is perpetually speaking in the most affectionate manner of you: he has written you two letters which you never received, and by that has been discouraged from writing more. I can well believe the post-office may do this, when some letters of his to me have met the same fate, and two of mine to him. Yet let not this discourage you from writing to me or to him, inclosed in the common way as I do to you; innocent men need fear no detection of their thoughts; and for my part I would give them free leave to send all I write to Curll, if most of what I write was not too silly.

I desire my sincere services to Dr. Delany, who, I agree with you, is a man every way esteemable; my lord Orrery is a most virtuous and good-natured nobleman whom I should be happy to know. Lord B. received your letter through my hands; it is not to be told you how much he wishes for you; the whole list of persons to whom you sent your services return you theirs, with proper sense of the distinction. Your lady friend is *semper eadem*, and I have written an epistle to her on that qualification in a female character,* which is thought by my chief critic in your absence to be my *chef d'œuvre;* but it cannot be printed perfectly in an age so sore of satire and so willing to misapply characters.

As to my own health, it is as good as usual. I have lain ill seven days of a slight fever (the complaint here), but recovered by gentle sweats and the care of Dr. Arbuthnot. The play Mr. Gay left succeeds very well; it is another original in its kind. Adieu. God preserve your life, your health, your limbs, your spirits, and your friendships!

FROM THE DUCHESS OF QUEENSBERRY.

February 21, 1733.

Sir,—Soon after the death of our friend Mr. Gay, I found myself more inclined to write to you than to allow myself any other entertainment. But considering that might draw you into a correspondence that most likely might be disagreeable, I left off all thoughts of this kind till Mr. Pope showed me your letter to him, which encourages me to hope we may converse together as usual; by which advantage I will not despair to obtain in reality some of those good qualities you say I *seem* to have. I am conscious of only one, that is, being an apt scholar; and if I have any good in me, I certainly learned it insensibly of our poor friend, as children to any strange language. It is not possible to imagine the loss his death is to me; but as long as I have any memory, the happiness of ever having such a friend can never be lost to me.

As to himself, he knew the world too well to regret leaving it; and the world in general knew him too little to value him as they ought. I think it my duty to my friend to do him the justice to assure you he had a most perfect and sincere regard for you. I have learned a good deal of his way of thinking on your account; so that, if at any time you have any commands in this part of the world, you will do me a pleasure to employ me as you would him: and I shall wish it could ever be in my power to serve you in anything essential. The duke of Queensberry meant to write, if I had not, concerning your money affair. We both thought of it as soon as we could of anything; and if you will only write word what you would have done with your money, great care shall be taken according to your order. I differ with you extremely, that you are in any likelihood of dying poor or friendless; the world can never grow so worthless. I again differ with you that it is possible to comfort oneself for the loss of friends as one does upon the loss of money. I think I could live on very little, nor think myself poor or be thought so; but a little friendship could never satisfy me, and I could never expect to find such another support as my poor friend. In almost everything but friends, another of the same name may do as well, but friend is more than a name if it be anything.

Your letter touched me extremely; it gave me a melancholy pleasure. I felt much more than you wrote, and more than I hope you will continue to feel. As you can give Mr. Pope good advice, pray practise it yourself. As you cannot lengthen your friend's days, I must beg you in your own words not to shorten your own: for I do full well know by experience that health and happiness depend on good spirits. Mr. Pope is better in both this year than I have seen him a good while. This you will believe, unless he has told you what he tells me, that I am his greatest flatterer. I hope that news has not reached you; for nothing is more pleasant than to believe what one wishes. I wish to be your friend; I wish you to be mine; I wish you may not be tired with this; I wish to hear from you soon; and all this in order to be my own flatterer.

I will believe— —

I never write my name.

I hope you have no aversion to blots.

Since I wrote this, the duke of Queensberry bids me tell you that if you have occasion for the money you need only draw upon him and he will pay the money to your order. He will take care to have the account of interest settled and made up to you. He will take this upon himself, that you may have no trouble in this affair.

FROM THE COUNTESS OF KERRY.

Lixnaw, March 4, 1733.

The kind concern and friendly remembrance of the most esteemed dean of St. Patrick's has raised in me a satisfaction and pleasure that I had almost given up, having been resolved a good while humbly to content myself in a state of indolence and indifference; and, if I could avoid the pains of body and mind, not to seek further after those points in life I so long and vainly pursued; but you have invaded

* The Epistle on the "Characters of Women," addressed to Martha Blount. In the first edition he asserted, "upon his honour," that no character was taken from life.

my tranquillity in a manner I must not only forgive but pay my acknowledgments for, since, at the same time you make a melancholy representation of my misfortunes, you strike a light for me from another quarter from whence to raise hope. I most heartily rejoice in what you tell me of Mr. Fitzmaurice, who has indeed given me an undeniable mark of taste, by the sense he has of the honour you do him in letting him into your society, from whence it is impossible to come without some good influence. For my part, I grieve at the interval that necessity seems to call for to interrupt such advantage, and it is my study to find an occasion indispensable that he may return;[a] and as I think to be a member of our senate-house is the best way to lead a young man into the world, I have been watching a good while for some gap in that body that he might step into. There seems now to offer one on the death of sir Ralph Gore that may not be impracticable, since it is a very small borough, entirely belonging, as I am informed, to the bishop of Clogher, who I dare say is above disposing of it for court favour only, or to the highest bidder; practices much in fashion of late. Might I not then presume upon your friendship with the bishop to recommend this young man, as an honest one at present, and whom he might devote to his service by so great and seasonable an obligation, beside paying an acknowledgment that in gratitude is due, although the person were never so well qualified; thus much sure I may say without censure. If I have taken too great liberty in recommending this matter to you, forgive me, and impute it to my zeal in endeavouring to take all opportunities to turn this lad into the world, that I may see what figure he will be likely to make hereafter. But if I do not succeed in this or any other attempt, I thank Providence sincerely I can now boast I have attained philosophy enough to take everything with patience as it comes, by no means thinking myself too good to be the sport of higher powers; and my Christian duty will not permit me to look for reasons. As little wisdom as I have bought, I wish I had had it sooner; now it is too late, *la farce est joué*, and my curtain almost drawn; so that if I could I would no more traffic with the world upon my own account; friendship only is what I still must always value; yours surely is more than comes to my share.

You are very good to inquire after my eyes; they are indeed well beyond my expectation, but are to me like the miser's gold, hoarded up as imaginary treasure that one wants, at the same time that one possesses; for so much as this letter I have not taxed them so long time. I shall with attention observe all you recommend to me in the way of passing my time, and do daily see reason to respect *la bagatelle;* yet are there some places where that is too insipid to be made any use of. I have an excellent chaplain that I employ in reading, and my domestic. Handicrafts and gardening do the rest. As for quadrille, it is a part of entertainment only for strangers. What shall I say for taking up so much of your time? Forgive, dear dean, your most real and faithful humble servant, A. KERRY.

TO THE DUCHESS OF QUEENSBERRY.

March 20, 1733.

MADAM,—I had lately the honour of a letter from your grace, which was dated just a month before it came to my hand, and the ten days since I have been much disordered with a giddiness that I have been long subject to at uncertain times. This hindered me from an acknowledgment of the great favour you have done me. The greatest unhappiness of my life is grown a comfort under the death of my friend [Mr. Gay],—I mean my banishment in this miserable country; for the distance I am at, and the despair I have of ever seeing my friends, further than by a summer's visit; and this, so late in my life, so uncertain in my health, and so embroiled in my little affairs, may problably never happen; so that my loss is not so great as that of his other friends, who had it always in their power to converse with him. But I chiefly lament your grace's misfortune, because I greatly fear, with all the virtues and perfections which can possibly acquire the highest veneration to a mortal creature from the worthiest of humankind, you will never be able to procure another so useful, so sincere, so virtuous, so disinterested, so entertaining, so easy, and so humble a friend as that person whose death all good men lament. I turn to your letter, and find your grace has the same thoughts. Loss of friends has been called a tax upon life, and what is worse, it is then too late to get others if they were to be had, for the younger ones are all engaged. I shall never differ from you in anything longer than till you declare your opinion; because I never knew you wrong in anything except your condescending to have any regard for me; and therefore all you say upon the subject of friendship I heartily allow. But I doubt you are a perverter; for sure I was never capable of comparing the loss of friends with the loss of money. I think we never lament the death of a friend upon his own account, but merely on account of his friends, or the public, or both; and his, for a person in private life, was as great as possible. How finely you preach to us who are going out of the world, to keep our spirits, without informing us where we shall find materials! Yet I have my flatterers too, who tell me I am allowed to have retained more spirits than hundreds of others who are richer, younger, and healthier than myself; which, considering a thousand mortifications, added to the perfect ill-will of every creature in power, I take to be a high point of merit, as well as an implicit obedience to your grace's commands. Neither are those spirits (such as they be) in the least broken by the honour of lying under the same circumstances with a certain great person whom I shall not name, of being in disgrace at court. I will excuse your blots upon paper, because they are the only blots that you ever did or ever will make in the whole course of your life. I am content upon your petition to receive the duke and your grace for my stewards for that immense sum; and in proper time I may come to thank you as a king does the commons for your loyal benevolence. In the mean while, I humbly entreat your grace that the money may lie where you please till I presume to trouble you with a bill, as my lord duke allows me.

One thing I find, that you are grown very tetchy since I lost the dear friend who was my supporter; so that perhaps you may expect I shall be very careful how I offend you in words, wherein you will be much mistaken; for I shall become ten times worse after correction. It seems Mr. Pope, like a treacherous gentleman, showed you my letter wherein I mentioned good qualities that you *seem* to have. You have understroked that offensive word to show it should be printed in *italic*. What could I say more? I never saw your person since you were a a girl except once in the dark (to give you a bull of this country) in a walk next the Mall. Your letters may possibly be false copies of your mind; and the universal, almost idolatrous esteem you have forced from every person in two kingdoms who have the

[a] It is presumed from his travels.

least regard for virtue may have been only procured by a peculiar art of your own,—I mean that of bribing all wise and good men to be your flatterers. My literal mistakes are worse than your blots. I am subject to them by a sort of infirmity wherein I have few fellow-sufferers; I mean that my heart runs before my pen, which it will ever do in a greater degree as long as I am a servant to your grace,—I mean to the last hour of my life and senses. I am, with the greatest respect and utmost gratitude, madam, your grace's most obedient, most obliged, and most humble servant, JONATHAN SWIFT.

I desire to present my most humble respects and thanks to my lord duke of Queensberry. For a man of my level I have as bad a name almost as I desire; and I pray God that those who give it me may never have reason to give me a better.

FROM LORD CARTERET.

March 24, 1733.

SIR,—I had the favour of your letter of the 19th of February. A gentleman left it at my door. I have not heard from him since, though he said he would call again, and who he is I do not know. I showed it to my wife and lady Worsley [his mother-in-law], who will not fail to obey your commands, and tease me if I could be forgetful of your orders to attend the cause of the city of Dublin when it comes into the house. I know by experience how much that city thinks itself under your protection, and how strictly they used to obey all orders fulminated from the sovereignty of St. Patrick's. I never doubted their compliance with you in so trivial a point as a recorder.[a] You can give any one law and capacity in half an hour; and if by chance a rake should get those faculties any other way, you can make the worthy citizens believe he has them not; and you can sustain any machine in a furred gown.

I thank you for the letter by Mr. Pilkington. I have seen him twice at a great entertainment at my lord-mayor's, where you were the first toast. I like the young man very well, and he has great obligations to you, of which he seems sensible.

I hope Dr. Delany is well, and that you see one another often, and then the doctor won't have leisure to pursue his dissertations[b] or to answer the reverend prelate[c] on your side, who I hear has answered him. As I have not read the dissertations, so I shall not read the answer; which, I hope, without offence, I may suppose to be your case. If so, I hope you will endeavour to keep me well with the doctor, who took it a little unkindly of me that I would shut my eyes to such revelation so demonstrated. I have a great esteem for him, to which nothing that he can write upon those subjects can make any addition, and therefore I would run no risk as to altering my opinion of him by reading his books.

That health and prosperity may attend you is my sincere wish, and I entreat you to believe that I am, with great truth, sir, your most humble and obedient servant.

The whole family of my ladies send their compliments.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

Dublin, March 27, 1733.

I RECEIVED your letter with some pleasure and a good deal of concern. The condition you are in requires the greatest haste hither, although your school did not; and when you arrive I will force Dr. Helsham to see and direct you: your scheme of riding and country air you find hath not answered, and therefore you have nothing to trust to but the assistance of a friendly, skilful doctor. For whether they can do any good or not, it is all we have for it; and you cannot afford to die at present, because the public and all your family have occasion for you. Besides, I do not like the place you are in, from your account, since you say people are dying there so fast. You cannot afford to lose daily blood; but I suppose you are no more regular than you have been in your whole life. I like the article very much which you propose in your will, and if that takes place forty years hence, and God for the sins of men should continue that life so long, I would have it be still inserted, unless you could make it a little sharper. I own you have too much reason to complain of some friends who, next to yourself, have done you most hurt, whom still I esteem and frequent, though I confess I cannot heartily forgive. Yet certainly the case was not merely personal malice to you (although it had the same effect), but a kind of know-not-what job, which one of them hath often heartily repented: however, it came to be patched up. I am confident your collection of *bon mots* and *contes à rire* will be much the best extant; but you are apt to be terribly sanguine about the profits of publishing; however, it shall have all the pushing I can give. I have been much out of order with a spice of my giddiness, which began before you left us; I am better of late days, but not right yet, though I take daily drops and bitters. I must do the best I can, but shall never more be a night-walker. You hear they have in England passed the excise on tobacco, and by their votes it appears they intend it on more articles. And care is taken by some special friends here to have it the same way here. We are slaves already. And from my youth upward the great wise men whom I used to be among taught me that a general excise (which they now by degrees intend) is the most direct and infallible way to slavery. Pray G— send it them in his justice, for they well deserve it. All your friends and the town are just as you left it. I humdrum it on, either on horseback, or dining and sitting the evening at home, endeavouring to write, but write nothing, merely out of indolence and want of spirits. No soul has broke his neck, or is hanged, or married; only Cancerina[a] is dead, and I let her go to her grave without a coffin and without fees. So I am going to take my evening walk after five, having not been out of doors yet. I wish you well, and safe at home; pray call on me on Sunday night. I am yours.

P.S. I believe there are a hundred literal blunders, but I cannot stay to mend them.—So pick as you are able.

I am not so *frank* a writer as you.

FROM LORD BATHURST.

Cirencester, March 29, 1733.

MY MOST DEAR DEAN,—I am indebted to you for several scraps of paper which you have sent me; but I waited to receive a letter from you, and then would have returned you an answer as well as I could. I obeyed your commands signified in your *penultième;* I attended your cause; your client happened to be

[a] Mr. Stanard was about this time chosen recorder for the city of Dublin, chiefly at the recommendation of Dr. Swift.

[b] "Revelation examined with Candour."

[c] Dr. Robert Clayton, bishop of Killala, January 23, 1729.

[a] One of those poor people to whom the dean used to give money when he met them in his walks; some of them he named thus, partly for distinction and partly for humour: Cancerina, Stompanymma, Pullagowna, Friterilla, Flora, Stumphantha.

in the right, and we are not a little in the wrong that we gave no costs. I should have moved for them, but I had distinguished myself in pressing lords to attend, and told so many that I had your commands so to do, that I did not think it proper to take that part upon me, and nobody else would do it; therefore give me leave to tell you that you are bound in conscience to pay that poor man 100*l*. He would certainly have had that sum if you had not interposed in that peremptory manner.

As to your last orders in relation to the Dublin cause, I take it for granted you are in the wrong. All corporations of men are perpetually doing injustice to individuals. I will attend it, but am as much prejudiced against them as it is possible, though I know nothing of the man nor the matter in question. I have often reflected (from what cause it arises I know not), that though the majority of a society are honest men, and would act separately with some humanity, and according to the rules of morality, yet, conjunctively, they are hard-hearted, determined villains. I know physicians who, if you take them out of their practice, are very good sort of men; but was there ever in the world a consultation of them that tended to anything else than robbery and murder? Do the body of lawyers think of anything else but to plunder and destroy the rest of mankind? In short, there is no corporation to be excepted out of this general rule but the two houses of parliament, and all assemblies of divines, wheresoever dispersed over the Christian world. So much for the Dublin cause.

Now I must tell you I want exceedingly to see you here, and I would have you come just about midsummer. If you come a moment before that time you will find the parliament sitting, all in a flame about excises; and go into what company you will you can hear of nothing else. I reckon by that time we shall separate, and then I come down to this place *en famille* (where I am now only a sojourner for three days), and you shall be better accommodated than you were last time you were here. I can assure you I have made great alterations; and to speak modestly, I think I may say it is by much the finest place in England. What Ireland may produce I cannot tell. Pope has promised to come down; and it is time for him to retire, for he has made the town too hot to hold him.

Poor John Gay! we shall see him no more, but he will always be remembered by those who knew him with a tender concern. I want to know how you do and what you are doing. I suspect you are growing very idle, for I have not heard of any production from that fertile brain of yours a great while. And besides, the greatest mark of idleness that I know is the minding of other people's business. You that used to be employed in supporting or pulling down ministers, in instructing or diverting mankind, in inflaming kingdoms, or pacifying contending parties, now seem to be dwindled into an Irish solicitor. I expect to see you in a dirty brown coat, with a little green bag under your arm. However, let me see you. If I cannot laugh with you, as I used to do, I will laugh at you, for I am resolved to laugh as long as I live. So, my dear little pettifogger, adieu.

FROM MR. POPE.

April 2, 1733.

You say truly that death is only terrible to us as it separates us from those we love; but I really think those have the worst of it who are left by us, if we are true friends. I have felt more (I fancy) in the loss of Mr. Gay than I shall suffer in the thought of going away myself into a state that can feel none of this sort of losses. I wished vehemently to have seen him in a condition of living independent, and to have lived in perfect indolence the rest of our days together, the two most idle, most innocent, undesigning poets of our age. I now as vehemently wish you and I might walk into the grave together, by as slow steps as you please, but contentedly and cheerfully: whether that ever can be, or in what country, I know no more than into what country we shall walk out of the grave. But it suffices me to know it will be exactly what region or state our Maker appoints, and that whatever is is right. Our poor friend's papers are partly in my hands, and, for as much as is so, I will take care to suppress things unworthy of him. As to the epitaph, I am sorry you gave a copy, for it will certainly by that means come into print, and I would correct it more unless you will do it for me, and that I shall like as well. Upon the whole, I earnestly wish your coming over hither, for this reason among many others, that your influence may be joined with mine to suppress whatever we may judge proper of his papers. To be plunged in my neighbours' and my papers will be your inevitable fate as soon as you come. That I am an author whose characters are thought of some weight appears from the great noise and bustle that the court and town make about any I give, and I will not render them less important or less interesting by sparing vice or folly or by betraying the cause of truth and virtue. I will take care they shall be such as no man can be angry at but the persons I would have angry. You are sensible with what decency and justice I paid homage to the royal family at the same time that I satirized false courtiers and spies, &c., about them. I have not the courage, however, to be such a satirist as you, but I would be as much, or more, a philosopher. You call your satires libels; I would rather call my satires epistles: they will consist more of morality than of wit, and grow graver, which you will call duller. I shall leave it to my antagonists to be witty (if they can), and content myself to be useful and in the right. Tell me your opinion as to lady Mary Wortley's or lord Harvey's performance: they are certainly the top wits of the court, and you may judge by that single piece what can be done against me; for it was laboured, corrected, precommended, and post-disapproved, so as to be disowned by themselves, after each had highly cried it up for the other's. I have met with some complaints,[a] and heard at a distance of some threats occasioned by my verses: I sent fair messages to acquaint them where I was to be found in town, and to offer to call at their houses to satisfy them, and so it dropped. It is very poor in any one to rail and threaten at a distance and have nothing to say to you when they see you. I am glad you persist and abide by so good a thing as that poem,[b] in which I am immortal for my morality; I never took any praise so kindly, and yet I think I deserve that praise better than I do any other. When does your collection come out, and what will it consist of? I have but last week finished another of my epistles, in the order of the system; and this week (*exercitandi gratia*) I have translated (or rather parodied) another of Horace's, in which I introduce you advising me about my expenses, housekeeping, &c. But these things shall lie by till you come to carp at them, and alter rhymes, and grammar, and triplets, and cacophonies of all kinds. Our parliament will sit till midsummer, which I hope may be a motive

[a] At this time there was a great outcry among all the courtiers against the keenness of this satire.

[b] The ironical libel on Dr. Delany.

to bring you rather in summer than so late as autumn: you used to love what I hate, a hurry of politics, &c. Courts I see not, courtiers I know not, kings I adore not, queens I compliment not; so I am never likely to be in fashion nor in dependence. I heartily join with you in pitying our poor lady [the duchess of Queensberry] for her unhappiness, and should only pity her more if she had more of what they at court call happiness. Come then, and perhaps we may go all together into France at the end of the season, and compare the liberties of both kingdoms. Adieu. Believe me, dear sir (with a thousand warm wishes, mixed with short sighs), ever yours.

FROM LORD AND LADY MASHAM.

London, April 7, 1733.

SIR,—I hope you will excuse me that I have not answered your letter sooner; but I shall not be backward in obeying your commands, by attending the cause you mention when it comes into the house. I shall not fail speaking to those few lords I can be so free with to attend also; and shall rejoice if it should be determined to your satisfaction; and I have good reason to believe it will, being fully convinced that you can interest yourself in nothing but where justice is uppermost. We have long flattered ourselves with the hopes of having your good company here. I am sure there is no family in this kingdom wishes to see you more than that of the Mashams, who will always have you in remembrance for your health and welfare. I doubt not but you hear from better hands the state of our affairs in relation to the excising tobacco and wine, therefore shall not trouble you upon that subject, and shall only desire your further commands wherein I am capable to serve you, assuring you that I am, with great esteem and faith, sir, your most faithful and humble servant, MASHAM.

POSTSCRIPT BY LADY MASHAM.

SIR,—There are few things in life would give me more joy than to see you again in this part of the world. Let your friends have that pleasure, for in doing it you will oblige a vast number of people, but nobody more, my dear Mr. Dean, than your affectionate humble servant, A. MASHAM.

FROM THE DUCHESS OF QUEENSBERRY.

April 12, 1733.

DEAR SIR,—I received yours of the 23rd of March. Perpetual pains in my head have hindered me from writing till this moment, so you see you are not the only person that may tormented. I dare believe there as many bad heads in England as in Ireland; I am sure none worse than my own; that I am made for pain and pain for me; for of late we have been inseparable. It is a most dispiriting distemper. And bring on pain of mind, whether real or imaginary, it is all one.

While I had that very sincere good friend, I could sometimes lay open all my rambling thoughts, and he and I would often view and dissect them; but now they come and go, and I seldom find out whether they be right or wrong, or if there be anything in them. Poor man! he was most truly everything you could say of him. I have lost in him the usefullest limb of my mind. This is an odd expression, but I cannot explain my notion otherwise.

I deny that I am tetchy; yet am going to seem so again, by assuring you my letters are never false copies of my mind. They are often, I believe, imperfect ones of an imperfect mind (which, however, to do it justice, often directs me better than I act). Though I will not take upon me to declare my way of thinking to be eternally the same, yet whatever I write is at that instant true. I would rather tell a lie than write it down, for words are wind, it is said, but the making a memorandum of one's own false heart would stare one in the face immediately, and should put one out of countenance. Now, as a proof of my unsettled way of thinking and of my sincerity, I shall tell you that I am not so much in the wrong as you observed I was in my last, for my regard to you is lessened extremely since I observed you are just like most other people, viz., disobliged at trifles, and obliged at nothings; for what else are bare words? Therefore, pray never believe I wish to serve you till you have tried me; till then protestations are bribes, by which I may only mean to gain the friendship of a valuable man, and therefore ought to be suspected. I seldom make any for that reason, so that, if I have the peculiar happiness to have any wise and good people my flatterers, God knows how I came by it; but sure nothing can equal such glory except that of having the silly and bad people my enemies.

Here I think we agree. You declare that no such can depress your spirits; and if our constitutions are alike, I will not only preach up good spirits, but prescribe the materials that have ever agreed with me. If anybody has done me an injury they have hurt themselves more than me. If they give me an ill name (unless they have my help), I shall not deserve it. If fools shun my company, it is because I am not like them; if people make me angry, they only raise my spirits; and if they wish me ill, I will be well and handsome, wise and happy, and everything except a day younger than I am, and that is a fancy I never yet saw becoming to man or woman, so it cannot excite my envy. Here I have betrayed to you the devilishness of my temper; but I declare to you nothing ever enlivened me half so much as unjust ill usage, either directed to myself or to my friends. The very reverse happens to me when I am too well spoken of, for I am sorry to find I do not deserve it all. This humbles me as much too much as the other exalts; so I hope you will not be too civil, since I have declared the consequence.

I am in great hopes you will make us a visit this summer, for though I have a sensible satisfaction by conversing with you in this way, yet I love mightily to look in the person's face I am speaking to. By that one soon learns to stop when it is wished, or to mend what is said amiss.

Your stewards will take great care of your money, but you must first direct us to your friend Mr. *Launcelott* (ill spelt to be sure), and order him to give up Mr. Gay's note, on his sister's paying the money to his grace, who will give him his note for the money, or send it to you as you order. And as to what interest is due to you, I suppose you have kept some account.

By this time you must be too much tired to bear reading one word more, therefore I will make no excuses. Pray employ me, for I want to be certain whether I know my own mind or not; for something or other often tells me that I should be very happy to be of any use to you. Whether it be true or false, neither you or I can be positive till an opportunity shows; but I do really think that I am, dear sir, most sincerely yours, &c.

FROM CHARLES FORD, ESQ.

London, April 14, 1733.

I am extremely concerned to hear the bad state of your health. I have often wished that you would be more moderate in your walks, for though riding has always been allowed to be good for a giddy head, I never heard walking prescribed for a strain or any ailment in the leg; and the violent sweats you put yourself into are apt to give colds, and I doubt occasion much of your other disorder. I am confident you would find yourself better here, and even the journey would be of great use to you. I was vastly pleased to hear my lord-mayor talk of the delight he should have in seeing you this year, that he might show you a creature of your own making. He has behaved himself so well in his public capacity that, whether it be his humility or his pride, he deserves to be gratified.

I could heartily wish your other complaints were as much without foundation as that of having lost half your memory and all your invention. I will venture to pronounce you have more left of the first than most men, and of the last than any man now alive. While the excises were depending, you were expected every day; for it was said, Why should he not show as much regard for the liberty of England as he did for the money of Ireland? I wish you had been here, though the affair in my opinion is happily ended. Many people were offended that the bills were dropped and not rejected, and the authors of the scheme left unpunished. It was absolutely impossible to have carried it otherwise. You have heard sir Robert Walpole and one or two more coming out of the house were insulted. A few of that rabble have been seized with the ringleader, who proves to be a Norfolk man; no enemy to excises, but an entire dependant upon the outraged person. Though the rejoicings were as great and as universal as ever were known, there was no violence except the breaking a very few windows, whose owners had shown an untimely thrift of their candles. I foretold Henley what his joking would come to; but the mayor of Southampton immediately printed his real letter, which was short and extremely proper. His designed opponent at the next election, having voted for the excise, will not dare to show himself in the corporation; and Henley after the division thanked him for having by that vote bestowed him 1500*l*. * * * * * *

I have great hopes this fine mild weather will set you right, and long to hear you are preparing for your journey. I am most entirely your grateful, &c.

FROM LADY BETTY GERMAIN.

May 1, 1733.

I should have answered yours of the 22nd of March long ago, but that I have had some troubles and frights; and the uneasiness I was under made me neglect what at another time would have been agreeable to myself, Mrs Chamber's younger sister having had the small-pox; but now perfectly well, though she has hitherto been a very puny, sickly girl. Mrs. Floyd too has been excessively bad with her winter-cough and dispiritedness; but country air I think has a little revived her.

His grace of Dorset bids me present his humble service to you, and says the rectory of Churchtown is at Mr. Stafford Lightburne's service. As to the countess of Suffolk's affair in dispute, I cannot possibly (according to your own just rule) be angry, because I am in the right. It is you ought to be angry and never forgive her, because you have been so much in the wrong as to condemn her without the show of justice, and I wish with all my heart, as a judgment upon you, that you had seen her, as I did, when the news of your friend's [Gay's] death came; for though you are a proud parson, yet (give you, devil, your due) you are a sincere, good-natured, honest one. I am extremely Mrs. Kelly's humble servant; but I will never believe she is more valued for her beauty and good qualities in Ireland than she was in England. The excise you mention has caused great changes here. Some that I am sorry for; though I will not enter into the merits of the cause, because of my aversion to politics. But if you did dislike it, why did you bestow such a costly funeral upon it as to burn its bones on a sumptuous pile like a Roman emperor?

Adieu, my ever honoured old friend; and do not let me see any more respects or ladyships from you.

TO MR. POPE.

Dublin, May 1, 1733.

I answer your letter the sooner because I have a particular reason for doing so. Some weeks ago came over a poem called, "The Life and Character of Dr. Swift, written by himself." It was reprinted here, and is dedicated to you. It is grounded upon a maxim in Rochefoucault, and the dedication, after a formal story, says that my manner of writing is to be found in every line. I believe I have told you that I wrote a year or two ago near five hundred lines upon the same maxim in Rochefoucault, and was a long time about it, as that impostor says in his dedication, with many circumstances all pure invention. I desire you to believe and to tell my friends that in this spurious piece there is not a single line, or bit of a line, or thought, any way resembling the genuine copy, any more than it does Virgil's "Æneis," for I never gave a copy of mine, nor lent it out of my sight. And although I showed it to all common acquaintance indifferently, and some of them (especially one or two females) had got many lines by heart, here and there, and repeated them often; yet it happens that not one single line or thought is contained in this imposture, although it appears that they who counterfeited me had heard of the true one. But even this trick shall not provoke me to print the true one, which indeed is not proper to be seen till I can be seen no more; I therefore desire you will undeceive my friends, and I will order an advertisement to be printed here, and transmit it to England, that everybody may know the delusion, and acquit me, as I am sure you must have done yourself if you have read any part of it, which is mean and trivial, and full of that cant that I most despise; I would sink to be a vicar in Norfolk rather than be charged with such a performance. Now I come to your letter.

When I was of your age I thought every day of death, but now every minute; and a continual giddy disorder, more or less, is a greater addition than that of my years. I cannot affirm that I pity our friend Gay, but I pity his friends; I pity you, and would at least equally pity myself if I lived among you; because I should have seen him oftener than you did, who are a kind of hermit, how great a noise soever you make by your ill nature in not letting the honest villains of the times enjoy themselves in this world, which is their only happiness, and terrifying them with another. I should have added in my libel that of all men living you are the most happy in your enemies and your friends: and I will swear you have fifty times more charity for mankind than I could ever pretend to. Whether the production you mention came from the lady or the lord, I did not imagine

that they were at least so bad versifiers. Therefore, *facit indignatio versum* is only to be applied when the indignation is against general villany, and never operates when some sort of people write to defend themselves. I love to hear them reproach you for dulness, only I would be satisfied, since you are so dull, why are they so angry? give me a shilling, and I will insure you that posterity shall never know you had one single enemy, excepting those whose memory you have preserved.

I am sorry for the situation of Mr. Gay's papers. You do not exert yourself as much as I could wish in this affair. I had rather the two sisters were hanged than to see his works ed by any loss of credit to his memory. I would be glad to see the most valuable printed by themselves, those which ought not to be seen burned immediately, and the others that have gone abroad printed separately like opuscula, or rather be stifled and forgotten. I thought your epitaph was immediately to be engraved, and therefore I made less scruple to give a copy to lord Orrery, who earnestly desired it, but to nobody else; and he tells me he gave only two, which he will recall. I have a short epigram of his upon it, wherein I would correct a line or two at most, and then I will send it you with his permission. I have nothing against yours but the last line, *striking their aching*, the two participles, as they are so near, seem to sound too like. I shall write to the duchess, who has lately honoured me with a very friendly letter, and I will tell her my opinion freely about our friend's papers. I want health, and my affairs are enlarged; but I will break through the latter if the other mends. I can use a course of medicines, lame and giddy. My chief design next to seeing you is to be a severe critic on you and your neighbour [Bolingbroke]; but first kill his father that he may be able to maintain me in my own way of living, and particularly my horses. It cost me near 600*l.* for a wall to keep mine, and I never ride without two servants, for fear of accidents; *hic vivimus ambitiosâ paupertate.* You are both too poor for my acquaintance, but he much the poorer. With you I shall find grass, and wine, and servants, but with him not.—The collection you speak of is this. A printer [Faulkner] came to me to desire he might print my works (as he called them) in four volumes, by subscription. I said I would give no leave, and should be sorry to see them printed here. He said they could not be printed in London; I answered they could if the partners agreed. He said, "he would be glad of my permission; but as he could print them without it, and was advised that it could do me no harm, and having been assured of numerous subscriptions, he hoped I would not be angry at his pursuing his own interest," &c. Much of this discourse past, and he goes on with the matter, wherein I determined not to intermeddle, though it be much to my discontent; and I wish it could be done in England, rather than here, although I am grown pretty indifferent in everything of that kind. This is the truth of the story.

My vanity turns at present on being personated in your *quæ virtus*, &c. You will observe in this letter many marks, of an ill head and a low spirit; but a heart wholly turned to love you with the greatest earnestness and truth.

FROM MISS KELLY.

Jarvis-street, May 4, 1733.

SIR,—I am sure, if you knew what I have suffered for having offended you, your anger would be changed into pity; for indeed, sir, my uneasiness cannot be expressed. Of all the misfortunes I ever met with, this has given me the greatest concern; for your friendship is an honour that the whole world are ambitious of; but I received from it more than ordinary satisfaction. Judge then, sir, how unhappy I now am; and for God's sake forgive what is past, and be assured my future conduct shall be such that you never again shall have cause of complaint against me. —I own you have reason to condemn my impertinence; but as I had not the least intention to offend, I hope it will in some measure lessen the fault. Indeed, sir, if you will be so good to pardon me, I will make any atonement in my power; and it will much add to the other obligations you have already conferred upon me. My health is so much impaired that it is but too probable that I shall not live very long, and methinks it would be very hard to have the short time that is allotted for me made more miserable than continual sickness can make it. This must be the case if you do not once more receive me into favour; nothing I desire half so much; and do assure you, I spent so bad a night from the thoughts of my misfortune, that, could you have had an idea of it, you would have been sorry for me. You might have seen how depressed I was at supper, but not my indisposition, but your cold behaviour was the real occasion of it.—What shall I say or do to influence you to pardon me? If true repentance for my crime, and a firm resolution to be upon my guard for the future against any inadvertent expressions that can give offence, will plead anything in my favour, you will be so good to pardon me; for I can affirm that I will never offend you again. Try me then, good sir; and if it is possible, both forget and forgive the errors I have been guilty of.

If you are not determined to continue my unhappiness, I must beg the favour of you to send me a line to assure me of my being pardoned; for my uneasiness cannot be removed without it. I hope too, sir, that I shall have the honour of seeing you before I go, that I may in person acknowledge how much I owe you, and with what satisfaction I receive your forgiveness; and for God's sake, sir, look upon me as you were wont to do, for I cannot bear your coldness.

I propose, when I go to Bristol, to follow your advice, and should be much obliged to you if you would recommend me to those books that you think most proper for me: and if it please God that I recover, you shall find that, by the honour you have done me in advising me to improve my mind, the deficiencies of my education will be made up, and I shall be more worthy of your esteem.

I should beg pardon for the length of this, but that I still could write on to ask your forgiveness, who am, sir, with true respect and regard, your most obliged and most humble servant, F. A. KELLY.

FROM MR. POPE.

May 28, 1733.

I HAVE begun two or three letters to you by snatches, and been prevented from finishing them by a thousand avocations and dissipations. I must first acknowledge the honour done me by lord Orrery, whose praises are that precious ointment Solomon speaks of which can be given only by men of virtue; all other praise, whether from poets or peers, is contemptible alike; and I am old enough and experienced enough to know that the only praises worth having are those bestowed by virtue for virtue. My poetry I abandon to the critics, my morals I commit to the testimony of those who know me: and therefore I was more pleased with your libel than with any verses I ever received. I wish such a collection of your writings could be printed here as you men-

tion going on in Ireland. I was surprised to receive from the printer that spurious piece, called "The Life and Character of Dr. Swift," with a letter telling me the person who "published it had assured him the dedication to me was what I would not take ill, or else he would not have printed it." I cannot tell who the man is who took so far upon him as to answer for my way of thinking; though, had the thing been genuine, I should have been greatly displeased at the publisher's part in doing it without your knowledge.

I am as earnest as you can be in doing my best to prevent the publishing of anything unworthy of Mr. Gay; but I fear his friends' partiality. I wish you would come over. All the mysteries of my philosophical work shall then be cleared to you, and you will not think that I am merry enough nor angry enough: it will not want for satire, but as for anger I know it not; or, at least, only that sort of which he apostle speaks, "Be ye angry, and sin not."

My neighbour's writings have been metaphysical, and will next be historical. It is certainly from him only that a valuable history of Europe in these later times can be expected. Come and quicken him; for age, indolence, and contempt of the world, grow upon men apace, and may often make the wisest indifferent whether posterity be any wiser than we. To a man in years, health and quiet become such rarities and consequently so valuable, that he is apt to think of nothing more than of enjoying them whenever he can for the remainder of life; and this I doubt not has caused so many great men to die without leaving a scrap to posterity.

I am sincerely troubled for the bad account you give of your own health. I wish every day to hear a better, as much as I do to enjoy my own, I faithfully assure you.

FROM MRS. PENDARVES.

London, May 29, 1733.

Sir,—You will find to your cost that a woman's pen, when encouraged, is as bad as a woman's tongue: blame yourself, not me; had I never known the pleasure of receiving a letter from you, I should not have persecuted you now. I think (a little to justify this bold attack) that I am obliged by all the rules of civility to give you an account of the letter you charged me with: I delivered it into my lord Bathurst's hands; he read it before me: I looked silly upon his asking me what you meant by the Fosset affair? and was obliged to explain it to him in my own defence, which gave him the diversion I believe you designed it should. We then talked of your vineyard; he seemed pleased with every subject that related to you, and I was very ready to indulge him that way. I did not forget to brag of your favours to me; if you intended I should keep them a secret, I have spoiled all; for I have not an acquaintance of any worth that I have not told how happy I have been in your company. Everybody loves to be envied, and this is the only way I have of raising people's envy. I hope, sir, you will forgive me, and let me know if I have *behaved*[a] *myself* right: I think I can hardly do wrong as long as I am, sir, your most obliged and most obedient servant,

M. Pendarves.

Mrs. Donnellan is much your humble servant, and as vain of your favours as I am.

[a] Dr. Swift could not endure to hear the phrase *behaved:—Behaved what?* he would say with some emotion. He once gave his cousin Deane Swift an account of his rebuking lord Bathurst for this, and that my lord promised him not to be guilty of the like for the future. The words being here marked under by Mrs. Pendarves prove that she refers to some rebuke of that kind.

FROM THE DUCHESS OF QUEENSBERRY.

Amesbury. May 31, 1733.

Dear Sir,—I am now again your Tunbridge correspondent. His grace and I have been here this fortnight, with no other company than bricklayers and labourers. We are throwing down a parcel of walls that blocked us up every way, and making a sunk fence round the house. This will make the place as cheerful again, and we find great entertainment by inspecting the work. Since I came here even I have often got up by six in the morning, designed it always, and the whole house are fast asleep before twelve. This I call good hours. I walk as much as I am able, sometimes rather more. We sometimes ride, though not often; for the evenings and mornings are very cold, and the middle of the day very hot, North-east winds continually, and such want of rain that the ground is as hard as iron. I am the most temperate creature in my diet you ever knew; yet with all my care I cannot be well. I believe if I am never guilty of a greater fault I shall meet with very little resentment either public or private. They are the faults in the world soonest forgot, and the seldomest truly resented. Let that be as it will, since health is undoubtedly the most valuable thing in life, I shall do all I can to obtain it. This makes me consent to a thing in the world I am most averse to; that is going to the Spa about a month or six weeks hence. I wish it was good for your complaints that we might be there together. Really, if you think it will be of any use to you, and that you can order your affairs so as to make it possible, depend upon it we shall make it our study (and a very agreeable one too) to make you as easy and happy as it is in the power of people (not of a very troublesome disposition) to contrive. Your complaint and mine are not very different, as I imagine. Mine is a sort of dizziness which generally goes off by the headache. Some learned people give it a name I do not know how to spell, a vertico, or vertigo. Pray understand that I, really and truly, do not only say but mean that I wish you could either meet us at the Spa or at London, to go on with us; and in this I am sure I shall never change my mind. If it can do you any good, I feel myself enough your friend to resent it extremely if you miss this opportunity. This you would believe if you knew what obligations I have to you. I am generally poor in spirit, or quarrelling with myself for being good for nothing. When a letter comes from you, it does not only entertain and revive me, but instantly I fancy I ought to have a good opinion of myself; which is of very great use to have, provided it is kept within just bounds. I shall punctually obey your commands concerning that poem; but I think you may be perfectly easy on that account; for I saw it before I left London, and heard several people talk of it, and the general opinion was, that you had no hand in it; but that the thing happened just as you say. I think you need not be much disturbed at it. The other trouble you mention I can allow of. Philosophy cannot make such things not be; the most it can pretend to is, to help people to patience. I am heartily sorry you have any particular occasion for any. Is your lawsuit still in being? Perhaps I may be impertinent; but I remember you once mentioned something of that kind.

I am pretty well satisfied anything is bad for the head that fills it too full; therefore I advise you to unbend your thoughts and ask my advice; if it should prove good, take it; if not, leave it. I should be mighty glad to be of service to you; in making me so, you would show kindness to the memory of your very sincere friend, and be kind to me. You

may depend upon me, both for his sake and your own. I will endeavour to convey your messages to lady Catharine and Charlotte as soon as possible. The first I have not conversed with this year and a half; I believe she is nobody's friend, but I more than believe that nobody is hers. I have a brother that I dare answer you would like if you knew him perfectly, not else. I love and honour him, and he deserves it. When his grace goes to London, which will be very soon, your money shall be as you ordered. He is mightily shocked at so many speeches. He is not by just now, or undoubtedly he would think you deserve to have them returned. It is lucky for me, for I am come to the end of my paper. Note, without an excuse.

FROM MISS KELLY.

Bristol Hot Wells, June 2, 1733.

Sir,—I hear my agreeable fellow-traveller has been beforehand with me in paying her compliments to you; but I cannot be surprised at that, for she was formed to get the better of me in everything but respecting and esteeming you. That, indeed, nobody can do; for both gratitude and taste conspire to make me truly your friend and servant.

I have been since I came here very low-spirited; the companions I had some part of my journey lessened my illness, or at least I felt not with them the same weight that I did upon their leaving me; and I have often wished myself again in Ireland to enjoy conversation, for I really believe it is one excellent cure for most disorders. This is the dullest place that ever was known; there is not above half-a-dozen families, and those are cits with great fortunes or Irish impertinents: the former despise one because their clothes are finer than yours; and the latter have no view in keeping your company but to report your faults. This makes me avoid all communication with them, and only in the morning I go to the Wells; and I thank God I can spend my time far better, for either writing to my friends, reading, walking, and riding, find me full employment, and leave me not a wish for such company as the place affords. Doctor Lane (who by character is a second Æsculapius, and can raise people from the dead), is my physician, and gives me great hopes of a speedy amendment; and, as I take his medicines regularly, and am up at six in the morning, breakfast at eight, dine at one, and sup at seven, I hope I may in time find some benefit: nor do either the ass's milk or waters disagree with me, and I think my appetite is rather better. I wish to heaven it was agreeable to your affairs to come here, for I am sure you would like the situation of the house that I lodge in—it has the command of such a prospect that I should do it injustice to attempt to describe it; but the variety of the scene is such that one discovers new beauties in it every day. I hope you will continue your former goodness to me, and let me have the honour of hearing from you sometimes, for in reality nobody is more sincerely your well-wisher than, sir, your most obliged and most faithful humble servant,

F. A. Kelly.

Your expedition to the archbishop's country residence makes a very fine figure in print; but since you have made this discovery I think you ought to fly to us, for if Dublin be in danger the deanery-house cannot be a safe retreat for you. I wish anything would send Barber here; for I was at the Bath to see some of my friends, and was forced to swear that only the want of health kept her book from being published. I am sure you would be glad to hear that a lady of very good understanding, that is a particular friend of mine, comes to me next week to stay while I do: her name is Rooke, admiral Rooke's son's lady.

FROM LADY BETTY GERMAIN.

June 5, 1733.

Has Mr. Stafford Lightburne's friend got the gout in his fingers? or is he so busy in measuring the water, and casting a figure to know the exact time when to set his friends a-swimming, that he cannot find one moment to let me know that he received my letter, written a month ago, to inform you that his grace would cheerfully and readily obey your commands? However, I am again ordered by him to tell you that the warrant will be sent to Dublin by next post, so pray let Mr. Lightburne be ready to make his personal appearance, lest they should not else know how to find him. It was well you needed no intercessor to his grace, and that the no-promise from him and the one word from you is of much more weight than my rhetoric, for I have been so horridly used by a nasty griping brother black-coat, in a small three-and-sixpence affair of my own, that I do not know whether I should not have done like you of the faction, revenge myself of the innocent for the sake of one bishop and minister that I say have cheated, fleeced, and flead me, just as if they had been South Sea or East India directors.

You are angry if I do not mention Mrs. Floyd to you, so I must tell you she is gone for a little time into the country, to try if that will ever cure her cough. I am heartily sorry for your new friend Mrs. Kelly, who writes in a desponding way to Mrs. Chamber about her health, and talks of going to Spa. This is a melancholy subject, and I hate to be vexed; so I will say no more of it, but adieu, my dear dean, and let me hear from you soon.

TO MR FAULKNER.

June 29, 1733.

I desire Mrs. Pilkington will deliver you the paper relating to Gulliver, which I left with her husband. For since you intend to print a new edition of that book, I must tell you that the English printer made several alterations which I much disapprove of, and cannot set them right without those papers.

If I am not mistaken Mr. Pilkington hath an edition of Gulliver, where the true original copy is interleaved in manuscript; I desire I may also see that book. I am your humble servant,

Jonathan Swift.

TO MR. POPE.

Dublin, July 8, 1733.

I must condole with you for the loss of Mrs. Pope, of whose death the papers have been full. But I would rather rejoice with you, because, if any circumstances can make the death of a dear parent and friend a subject for joy, you have them all. She died in an extreme old age, without pain, under the care of the most dutiful son that I have ever known or heard of, which is a felicity not happening to one in a million. The worst effect of her death falls upon me; and so much the worse, because I expected, *aliquis damno usus in illo*, that it would be followed by making me and this kingdom happy with your presence. But I am told, to my great misfortune, that, a very convenient offer happening, you waived the invitation pressed on you, alleging the fear you had of being killed here with eating and drinking. By which I find that you have given some credit to a notion of our great plenty and hospitality. It is true our meat and wine is cheaper here, as it is always in the poorest countries, because there is no money

to pay for them. I believe there are not in this whole city three gentlemen out of employment who are able to give entertainments once a month. Those who are in employments of church or state are three parts in four from England, and amount to little more than a dozen: those indeed may once or twice invite their friends or any person of distinction that makes a voyage hither. All my acquaintance tell me they know not above three families where they can occasionally dine in a whole year. Dr. Delany is the only gentleman I know who keeps one certain day in the week to entertain seven or eight friends at dinner and to pass the evening, where there is nothing of excess, either in eating or drinking. Our old friend Southern [the poet], who has just left us, was invited to dinner once or twice by a judge, a bishop, or a commissioner of the revenues, but most frequented a few particular friends, and chiefly the doctor [Delany], who is easy in his fortune and very hospitable. The conveniences of taking the air, winter or summer, do far exceed those in London. For the two large strands just at two edges of the town are as firm and dry in winter as in summer. There are at least six or eight gentlemen of sense, learning, good-humour, and taste, able and desirous to please you, and orderly females, some of the better sort, to take care of you. These were the motives that I have frequently made use of to entice you hither. And there would be no failure among the best people here of any honours that could be done you. As to myself, I declare my health is so uncertain that I dare not venture among you at present. I hate the thoughts of London, where I am not rich enough to live otherwise than by shifting, which is now too late. Neither can I have conveniences in the country for three horses and two servants, and many others which I have here at hand. I am one of the governors of all the hackney coaches, carts, and carriages, round this town, who dare not insult me like your rascally waggoners or coachmen, but give me the way; nor is there one lord or squire for a hundred of yours to turn me out of the road or run over me with their coaches and six. Thus I make some advantage of the public poverty, and give you the reasons for what I once wrote, why I choose to be a freeman among slaves rather than a slave among freemen. Then I walk the streets in peace without being justled, nor even without a thousand blessings from my friends the vulgar. I am lord-mayor of 120 houses, I am absolute lord of the greatest cathedral in the kingdom, am at peace with the neighbouring princes, the lord-mayor of the city and the archbishop of Dublin, only the latter, like the king of France, sometimes attempts encroachments on my dominions, as old Lewis did upon Lorraine. In the midst of this raillery I can tell you with seriousness that these advantages contribute to my ease, and therefore I value them. And in one part of your letter relating to lord Bolingbroke and yourself you agree with me entirely about the indifference, the love of quiet, the care of health, &c., that grow upon men in years. And if you discover those inclinations in my lord and yourself, what can you expect from me, whose health is so precarious? and yet at your or his time of life I could have leaped over the moon.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

FROM MISS KELLY.

Bristol, July 8, 1733.

DEAR SIR,—I cannot express how much pleasure your letter gave me; to say that it surpassed the anxiety your silence gave me is all the description I am able to make. Indeed I had a thousand fears about you; your health was my first care, and yet I thought that the gods must take care of Cato; but I too fearfully apprehended that the whole club had quite forgotten the most unworthy member that ever entered into their society. For though you wrote to others, your hands were useless to me; and of all our little set none remained unblessed but myself; but as your letter has made me full amends for everything beside, I must be lavish in my thanks.

I am apt to believe that I really died on the road, as it was reported, for I am certainly not the same creature I once was, for I have grown fonder of reading than of any other amusement, and except when health calls me on horseback I find my only joys at home. But my life indeed has received a great addition in its pleasures by Mrs. Rooke's being so good to come down to me; she has all the qualities that can make an agreeable companion and friend; we live together without form, but have all the complacence for each other that true friendship inspires. You are sensible that two people cannot always like the same thing: this we make easy by following our inclinations, for if she likes to walk she walks, and I do whatever I like better. Would to God you were with us to complete our happiness. I had a letter from Mrs. Cleland to inquire about you; she says she hears you are coming to England; surely, if you were, you would tell me so, for few things in life could give me more true delight than the sight of you.

You are extremely good to enter into my affairs; all marks you give me of your friendship increase my esteem for you, and make me bear the common rubs of life with patience. I have really been often tempted to let you into all my secrets, but the thought that you only could receive uneasiness from them, and that even your advice could not remove the least painful of them, hindered me from it, for to those I best love I still remain upon these heads reserved. Indeed the cause of my complaints is of such a nature that it cannot well be told. The unhappy life of a near relation must give one a pain in the very repeating it that cannot be described. For surely to be the daughter of a colonel Chartres must, to a rational being, give the greatest anxiety; for who would have a father at seventy publicly tried for an attempt of a rape? Such a Dulcinea del Toboso is shocking, I think. For if a man must do wrong he should aim a little higher than the enjoyment of a kitchen-maid that he finds obstinately virtuous. In short, dear sir, I have been fool enough to let such things make an impression on me, which, spite of a good constitution, much spirits, and using a great deal of exercise, has brought me to what I am. Were I without a mother (I mean had I lost her in my infancy and not known her goodness), I could still better have borne the steps that were taken; but while I saw how lavish he was upon his dirty wenches, I had frequent accounts that my mother was half-starved abroad. She brought him 16,000*l.* fortune, and having borne severe usage for near twenty years, had resolution enough to part with him, and chose to take 250*l.* per annum separate maintenance rather than bear any longer; and as she could not live here upon such an income, she has banished herself, and lives retired in a country town in France.—His late letters to me have been kind, and hitherto he has supplied me well, but in his last he tells me he shall not see me till September.

What you say is perfectly right, and I propose returning to the club as soon as my health will permit me, but how long this may prove I know not, for I must still pursue this cruel god[a] that flies me.

[a] The god of health, poetically expressed.

I shall go from hence I believe in a week, for Lane only pours down medicines for the sake of the apothecary, and though he reaps the benefit of them, I receive none; and as he has not allowed me to drink the waters these three weeks I can have no business here, so shall follow Holling's advice, and remove to Kensington or Hampstead with the utmost expedition; therefore I must beg the favour of you to enclose your letters for me to William Cleland, esq., commissioner of taxes, in St. Stephen's-court, Westminster. I have disobeyed orders in writing so long a letter, but I will not do this again, so now be so good to excuse the tediousness of, sir, your most obliged and most faithful humble servant,

F. A. Kelly.

Write to me as often as you can, and make my compliments to all friends.

Mrs. Pendarves is gone down with lady Weymouth, whose fortune was 5000*l.* and has for jointure 2500*l.* a-year, and 500*l.* a-year pin-money.

FROM LADY BETTY GERMAIN.

Knowle, July 9, 1733.

"Now," says parson Swift, "what the devil makes this woman write to me with this filthy white ink? I cannot read a word of it without more trouble than her silly scribble is worth."—"Why," say I again, "ay, it is the women are always accused of having bad writing implements, but, to my comfort be it spoken, this is his grace my lord-lieutenant's ink." My bureau at London is so well furnished, and his grace and his secretary make so much use of it, that they are often obliged to give me half-a-crown that I may not run out my estate in paper. It is very happy when a go-between pleases both sides, and I am very well pleased with my office; for his grace is delighted that it was in his power to oblige you. So *trève de compliment.* Since I have declared my passion against a bishop and a parson, it is but fair, I should tell you the story, whether you care to hear it or not; but if you do not I give you leave not to mind it, for now it is over I am calm again.

As to the bishop [Dr. Clavering], I know neither his principles nor his parts, but his diocese is Peterborough, and having a small park in Northamptonshire, which I had a mind to increase by a small dab of addition, to make my house stand in the middle of it Three shillings and sixpence worth of land per annum, at the largest computation, belongs to the church, for which my old parson (who flatters me black and blue when he comes for a Sunday dinner, and says he loves me better than anybody in the world) has made me give him up, in lieu of that land, a house and ground that lets for 40*s.* a-year, and is hardly content with that, but reckons it a vast favour. And the bishop has put me to ten times more charge than it is worth, by sending commissioners to view it, and making me give petitions and dancing me through his court, besides a great dinner to his nasty people. Now am I not in the right to be angry? But perhaps you will say if I will have my fancies I must pay for them, so I will say no more about it. I hear poor Mrs. Kelly is not near so well as she says, and a gentleman that came from Bristol says she looks dreadfully, and fears it is almost over with her and that no mortal could know her: so ends youth and beauty! That is such a moral reflection that lest it should make you melancholy I will tell you something to please you. Your old friend Mrs. Floyd is perfectly recovered. I think I have not seen her so well this great while; but winter is always her bane, so I shall live in dread of that. In your next I desire to know what I am in your debt for my sister's monument. Adieu, my dear, good, old, and well-beloved friend.

FROM MRS. PENDARVES.

Gloucester, July 21, 1733.

Sir,—May I say, without offending you, that I was overjoyed at the honour you did me in answering my letter? and do not call me formal when I assure you that I think myself made happy by such a distinction. It was stupidity in me not to let you know where to address to me, but I do not repent of it; I have by that means tried your zeal; but I am afraid your good-breeding, more than your inclination, procured me that favour. I am resolved to be even with you for what you say about my writing, and will write henceforward to you as carelessly as I can; if it is not legible thank yourself. I do not wonder at the envy of the ladies when you are pleased to speak of me with some regard; I give them leave to exercise their malice on an occasion that does me so much honour. I protest I am not afraid of you, and would appear quite natural to you, in hopes of your rewarding my openness and sincerity by correcting what you disapprove of. And since I have not now an opportunity of receiving your favours of pinching and beating, make me amends by chiding me for every word that is false spelt and for my bad English; you see what you are like to suffer. If this promises you too much trouble do not give me so much encouragement in your next letter, for upon something in your last I have almost persuaded myself that by your assistance and my own earnest desire I may in time become worthy of your care. Vanity stands at my elbow all this while and animates me by a thousand agreeable promises; without her encouragement I should never have presumed to correspond with the dean of St. Patrick's. Some say she is a mischievous companion; I swear she is a pleasant one: you must not be angry with me for keeping her company, for I had very little acquaintance with her till I had received some marks of your favour.

I received your letter but a little while before I left London; I attended lord and lady Weymouth down to Longleat, and left them with a prospect of as much happiness as matrimony can give; they are pleased with one another at present, and I hope that will continue. My lord and lady Carteret are both satisfied with the disposal of their daughter in so advantageous a station. Common report wrongs my lord Weymouth, for which reason, as I am his friend, I must tell you his good qualities: he has honour and good-nature, and does not want for sense; he loves the country, and inclines a little too much to his stable and dog-kennel, but he keeps a very hospitable, good house, and is always ready to relieve those in distress; his lady Dr. Delany can give you a character of, and is what I believe you will approve of. I came from Longleat last Saturday, and am now at Gloucester with my mother and sister. My lord Bathurst was here about a fortnight ago; I was sorry to miss of him; I have a double reason for liking his company. He has made me promise to pay him a visit at Oakley Wood, which I certainly will do; I shall with great resignation submit to any punishment you convey through his hands. I wish you could make your words good, and that I was a sorceress; I should then set all my charms to work to bring you to England, and should expect a general thanksgiving for employing my spells to so good a purpose. The syren has lately been at Oxford; we parted very unwillingly; she is extremely obliged to you for remembering her so favourably. I am glad

Mr. Donnellan pleases you; I know he has a high value for you, and I agree with you in thinking him a most deserving young man. My lord Lansdown is much at your service, laments the days that are past, and we constantly drink your health in champagne, clear as your thoughts, sparkling as your wit. Lord and lady Carteret and my lady Worsley all talk kindly of you, and join their wishes to mine for your coming among us. I request it of you to make my humble service acceptable to those friends of yours that are so good as to remember me. I am, sir, your most obliged and faithful humble servant,

M. PENDARVES.

Be pleased to direct for me at Mrs. Granville's, Gloucester.

TO DR. JOHN STERNE, BISHOP OF CLOGHER.

July, 1733.

MY LORD,—I have been often told by some of our common acquaintance that you have sometimes expressed your wonder that I never waited on you for some years past, as I used to do for many years before; and that you could not guess the reason, because, to your knowledge, you never once disobliged me. As nothing is more common than dropping acquaintance by the usual occurrences of life, without any fault on either side, I never intended to say or think anything of the matter until a late proceeding of yours, which no way relates to me, put me upon a desire of finding matter to justify you to your friends here, as well as to myself; because I always wished you well, and because I have been more than once instrumental to your service. When I first came acquainted with you we were both private clergymen in a neighbourhood; you were afterwards chancellor of St. Patrick's; then was chosen dean, in which election I was the most busy of all your solicitors. When the compromise was made between the government and you to make you easy, and Dr. Synge chancellor, you absolutely and frequently promised to give me the curacy of St. Nicholas Without; but you thought fit, by concert with the archbishop, to hold it yourself, and apply the revenue to build another church; against which it became me to say nothing, being a party concerned and injured; although it was generally thought by others, as well as myself, that it was an ill and dangerous precedent to build a church with the revenue of the minister. I desire no thanks for being instrumental in your next promotion, because, as things then stood, I consulted my own advantage. However, upon the queen's death, when I had done for ever with courts, I returned to reside at my post, yet with some kind of hopes of getting some credit with you, very unwisely, because, upon the affair of St. Nicholas, I had told you frankly that I would always respect you, but never hope for the least friendship from you. But trying to forget all former treatment I came like others to your house; and since you were a bishop have once or twice recommended persons to you who were no relations or friends of mine, but merely for their general good character, which availed so little that those very persons had the greatest share of your neglect. I then gave over all thoughts of being instrumental to place merit and virtue under your protection by my recommendations; and as I was ever averse from mingling with multitudes and strangers, I forbore by degrees to be a partaker of your hospitality rather than purchase a share of it at so dear a rate. This is the history of my conduct with regard to your lordship; and it is now a great comfort to me that I acted in this manner, for otherwise, when those two abominable bills for enslaving and beggaring the clergy (which took their birth from hell) were upon the anvil, if I had found your lordship's name among the bishops who would have turned them into a law, I might have been apt to discover such marks of indignation, horror, and despair, both in words and deportment, as would have ill become me to a person of your station; for I call God to witness that I did then, and do now, and shall for ever firmly believe, that every bishop who gave his vote for either of these bills did it with no other view (bating further promotion) than a premeditated design, from the spirit of ambition and love of arbitrary power, to make the whole body of the clergy their slaves and vassals until the day of judgment, under the load of poverty and contempt. I have no room for more charitable thoughts, except for those who will answer now, as they must at that dreadful day, that what they did was out of perfect ignorance, want of consideration, hope of future promotion (an argument not to be conquered), or the persuasion of cunninger brethren than themselves, when I saw a bishop whom I had known so many years fall into the same snare, which word I use in partiality to your lordship. Upon this open avowed attempt in almost the whole bench to destroy the church, I resolved to have no more commerce with persons of such prodigious grandeur, who, I feared, in a little time, would expect me to kiss their slipper. It is happy for me that I know the persons of very few bishops; and it is my constant rule never to look into a coach; by which I avoid the terror that such a sight would strike me with.

In the beginning of my letter I told your lordship of a desire to know the particulars of a late proceeding, which is in the mouths of many among your acquaintance; from some of whom I received the following account: That you have the great tithes of two livings in your diocese, which were left to some fanatic knight whose name I forget. It seems you felt the beginning of a good motion in yourself, which was to give up those tithes to the two incumbents (the fanatic's lease being near out), either for a very small reserved rent, or entirely, provided you could do so without lessening the revenue of the see. And the condition was that your tenants among them should raise the rents one hundred and fifty pounds, which was what the fanatic paid you for both the said parishes. It is affirmed that sir Ralph Gore, one of your tenants, much approving so generous a proposal, engaged to prevail on the tenants to agree, and offered a large advancement of his own part. The matter was thus fixed when suddenly you changed your mind, and renewed the lease to the same fanatic for three hundred pounds fine. The reasons of this singular action are said to two: the first is, that you declared you wanted power to resist the temptation of such a fine; the other, that you were dissuaded from it by some of your brethren as an example very dangerous, and of ill consequence if it should be followed by others. This last I do not in the least wonder at, because such advice is of the same leaven with the two enslaving and beggaring bills. I profess to your lordship that I have no other motive in desiring to be satisfied upon this point than a resolution to justify you to the world as far as the truth will give me ver. I am, &c.

TO MRS. CÆSAR.

MADAM,—Among a few little vexations, such as beggary, slavery, corruption, ignorance, want of friends, faction, oppression, and some other trifles of the like

nature, that we philosophers ought to despise, two or three ladies of long acquaintance, and at a great distance, are still so kind as to remember me; and I was always proud and pleased to a great degree that you happened to be one, since constancy is, I think, at least as seldom found in friendship as in love. Mrs. Barber, when I see her, is always telling me wonders of the continual favours you have conferred on her, and that, without your interposition, the success of her errand would have been hardly worth the journey; and I must bear the load of this obligation without the least possibility of ever returning it, otherwise than my best wishes for the prosperity and health of you and your family; for in spite of all your good words I am the most insignificant man of this most insignificant country. I have been tied by the leg (without being married) for ten months past, by an unlucky strain, which prevented the honour and happiness I proposed to myself of waiting on you often during this last summer; and another year at my period of life is like an inch in a man's nose; yet I flatter myself that next spring I may take one voyage more, when you will see me altered in every disposition of body and mind, except in my respects for you and all that belong to you. There is one part of Mr. Pope's compliment which I cannot make you, for I could not with the strictest search find one letter too many in any of your words, although I found a thousand words too few in your letter; therefore I accepted and understood it only as a billet just written, while Mrs. Barber stood by in her hood and scarf, just ready to take her leave and begin her journey, and what is worse, I suspect that she was forced to solicit you long because she wanted a certificate under your hand to convince me that she was not an impostor.

I will not say one word in Mrs. Barber's behalf, for she will always continue to deserve your protection, and therefore she may be sure you will always continue to give it her.

I hope Mr. Cæsar is in good health, and desire he will accept the offer of my most humble service, with my hearty wishes for your whole family. I am, with true respect, madam, your most obedient and most humble servant,

JONATHAN SWIFT.

TO MRS. CÆSAR.

Dublin, July 30, 1733.

MADAM,—I could not let Mrs. Barber leave us for good and all without honouring her with the carriage of a letter from your old humble and constant lover; she hath been afflicted with so many repetitions of the gout that her limbs are much weakened and her spirits sunk; neither can I well blame her, considering her grand affair of subscriptions must needs have slackened in her absence. Neither could she be in much disposition to increase her volumes, for health and good-humour are two ingredients absolutely necessary in the poetical trade; but I hope your countenance and protection will recover her spirits, and her hopes, and her genius. I imagine she looks on you as her chief patroness; because, although she be abundantly grateful to all her protectors, yet I observe your name most often in her mouth. I wish it were in my power to take the same journey; but neither my health nor the bad state of my private affairs will give me power or leave; I cannot make shift nor bear fatigue as I used to do. To live in England half as tolerably as I do here would ruin me. I must have two servants and three horses, and dare drink nothing but wine; and my ragged church-rents would never be paid in my absence. My lord Bolingbroke and Mr. Pope press me with many kind invitations; but the former is too much a philosopher; he dines at six in the evening, after studying all the morning until the afternoon; and when he hath dined to his studies again. Mr. Pope can neither eat nor drink, loves to be alone, and hath always some poetical scheme in his head. Thus the two best companions and friends I ever had have utterly disqualified themselves for my conversation and my way of living. Mr. Pope, who had often promised to pass a summer season with me here if he outlived his mother, soon after death waived the fairest opportunity of performing his promise two months ago, of coming over with ease, and in company of dean Cotterel and his sister; he said we should kill him with eating and drinking. I had a very convenient apartment for him in the deanery-house; he would have all the civilities of this town; and Mrs. Barber will tell you that we never want a dozen or more of very valuable persons, and of both sexes, with whom to converse; I chid him soundly in my last letter for his want of friendship or resolution. You see, madam, I am full of talk, but you are to blame, for I imagine my self in your company, which is indeed no great compliment; and, upon second thoughts, it is not true, for I should be much better pleased to be your hearer. However, I should certainly ask you a thousand questions concerning yourself and Mr. Cæsar and your whole family. I have received so much friendship and so many civilities from you both that I shall ever own my obligations, which are much increased by Mrs. Barber's feeding my vanity with telling me that you did not receive her worse for her being recommended by me; yet I confess her expressions were in somewhat stronger terms. Pray God bless you and your family. I desire you will present my most humble service to Mr. Cæsar. I am, with the greatest respect, madam, your most obedient and most obliged humble servant,

JONATHAN SWIFT.

TO THE RIGHT HON. JOHN BARBER,
Lord-mayor of London.

July, 1733.

MY LORD,—Although I never read news I often hear of your lordship's actions and speeches, particularly your and the city address to the house of commons for throwing out that execrable bill of excise, and your defence of the city in the answer you gave to the recorder on the subject of riots. I hope you will always remember that you learnt these honest principles under an honest ministry, and in what has been since called the worst of times, which I pray God we might live to see again. Our friend Mrs. Barber is recovering of her gout, and intends in a few weeks to return to London. My lord Orrery, although almost a stranger to her, and very much embroiled in his affairs by a most villanous agent, has been extremely generous to her in easing her of one part of her load; and I hope by the success of her poems she will be made tolerably easy and independent, as she well deserves for her virtue and good sense. My lord Orrery is the delight of us all. But we wish him hanged for coming among us since he cannot stay with us. Your chaplain writes to me very seldom, and I never can get him to answer me how he lives; I gave him credit upon a friend in London for any small sums of money, which I find he has received most of; so that I am afraid his salary, perquisites, or fees, or whatever else he is to live by, is not to come in till the end of his office. I hope he continues to behave himself well; and indeed I think him a very valu-

able young man. As to myself, my private affairs are in so ill a posture, and my head so disordered by returns of my old giddiness, that I cannot yet venture to take those journeys that I used to make nothing of, and God knows whether I shall be able to dine with your lordship in your mayoralty. Doctor Delany lives very happy and hospitably, entertains his old friends, and has nothing to fight with but envy, which he despises, and does not in the least deserve, but by those from whom it is a blessing. I think I have named all your acquaintance here; and I presume you will hardly trouble yourself to acquire more.

Your lordship hath now got over more than half your difficulties. I doubt not but you will finish the rest with equal reputation, so that the year of your mayoralty will be long remembered with honour.

I must desire leave to tell your lordship that I have not known a more bashful, modest person than Mrs. Barber, nor one who is less likely to ply her friends, patrons, or protectors, for any favour, or is more thankful for the smallest. Therefore I hope you will continue to do her any good office that lies in your way without trouble to yourself. And among other things I desire you will advise her to be more thrifty; for she carries her liberality as much too high as our friend sir Gilbert did his avarice. I thought I did a fine thing to subscribe for ten copies of her poems; and she contrived to send me presents that, in my conscience, are worth more than the money I subscribed.

Having not heard lately of your being ill, I hope you have recovered your health entirely; and I pray God preserve it. I am, with true respect, my lord, your lordship's most obedient humble servant,

JONATHAN SWIFT.

FROM THE LORD-MAYOR OF LONDON.

Goldsmiths' Hall, August 6, 1733.

SIR,—I thank you heartily for your kind and affectionate letter, and I beg your pardon for not answering it sooner.

I agree with you that I had the happiness of learning honest principles early from a set of great men, who will ever be an honour and an ornament to their country; and it is my greatest glory that in the late affair of the excise-bill (though I did nothing but my duty, and what every honest man in my station would have done) I acted consistent with those honest principles, and that my enemies as well as friends have generally approved my conduct. And believe me, sir, I speak it with great sincerity, that, when I consider how sparingly you and some other friends have ever been of your praises, your approbation affords me the greatest pleasure imaginable, as it gives me that inward peace of mind which the whole world could not purchase.

My lord Orrery's amiable qualities must make him the delight of all with you, as he is truly so with us; and when he comes over "your loss will be our gain," as the proverb says.

I know nothing of Mr. Pilkington's affairs or expenses; what the city allows him is never paid till the end of the year; I have presented him, at twice, with forty pounds, which I design to make fifty; which sum has but one precedent; generally they have but thirty of the mayor. His behaviour is very well, and he is generally esteemed.

I shall have great regard to your recommendations in favour of Mrs. Barber, and shall not fail of doing her any service in my power. I have been thought to be a lucky man; but this year fortune has been my foe, for I have had no death happened in my year (a fiddler excepted) yet, nor have made 500*l.* in all. But my friends say it is made up in fame.

I am very sorry your ill health continues; for I flattered myself with being very happy with you and some friends, on the important subject of the Cap of Maintenance, Custard, the Sword, and many other laudable things in the lord-mayor's house: and yet I hope to have that felicity, for there are three months to come, and who knows what may happen in that time? Nay, I do not despair of seeing you settled with your friends here before we are many years older. Do not start! stranger things have happened very lately.

I was lately honoured at dinner with the lords Bolingbroke, Carteret, Winchelsea, Gower, and Mr. Pulteney; and among other things your name was mentioned, and lord Carteret instantly toasted your health; and you were the subject of conversation for an hour. I showed them your letter. I dare not mention what passed, because I know I shall offend your modesty; only one thing I will venture to repeat, "that they all swore that if ever the wind should change, they would not long be deprived of the greatest genius of the age." The conversation turning on another subject, lord Carteret pulled me to the window, and bade me tell you that he loved and honoured you, and so you should find on all occasions, and that he toasted your health. This is literally true, upon the honour of a ——.

I dined yesterday with lord Bolingbroke only: he complains you do not write to him: he is well.

They say you are making interest for my brother of Dublin to be member of parliament; pray come over and do the same for me, and have the credit of both. My brother behaves himself well, I hear; if it is proper, my service to him.

What you tell Mr. Pilkington of my speaking disrespectfully of the Irish is false and scandalous: I never used such an expression in my life; I appeal to all my acquaintance. I love the Irish.

Pray God restore your health; and believe me always, with gratitude, your most obedient humble servant,

JOHN BARBER.

FROM MISS KELLY.

London, August 2, 1733.

I AM truly sorry, my dear sir, that I have not heard from you so long; but am much more concerned with Barber's account of your being not as well as I wish you. For God's sake try the change of air, and let not any other attachment than your health employ your thoughts. Consider how dear you are to your friends; but if that won't do let the detestation you must feel from giving pleasure to the unworthy make you careful of yourself. Indeed I should be glad to make you sensible that you are valued by all that have a taste for merit; and I should be very much pleased if you would think you owe so much to them that you would, for their sakes, preserve yourself. Believe me, sir, illness is not to be trifled with: I can speak on this subject as an experienced person; and I earnestly entreat you to take remedies in time. Forgive my impertinence, and be assured that none is more truly zealous for your welfare than your

F. A. KELLY.

TO THE EARL OF ORRERY.

Dublin, August 20, 1733.

MY LORD,—I lately received a letter from Mrs. Barber, wherein she desires my opinion about dedicating her poems to your lordship; and seems in

pain to know how far she may be allowed to draw your character, which is a right claimed by all dedicators; and she thinks this the more incumbent on her from the surprising instances of your generosity and favour that she has already received, and which she has been so unfashionable to publish wherever she goes. This makes her apprehend that all she can say to your lordship's advantage will be interpreted as the mere effect of flattery, under the style and title of gratitude.

I sent her word that I could be of no service to her upon this article; yet I confess, my lord, that all those who are thoroughly acquainted with her will impute her encomiums to a sincere but overflowing spirit of thankfulness, as well as to the humble opinion she has of herself: although the world in general may possibly continue in its usual sentiments, and list her in the common herd of dedicators.

Therefore, upon the most mature deliberation, I concluded that the office of setting out your lordship's character will not come properly from her pen, for her own reasons: I mean the great favours you have already conferred on her; and God forbid that your character should not have a much stronger support. You are hourly gaining the love, esteem, and respect of wise and good men; and in due time, if Mrs. Barber can have but a little patience, you will bring them all over, in both kingdoms, to a man: I confess the number is not great; but that is not your lordship's fault, and therefore, in reason, you ought to be contented.

I guess the topics she intends to insist on; your learning, your genius, your affability, generosity, the love you bear to your native country, and your compassion for this; the goodness of your nature, your humility, modesty, and condescension; your most agreeable conversation, suited to all tempers, conditions, and understandings: perhaps she may be so weak as to add the regularity of your life; that you believe a God and Providence; that you are a firm christian according to the doctrine of the church established in both kingdoms.

These and other topics I imagine Mrs. Barber designs to insist on in the dedication of her poems to your lordship; but I think she will better show her prudence by omitting them all. And yet my lord I cannot disapprove of her ambition, so justly placed in the choice of a patron; and at the same time declare my opinion that she deserves your protection on account of her wit and good sense, as well as of her humility, her gratitude, and many other virtues. I have read most of her poems; and believe your lordship will observe that they generally contain something new and useful, tending to the reproof of some vice or folly, or recommending some virtue. She never writes on a subject with general unconnected topics, but always with a scheme and method driving to some particular end; wherein many writers in verse and of some distinction are so often known to fail. In short, she seems to have a true poetical genius, better cultivated than could well be expected either from her sex or the scene she has acted in as the wife of a citizen; yet I am assured that no woman was ever more useful to her husband in the way of his business.[a] Poetry has only been her favourite amusement; for which she has one qualification that I wish all good poets possessed a share of, I mean that she is ready to take advice, and submit to have her verses corrected by those who are generally allowed to be the best judges.

I have at her entreaty suffered her to take a copy of this letter, and given her the liberty to make it public; for which I ought to desire your lordship's pardon: but she was of opinion it might do her some service, and therefore I complied. I am, my lord, with the truest esteem and respect, your lordship's most obedient servant, JONATHAN SWIFT

[a] Her husband was a woollen-draper.

TO MRS. DINGLEY.[a]

Wednesday, August 29, 1733.

If you are disposed to be easy and cheerful, I will send something for dinner to your lodgings, and eat it with you and Mrs. Ridgeway;[b] with a bottle of wine, and bread. Speak freely, and send me word. But Mrs. Ridgeway shall take all the care upon her. If you do like this proposal, send word. I would dine a little after two.

FROM MR. POPE.

September 1, 1733.

I have every day wished to write to you to say a thousand things; and yet I think I should not have writ to you now if I was not sick of writing anything, sick of myself, and (what is worse) sick of my friends too. The world is become too busy for me; everybody is so concerned for the public that all private enjoyments are lost or disrelished. I write more to show you I am tired of this life than to tell you anything relating to it. I live as I did, I think as I did, I love you as I did; but all these are to no purpose: the world will not live, think, or love as I do. I am troubled for, and vexed at, all my friends by turns. Here are some whom you love, and who love you; yet they receive no proofs of that affection from you, and they give none of it to you. There is a great gulf between. In earnest, I would go a thousand miles by land to see you, but the sea I dread. My ailments are such that I really believe a sea-sickness (considering the oppression of colical pains and the great weakness of my breast) would kill me; and if I did not die of that, I must of the excessive eating and drinking of your hospitable town, and the excessive flattery of your most poetical country. I hate to be crammed either way. Let your hungry poets and your rhyming peers digest it, I cannot. I like much better to be abused and half-starved than to be so overpraised and overfed. Drown Ireland! for having caught you and for having kept you: I only reserve a little charity

[a] The dean used constantly to visit Mrs. Dingley; but in such a manner as to prevent her being at any expense in providing entertainments.

[b] Mrs. Dingley's lodgings were in Grafton street, Dublin, at the house of a daughter of his old housekeeper, Mrs. Brent, wife to an idle spendthrift, one Ridgeway, a cabinet maker; for the relief of whose necessities she was once about selling an annuity of 20*l*. a year, that had been bequeathed to her for life by her late mistress, lady Newtown. The dean, upon hearing of such a design, commiserated her case and paid down the sum agreed for as the purchase, retaining it in his own power: then paid the annuity to her every year, as if it had been received from lady Newtown's executors; and afterwards bequeathed it to her, which she enjoyed till her death, which happened Oct 16, 1774. For her better encouragement to take more than ordinary care of him in that illness which he always dreaded and foresaw as plainly as he would a coming shower, he left her 100*l*. more. But, to bind her more strongly to her duty still, after he had settled all his affairs by a last will, he signed a bond and warrant for a further sum of 300*l*.; observing at the same time, "It may be the jade will hereafter demand interest upon this bond, though only intended as an additional legacy." Upon which she declared she never would do so, and wondered that the dean could suspect her of it. However, his conjecture proved true in the end: for she afterward intermarried with an avaricious man, one Henry Land (whom the dean had formerly appointed sexton of his cathedral, in which office he had acquired some wealth), who persuaded her in 1748 to join him in demanding 144*l*. for eight years' interest due on the said bond, which was paid along with the principal by the executors: but she generously remitted a small part, by way of benefaction to the dean's hospital."

for her knowing your value and esteeming you: you are the only patriot I know who is not hated for serving his country. The man who drew your character and printed it here was not much in the wrong in many things he said of you; yet he was a very impertinent fellow for saying them in words quite different from those you had yourself employed before on the same subject; for surely to alter your words is to prejudice them: and I have been told that a man himself can hardly say the same thing twice over with equal happiness; nature is so much a better thing than artifice.

I have written nothing this year: it is no affectation to tell you my mother's loss has turned my frame of thinking. The habit of a whole life is a stronger thing than all the reason in the world. I know I ought to be easy and to be free; but I am dejected, I am confined; my whole amusement is in reviewing my past life, not in laying plans for my future. I wish you cared as little for popular applause as I; as little for any nation in contradistinction to others as I; and then I fancy you that are not afraid of the sea, you that are a stronger man at sixty than ever I was at twenty, would come and see several people who are (at last) like the primitive christians, of one soul and of one mind. The day is come which I have often wished, but never thought to see; when every mortal that I esteem is of the same sentiment in politics and in religion.

Adieu. All you love are yours, but all are busy, except, dear sir, your sincere friend.

FROM MRS. DONNELLAN.

London, September 22, 1733.

Sir,—Knowing your great esteem and tenderness for Miss Kelly, and that there is no one whom she has so high an opinion of, or whose advice would sway so much with her, I cannot forbear letting you know my thoughts about her at this time; that I think she wants the assistance and counsel of her best and wisest friend. As she has been so good to distinguish me among her female acquaintance and to show more confidence than in any other, I think I can better tell her mind; but as she has a natural closeness I judge chiefly by hints; for I believe she does not open herself entirely to any one. Her health I think in a much worse way than when she came to London: she has still a slow fever, a violent cough, great and almost continual sickness in her stomach,* and added to all these, a very great dejection of spirit; which last I cannot but think proceeds in a good measure from discontent and uneasiness of mind; and the physicians are of the same opinion. I have endeavoured by all the means I could think of to find out the cause, hoping that if it were known it might by the assistance of friends be remedied. I know, when a young person shows any discontent, people are apt to imagine there can be no cause for it but a disappointment in love; I really think that is not Miss Kelly's case: I have tried her to the uttermost on that subject, and I cannot find she has any attachment to any particular person, but that the whole world, except a few friends, is indifferent to her: but what I take her present uneasiness to proceed from is the unkindness in general of her parents, and the fear of not being supported by her father in the way she likes, and as her present bad state of health indeed requires. She has a high spirit, and cannot bear to be obliged to her friends, and she has not been much used to management. She is here in a very expensive way, with her sickness, her servants, and horses; and I believe she would be greatly mortified, after appearing in this manner, to be obliged to fall below it; and at the same time she has reason to fear, from her father's behaviour, that he thinks little of her, and will not support her in it: she has not heard from him these two months; and the letters she had from him at Bristol were warning her not to marry without his consent, enjoining her not to go to public places, and above all, to spend little money; very odd subjects to one in her condition. Now, what I would beg of you, sir, is to endeavour to find out what are his resolutions in relation to her, and, if there be any that has an influence over him, to get them to convince him that his child's life is in the greatest danger; and then perhaps he may not think his time and money ill employed to save it. If at the same time, sir, you would join your good advice to her, I believe it might be of great use either to make her bear with less uneasiness the ills of this life, or, if it please God to take her from us, to prepare her for another and a better. Her humour is much changed; her spirits are low; and upon every little disappointment her passions rise high: you know, sir, how best to apply to these. She is at Hampstead quite alone; and although her physicians desire much she should come to town, she cannot be prevailed upon to think of it; she desires to be alone; even Mrs. Rooke and I, whom she calls her best friends, are troublesome to her. I believe I need not tell you, sir, that I desire this letter may be a secret, and especially to the person concerned. If you have anything to tell me that can be of use on this subject, and will honour me with your commands, direct if you please for me, under cover to Mrs Anne Shuttleworth, at Mr. Jourdain's, in Conduit street. I should beg pardon, sir, for troubling you with this long letter, but I hope my friendship to Miss Kelly will be my excuse. I am sorry to write on so melancholy a subject, and which I am sure must give you uneasiness; but pleased with any opportunity of assuring you that I am, sir, your very great admirer and most obedient humble servant,

Anne Donnellan.

* Miss Kelly died the last week in October, 1733.

FROM MRS. PENDARVES.

Gloucester, October 24, 1733.

Sir,—I cannot imagine how my lord Orrery came by my last letter to you; I believe my good genius conveyed it into his hands to make it of more consequence to you; if it had that effect I wish this may meet with the same fortune.

If I were writing to a common correspondent, I should now make a fine flourish to excuse myself for not sooner acknowledging the favour of your letter; but I must deal plainly with you, sir, and tell you (now do not be angry) that the fear of tiring you stopped my hand. I value your correspondence so highly that I think of every way that may preserve it, and one is not to be too troublesome.

Now I cannot guess how you will take this last paragraph; but if it makes me appear affected or silly, I will endeavour not to offend in the same manner again. Some mortification of that kind is wanting to bring me to myself: your ways of making compliments are dangerous snares, and I do not know how to guard against the pleasure they bring: to be remembered and regretted by you are honours of a very delicate kind. I have been told that unexpected good fortune is harder to bear well than adversity.

The cold weather I suppose has gathered together Dr. Delany's set: the next time you meet may I beg the favour to make my compliments acceptable? I recollect no entertainment with so much pleasure as

what I received from that company; it has made me very sincerely lament the many hours of my life that I have lost in insignificant conversation.

I am very much concerned at the disorder you complain of. I hope you submit to take proper care of yourself, and that the next account I have of your health will be more to my satisfaction.

A few days before I had your last letter my sister and I made a visit to my lord and lady Bathurst at Cirencester. Oakly-wood joins to his park; the grand avenue that goes from his house through his park and wood is five miles long; the whole contains 5000 acres. We stayed there a day and a half: the wood is extremely improved since you saw it; and when the whole design is executed it will be one of the finest places in England. My lord Bathurst talked with great delight of the pleasure you once gave him by surprising him in his wood, and showed me the house where you lodged. It has been rebuilt; for the day you left it it fell to the ground; conscious of the honour it had received by entertaining so illustrious a guest, it burst with pride. My lord Bathurst has greatly improved the wood-house, which you may remember but a cottage not a bit better than an Irish cabin. It is now a venerable castle, and has been taken by an antiquarian for one of king Arthur's "with thicket overgrown, grotesque and wild." I endeavoured to sketch it out for you, but I have not skill enough to do it justice. My lord Bathurst was in great spirits; and though surrounded by candidates and voters against next parliament, made himself agreeable in spite of their clamour: we did not forget to talk of Naboth's vineyard[a] and Delville.[b] I have not seen him since, though he promised to return my visit.

All the beau monde flock to London to see her royal highness[c] disposed of; while I prefer paying my duty to my mother, and the conversation of a country girl, my sister, to all the pomp and splendour of the court. Is this virtue or stupidity? If I can help it I will not go to town till after Christmas. I shall spend one month in my way to London at Longleat:[d] I hear that the young people there are very happy.

It is a little unreasonable for me to begin a fourth page; but it is a hard task to retire from the company one likes best. I am, sir, your most obliged and faithful humble servant, M. PENDARVES.

FROM THE DUCHESS OF QUEENSBERRY.

Amesbury, November 3, 1733.

DEAR SIR,—I was mightily pleased to receive a letter from you last post; yet I am so ungrateful I will not thank you for it, and it may be you do not deserve it. The cruelest revenge that one can possibly inflict (without hurting oneself) is that of being doubly diligent to those who neglect one, in order to shock them into better behaviour. As I have tried this trick myself, and that strong appearances are against me, I must defend myself, and then you will own I do not quite deserve chastisement.

The post before I left this place I received a letter from you, which I designed to have answered before I left London and England; but was hindered from both for some time by an express which hurried us down to Winchester school, to take care of our little boy there who was violently ill of a fever. From that time till I came to Spa we were never at home; and as soon as I began the waters, writing could not be done with my bad head. Since I left that place and grew well, I have been still upon the ramble. After all, these are not very substantial good reasons; but upon my word I did design it; in order to which, two days ago I washed the mould out of my inkhorn, put fresh ink into it, and promised myself to write to you this very post: pleasing myself with the fancy that this would reach you and convince you that I had you still in great regard, before you could or would think it worth your while to put me in mind of you. I could not fail to gain credit if you could conceive the great satisfaction your letters give me. I have seldom met with any half so conversable. I do not only pity but grieve at those complaints you mention; they are a cruel incumbrance to you. Why cannot you transfer them to a thousand inanimate creatures who have nothing in their heads? I was, and am, really sorry that you could not go with us to the Spa. I am confident it must have done you good. I cannot describe the vast difference I felt after drinking the waters a week, and am still much better than I ever expected, though not quite free of the complaints in my head, but they are greatly lessened.

I have three or four letters to write this very night, so have not time to think of answering your letters. This is only a volunteer, after which I may with greater assurance desire you to believe that I am, with constancy, regard, and respect, yours, &c.

FROM CHARLES FORD, ESQ.

London, November 6, 1733.

I HAD the favour of your letter in Derbyshire, from whence I came last week. I am extremely concerned to hear the ill state of your health. I was afraid of it when I was so long without the pleasure of hearing from you. Those sort of disorders puzzle the physicians everywhere; and they are merciless dogs in purging and vomiting to no purpose when they do not know what to do. I heartily wish you would try the Bath waters, which are allowed to be the best medicine for strengthening the stomach; and most distempers in the head proceed from thence. Vomits may clean a foul stomach, but they are certainly the worst things that can be for a weak one.

I have long had it at heart to see your works collected and published with care. It is become absolutely necessary since that jumble with Pope, &c., in three volumes, which put me in a rage whenever I meet them. I know no reason why at this distance of time the "Examiners" and other political pamphlets written in the queen's reign might not be inserted. I doubt you have been too negligent in keeping copies; but I have them bound up, and most of them single besides. I lent Mr. Corbet that paper to correct his "Gulliver" by; and it was from it that I mended my own. There is every single alteration from the original copy; and the printed book abounds with all those errors which should be avoided in the new edition.

In my book the blank leaves were wrong placed, so that there are perpetual references backward and forward, and it is more difficult to be understood than the paper; but I will try to get one of the second edition, which is much more correct than the first, and transcribe all the alterations more clearly. I shall be at a loss how to send it afterwards, unless I am directed to somebody that is going to Ireland. All books are printed here by subscription: if there be one for this, I beg I may not be left out. Mr. Crosthwaite my steward will pay for me.

The dissenters were certainly promised that the

[a] Naboth's vineyard belonged to Dr. Swift.
[b] Dr Delany's beautiful villa, near Dublin.
[c] The late princess of Orange.
[d] Wiltshire, the superb seat of lord Weymouth, now marquis of Bath.

test act should be repealed this session in Ireland; I should be glad to know whether any attempt has been or is to be made towards it; and how it is like to succeed.

We have lost Miss Kelly, who they say was destroyed by the ignorance of an Irish physician, one Gorman. Doctor Beaufort was sent for when she was dying, and found her speechless and senseless.

Our late lord-mayor has gone through his year with a most universal applause. He has shown himself to have the best understanding of any man in the city, and gained a character, which he wanted before, of courage and honesty. There is no doubt of his being chosen member of parliament for the city at the next election. He is something the poorer for his office; but the honour he has got by it makes him ample amends.

For God's sake try to keep up your spirits. They have hitherto been greater than any man's I have met, and it is better to preserve them even with wine than to let them sink. Divert yourself with Mrs. Worrall at backgammon. Find out some new country to travel in: anything to amuse. Nothing can contribute sooner than cheerfulness to your recovery; which, that it may be very speedy, is sincerely the thing in the world most wished for by your ever obliged, &c.

FROM THE DUCHESS OF QUEENSBERRY.

Amesbury, November 10, 1733.

Dear Sir,—I have only stayed to give time for my letters getting to you. There is some satisfaction in sitting down to write, now that I am something less in your debt; I mean by way of letter. To speak seriously, I must love contradiction more than ever woman did if I did not obey your commands; for I do sincerely take great pleasure in conversing with you. If you have heard of my figure abroad, it is no more than I have done on both sides of my ears (as the saying is), for I did not cut and curl my hair like a sheep's head, or wear one of their trolloping sacks; and by so not doing I did give some offence.

We have seen many very fine towns, and travelled through good roads and pleasant countries. I like Flanders in particular, because it is the likest to England. The inns were very unlike those at home, being much cleaner and better served; so that here I could not maintain my partiality with common justice. As to the civilizing any of that nation, it would employ more ill-spent time fruitlessly than any one has to spare; they are the only people I ever saw that were quite without a genius to be civil when they had a mind to be so. Will you eat? Will you play at cards? are literally the tip-top well-bred phrases in use. The French people we met are quite of another turn, polite and easy; one is the natural consequence of the other, though a secret that few have discovered. I can bring you an Irish witness (if that be sufficient) that I have wished for you many times during this journey, particularly at Spa, where I imagined you might have been mending every day as fast as I did; and you are a base man to say that any such impediment as you mentioned thwarted your journey; for you were sure of a welcome share in everything we had. It were unnecessary to say this now, if we had no thoughts of ever going again; but it is what I am strongly advised to, though I should not much want it, and I am not averse: travelling agrees with me, and makes me good humoured. At home I am generally more nice than wise, but on the road nothing comes amiss. At Calais we were windbound four or five days and I was very well contented; when the wind changed I was delighted to go. As impatience is generally my reigning distemper, you may imagine how I must be alarmed at this sudden alteration, till I happily recollected two instances, where I was myself. The one at Breda, where the innkeeper let drop "if you mean to go" an hour and a half after we had told him fifty times that we positively would go on. The other at Amsterdam, where we met with a very incurious gentleman, who affirmed there was nothing worth seeing; though, besides the town, which far surpassed my imagination, there happened to be a most famous fair. It is long since those two verses of Dryden's "Cymon" are strictly applicable to me:—

"Her corn and cattle are her only care,
And her supreme delight a country fair."

I shall forget to name my Irish friend; it is Mr. Coote. He is in all appearance a modest, well-bred, splenetic, good-natured man. I had then one of these qualifications more than was pleasant, and so we became acquainted. He has a very great regard for you, sir; and there we agreed again. We were all highly pleased with him. He seems to have a better way of thinking than is common, and not to want for sense or good humour. I tell you that I do not use exercise; designedly never eat or drink what can disagree with me, but am no more certain of my stomach than of my mind; at sometimes proof against anything, and at other times too easily shocked; but time and care can certainly make a strong defence. I will obey your commands, and so will his grace, concerning Mrs. Barber, as soon as we come to London, where we stayed but three days. We are now at Amesbury; but pray direct for me at London. I doubt we can do her but little good; for as to my part, I have few acquaintance and little interest. I will believe everything you say of her, though I have hitherto ever had a natural aversion to a poetess.

I am come almost to the end of my paper before I have half done with you. It was a rule I remember with poor Mr. Gay and me never to exceed three pages. I long to hear from you, that I may have an excuse to write again; for I doubt it would be carrying the joke too far to trouble you too often. Adieu, dear sir; health and happiness attend you ever.

I fear I have written so very ill that I am quite unintelligible. His grace is very much yours.

FROM MRS. PRATT.

London, November 10, 1733.

Sir,—Not many days ago I had the pleasure of yours by Mrs. Barber, whose turn seems to confirm the good impression you give of her. I want not more than your recommendation to engage my wishes to serve her, and also my endeavours, if any opportuity falls in my way. Are there no hopes of seeing you on this side of the water? Cannot the great number of your friends, and the great variety of conversation abounding here, be some kind of inducement to your coming among us? Is not Mr. Pope a temptation to one of your distinction to draw you this way? Even the variety of people in this great city might contribute to the amusement of your mind, as a journey and exercise would to your bodily health. I would use every argument I could think of to invite you hither, and consequently to preserve a life so beneficial to the public and so dear to all your friends. You have a spirit that should prevail against indolence, and bring you into a part of the world which calls aloud for your talents. This winter would furnish you with many opportunities of doing great good, as well as making a shining figure, which re-

flection gives me great hopes that you will think it a reasonable obligation; as in that case, like Pitt's diamond, you would stand alone. I wish I had a house in some measure worthy to entertain a guest that should be so welcome to me. You surprise me greatly in telling me that my lord Shelburne and you have not met, although he has been some time in Dublin and to my knowledge is one of your great admirers. Why do not you send to my lord Dunkerin, who undoubtedly wants only that encouragement to wait upon you? You see I want none to embrace the opportunity of assuring you that I am, with great esteem, respect, and affection, your very obliged and most humble servant, H. PRATT.

FROM ALDERMAN BARBER.

(When the year of his being lord-mayor had expired.)

London, November 17, 1733.

As I have now got rid of the plague of grandeur, and all its dependencies, I take this first opportunity to pay my respects to you, sir, which I beg pardon for not doing sooner. The transition from Goldsmiths'-hall[a] to Queen-square is hardly credible; for in one view to imagine the constant hurry, noise, and impertinence I lay under from morning till night, in opposition to the peace, the quiet, and great tranquillity I feel in my little retirement, makes me pity your great men, who certainly must be strangers to the great pleasure I now enjoy.

Before I left my office I took care to do justice to Mr. Pilkington, who has received more than I mentioned, and, indeed, more than any chaplain ever had before, viz.:—

	£	s.	d.			
Of the city.						
Salary	20	0	0			
Gratuity	25	0	0			
Gratuity extraordinary .	21	0	0			
				£66	0	0
From my lord-mayor . .				50	0	0
Five sermons preached before the mayor				10	0	0
For a copy of one sermon printed .				4	0	0
				£130	0	0

St. Paul's happened to be shut up in the summer for two months, when the mayor went on Sundays to his own chapel at Guildhall, and his chaplain read prayers for eight Sunday mornings only; for which the mayor got him from the court of aldermen twenty guineas.

I have been the more particular in this account because I know your great punctuality in things of this nature, as well as to do myself justice. How much he may be a gainer by coming over I cannot tell; but if he had pleased to have lived near the hall, as he might, in a lodging of ten or twelve pounds a-year, he need not have kept a man (for I had more for show than business), nor given the extravagant sum of thirty pounds a-year for lodgings; he might have saved something in those articles. Had he lived in the city, I should now and then have had the favour of his company in an evening; but his living from me brought him into company, and among the rest into that of Mr. Edward Walpole, from whom he has great dependencies.

I recommended him to Mr. alderman Champion, who got the primate's wife's brother to write in his favour to the primate. And he talks of the living of Colerain's being vacant; if it be, I will do him what service I can.

Thus, sir, I have discharged myself of the duty you laid upon me in relation to that gentleman, which I hope will be to your satisfaction; for I will never be ungrateful, though I have met with it frequently myself.

All your friends in town are well and in high spirits. Lord Bolingbroke complains you do not write to him. Poor Mrs. Barber has the gout, but is better. It was a great mortification to me that you did not come and eat some custard; but I hope your health will permit your coming next summer. We rejoice much at my brother French's success. I know you do not deal in news, so I send you none. Pray God continue your health, and believe me always, with the greatest sincerity, sir, your most obedient and most obliged humble servant, JOHN BARBER.

P.S. Why Mr. Pilkington should send his wife home in the midst of winter, or why he should stay here an hour after her, are questions not easily answered. I am not of his council.

[a] The official residence of the lord-mayor of London.

FROM THE COUNTESS GRANVILLE.[a]

Hawnes, November 27, 1733.

DEAR SIR,—I have received the honour of your commands, and shall obey them; for I am very proud of your remembrance. I do not know we ever quarrelled; but if we did, I am as good a Christian as you are, in perfect charity with you. My son, my daughter, and all our olive-branches salute you most tenderly. I never wished so much as I do now that I were bright and had a genius which could entertain you, in return for the many excellent things that entertain me daily, which I read over and over with fresh delight. Will you never come into England, and make Hawnes your road? You will find nothing here to offend you; for I am a hermit, and live in my chimney-corner, and have no ambition, but that you will believe I am the charming dean's most obedient humble servant, GRANVILLE.

FROM MRS. CONDUITT.[b]

George street, November 29, 1733.

SIR,—Mrs. Barber did not deliver your letter till after the intended wedding brought me hither. She has as much a better title to the favour of her sex than poetry can give her, as truth is better than fiction, and shall have my best assistance. But the town has been so long invited into the subscription that most people have already refused or accepted, and Mr. Conduitt has long since done the latter.

I should have guessed your holiness would rather have laid than called up the ghost of my departed friendship, which, since you are brave enough to face, you will find divested of every terror but the remorse that you were abandoned to be an alien to your friends, your country, and yourself. Not to renew an acquaintance with one who can twenty years after remember a bare intention to serve him, would be to throw away a prize I am not now able to re-purchase; therefore when you return to England I shall try to excel in what I am very sorry you want, a nurse; in the mean time I am exercising that gift to preserve one who is your devoted admirer.

Lord Harvey has written a bitter copy of verses upon Dr. Sherwin for publishing (as it is said) his lordship's epistle, which must have set your brother Pope's spirits all a-working.

Thomson is far advanced in a poem of 2000 lines, deducing liberty from the patriarchs to the present times, which, if we may judge from the press, is now in full vigour. But I forget I am writing to one who has the power of the keys of Parnassus, and that

[a] Widow and relict of George lord Carteret, and daughter of John Granville, earl of Bath.

[b] Thus indorsed by the dean:—"My old friend Mrs. Barton, now Mrs. Conduitt."

the only merit my letter can have is brevity. Please therefore to place the profit I had in your long one to your fund of charity, which carries no interest, and to add to your prayers and good wishes now and then a line to, sir, your obedient humble servant,

C. CONDUITT.

Mrs. Barber, whom I had sent to dine with us, is in bed with the gout and has not yet sent me her proposals.

FROM CHARLES COOTE, ESQ.

London, December 13, 1733.

SIR,—Being indebted solely to you for a most valuable acquaintance with the duke and duchess of Queensberry and some other of your friends, I ought to have acknowledged it before. It is a common stratagem of mine, and has always succeeded, to give hints in proper places of your allowing me to some degree of personal acquaintance with you, and I owe to it most of the agreeable hours I passed at Spa this summer, where they were. I had strong temptations, especially at that distance, to give myself high airs this way; but finding the bare mention of my having been received by you in a most obliging manner was enough to do my business, and it being a fact I could make oath of, I kept within due bounds. Her grace, who would be the most agreeable woman in England though she were not the handsomest, has honoured me with her compliments to you with a walking-stick, the manufacture of Spa, where she had it made for you, and I ought to have delivered it two months ago; accidents prevented my leaving this place, and it is not certain when I can; so that I must send it to you by the first proper opportunity, but could no longer delay your pleasure in knowing it, and hers when you shall acknowledge it. If I can be of any sort of service to you on this side, your commands will find me at St. James's coffeehouse. I am, sir, your most obliged, humble servant,

CHARLES COOTE.

FROM DR. SHERIDAN.[a]

December 20, 1733.

DEAR SIR,—Yours I received, and if it was not that I have a good deal of company to sup at my house upon beef griskins I would go and play a game of backgammon with Mr. Worrall's tables, and be after winning some of Mrs. Worrall's coin; I would not fear to win a crown-piece of her money by playing sixpence halfpenny a time. She is a very good body and one that I have a great value for; I wish my spouse were but half as good; but of this I shall say nothing more till meeting. I hope my gossip Delany's spouse is upon the mendin,, hand, for they tell me she has been lately much out of order. She is as good a woman as ever breathed, and it is a thousand pities that anything should ail her. God Almighty wish her well, for I am sure if she went off the dector would not meet with her fellow. I hope nothing ails her but a brush.

To-morrow I eat a bit with Mr. and Mrs. M'Gwyre: if you will make one, you will get as hearty a welcome as if you were their own father, for nobody speaks better of you than they. My humble service to all friends and to yourself is the request of yours to command,

THADY O SULIVAN.

I lodge hard by the Shovel in Francis-street.

TO MRS. PILKINGTON.

1733.

MADAM,—You must shake off the leavings of your sex. If you cannot keep a secret and take a chiding you will quickly be out of my sphere. Corrigible people are to be chid; those who are otherwise may be very safe from any lectures of mine; I should rather choose to indulge them in their follies than attempt to set them right. I desire you may not inform your husband[a] of what has passed, for a reason I shall give you when I see you, which may be this evening, if you will. I am very sincerely your friend,

JONATHAN SWIFT.

FROM MR. POPE.

January 6, 1734.

I NEVER think of you and can never write to you now without drawing many of those short sighs of which we have formerly talked; the reflection both of the friends we have been deprived of by death, and of those from whom we are separated almost as eternally by absence, checks me to that degree that it takes away in a manner the pleasure (which yet I feel very sensibly too) of thinking I am now conversing with you. You have been silent to me as to your works; whether those printed here are or are not genuine. But one I am sure is yours; and your method of concealing yourself puts me in mind of the Indian bird I have read of who hides his head in a hole while all his feathers and tail stick out. You will have immediately by several franks (even before it is here published) my "Epistle to Lord Cobham," part of my *Opus Magnum*, and the last "Essay on Man;" both which I conclude will be grateful to your bookseller on whom you please to bestow them so early. There is a woman's war declared against me by a certain lord; his weapons are the same which women and children use, a pin to scratch, and a squirt to bespatter: I wrote a sort of answer, but was ashamed to enter the lists with him, and after showing it to some people, suppressed it; otherwise it was such as was worthy of him and worthy of me. I was three weeks this autumn with lord Peterborough, who rejoices in your doings and always speaks with the greatest affection of you I need not tell you who else do the same; you may be sure almost all those whom I ever see or desire to see. I wonder not that B—— paid you no sort of civility while he was in Ireland; he is too much a half-wit to love a true wit, and too much half honest to esteem any entire merit. I hope and I think he hates me too, and I will do my best to make him; he is so insupportably insolent in his civility to me when he meets me at one third place that I must affront him to get rid of it. That strict neutrality as to public parties which I have constantly observed in all my writings I think gives me the more title to attack such men as slander and belie my character in private to those who know me not. Yet even this is a liberty I will never take unless at the same time they are pests to private society or mischievous members of the public, that is to say, unless they are enemies to all men as well as to me. Pray write to me when you can; if ever I can come to you I will; if not, may Providence be our friend and our guard through this simple world, where nothing is valuable but sense and friendship. Adieu, dear sir, may health attend your years, and then may many years be added to you.

P.S. I am just now told a very curious lady intends to write to you to pump you about some poems said to be yours. Pray tell her that you have not answered me on the same questions, and that I shall take it as a thing never to be forgiven from

[a] Indorsed, "Dr Sheridan's insolence, in presuming to answer my eloquent Hibernicisms."

[a] This letter was occasioned by some accounts from London relative to Mr. Pilkington, which Mrs. Pilkington has given us at large in her Memoirs, vol. i. p. 105.

you if you tell another what you have concealed from me.

TO THE DUKE OF DORSET.

January, 1734.

My Lord,—It has been my great misfortune that since your grace's return to this kingdom I have not been able to attend you, as my duty and gratitude for your favours as well as the honour of having been so many years known to you obliged me to do. I have been pursued by two old disorders, a giddiness and deafness, which used to leave me in three or four weeks, but now have continued four months. Thus I am put under a necessity to write what I would rather have chosen to say in your grace's presence.

On Monday last week towards evening there came to the deanery one Mr. Bettesworth; who, being told by the servants that I was gone to a friend's house,[a] went thither to inquire for me, and was admitted into the street parlour. I left my company in the back room and went to him. He began with asking me "whether I were the author of certain verses wherein he was reflected on." The singularity of the man, in his countenance, manner, action, style, and tone of voice, made me call to mind that I had once seen him about two or three years ago at Mr. Ludlow's country-house. But I could not recollect his name; and of what calling he might be I had never heard. I therefore desired to know who and what he was; said "I had heard of some such verses, but knew no more." He then signified to me "that he was a serjeant-at-law and a member of parliament." After which he repeated the lines that concerned him with great emphasis; said "I was mistaken in one thing, for he assured me he was no booby, but owned himself to be a coxcomb." However, that being a point of controversy wherein I had no concern, I let it drop. As to the verses, he insisted, "that by his taste and skill in poetry he was as sure I wrote them as if he had seen them fall from my pen." But I found the chief weight of his argument lay upon two words that rhymed to his name, which he knew could come from none but me. He then told me "that, since I would not own the verses, and that since he could not get satisfaction by any course of law, he would get it by his pen, and show the world what a man I was." When he began to grow overwarm and eloquent I called in the gentleman of the house from the room adjoining; and the serjeant, going on with less turbulence, went away. He had a footman in the hall during all his talk, who was to have opened the door for one or more fellows, as he has since reported; and likewise that he had a sharp knife in his pocket, ready to stab or maim me." But the master and mistress of the house, who knew his character and could hear every word from the room they were in, had prepared a sufficient defence in such a case, as they afterward told me. He has since related to five hundred persons of all ranks about five hundred falsehoods of this conversation, of my fears and his own brutalities, against all probability as well as fact; and some of them, as I have been assured, even in the presence of your grace. His meanings and his movements were indeed peevish enough, but his words were not. He threatened me with nothing but his pen, yet owned he had no pretence to wit. And indeed I am heartily glad for his own sake that he proceeded no farther, for the least uproar would have called his nearest neighbours first to my assistance, and next to the manifest danger of his life; and I would not willingly have even a dog killed upon my account. Ever since he has amused himself with declaring in all companies, especially before bishops and lords and members of parlament, his resolutions for vengeance and the several manners by which he will put it in execution.

It is only to the advice of some judicious friends that your grace owes the trouble of this letter; for though I may be dispirited enough by sickness and years, yet I have little reason to apprehend any danger from that man; and those who seem to have most regard for my safety are no more apprehensive than myself, especially such as best know his character; for his very enemies and even his ridiculers, who are of the two by far the greater number, allow him to be a peaceable man in all things except his words, his rhetorical actions, his looks, and his hatred to the clergy; which however are all known by abundance of experience to be perfectly harmless, and particularly as to the clergy. I do not doubt but, if he will be so good to continue steadfast in his principles and practices, he may at proper junctures contribute very much to the honour and interests of that reverend body, as well as employ and improve the wit of many young gentlemen in the city, the university, and the rest of the kingdom.

What I have said to your grace is only meant as a poor endeavour to preserve myself in your good opinion and in the continuance of your favour. I am, with the highest respect, &c.

Jonathan Swift.

[a] The Rev. Mr. Worrall's

FROM LADY BETTY GERMAIN.

March 2, 1734.

I am extremely glad to hear you are got well again; and I do assure you it was no point of ceremony made me forbear writing, but the downright fear of being troublesome. If you have got off your deafness, that is a happiness I doubt poor lady Suffolk will never have; for she does not mend, if she does not grow rather worse. But we ladies are famous for straining our voices upon the bad occasion of anger; and sure then it is hard if it is not more agreeable to do it for the sake of friendship. By the histories I hear from Ireland, Bettesworth, in the midst of your illness, did not think your pen lay idle;[a] but this good you had from it, that such a troublesome fellow made your friends and neighbours show they could exert themselves for your sake. Mrs. Floyd has passed this winter rather better than the last; but cold weather is a great enemy of hers; and when you see her I fear you will find that, though the goodness of the "composition"[b] will always hold, yet so many winters have taken the beauty of it entirely off. It grows now near the time that I have hopes you will soon part with my duke and duchess. I always used to be her doctor; I wish you would allow me to be yours, and take my advice, and try how the change of air would mend your constitution; but I fear you will not. However, God bless you; and adieu.

[a] About this time an attempt was made to repeal the test act in Ireland; and the dissenters, on this occasion, affected to call themselves "brother protestants and fellow-christians" with the members of the established church. This the dean made the subject of a short copy of verses, in which there is a passage that so provoked one Bettesworth, a lawyer and member of the Irish parliament, that he swore to revenge himself, either by maiming or murdering the author; and for this purpose he engaged his footman with two ruffians to secure the dean wherever he could be found. As soon as this oath and attempt of Bettesworth were known, thirty of the nobility and gentry of St. Patrick's waited upon the dean in form; and presented a paper subscribed with their names, in which they solemnly engaged, in behalf of themselves and the rest of the liberty, to defend his person and fortune, as the friend and benefactor of his country.

[b] "And call'd the happy composition Floyd." See Swift's "Receipt to make a Beauty."

FROM THE DUCHESS OF QUEENSBERRY.

London, March 4, 1734.

DEAR SIR,—If ever lying was necessary, I fear it is so at present, for no truth can furnish me with sufficient excuse for not having written long ago; therefore I have been strongly tempted to disown having received any return to my letters which I wrote to you since my return to these parts; but upon more mature deliberation, I have convinced myself that it is better rather to confess my fault than to give you any handle to suspect my truth for the future. I wish everybody was as timorous as myself, and then lying and deceit would never be so much in the fashion as it has and will be for many ages past and to come. I remember you once told me always to sit down to write when I was in good health and good humour; neither of them have been perfect of some tim The first has been interrupted by perpetual colds and pains in my face and teeth. My temper, by these trying truths which I am about to tell you, viz. a journey to Scotland, where we have been going every week and every day since Christmas; the uncertainty of which, and being consequently unsettled, is even worse than the thing itself. This is not all; by these means I have been obliged to send a little boy (who has been my constant companion ever since he was born, and who is not seven years old till next July) to school a full year before it was necessary or proper. The doing this I own has damped my spirits more than was reasonable, though it was by his own desire; and that I am persuaded he is well taken care of, both by the master and his own brother, who is fond of him, and so would you be if you knew him; for he has more sense than above half the world. The other is a fine boy, and grown very strong and healthy. I am much obliged to you for reproving me that I did not tell you so before. I am in great hopes to live to see them both men; therefore pray advise me what to do with them after they have gone through the school; for I imagine that just then is the most difficult part of their education. Mr. Locke, with whom I cannot help differing in some things, makes a full stop there; and I never heard of any other that ever mentioned, or at least published, any helps for children at that time of life which I apprehend to be the most material.

There is a good deal of impertinence in filling two sides of paper about me and mine; but I own at present my whole thoughts are so much employed on the latter, that I involuntarily think and talk of little else. To-morrow will be acted a new play of our friend Mr. Gay's ["The Distressed Wife"]; we stay on purpose now for that, and shall go on Thursday for Edinburgh, where the greatest good I can expect or hope for is a line from you. Mrs. Barber has met with a good deal of trouble; I have not seen her I fancy for that reason; but we shall leave our guineas for her with Mr. Pope or my brother. I wish you all health and prosperity. I will not wish you devoid of all trouble and vexation, because I think a moderate share is a great encouragement to good spirits; but may you never meet with more than is absolutely necessary to be pleasant.

Adieu, dear sir. If you will oblige me, you must do me the justice to believe I am your most faithful friend.

FROM FRANCIS GRANT, ESQ.

[A London merchant.]

London, March 14, 1734.

VERY REVEREND SIR,—Though I have been long an admirer of your w[i]t and learning, I have not less valued and esteemed your public spirit and great affection to your native country. These valuable ingredients in your character persuade me to propose to you what I apprehend may be for your country's benefit, and that you will excuse my taking the liberty to do it. As good principles dispose you, your real merit, happily united with them, gives you weight and influence to promote the public good; to which I am well assured your country owes not only the escaping many evils, but the establishment of many valuable articles for the increase of their wealth and strength. Though I am not a native of Ireland, I have always regarded it as so connected with this country, that the natives of both islands ought mutually to study and advance the advantage of each other. And it is in consequence of this principle that I offer to your consideration that your countrymen should heartily engage in and pursue the white-herring and cod fishing. This is a branch of trade which Providence has given opportunity to follow in both countries; neither can they prejudice one another, as there may be consumption for all that may be caught on both islands. There is nothing that would so effectually employ your poor and prevent their going abroad, considering the great variety of trades necessary in this undertaking; it would also increase the consumption of your home manufactures, and increase the balance of your foreign trade.

The north and north-east parts of your island lie exceeding well both for the cod and herring fishing, as will appear to you from their course, which is described in the enclosed pamphlet, if you take the trouble to look upon it; but encouragements are necessary to support a new undertaking in its infancy, because they are always at the beginning liable to charges and inconveniences, which discourage private adventurers, if not supported by the public. I have with great pleasure read in the minutes of your parliament of late years several instances of their zeal for their country's good, which inclines me to believe they would readily receive and encourage a proposition of this nature if properly introduced and recommended to them; and I shall reckon it a particular good fortune if I could suggest what would be acceptable to you and them. I have been desirous to establish and improve this valuable branch of commerce in Britain, for which reason I have applied myself to it several years last past, and examined it in all its shapes, from whence I flatter myself to have acquired a thorough knowledge in the matter; and I am, with other gentlemen, endeavouring to obtain the necessary encouragements for it here; but it being late before we moved in our application, and appearance of a short session, I am afraid we shall make little progress at this time. Not being sufficiently acquainted with your laws and constitutions, I cannot take upon me to say what may be proper encouragements in your country: yet I may freely venture to assert one proposition to which every one must assent, that it is the interest of any nation to grant premiums and bounties for the encouragement of any one branch of trade, which in proportion to what is paid by the public, and when that is paid only to its own subjects, brings into the kingdom ten times the value. And I may with equal safety advance this other proposition, that no article of trade better deserves encouragement from both Britain and Ireland than the fishing does; or that might be made of so great consequence and general benefit to both; to which I believe I may add that there is not any business more natural to either, or the establishment whereof would receive more universal approbation and applause.

These things from my opinion of your character I thought I might take the liberty to trouble you with; which I was the more readily induced to as it furnished me an opportunity of declaring that I am, with great esteem, sir, your most obedient humble servant

FRANCIS GRANT

P. S. If you have any commands for me, or that you think I may be any ways useful in explaining or promoting this subject, I shall with pleasure obey you; in which case you may direct for me, merchant, in London.

TO FRANCIS GRANT, ESQ.

Dublin, March 23, 1734.

SIR,—I return you my hearty thanks for your letter and discourse upon the fishery; you discover in both a true love of your country, and (excepting your civilities to me) a very good judgment, good wishes to this ruined kingdom, and a perfect knowledge in the subject you treat. But you are more temperate than I, and consequently much wiser: for corruptions are apt to make me impatient and give offence, which you prudently avoid.

Ever since I began to think, I was enraged at the folly of England in suffering the Dutch to have almost the whole advantage of our fishery just under our noses.

The last lord Wemyss told me he was governor of a castle in Scotland, near which the Dutch used to fish; he sent to them, in a civil manner, to desire they would send him some fish, which they brutishly refused; whereupon he ordered three or four cannon to be discharged from the castle, (for their boats were in reach of the shot,) and immediately they sent him more than he wanted.

The Dutch are like a knot of sharpers among a parcel of honest gentlemen, who think they understand play, and are bubbled of their money. I love them for the love they have to their country; which, however, is no virtue in them, because it is their private interest, which is directly contrary in England. In the queen's time I did often press the lord-treasurer, Oxford and others of the ministry upon this very subject; but the answer was, "We must not offend the Dutch;" who at that very time were opposing us in all our steps toward a peace. I laughed to see the zeal that ministry had about the fishing at Newfoundland, (I think,) while no care was taken against the Dutch fishing just at our doors.

As to my native country, I happened indeed by a perfect accident to be born here, my mother being left here from returning to her house at Leicester, and I was a year old before I was sent to England; and thus I am a Teague, or an Irishman, or what people please, although the best part of my life was in England.

What I did for this country was from perfect hatred of tyranny and oppression, for which I had a proclamation against me of 300*l*., which my old friend, my lord Carteret, was forced to consent to the very first or second night of his arrival hither. The crime was that of writing against a project of one Wood, an ironmonger, to coin 100,000*l*. in halfpence not worth a sixth part of the money, which was laid before the people in so plain a manner that they all refused it: and so the nation was preserved from immediate ruin.

I have done some smaller services to this kingdom, but I can do no more. I have too many years upon me, and have too much sickness. I am out of favour at court, where I was well received, during two summers, six or seven years ago. The governing people here do not love me. For, as corrupt as England is, it is a habitation of saints in comparison of Ireland. We are sl——s and kn——s, and fools; and all, but bishops and people in employments, beggars. The cash of Ireland does not amount to 200,000*l*.: the few honest men among us are dead-hearted, poor, and out of favour and power.

I talked to two or three gentlemen of this house of commons now sitting here: and mentioning your scheme, showed how very advantageous it would be to Ireland. They agreed with me; but said that, if such a thing were proposed, the members would all go out, as at a thing they had no concern in.

I believe the people of Lapland or the Hottentots are not so miserable a people as we; for oppression, supported by power, will infallibly introduce slavish principles. I am afraid that, even in England, your proposal will come to nothing. There is not virtue enough left among mankind. If your scheme should pass into an act, it will become a job; your sanguine temper will cool: r——s will be the only gainers. Party and faction will intermingle and defeat the most essential parts of the whole design. Standing armies in times of peace, projects of excise, and bribing at elections, are all you are like to be employed in, not forgetting septennial parliaments, directly against the old Whig principles, which always have been mine.

A gentleman of this kingdom, about three years ago, joined with some others in a fishery here in the northern parts: they advanced 200*l*. by way of trial: they got men from Orkney to cure their fish, who understood it well. But the vulgar folks of Ireland are so lazy and so knavish that it turned to no account, nor would anybody join with them; and so the matter fell, and they lost two-thirds of their money. Oppressed beggars are always knaves; and I believe there hardly are any other among us. They had rather gain a shilling by knavery than five pounds by honest dealing. They lost 30,000*l*. a-year for ever in the time of the plague at Marseilles, when the Spaniards would have bought all their linen from Ireland, but the merchants and the weavers sent over such abominable linen that it was all returned back or sold for a fourth part of the value. This is our condition, which you may please to pity, but never can mend. I wish you good success with all my heart. I have always loved good projects, but have always found them to miscarry. I am, sir, with true esteem for your good intentions, your most obedient servant, JONATHAN SWIFT.

P.S. If I can be of any service to you in this kingdom, I shall be glad you will employ me.

FROM LORD BOLINGBROKE.

April 12, 1734.

REVEREND AND DEAR SIR,—I have received yours of the 16th of February very lately; but have not yet seen the person who brought it, nor am likely to see him, unless he finds me out in my retreat. Our friend Pope is in town, and to him I send this letter; for he tells me he can forward it to you by the hands of one of our common friends. If I can do Mr. Faulkner any service I shall certainly do it, because I shall catch at any opportunity of pleasing you; but my help in a project of subscription will, I fear, avail him little. I live much out of the world, and I do not blush to own that I am out of fashion in it. My wife, who is extremely obliged to you for your kind remembrance of her, and who desires me to say all the fond things from her to you which I know she thinks, enjoys a precarious health, easily shaken and sometimes interrupted by fits of severe pain, but upon the whole much better than it has been these five years. I walk down hill easily and leisurely enough, except when a strong disposition to the jaundice (that I have long carried about me) gives me a shove. I guard against it as well as I can; the censors say not as well as I might. Too sedentary a life hurts me, and yet I do not care to

lead any other, for sauntering about my grounds is not exercise. I say I will be very active this summer, and I will try to keep my word. Riding is your *panacea;* and Bathurst is younger than his sons by observing the same regimen. If I can keep where I am a few years longer I shall be satisfied; for I have something, and not much, to do before I die. I know by experience one cannot serve the present age. About posterity one may flatter one's self, and I have a mind to write to the next age. You have seen, I doubt not, the ethic epistles, and though they go a little into metaphysics, I persuade myself you both understand and approve them; the first book being finished, the others will soon follow, for many of them are writ, or crayoned out. What are you doing?—Good, I am sure. But of what kind? Pray, Mr. Dean, be a little more cautious in your recommendations. I took care a year ago to remove some obstacles that might have hindered the success of one of your recommendations, and I have heartily repented of it since. The fellow wants morals, and, as I hear, decency sometimes. You have had accounts I presume which will not leave you at a loss to guess whom I mean. Is there no hope left of seeing you once more in this island? I often wish myself out of it, and I shall wish so much more if it is impossible *de voisiner* (I know no English word to say the same thing) with you. Adieu, dear sir; no man living preserves a higher esteem or a more warm and sincere friendship for you than I do.

FROM LORD CARTERET.

Jermyn street, April 13, 1734.

SIR,—I had the honour of your letter, which gave me a considerable pleasure to see that I am not so much out of your thoughts but that you can take notice of events that happen in my family. I need not say that these alliances* are very agreeable to me; but that they are so to my friends adds much to the satisfaction I receive from them. They certainly enable me to contract my desires, which is no inconsiderable step towards being happy. As to other things, I go on as well as I can; and now and then observe that I have more friends now than I had when I was in a situation to do them service. This may be a delusion; however, it is a pleasing one. And I have more reason to believe a man, now I can do him no good, than I had when I could do him favours, which the greatest philosophers are sometimes tempted to solicit their friends about. I shall continue to serve Mrs. Barber, by recommending her, as occasion shall offer, where it is necessary; but you have done that so effectually that nothing need be said to those to whom you have said anything in her behalf. I hope Dr. Delany is, as he always used to be, cheerful in himself and agreeable to all that know him, and that he by this time is convinced that the world is not worthy of so much speculation as he has bestowed upon some matters. Lady Worsley, my wife, and daughters, to whom I have shown your letter, not forgetting my mother, present their humble service to you. And I desire to recommend the whole family, as well as myself, to the continuance of your favour. I am, sir, with the greatest respect, your most humble and most obedient servant, CARTERET.

TO MISS HOADLY.

[Daughter of the archbishop of Dublin.]

June 4, 1734.

MADAM,—When I lived in England, once every year I issued out an edict, commanding that all ladies of wit sense, merit, and quality, who had an ambition to be acquainted with me, should make the first advances at their peril; which edict, you may believe, was universally obeyed. When (much against my will) I came to live in this kingdom, I published the same edict; only, the harvest here being not altogether so plentiful, I confined myself to a smaller compass. This made me often wonder how you came so long to neglect your duty; for, if you pretend ignorance, I may produce legal witnesses against you.

I have heard of a judge bribed with a pig, but it was discovered by the squeaking; and therefore, you have been so politic as to send me a dead one, which can tell no tales. Your present of butter was made with the same design, as a known court practice, to grease my fist that I might keep silence. These are great offences, contrived on purpose to corrupt my integrity. And besides, I apprehend, that if I should wait on you to return my thanks, you will deny that the pig and butter were any advances at all on your side, and give out that I made them first; by which I may endanger the fundamental privilege that I have kept so many years in two kingdoms, at least make it a point of controversy. However, I have two ways to be revenged; first, I will let all the ladies of my acquaintance know, that you, the sole daughter and child of his grace of Dublin, are so mean as to descend to understand housewifery; which every girl of this town, who can afford sixpence a-month for a chair would scorn to be thought to have the least knowledge in; and this will give you as ill a reputation as if you had been caught in the fact of reading a history, or handling a needle, or working in a field at Tallagh. My other revenge shall be this: when my lord's gentleman delivered his message, after I put him some questions, he drew out a paper containing your directions, and in your hand; I said it properly belonged to me; and when I had read it, I put it in my pocket, and am ready to swear, when lawfully called, that it is written in a fair hand, rightly spelt, and good plain sense. You now may see I have you at mercy; for, upon the least offence given, I will show the paper to every female scrawler I meet, who will soon spread about the town that your writing and spelling are ungenteel and unfashionable, more like a parson than a lady.

I suppose by this time you are willing to submit, and therefore I desire you may stint me to two china bowls of butter a-week; for my breakfast is that of a sickly man, rice gruel; and I am wholly a stranger to tea and coffee, the companions of bread and butter. I received my third bowl last night, and I think my second is almost entire. I hope and believe my lord archbishop will teach his neighbouring tenants and farmers a little English country management: and I lay it upon you, madam, to bring housewifery in fashion among our ladies; that, by your example, they may no longer pride themselves on their natural or affected ignorance. I am, with the truest respect and esteem, madam, your most obedient and obliged, &c., JONATHAN SWIFT.

I desire to present my most, &c., to his grace and the ladies.

FROM DR. JOHN STERNE, BISHOP OF CLOGHER

Clogher, June 25, 1734.

MR. DEAN,—I have a letter of yours of a very long date, and should, it may be, out of good manners, have answered it long since; but I thought it would be better to delay the answer I was then able to make, to our first private meeting, which I thought might be soon; and for the same reason that delayed me then, I

* His lordship's third daughter, Georgina-Carolina, was married Feb. 14, 1734, to the honourable John Spencer.

shall put off my defence till I have the pleasure of half an hour's private conversation with you, when I think I shall be able to clear myself from the heavy charges you bring against me; and therefore, not to take any further notice of that letter, I shall, in answer to your last, which I received by last post, return you my thanks for your having taken the same care about the 60*l.*, which at your request I lent Joe Beaumont, whose circumstances at that time I was pretty much a stranger to, as you have taken about the money you lent him on the same occasion; and as this shall serve for a full discharge of all demands I have on Joe's execution,[a] so I shall take it as a favour if you will take on you the trouble of disposing of that sum of 50*l.* as an augmentation to your own charitable fund, or to any other charitable use you shall judge proper, and that I desire may be without any mention of my name.

If you desire an acquittance in any other form, be pleased to draw one and I will sign it. I shall be proud of a visit in this mountainous country, being, notwithstanding any coolness or misunderstanding that has happened between us, as much as ever, your affectionate friend and servant, JOHN CLOGHER.

FROM LORD BOLINGBROKE.

From my farm, June 27, 1734.

I THANK you, Mr. Dean; or, to use a name to me more sacred, I thank you, my friend, for your letter of the 23rd of May, which came to me by post. I answer it by the same conveyance; and provided the diligent inspection of private men's correspondence do not stop our letters, they have my leave to do, what they will do without it, to open and read them. If they expect to find anything which may do us hurt, or them good, their disappointment will give me pleasure, and in the proportion I shall imagine it gives them pain. I should have another pleasure, of higher relish, if our epistles were to be perused by persons of higher rank. And who knows, considering the mighty importance we are of, whether that may not happen? How would these persons stare to see such a thing as sincere cordial friendship subsist inviolate, and grow and strengthen from year to year, in spite of distance, absence, and mutual inutility.

But enough on this. Let us turn to other subjects. I have read in the golden verses of Pythagoras, or in some other collection of wise apophthegms of the ancients, that a man of business may talk of philosophy, —a man who has none may practise it. What do you think of this maxim? Is it exact? I have a strange distrust of maxims. We make as many observations as our time, our knowledge, and the other means we have give us the opportunity of making on a physical matter. We find that they all correspond, and that one general proposition may be affirmed as the result of them. This we affirm, and, in consequence, this becomes a maxim among our followers, if we have any. Thus the king of Siam affirmed, that water was always in a fluid state; and I doubt not but the Talapoins (do they not call them so?) held this maxim. Neither he nor they had ever climbed the neighbouring mountains of Ava: their observations were confined to the burning climate they inhabited. It is much the same in moral maxims, founded on observations of the conduct of men; for there are other moral maxims of universal truth, as there are moral duties of eternal obligation. We see what the conduct is, and we guess what the motives are, of great numbers of men; but then we see often at too great a distance, or through a faulty medium; we guess with much uncertainty from a thousand reasons concerning a thing as various, as changing, as inconsistent as the heart of man. And even when we see right, and guess right, we build our maxims on a small number of observations, (for such they are comparatively, how numerous soever they may be, taken by themselves,) which our own age and our own country chiefly have presented to us.

You and I have known one man in particular [the earl of Oxford], who affected business he often hindered, and never did; who had the honour among some, and the blame among others, of bringing about great revolutions in his own country, and in the general affairs of Europe; and who was, at the same time, the idlest creature living; who was never more copious than in expressing, when that was the theme of the day, his indifference to power, and his contempt of what we call honours, such as titles, ribbons, &c., who should, to have been consistent, have had this indifference, and have felt this contempt, since he knew neither how to use power nor how to wear honours, and yet who was jealous of one and fond of the other even to ridicule. This character seems singular enough, and yet I have known some resembling it very much in general, and many exactly like it, in the strongest marks it bore.

Now let us suppose that some Rochefoucault or other, some anthroponomical sage should discover a multitude of similar instances, and not stumble upon any one repugnant; you and I should not, however, receive for a maxim, that he who affects business never does it; nor this, that he who brings about great revolutions is always idle; nor this, that he who expresses indifference to power and contempt of honours is jealous of one and fond of the others.

Proceed we now, dear doctor, to the application. A man in business and a man who is out of it may equally talk of philosophy; that is certain. The question is, whether the man in business may not practise it as well as the man out of business? I think he may in this sense as easily; but sure I am he may in this sense as usefully. If we look into the world, our part of it I mean, we shall find, I believe, few philosophers in business or out of business. The greatest part of the men I have seen in business, perhaps all of them, have been so far from acting on philosophical principles, that is on principles of reason and virtue, that they have not acted even on the highest principles of vice. I have not known a man of real ambition; a man who sacrificed all his passions, or made them all subservient to that one; but I have known many whose vanity and whose avarice mimicked ambition. The greatest part of the men I have seen out of business have been so far from practising philosophy that they have lived in the world arrant triflers; or retiring from it, have fallen into stupid indolence, and deserved such an inscription as Seneca mentions, in one of his letters to Lucilius, to have been put over the door of one Vattia, "*Hic situs est Vattia.*" But for all this I think that a man in business may practise philosophy as austerely to himself, and more beneficially to mankind, than a man out of it. The stoics were an affected, pedantical sect; but I have always approved that rule of the *Portique*, that a philosopher was not to exempt himself from the duties of society, neither in the community to which he particularly belonged, nor in the great community of mankind. Mencius and his master Confucius were strange metaphysicians, but they were good moralists, and they divided their doctrines into three parts; the duties of a man, as an individual, as a member of a family, and as a member of a state. In short, a man may be, many men have been, and some

[a] This execution was against the heirs or representatives of Mr. Beaumont, who had died several years before the date of this letter.

are, I believe, philosophers in business; he that can be so out of it can be so in it.

But it is impossible to talk so much of philosophy and forget to speak of Pope. He is actually rambling from one friend's house to another. He is now at Cirencester; he came thither from my lord Cobham's; he came to my lord Cobham's from Mr. Dormer's; to Mr. Dormer's from London; to London from Chiswick; to Chiswick from my farm; to my farm from his own garden; and he goes soon from lord Bathurst's to lord Peterborough's: after which he returns to my farm again. The demon of verse sticks close to him. He has been imitating the satire of Horace, which begins *Ambubaiarum collegia pharmacopolæ*, &c., and has chosen rather to weaken the images than to hurt chaste ears overmuch. He has sent it me; but I shall keep his secret as he desires, and shall not, I think, return him the copy; for the rogue has fixed a ridicule upon me, which some events of my life would seem perhaps to justify him in doing. I am glad you approve his moral essays. They will do more good than the sermons and writings of some who had a mind to find great fault with them. And if the doctrines taught, hinted at, and implied in them, and the trains of consequences deducible from these doctrines, were to be disputed in prose, I think he would have no reason to apprehend either the free-thinkers on one hand, or the narrow dogmatists on the other. Some few things may be expressed a little hardly, but none are, I believe, unintelligible. I will let him know your complaints of his silence; which I wonder at the more because he has often spoke in such a manner as made me conclude you heard from him pretty regularly. Your compliments shall be paid likewise to the other friends you mention.

You complain of the vast alteration which the last seven years have made in you; and do you believe, that they have not made proportionable alterations in us? Satisfy yourself they have. We all go the same road, and keep much the same stages. Let this consideration, therefore, not hinder you from coming among us. You shall ride, walk, trifle, meddle, chide, and be as ill-bred as you please; and the indulgence you receive on those heads you shall return on these or others. Adieu.

I will speak to you about books next time I write, if I can recollect what I intended to say upon a passage in your letter; or if anything else worth saying comes into my head. Adieu, my friend.

FROM THE EARL OF OXFORD.

Dover-street, August 8, 1734.

GOOD MR. DEAN,—It is now so long since I have troubled you with a letter that I am almost quite ashamed to do it now; but the truth of the case is this, I cannot be longer easy any further to defer my making my due acknowledgments to you in the best manner I can, for the many kind remembrances I have received from under your own hand, and your obliging notice of me in your letters to Mr. Pope, &c. It was an extreme great pleasure to me to find that I still maintained a share in your thoughts, that I was still worthy to receive your commands; I did my best, I did all that lay in my power to obey them; I wish there had been better success. I assure you this, that there is no person (I speak without excepting one) whose commands I would more readily obey than yours; I hope you will be so good as to indulge me, and make use of your power often: I value myself not a little upon this score, and you see here how easy it is for you to make one happy, which is more than can be said of ———.

I shall now take the liberty to talk to you a little upon family affairs; and my encouragement to do it proceeds from this, that ever since I have been so fortunate to be acquainted with you, you have in the kindest manner always taken part in whatever fortune befell me or my family.

Indulge, therefore, the fondness of a father to detain you so long as to give a sincere friend some account of the completing a great work, the disposal of an only daughter in marriage, and in these times.

The whole affair was conducted with as much care and consideration as we were capable of: when we looked over and weighed the many offers that had been proposed to us, and what sort of creatures they were composed of, this person we have now chosen had the fairest and most unexceptionable character, and as his composition is the most unlike the generality of the young gentlemen of this age, which you will think was no small ingredient toward our approbation of him. As I hope and long much to see you in England, I believe when you see the duke[a] you will be pleased with him, and you will not disapprove of our choice; as he is free from the prevailing qualifications of the present set of young people of quality, such as gaming, sharping, pilfering, lying, &c., &c., so, on the contrary, he is endowed with qualifications they are strangers to, such as justice, honour, excellent temper both of mind and body, affability, living well with his own family; and the manner in which he proposed himself was what became a gentleman and a man of honour. Thus you see I have given you a long account of this affair, and the reasons which induced us to consent to this match. I flatter myself that you will not be displeased with the account I have given you of the gentleman to whom we have given our daughter.

My wife and my daughter desire your acceptance of their humble service, with many wishes for the enjoyment of your health, and would be very glad to see you over here.

Mr. Pope has been upon the ramble above these two months: he is now with my lord Peterborough, near Southampton, where he proposes to stay some time. This morning died Willis, bishop of Winchester, and is to be succeeded by Hoadley, and further I cannot say.

Pray, has Mr. Jeb[b] got any preferment? I was very glad to hear that he had a share in your good opinion: I hope he has done nothing to forfeit it. What has prevented Mr. Faulkner from sending over your works?[c] he promised to send them over the end of last May at the furthest. I am, with true regard and esteem, sir, your most obliged and most faithful humble servant, OXFORD.

FROM LADY HOWTH.

Kilfane, near Kilkenny, August 15, 1734.

SIR,—To show you how much I covet your correspondence, I would not even give myself time to rest; for gratitude obliges me to return you thanks for all your favours, in particular your last, which quite cured me of my cold. I can as yet give you no account of this country, but that I have been mightily hurried, settling my little family. We all got safe here on Monday

[a] William Bentinck, second duke of Portland.

[b] An English clergyman, who, soon after the date of this letter, got very good preferment in the church of Ireland. In the year 1768 he was prebendary of Christ-church, Dublin, and rector of St Thomas's in the East.

[c] These were the first four volumes in octavo, which were revised and corrected by Swift, as indeed were also the two subsequent volumes, printed in the year 1738.

night; and this day was the fair of Bennett's bridge, where I had two gentlemen on purpose to look out for a pad for you, but there was not one to be got; but if there be any such thing to be had as a good trotter, such a one as I know you like, I will have it. I do not know whether you will be as free in writing as you are in speaking; but I am sure, were I at your elbow when you read this, you would bid me go to a writing-school and a spelling book. My lord joins me in begging you will accept of our best wishes, and hope you will believe me to be, what I really am, your affectionate friend and humble servant, LUCY HOWTH.

FROM DR. SHERIDAN.

August 16, 1734.

DEAR DEAN,—A little before I go to Dublin I intend to kill a buck, and send you some of it. Mr. Hamilton has promised me that favour. He has the best and fattest venison I ever tasted; and the finest boat, and the finest situation, and the finest house, and the finest hall, and the finest wife and children, and the finest way of living I ever met. You live in Dublin among a parcel of rabble; I live at Castle Hamilton among gentlemen and ladies; you live upon chaffed mutton, I live upon venison; you drink benicarlo wine, I drink right French margoset you hear nothing but noise, with ravishing music my ears are delighted. If you were here you would never go back again. I fancy that I never shall; and that I shall be able soon to keep my coach, and bring you down into this elysium, which is both my taste and my choice.

Pouvoir choisir, et choisir le meilleur, ce sont deux avantages qu'a le bon goût. C'est donc un des plus grands dons du ciel d'être né homme de bon choix. And to give you a sample of my good choice, I choose to end with this French maxim, having no more to write, but my love to my mistress and service to all friends. I am yours to the day of judgment,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

TO THE DUKE OF CHANDOS.[a]

August 31, 1734.

MY LORD,—Although I have long had the honour to be an humble servant to your grace, yet I do not remember to have ever written you a letter, at least since her majesty's death. For this reason your grace will reasonably wonder to find a man wholly forgotten begin a commerce by making a request. For which I can offer no other excuse than that frequent application has been made to me by many learned and worthy persons of this city and kingdom, who, having heard that I was not unknown to you, seldom failed any opportunity of pressing me to solicit your grace, of whose generous nature fame has well informed them, to make a present of those ancient records, in paper or parchment, which relate to this kingdom, that were formerly collected, as we have heard, by the late earl of Clarendon, during his government here, and are now in your grace's possession. They can be of no use in England, and the sight of them will be of little value to foreign virtuosi; and they naturally belong to this poor kingdom. I could wish they were of great intrinsic value, so as to be sold on the Exchange for 1000*l.*, because you would then part with them at the first hint, merely to gratify your darling passion of generosity and munificence: and yet, since they are only valuable in the place of their birth, like the rest of our natives, I hope you will be prevailed on to part with them at the humble request of many very deserving persons in this city and university. In return for which bounty, the memory of it shall be preserved in that honourable manner which so generous a patron of learning as your grace will be certainly pleased with. And at their request alone I desire your compliance, without the least mention of myself as any way instrumental.

I entreat your grace's pardon for this interruption, and remain, with the greatest respect, my lord, your grace's, &c. JONATHAN SWIFT.

[a] On this duke Swift wrote a severe epigram, beginning—"James Bridges and the dean at first were friends," &c.

FROM MRS. PENDARVES.

Little Brook street, September 9, 1734.

SIR,—I find your correspondence is like the singing of the nightingale; no bird sings so sweetly, but the pleasure is quickly past; a month or two of harmony, and then we lose it till next spring; I wish your favours may as certainly return. I am at this time not only deprived of your letters, but of all other means of inquiring after your health; your friends and my correspondents being dispersed to their summer quarters, and know as little of you as I do. I have not forgot one mortifying article on this occasion, and if your design in neglecting me was to humble me, it has taken effect; could I find out the means of being revenged I would most certainly put it in execution; but I have only the malice of an incensed neglected woman, without the power of returning it. The last letter I wrote to you was from Gloucester, about a twelvemonth ago; after that I went to Long-Leat, to my lady Weymouth; came to town in January, where I have remained ever since, except a few weeks I spent at sir John Stanley's, at Northend, the Delville of this part of the world. I hope Naboth's vineyard flourishes: it always has my good wishes, though I am not near enough to partake of its fruits. The town is now empty, and, by most people, called dull; to me it is just agreeable, for I have most of my particular friends in town, and my superfluous acquaintance I can very well spare. My lord Carteret is at Hawnes; my lady Carteret is in town, nursing my lady Dysart, who is brought to bed of a very fine son, and in hopes of my lady Weymouth's being soon under the same circumstance. I have not seen my lord Bathurst since I was at his house in Gloucestershire; that is a mischief I believe you have produced; for as long as I could entertain him with an account of his friend the dean, he was glad to see me; but lately we have been great strangers. Mrs. Donellan sometimes talks of making a winter's visit to Dublin, and has vanity enough to think you are one of those that will treat her kindly; her loss to me will be irreparable, beside the mortification it will be to me to have her go to a place where I should so gladly accompany her. I know she will be just, and tell the reasons why I could not this year take such a progress. After having forced myself into your company, it will be impertinent to make you a longer visit, and destroy the intention of it; which was only to assure you of my being, sir, your most faithful and obliged humble servant, M. PENDARVES.

FROM MR. POPE AND LORD BOLINGBROKE.

, September 15, 1734.

I HAVE ever thought you as sensible as any man I knew of all the delicacies of friendship; and yet I fear (from what lord B. tells me you said in your last letter) that you did not quite understand the reason of my late silence. I assure you it proceeded wholly from the tender kindness I bear you. When the heart is full it is angry at all words that cannot come up to it; and you are now the man in all the world I am most troubled to write to, for you are the friend I have left whom I am most grieved about. Death has not done worse to me in separating poor Gay, or any other, than disease and absence in dividing us. I am afraid to know how you do, since most accounts I have give

me pain for you, and I am unwilling to tell you the condition of my own health. If it were good I would see you; and yet if I found you in that very condition of deafness which made you fly from us while we were together, what comfort could we derive from it? In writing often I should find great relief, could we write freely; and yet when I have done so you seem, by not answering in a very long time, to feel either the same uneasiness I do, or to abstain from some prudential reasons. Yet I am sure nothing that you and I would say to each other (though our whole souls were to be laid open to the clerks of the post-office) could hurt either of us so much, in the opinion of an honest man or good subject, as the intervening officious impertinence of those goers between us, who in England pretend to intimacies with you, and in Ireland to intimacies with me. I cannot but receive any that call upon me in your name, and in truth they take it in vain too often. I take all opportunities of justifying you against these friends, especially those who know all you think and write, and repeat your slighter verses It is generally on such little scraps that witlings feed; and it is hard the world should judge of our housekeeping from what we fling out to the dogs, yet this is often the consequence. But they treat you still worse, mix their own with yours, print them to get money, and lay them at your door. This I am satisfied was the case in the "Epistle to a Lady;" it was just the same hand (if I have any judgment in style) which printed your "Life and Character" before which you so strongly disavowed in your letters to lord Carteret, myself, and others. I was very well informed of another fact which convinced me yet more: the same person who gave this to be printed, offered to a bookseller a piece in prose of yours, as commissioned by you, which has since appeared and been owned to be his own. I think (I say once more) that I know your hand, though you did not mine in the "Essay on Man." I beg your pardon for not telling you, as I should had you been in England; but no secret can cross your Irish Sea, and every clerk in the post-office had known it. I fancy, though you lost sight of me in the first of those essays, you saw me in the second. The design of concealing myself was good, and had its full effect; I was thought a divine, a philosopher, and what not; and my doctrine had a sanction I could not have given to it. Whether I can proceed in the same grave march like Lucretius, or must descend to the gaieties of Horace, I know not, or whether I can do either; but be the future as it will, I shall collect all the past in one fair quarto this winter, and send it you, where you will find frequent mention of yourself. I was glad you suffered your writings to be collected more completely than hitherto, in the volumes I daily expect from Ireland; I wish it had been in more pomp, but that will be done by others; yours are beauties that can never be too finely dressed, for they will ever be young. I have only one piece of mercy to beg of you; do not laugh at my gravity, but permit me to wear the beard of a philosopher, till I pull it off and make a jest of it myself. It is just what my lord Bolingbroke is doing with metaphysics. I hope you will live to see and stare at the learned figure he will make on the same shelf with Locke and Malbranche.

You see how I talk to you (for this is not writing); if you like I should do so, why not tell me so? if it be the least pleasure to you, I will write once a-week most gladly; but can you abstract the letters from the person who writes them, so far as not to feel more vexation in the thought of our separation, and those misfortunes which occasion it, than satisfaction in the nothings he can express? If you can, really and from my heart I cannot. I return again to melancholy. Pray, however, tell me, is it a satisfaction? that will make it one to me; and we will think alike, as friends ought, and you shall hear from me punctually just when you will.

BY LORD BOLINGBROKE.

Our friend, who is just returned from a progress of three months, and is setting out in three days with me for the Bath, where he will stay till toward the middle of October, left this letter with me yesterday, and I cannot seal and despatch it till I have scribbled the remainder of this page full. He talks very pompously of my metaphysics, and places them in a very honourable station. It is true I have written six letters and a half to him on subjects of that kind, and I propose a letter and a half more, which would swell the whole up to a considerable volume. But he thinks me fonder of the name of an author than I am. When he and you, and one or two other friends have seen them, *satis magnum theatrum mihi estis*, I shall not have the itch of making them more public. I know how little regard you pay to writings of this kind; but I imagine that if you can like any such, it must be those that strip metaphysics of all their bombast, keep within the sight of every well-constituted eye, and never bewilder themselves while they pretend to guide the reason of others. I wrote to you a long letter some time ago, and sent it by the post. Did it come to your hands, or did the inspectors of private correspondence stop it, to revenge themselves of the ill said of them in it? *Vale et me ama.*

PICKLE-HERRING TO MR. FAULKNER.[a]

SIRRAH,[b]—Are not you the rascal that makes so free with my family? Had you once recollected that, graceless and despised as he is, that same serjeant Kite,[c] was my brother, and, however marred in the making, was born to be as great a man as myself; had you thought with what vengeance a man in my high station can espouse any one's quarrel, and especially that of a sinking brother, durst you presume to run these lengths? Mark what I am going to say; bitter is the sorrow, hot, sour, and cutting is the sauce you are to taste after your merry conceits on my poor brother; and what mortal can expect better that meddles with the very worst of the family of the Pickles. Recollect at last, and tremble! Whom hast thou offended and stirred up to wrath, thou little pitiful swad? More would I say to thee, but that I take thee right; I look upon thee only as the foul pipe through which the filth and nastiness of the whole nation is squirted in the teeth of my unfortunate brother, the unlucky graceless dog, that has brought all this on himself; but alas, my brother! But, however provoked, are your scribbling spitfires never to be satisfied? One should think that by this time, if the poor soul had not enough, they certainly had! Is it not sufficient for them to see a man of learning and law, a man of singular inimitable eloquence, a man of unparalleled graceful action, a man of unspeakable, inconceivable truth, justice, and sincerity, exemplary religion, strict virtue, nice honour, and sterling worth in general, past finding out? I say, is it not sufficient to see a luminary like this new shining in meridian lustre, but anon set for ever in a puddly cloud? Is it not sufficient to see him so unmasked and stigmatized that he can be no longer a tool even for a court

a Indorsed by Dr. Swift, "An excellent droll paper"

b This humorous letter, although addressed to Mr Faulkner, was ultimately designed for the entertainment of Dr. Swift.

c Bettesworth, serjeant-at-law, whose character is well known for the assault he made upon Dr. Swift in the year 1733, was frequently persecuted by the young poets under the name of serjeant Kite.

sharper, and (what's worst of all for him) no longer to be in pay with them? Is it not sufficient to see his poor skull (God help it) incurably bumped and bulged by that damnable bounce of his against the pulpit cornish? Is it not sufficient to see with what pain and shame he wriggles along by that confounded splinter of the bar he lately got thrust into his ——, and which has left him a running sore to his dying day? Is it not sufficient to see him, all the last term, walk about in merry sadness, an idle spectator in the courts, where he was not retained even for his most noted talent of dirt-flinger? O you swarms of green counsels and attorneys! I wonder not to see you posted about Idler's Corner[a] looking sharp as dinnerless men for a lucky pop on a client; but why, oh! why should this ever be the case of my hapless brother? O fortune! fortune! cruel are thy sports! Is it not sufficient to see him doubly tormented in putting a good countenance on treatment which is inwardly gnawing and consuming him? in which state his whole comfort is, that for half a score years at least his conscience could never upbraid him: O the comfort of an easy conscience! Is it not sufficient to see him at Ballyspellin, and everywhere he goes, the common butt of gibe, wink, and titter? Is it not sufficient that, after what has been flying about since he left it, he knows not how to show his face in town, nor how to stand the infinite mortifications he is to meet with this winter? Is it not sufficient that, as his case stands, it is the serjeant against all the world, and all the world against the serjeant? Wretched case, when a creature has not even the cheap relief of common pity! And is not all this sufficient? No, the virulent crew tell me that, as long as the terrible tumour in his breast continues hard, the caustic and corrosives must be applied, and that none but injudicious quacks would talk of emollients and lenitives, until some at least of the corrupt and fœtid matter is discharged. In short, they tell me that as long as the cause remains, and the world likes the operations, the cure must go on the same way! Well, go on, ye scoundrels, go on! and make him as wretched and contemptible as you can; and when you have done your worst, I will make a provision for him that shall alarm you all; shall make some burst with envy, and others to look on him with a merry face, whom they so long beheld with hatred and derision.

To keep neither him nor the world longer in suspense, know ye that I will take him home to myself, and after a little of my tutoring, not a turn in his intellects, expression, or action, (which now are subject of satire,) that shall not soon become matter of high panegyric. O ye dogs you, I will set him over all your heads! I will advance him to a place of performance which he was born for, and which (however he thought of it all the while) he was not ill bred to; and there he is sure to meet with the honour and applause he might in vain expect on any other stage.

As for your part, little pert whipper-snapper Faulkner, is it base fear, or is it insufferable vanity in you to talk of correction from the hands of my brother? Had you been anything above the sorry remnant of a man, you might perhaps come in for the honour of a gentle drubbing; but a little rascal that has already one leg in the grave, what satisfaction or credit would it be to him to beat thee abominably, or even slay thee outright? No, but, sirrah, if our brother doctor Anthony[b] were alive, rot you, in spite of your rascally Keven-bail,[a] and your scribbling janissaries he should set up his wheel just before your door, and on his pole, thrust up your fundament, he should twirl you about till your brains tumbled down into the hollow of your wooden shin-bone, and till all the bones in your skin rattled and snapped like pease-poppers in a bladder. Take that from your sworn and mortal enemy,

PICKLE-HERRING.

[a] Idler's Corner is a bookseller's shop, the corner of High-street and Christ Church-lane, Dublin, near the four courts.

[b] A whimsical kind of man who had abundance of low humour, and frequently used to entertain the schoolboys and populace with his harangues and pleasantry, mounted upon a ladder in some corner of a street. He died about eight or ten years before the date of this letter.

FROM DR. ARBUTHNOT.

Hampstead, October 4, 1734.

MY DEAR AND WORTHY FRIEND,—You have no reason to put me among the rest of your forgetful friends; for I wrote two long letters to you, to which I never received one word of answer. The first was about your health; the last I sent a great while ago by one De la Mar. I can assure you with great truth that none of your friends or acquaintance has a more warm heart toward you than myself. I am going out of this troublesome world; and you among the rest of my friends shall have my last prayers and good wishes.

The young man whom you recommended came to this place, and I promised to do him what service my ill state of health would permit. I came out to this place so reduced by a dropsy and an asthma that I could neither sleep, breathe, eat, nor move. I most earnestly desired and begged of God that he would take me. Contrary to my expectation, upon venturing to ride (which I had forborne for some years, because of bloody water) I recovered my strength to a pretty considerable degree, slept, and had my stomach again; but I expect the return of my symptoms upon my return to London, and the return of the winter. I am not in circumstances to live an idle country life; and no man at my age ever recovered of such a disease further than by an abatement of the symptoms. What I did I can assure you was not for life but ease. For I am at present in the case of a man that was almost in harbour, and then blown back to sea; who has a reasonable hope of going to a good place, and an absolute certainty of leaving a very bad one. Not that I have any particular disgust at the world; for I have as great comfort in my own family, and from the kindness of my friends, as any man; but the world, in the main, displeases me; and I have too true a presentiment of calamities that are likely to befall my country. However, if I should have the happiness to see you before I die, you will find that I enjoy the comforts of life with my usual cheerfulness. I cannot imagine why you are frighted from a journey to England. The reasons you assign are not sufficient; the journey I am sure would do you good. In general I recommend riding, of which I have always had a good opinion, and can now confirm it from my own experience.

My family give you their love and service. The great loss I sustained in one of them gave me my first shock; and the trouble I have with the rest to bring them to a right temper, to bear the loss of a father who loves them, and whom they love, is really a most sensible affliction to me. I am afraid, my dear friend, we shall never see one another more in this world. I shall, to the last moment,[b] preserve my love and esteem for you, being well assured you will never leave the paths of virtue and honour; for all that is in this world is not worth the least deviation from that way. It will be great pleasure to me to hear from you sometimes; for none can be with more sincerity than I am, my dear friend, your most faithful friend and humble servant,

JO. ARBUTHNOT.

[a] Keven bayl was a cant name for the mob of the Liberty of St Patrick.

[b] Dr. Arbuthnot died in March, 1735.

FROM SIR WILLIAM FOWNES.*

From my Observatory in the Parliament-house, October 18, 1734.

SIR,—There are a sort of gentlemen, who, after great labour and cost, have at last found out that two dishes of meat will not cost half so much as five or six, and yet answer the end of filling the bellies of as many as usually fed upon the five or six.

I have considered that a like sort of reduction in other articles may have the like proportion of good effect; as for instance, when any one bespeaks a pair of shoes, a pair of stockings, or a pair of gloves, they should bespeak a pair and a half of each, and make use of these turn about: I am very confident they will answer the end of two pair; by which good management a quarter part of the expense in those article may be saved. Perhaps it may be objected, that this is a spoiling of trade; to which I answer, that when the makers of those sorts of ware shall reduce their rates a quarter part, (instead of enhancing them as has been done in some late years unreasonably,) and now ought to be reduced according to the rates of wool and leather;

Then it may be reasonable to bespeak two pair instead of a pair and a half.

Another objection may be started as to gloves, with a query, Which of the hands shall be obliged with two gloves? To this I answer, That generally the left hand is used but seldom, and not exposed as the other to many offices; one of which in particular is the handling of ladies. For these reasons two gloves ought to be granted to the right hand.

There are many other frugal improvements, which, as soon as I have discoursed Thomas Turner, the Quaker, who is now upon finding out the longitude, and further improving the latitude, I shall be able to demonstrate what sort of meat, and the joints, will best answer this frugal scheme, as likewise in clothing and other parts of good economy; and they shall be communicated to you by, sir, your most humble servant,

PHILO MÆ.

TO MR. POPE.

November 1, 1734.

I HAVE yours with my lord Bolingbroke's postscript of September 15; it was long on its way, and for some weeks after the date I was very ill with my two inveterate disorders, giddiness and deafness. The latter is pretty well off, but the other makes me totter towards evenings, and much dispirits me. But I continue to ride and walk, both of which, although they be no cures, are at least amusements. I did never imagine you to be either inconstant, or to want right notions of friendship, but I apprehend your want of health; and it has been a frequent wonder to me how you have been able to entertain the world so long, so frequently, so happily, under so many bodily disorders. My lord Bolingbroke says you have been three months rambling, which is the best thing you can possibly do in a summer season; and when the winter recalls you, we will for our own interest leave you to your own speculations. God be thanked, I have done with everything and of every kind that requires writing, except now and then a letter; or, like a true old man, scribbling trifles only fit for children, or schoolboys of the lowest class at best, which three or four of us read and laugh at to-day, and burn to-morrow. Yet what is singular, I never am without some great work in view, enough to take up forty years of the most vigorous, healthy man: although I am convinced that I shall never be able to finish three treatises that have lain by me several years, and want nothing but correction. My lord B. said in his postscript that you would go to Bath in three days; we since heard that you were dangerously ill there, and that the newsmongers gave you over. But a gentleman of this kingdom, on his return from Bath, assured me he left you well, and so did some others whom I have forgot. I am sorry at my heart that you are pestered with people who come in my name, and I profess to you it is without my knowledge. I am confident I shall hardly ever have occasion again to recommend; for my friends here are very few, and fixed to the freehold, from whence nothing but death will remove them. Surely I never doubted about your "Essay on Man:" and I would lay any odds that I would never fail to discover you in six lines, unless you had a mind to write below or beside yourself on purpose. I confess I did never imagine you were so deep in morals, or that so many new and excellent rules could be produced so advantageously and agreeably in that science from any one head. I confess in some few places I was forced to read twice; I believe I told you before what the duke of Dorset said to me on that occasion, how a judge here who knows you, told him that, on the first reading those essays, he was much pleased, but found some lines a little dark; on the second, most of them cleared up, and his pleasure increased; on the third, he had no doubt remained, and then he admired the whole. My lord Bolingbroke's attempt of reducing metaphysics to intelligible sense and usefulness will be a glorious undertaking; and as I never knew him fail in anything he attempted, if he had the sole management, so I am confident he will succeed in this. I desire you will allow that I write to you both at present, and so I shall while I live; it saves your money and my time; and he being your genius, no matter to which it is addressed. I am happy that what you write is printed in large letters, otherwise, between the weakness of my eyes and the thickness of my hearing I should lose the greatest pleasure that is left me. Pray command my lord Bolingbroke to follow that example, if I live to read his metaphysics. Pray God bless you both. I had a melancholy account from the doctor of his health. I will answer his letter as soon as I can. I am ever entirely yours,

JONATHAN SWIFT.

FROM THE REV. MARMADUKE PHILIPS.

Marston, in Somersetshire, November 2, 1734.

SIR,—You may be assured that I should not have denied myself so long the pleasure of that great privilege and favour you allowed me at our parting, of corresponding with you while I staid in England, but that I waited to give you some account of the success of your kind and friendly negotiation for me in the letter you were so good to give me to lord Orrery, and that I could not do before this week; for though I delivered my credentials to his lordship near a month ago, yet we did not talk over the affair till very lately; for as I thought it my duty to wait his time and leisure, I did not press him for an answer; and as I have all the reason in the world to imagine, from the many friendly offices you have done me, that you would rejoice at any good that may befall me, so I can at length tell you that it was as favourable as I could well wish for, considering every thing and circumstance attending that affair; for it seems the scheme in relation to Mr. Taylor's giving my mother and me so much money for our good-will in the lease can never take place, for many very good reasons his lordship gave me, which are too tedious now to trouble you with; and therefore he only told me in general terms that, as he thought our case a little hard and severe, somewhat or other at the expiration of the lease must be done for me, but in what manner it was not possible for him to say; which surely was as much as any conscionable and reasonable man (and God forbid that I

* Indorsed, "A humorous project."

should ever prove otherwise) could expect; in short, his kind reception of me at Marston, and the handsome manner he has behaved himself toward me in every particular since I came to him, has been like lord Orrery himself; and now to whom must I attribute all this? not to any merit or conduct of my own, for I am conscious of none, but to the worthy dean of St. Patrick's, who takes delight in doing all the good he can to those who have the invaluable happiness and honour of being acquainted with him; and therefore what a monster of ingratitude should I be not to acknowledge the channel through which this intended bounty of his lordship is to flow to me, let it be more or less? *Agnosco fontem;* for without controversy, you have been the means of bringing all this about; for which I shall say no more being but bitter bad at making speeches) but the Lord reward you, and to assure you good sir that this your act of friendship *manet et manebit alta mente repostum.* His lordship told me that he would answer your letter very soon; and as his pen and head infinitely transcend mine, it is likely you will have then a clearer and better account of this matter than I can possibly give you.

I have been under an unspeakable concern at an account I lately saw from Ireland of a return of your old disorders of giddiness and deafness; but I still flatter myself that it is not so bad with you as my fears have represented it, which makes me long impatiently to hear how you really are; but I am in hopes your usual *medicina gymnastica* will carry it off; if it does not, more the pity say I, and so will all say, I am confident, that know you; but surely ten thousand times more pity is it that you are not like one of Gulliver's Struldbrugs, immortal; but alas! that cannot be, such is the condition of miserable man; which puts me often in mind of the following lines I have somewhere or other met with, which I apply now and then to myself, by way of cordial:—

What's past we know, and what's to come must be,
Or good or bad, is much the same to me;
Since death must end my joy or misery,
Fix'd be my thoughts on immortality.

But hold! I believe I begin to preach; and it is well if you do not think by this time that I imagine myself in Rathenny[a] pulpit instead of writing a letter to the dean, and therefore I forbear.

I know writing in your present circumstances must be so very troublesome and uneasy to you that I am not quite so unreasonable as to expect it from you; but whenever your health permits you, it will be an infinite pleasure and satisfaction to me to hear from you; and the safest way of sending a letter to me will be under cover to lord Orrery, at Marston, near Frome, in Somersetshire. I shall trouble you, sir, with my compliments to my very good friends and neighbours, lady Acheson and her mother, for whom I have a very real esteem and value, and also to Dr. Helsham and his lady, and with my very affectionate love and service to all my Sunday companions at the deanery.[b]

I have no novelties to entertain you with from hence: for here we lead a very retired and perfectly rural life; but when I get to London (which I believe will not be till after Christmas, because, as I am within ten or a dozen miles of Bath, I have some thoughts of making a trip thither, and try what good those waters will do me), you may depend upon having an account of what passes in the political and learned world that is possible for me to come at and convey to you, and I hope to be then honoured with all your commissions and commands in that place; for I wish for nothing more than an opportunity of showing with how much gratitude and true esteem for all your favours, I am, sir, your most obedient and much obliged humble servant,

MARMADUKE PHILIPS.

I have seen your friend Mrs. Cope at Bath, and she desired me to send her compliments to you.

FROM LADY BETTY GERMAIN.

London, November 7, 1734.

Do not accuse me of forsaking you: indeed it is not the least in my thoughts; but I heard you were ill, and had no letter from you, so doubted being troublesome. I was about two months ago at my own house, and had my duke and duchess with me. The rest of my time was divided between lord president [Spencer] and Knowle. I have now left their graces in the country, where I hope they will not stay long; for she has been very ill, though now recovered.

I am always more frighted when my friends are sick there, because there is neither physic nor physician that is good for anything. Indeed I cannot answer whether your lord-lieutenant will be the same or not. All that I can say is, that if he asks my consent for it he shall not have it. I have no acquaintance with the duke of Chandos, nor I believe has the duke of Dorset much. And to be sure it would be to no purpose to ask him for those records[a] again, because, if he would have parted with them, he would have done it on your asking. And whether it be useful or not, just to him, yet few people would care to part with what must enhance the value of their libraries; but if he succeeds the duke of Dorset, then for certain he will be easily persuaded to make a compliment of them to the kingdom. Your friend Dr. Arbuthnot, I hear, is out of order again. I have not seen him lately, and I fear he is in a very declining way. I fancy it would be prodigiously good for your health to come to England, which would be a great pleasure to your most sincere old friend and humble servant,

E. GERMAIN.

FROM MRS. PENDARVES.

Gloucester, November 20, 1734.

SIR,—I am truly concerned at your having been so much out of order; I most heartily wish you constant health and happiness, though that is of little use to you, and only serves to do honour to myself, by showing I know how to prize what is valuable.

I should have returned you thanks much sooner for the favour of your last letter, but when I received it I was preparing for my journey hither, and have ever since had so great a disorder in one of my eyes, that till this moment I have not been able to make my acknowledgments to you. I wonder you should be at a loss for a reason for my writing to you: we all love honour and pleasure; were your letters dull, do you imagine my vanity would not be fond of corresponding with the dean of St. Patrick's? But the last reason you give I like best, and will stick by, which is, that

a Mr. Philips's benefice, near Dublin.

b It was customary for the doctor's friends and acquaintances to visit him on Sunday afternoons, and spend the evening with him; so that every one who was at leisure to go there was sure of meeting variety of good company.

a These records were manuscripts relating to the history of Ireland, which had been collected by sir James Ware (who was recorder of Dublin) before, after, and during the troubles of 1641. When lord Clarendon was lord-lieutenant, in 1686, he got these manuscripts from the heir of sir James, and brought them into England. After lord Clarendon's death they were sold to the hon. Mr. Brydges, afterwards duke of Chandos. The catalogue of them was printed in 1697, in the large folio catalogue of all the libraries both in England and Ireland, and the dean having read that account of them, was very desirous to procure them for public use. See a letter written by the dean to the duke of Chandos, dated August 31, 1734, soliciting his grace to present them to the public library at Dublin, in this volume.

I am a more constant nymph than all your goddesses of much longer acquaintance; and furthermore, I venture to promise you are in no danger of receiving a *boutade*, if that depends on my will. As for those fasting days you talk of[a] they are, I confess, alluring baits, and I should certainly have been with you in three packets, according to your commands, could I either fly or swim; but I am a heavy lump, destined for a few years to this earthly element, and cannot move about without the concurrent assistance of several animals that are very expensive.

Now for business: as soon as I received your letter I went to your brother Lansdown, and spoke to him about the duke of Chandos. He desired me to make his compliments to you, and to tell you he was very sorry he could be of no service to you in that affair; but he has had no manner of correspondence or even acquaintance with the duke these fifteen years. I have put it, however, into hands that will pursue it diligently, and I hope obtain for you what you desire; if they do not succeed you must not call me negligent; for whatever lies in my power to serve you, is of too much consequence for me to neglect.

I have left my good friend and your humble servant, Mrs. Donellan, behind me in London, where she meets with little entertainment suitable to her understanding; and she is a much fitter companion for the Dublin Thursday Society than for the trifling company she is now engaged in; and I wish you had her with you (since I cannot have her), because I know she would be happier than where she is, and my wish I think no bad one for you. Neither my eyes nor paper will hold out any longer. I beg my compliments to all your friends, and am, sir, your most faithful humble servant, M. PENDARVES.

FROM MR. JARVIS[b]

Hampton, November 24, 1734.

DEAR MR. DEAN,—You can hardly imagine how rejoiced I am at finding my old friend the bishop of Worcester[c] so hale at 83-4! No complaint; he does but begin to stoop, and I am forced myself, every now and then, to awaken myself to walk tolerably upright, famous as I was lately for a wight of uncommon vigour, and consequently spirits to spare. If ever I see Dublin again, and your Teague escapes hanging so long, I will myself truss him up for non-admittance when you were in a conversable condition. I am sure the lady will send you Mr. Conolly's[d] picture with pleasure, when I tell her you expect it. Our friend Pope is off and on, here and there, everywhere and nowhere, *à son ordinaire*, and therefore as well as we can hope for a carcase so crazy. He assures me he has done his duty in writing frequently to the dean, because he is sure it gives you some amusement, as he is rejoiced at all yours; therefore you must write away. Upon inquiry, I learn that exercise is the best medicine for your giddiness. Penny made Mrs. Pendarves happy with a print of yours, and I do not fail to distribute them to all your well-wishers. I am, dear dean, yours most affectionately,

CHARLES JARVIS.

I held out bravely the three weeks' fogs, &c., and am very well.

FROM MR. POPE.

Twickenham, December 19, 1734.

I AM truly sorry for any complaint you have, and it is in regard to the weakness of your eyes that I write (as well as print) in folio. You will think (I know you will, for you have all the candour of a good understanding) that the thing which men of our age feel the most is the friendship of our equals; and that therefore whatever affects those who are stept a few years before us, cannot but sensibly affect us who are to follow. It troubles me to hear you complain of your memory, and if I am in any part of my constitution younger than you, it will be in my remembering everything that has pleased me in you, longer than perhaps you will. The two summers we passed together dwell always on my mind, like a vision which gave me a glimpse of a better life, and better company, than this world otherwise afforded. I am now an invidual upon whom no other depends; and may go where I will if the wretched carcase I am annexed to did not hinder me. I rambled, by very easy journeys, this year to lord Bathurst and lord Peterborough, who upon every occasion commemorate, love, and wish for you. I now pass my days between Dawley, London, and this place; not studious nor idle; rather polishing old works than hewing out new. I redeem now and then a paper that has been abandoned several years; and of this sort you will see one which I inscribe to our old friend Arbuthnot.

Thus far I had written, and thinking to finish my letter the same evening, was prevented by company, and the next morning found myself in a fever, highly disordered, and so continued in bed for five days, and in my chamber till now; but so well recovered as to hope to go abroad to-morrow, even by the advice of Dr. Arbuthnot. He himself, poor man, is much broke, though not worse than for these two last months he has been. He took extremely kind your letter. I wish to God we could once meet again, before that separation which yet I would be glad to believe shall reunite us; but he who made us, not for ours, but his purposes, knows only whether it be for the better or the worse that the affections of this life should or should not continue into the other: and doubtless it is as it should be. Yet I am sure that while I am here, and the thing that I am, I shall be imperfect without the communication of such friends as you; you are to me like a limb lost and buried in another country; though we seem quite divided, every accident makes me feel you were once a part of me. I always consider you so much as a friend, that I forget you are an author, perhaps too much; but it is as much as I would desire you would do to me. However, if I could inspirit you to bestow correction upon those three treatises which you say are so near completed, I should think it a better work than any I can pretend to of my own. I am almost at the end of my morals, as I have been long ago of my wit; my system is a short one, and my circle narrow. Imagination has no limits, and that is a sphere in which you may move on to eternity; but where one is confined to truth (or to speak more like a human creature, to the appearances of truth), we soon find the shortness of our tether. Indeed, by the help of a metaphysical chain of ideas, one may extend the circulation, go round and round for ever, without making any progress beyond the point to which Providence has pinned us; but this does not satisfy me, who would rather say a little to no purpose than a great deal. Lord Bolingbroke is voluminous, but he is voluminous only to destroy volumes. I shall not live, I fear, to see that work printed; he is so taken up still (in spite of the monitory hint given in the first line of my Essay,—

a That is, dining upon two or three dishes at the deanery; which, in comparison of magnificent tables, the doctor used to call fasting.

b A celebrated painter, contemporary with sir Godfrey Kneller.

c Dr. John Hough, bishop of Worcester.

d Speaker of the house of commons, one of the lords-justices, and a commissioner of the revenue in Ireland.

"Awake, my St. John, leave all meaner things
To low ambition and the pride of kings),"

with particular men, that he neglects mankind, and is still a creature of this world, not of the universe: this world, which is a name we give to Europe, to England, to Ireland, to London, to Dublin, to the court, to the castle, and so diminishing till it comes to our own affairs, and our own persons. When you write (either to him or to me, for we accept it all as one), rebuke him for it, as a divine if you like it, or as a badineur, if you think that more effectual.

What I write will show you that my head is yet weak. I had written to you by that gentleman from the Bath, but I did not know him, and everybody that comes from Ireland pretends to be a friend of the dean's. I am always glad to see any that are truly so, and therefore do not mistake anything I said so as to discourage your sending any such to me. Adieu.

FROM DR. SHERIDAN.

December 25, 1734.

Dear Sir,—Mr. R. Hamilton is glad the venison got safe to you; it was carried by a county Cavan man in the 75th year of his age, who went off on Wednesday morning, was back with us on Saturday night, in all 101 miles. He was much affronted that a young fellow was proposed for the expedition——There's a county Cavan man for you!

As for myself, I am grown thirty years younger, by no other method than eating, drinking and breathing freely in this Elysium of the universe. Happy will it be for you (if I misjudge not, and very seldom I do, as you yourself, can witness, who have known me above sixteen years, and I believe a little more, if my memory fails me not, as I have no reason to think it does; for I do not find it in the least impaired) to convey yourself into the finest apartment of our Elysium, I mean to Castle Hamilton, where you will find a most hearty welcome, and all the delights this world can give——But you must take me along with you.

Nothing could give me greater pleasure than to hear that your innocent subjects of the Kevin-Bayl[a] escaped the gallows, in spite of Bettisworth[b] and all his add hay rents——If he were to make them a holiday, it should make one for me and my boys likewise.

Sunday we had a very hard frost—yesterday morning fair—the afternoon, all night, and this morning to ten, was rain—now fair again, but lowering.

We are just now going to dinner at captain Perrott's, where your health is never omitted, both as dean and drapier. I forgot to tell you that there is a drapier's club fixed in Cavan of about thirty good fighting fellows; from whence I remark you have the heart of Ireland." Vid. Grierson's new map.—There is another Cavan Bayl for you.[c]

I have no more to trouble you with, but my good wishes for your long health and happiness. I am, dear sir, your most obedient humble servant,

Thomas Sheridan.

If you go out of town before I return, leave the key of your strong-box with Jane, that I may put my money among yours.

[a] Dr Swift used to call the people who lived in the liberty of St Patrick's his subjects: and without doubt they would have fought up to their knees in blood for him; so much was he beloved.

[b] The right spelling of this name is Betteswörth, constantly pronounced as a word of two syllables, until some poems had come out against him, and then Mr. Bettesworth affected to pronounce it as three syllables, to which this spelling by Dr. Sheridan alludes.

[c] Alluding to the inhabitants of the liberty of St. Patrick's having formed themselves into a body-guard for Swift, upon Bettesworth's threatening personal violence against him.

TO MRS DINGLEY.

December 28, 1734.

Pray God bless you, and restore your health, and give you many happy new years. I send you your usual Christmas-box. I will see you as soon as I can, I am tolerably well, but have no security to continue so. We must all submit, both by piety and necessity. I am ever entirely yours. I send you two bottles of wine.[a]

Jonathan Swift.

TO THE DUKE OF DORSET.

January 14, 1735.

My Lord,—I am assured that your grace will have several representations of an affair relating to the university here from some very considerable persons in this kingdom. However, I could not refuse the application made me by a very worthy person of that society who was commissioned by some principal members of the body to desire my good offices to your grace; because they believed you thought me an honest man, and because I had the honour to be known to you from your early youth. The matter of their request related wholly to a dreadful apprehension they lie under of Dr. [John] Whetcombe's endeavour to procure a dispensation for holding his fellowship along with that church preferment bestowed on him by your grace.[b] The person sent to me on this message gave me a written paper containing the reasons why they hope your grace will not be prevailed upon to grant such a dispensation. I presume to send you an abstract of these reasons; because I may boldly assure your grace that party or faction have not the least concern in the whole affair; and as to myself, it happens that I am an entire stranger to Dr. Whetcombe.

It is alleged "That this preferment given to the doctor consists of a very large parish, worth near 600*l.* a-year, in a very fine country thirty miles from Dublin; that it abounds very much with papists, and consequently a most important cure, requiring the rector's residence, beside some other assistant; which being so rich, it might well afford.

"That as to such dispensations, they find in their college books but three or four instances since the revolution, and these in cases very different from the present: for those few livings which had dispensations to be held with a fellowship were sinecures of small value, not sufficient to induce a fellow to leave his college; and in the body of those dispensations is inserted a reason for granting them. That they were such livings as could be no hinderance in the discharge of a fellow's duty.

"That dispensations are very hurtful to their society; because they put a stop to the succession of

[a] It was known by an accident, after Dr. Swift's memory failed, that he allowed an annuity of 52*l* to Mrs Dingley; but instead of doing this with the pride of a benefactor, or gratifying his pride by making her feel her dependence, he always pretended that he acted as her agent, and that the money he paid her was the produce of a certain sum which she had in the funds; and the better to save appearances, he always took her receipt, and sometimes would pretend with great seeming vexation, that she drew upon him before he had received her money from London. However, he was punctual in paying it quarterly. He used to write the receipt himself in the following form every quarter-day, and sent it to be signed by the messenger who carried the money:—

July 25th, 1737.

"Received from Dr. Swift, dean of St. Patrick's, the sum of 13*l.* sterling, in full for one quarter's rent of payments out of funds in England, by advance of what will be due to me at Michaelmas next, in this year 1737; the said dean always paying me one quarter by advance. I say, received by me, Re. Dingley.

Mrs. Dingley died before her benefactor in July, 1743.

[b] He had a higher preferment Dec. 23 following, being raised to the united sees of Clonfert and Kilmarduagh. He was translated to the archbishopric of Cashel, Aug. 25, 1752; and died in 1754.

fellowships, and thereby give a check to that emulation, industry, and improvement in learning which the hopes of gaining a fellowship will best incite young students with.

"That, if this dispensation should take place, it may prove a precedent for the like practice in future times; which will be very injurious to the society, by encouraging fellows to apply for dispensations when they have interest enough to get preferments, by which the senior fellows will be settled in the college for life; and thus, for want of a succession any other way than by death or marriage, all encouragement to young diligent students will be wholly lost.

"That a junior fellowship is of very small value, and to arrive at it requires good sense as well as long and close study; to which young students are only encouraged by hopes of succeeding, in a reasonable time, to be one of the seven seniors, which hopes will be quite cut off when those seniors are perpetuated by dispensations.

"That the fellows at their admittance into their fellowships take a solemn oath never to accept of any church preferment above a certain value, and distance from Dublin, as long as they continue fellows; to which oath the accepting of a dispensation by Dr. Whetcombe is directly contrary, in both particulars of value and distance.

"That at this time there is a set of very hopeful young men, in long and close study, to stand for the first vacant fellowship, who will be altogether discouraged and drop their endeavours in the pursuit of learning, by being disappointed in their hopes of Dr. Whetcombe's leaving the college, and opening a way for one of them to succeed in a fellowship."

These, my lord, are the sum of the reasons brought me by a very worthy person, a fellow of that college, and recommended by some of the most deserving in that body; and I have shortened them as much as I could.

I shall only trouble your grace with one or two of my own remarks upon this subject.

The university, and in some sense the whole kingdom, are full of acknowledgment for the honour your grace has done them, in trusting the care of one of your sons[b] to be educated in the college of Dublin, which hopes to be always in your grace's favour: and by your influence, while you govern here, as well as the credit you will always deserve at court, will ever desire to be protected in their rights.

Your grace will please to know, that a fellowship in this university differs much, in some very important circumstances, from most of those in either of the universities in England.

My lord George will tell your grace, that a fellowship is here obtained with great difficulty by the number of candidates, the strict examination in many branches of learning, and the regularity of life and manners. It is also disposed of with much solemnity: the examiners take an oath at the altar, to give their vote according to their consciences.

The university is patron of some church preferments, which are offered to the several fellows downward to the lowest in holy orders.

I beg your grace to consider, that there being very little trade here, there is no encouragement for gentlemen to breed their sons to merchandise: that not many great employments, in church or law, fall to the share of persons born here: that the last resource of younger sons is to the church: where, if well befriended, they may chance to rise to some reasonable spiritual maintenance: although we do not want instances of some clergymen well born and of good reputation, who have been, and still are, curates for thirty years; which has been a great discouragement to others who have no other means left to provide for their children.

Your grace will not want opportunities, while you continue in this government, and by your most deserved favour with his majesty, to make Dr. Whetcombe easier in his preferment, by some addition that no person or society can have the least pretence to complain of. And I humbly beg your grace, out of the high veneration I bear to your person and virtues, that you will please to let Dr. Whetcombe content himself for a while with that rich preferment, (one of the best in the kingdom,) until it shall lie in your way further to promote him to his own content. If, upon his admittance to his fellowship, he took an oath never to accept a church living thus circumstantiated, and hold it with his fellowship, it will be thought hardly reconcilable to conscience to receive a dispensation.

I humbly entreat your grace to forgive this long trouble I have given you; wherein I have no sort of interest except that which proceeds from an earnest desire that your grace may continue, as you have begun from your youth, without incurring the least censure from the world, or giving the least cause of discontent to any deserving person. I am, &c.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

b Lord George, his grace's third son. His lordship was under the tuition of Dr. Whetcombe and Mr. Molloy, the one a senior, the other a junior fellow of Trinity College, Dublin.

FROM MRS. DONNELLAN.

London, January 19, 1735.

SIR,—My brother tells me you are so good to inquire after me, and to speak in a very kind manner of me, which as it gives me the greatest pleasure, so it raises in me the highest gratitude. I find I have a great advantage in being very inconsiderable; I dare believe people sincere when they profess themselves my friends; I consider I am not a wit, a beauty, nor a fortune; then why should I be flattered? I have but two or three qualities that I value myself upon, and those are so much out of fashion that I make no parade of them; I am very sincere, I endeavour to be grateful, and I have just sense enough to discern superior merit, and to be delighted with the least approbation from it. My brother some time ago gave me hopes of receiving a letter from you; but he now tells me your ill state of health has made writing uneasy to you. I grieve much at my loss, but more at the occasion of it; and I write now only to return my best thanks for your good opinion and designs, not to solicit new favours, or give you the trouble of answering this. I hope next summer to be in Ireland, where I shall expect to receive your answer in person, when the sun, with its usual blessings, shall give us this additional one of restoring you to that state of health that all those who have the happiness of knowing you, either as a friend and companion, or lover of your country, must with the greatest earnestness desire. You will laugh perhaps, sir, at my saying I hope to see Ireland this year; indeed, the generality of our country folks who spend a little time here, and get into any tolerable acquaintance, seem to forget they have any other country till a knavish receiver or their breaking tenants put them in mind of it; but I assure you I have so little of the fine lady in me that I prefer a sociable evening in Dublin to all the diversions of London, and the conversation of an ingenious friend, though in a black gown, to all the powdered toupet at St. James's. What has kept me seven years in London is the duty I owe a very good mother of giving her my company since she desires it, and the conveniency I enjoy with her of a house, coach, and servants at my

command. I suppose, sir, you know Mrs. Pendarves has been for some time at Gloucester; she has preferred a pious visit to a sick mother, in a dull country town, to London in its gayest dress; she tells me she designs next month to return to us; the only uneasiness I shall have in leaving London is the parting with so valuable and tender a friend; but as she promises me that if I stay in Ireland she will make it another visit, I think for the good of my country I must leave her. But while I am indulging myself in telling you my thoughts and designs, I should consider I am perhaps making you a troublesome or unseasonable visit; if so, use me as all impertinent things should be used; take no notice of me; all I designed in writing to you was to let you know the high sense I have of all your favours, and that I am, with the greatest gratitude and esteem, sir, your most obliged obedient humble servant,

H. DONNELLAN.

I beg you will be so good to give my best wishes and services to Dr. Delany and Dr. Helsham.

FROM LADY BETTY GERMAIN.

February 13, 1735.

You are a fine gentleman indeed to teach his grace of Dorset such saucy words; and we have quarrelled so much about it that I do not know but I shall oblige him to meet me behind Montague-house. He says it is some time ago that he *commanded* me to write to you to assure you he thought himself very much obliged to you for your letter, and that he takes it as a proof of your friendship and good-will to him. So far I own is true; he did humbly beg the favour of me to write you this a great while ago; but I understood he had something else more to say, so delayed writing; and though I cannot but own I have seen him pretty often since, yet (at the times I could speak to him) my addle head constantly forgot to ask him what he had to say. So now he says he will do his own business and write to you soon himself.

The countess [of Suffolk] has quitted the court because, after a long illness at Bath, she did not meet with a reception that she liked; though her mistress appeared excessively concerned, and expressed great uneasiness at parting with her; and my opinion is that not only her master and mistress but her very enemies will have reason to repent the part they have acted by her.

Now I have answered all I can tell you that you want to know, I bid my dear dean adieu.

ROM THE EARL OF STRAFFORD.*

London, February 18, 1735.

SIR,—To honour, and esteem, and admire you is general to all that know or have heard of you; but to be pleased with your commands, and glad and diligent to obey them is peculiar to your true friends, of which number I am very desirous to be reckoned. On receiving your letter by Mr. Skerret, I immediately undertook to do him the best service I could, and thought myself happy in having advanced his affair so far as to get his petition to the house of lords read and agreed to, and a peremptory day agreed to for his being (as this day) heard *ex parte* if the other party did not put in their answer before. I likewise got several lords to attend; but on printing his case, our new lord-chancellor [Talbot] (who at present has a great sway in the house) found out that the petition I had presented for Mr. Skerret had not fully explained matters to the house; because, upon comparing dates, the petition of appeal last year was presented late in the sessions; and that though there was then an order for the respondents to put in their answer in five weeks (the usual time for causes in Ireland) yet the parliament did not sit above a fortnight after, so that it was impossible for the respondents' answer to be put in by that time. That the parliament being dissolved, the respondents in Ireland might expect to have been served with a new order this session, which it did not appear was done; and that though in the courts below, if answers were not put in, they proceeded to hear causes *ex parte;* yet there was this difference, that there they always allowed a time for the defendant to have his cause re-heard; but in the house of lords our decrees are final, and it would be hard for any person by surprise to be absolutely cut out from making his defence. The whole house seeming to be of the same mind, they put off the cause for Thursday five weeks, and ordered the respondents, in the mean time, to be served with an order to put in their answer; and if they did not answer by that time the house would proceed absolutely to hear the cause *ex parte.* I must own to you the chancellor proposed to put it off only for a month; and it was I alone desired it might be for five weeks, giving for a reason that, since the appellant was disappointed once, after having been at the expense of feeing his counsel, he might not be so a second time; and since his adversaries were ready to make all the chicane possible, they might not have the pretence for another by saying, as the usual time was five weeks, and this order but for a month, they expected they were to be allowed the usual time; so I thought it was better giving them a week more than leaving them any room for further chicane. As I have not seen your friend Mr. Skerret since this order, I do not know how he takes it; but I was resolved to give you this account of what happened but a few hours ago, that you might be convinced of my diligence to gratify you in everything you desire of, sir, your most sincere faithful humble servant.

As the house of commons were but yesterday on the practice of opening letters, you will not wonder if I expect this to be opened.

* He had been ambassador extraordinary and plenipotentiary to the states-general during the treaty for the peace of Utrecht.

TO MR. ALDERMAN BARBER.

Deanery-house, Dublin, March 1, 1735.

MY VERY GOOD AND OLD FRIEND,—I received lately a very acceptable present which you were pleased to send me, which was an engraved picture of you, very handsomely framed, with a glass over it. I take your remembrance of me very kindly, and give you my hearty thanks. I have no other way to show my gratitude at present than by desiring another favour from you, which, however, will be less expensive. Mr. Singleton, the king's prime-serjeant here, is one of the first among the worthiest persons in this kingdom; of great honour, justice, truth, good sense, good nature, and knowledge in his faculty; this gentleman, whom I have the honour to know, although his business be too great to allow me the happiness of seeing him as often as I desire, hath commanded me to recommend the bearer, Mr. Richardson, agent to the Derry society, whereof you are a member. From such a recommendation as the prime-serjeant's I will engage that Mr. Richardson is a very deserving man, and that whatever he desires of you will be perfectly just and reasonable.

And now, my good friend, give me leave to inquire after your health, which I hope is much better than mine. Are you often in your coach at Highgate and Hampstead? Do you keep cheerful company? I know you cannot drink, but I hope your stomach for eating is not declined; and how are you treated by the gout? These and many more particulars I desire to know.

The people who read news have struck me to the

heart by the account of my dear friend doctor Arbuthnot's death; although I could expect no less by a letter I received from him a month or two ago. Do you sometimes see Mr. Pope? We still correspond pretty constantly. He publishes poems often and better than ever, which I wonder at the more, because he complains, with too much reason, of his disorders. What a havoc has death made among our friends since that of the queen! As to myself, I am grown leaner than you were when we parted last, and am never wholly free from giddiness and weakness, and sickness in my stomach, otherwise I should have been among you two or three years ago, but now I despair of that happiness. I ride a dozen miles as often as I can, and always walk the streets, except in the night, which my head will not suffer me to do. But my fortune is so sunk that I cannot afford half the necessaries or conveniences that I can still make a shift to provide myself with here. My chief support is French wine, which, although not equal to yours, I drink a bottle to myself every day. I keep three horses, two men, and an old woman, in a large empty house, and dine half the week, like a king, by myself. Thus I tell you my whole economy, which, I fear, will tire you by reading. Pray God keep you in health and happiness; and do me the justice to believe that I am, with true esteem and friendship, dear sir, your most obedient humble servant,

JONATHAN SWIFT.

You see by my many blottings and interlinings what a condition my head is in.

FROM LORD CARTERET.

Jermyn street, March 6, 1735.

SIR,—I had the honour of your letter, and attended the cause yesterday, and the day before; it went for your friend upon the justest principle, and that unanimously. He did not only carry his cause before the house, but his future cause springing out of this, is mended by the decree. The chancellor said, the respondent had more reason to appeal than the appellant. Mr. Lindsay, who informed you right in all the matters you mentioned to me, will inform you, on perusing our decree, of the reason of the chancellor's expression. I have a partiality for captain Rowley in everything but judicature; and in that capacity, if judge Lindsay and I sat together, I fancy, by what I know of him, that we should seldom disagree.

I thank you for taking notice of the prosperous events that have happened to my family. If alliance and the thoughts of prosperity can bind a man to the interest of his country, I am certainly bound to stand by liberty; and when you see me forgetful of that, may you treat me like Traulus and Pistorides.[a] I am impatient for four volumes, said to be your works, for which my wife and I have subscribed; and we expected a dozen of copies from Mr. Tickell last packet.

I intend these works shall be the first foundation of the libraries of my three grandsons. In the meantime they will be studied by my son and sons-in-law.

I desire you will condescend to make my compliments to Dr. Delany, for whom I have a most hearty esteem, though I know he thinks me not serious enough upon certain arduous points of antiquity.

Sir, that you may enjoy the continuance of all happiness is my wish; as for futurity, I know your name will be remembered, when the names of kings, lords-lieutenants, archbishops, and parliament politicians will be forgotten at last, you yourself must fall into oblivion, which may happen in less than a thousand years, though the term may be uncertain, and will depend on the progress that barbarity and ignorance may make, notwithstanding the sedulous endeavours to the contrary, of the great prelates in this and succeeding ages. My wife, my mother, my mother-in-law, my &c., &c., &c., all join with me in good wishes to you; and I hope you will continue to believe that I am, with the greatest respect, sir, your most humble and most obedient servant,

CARTERET.

[a] Joshua, lord Allen, and Richard Tighe, esq.

TO WILLIAM PULTENEY, ESQ.

Dublin, March 8, 1735.

SIR,—Mr. Stopford going to England upon some particular affair, I gladly complied with his desire, that I should do myself the honour of writing to you, because, as useless as I am, and although I shall never have the happiness to see you, yet my ambition to have some small place in your memory will live as long as myself.

I will do an unmannerly thing, which is, to bequeath you an epitaph for forty years hence, in two words, *Ultimus Britannorum.* You never forsook your party. You might often have been as great as the court can make any man so; but you preserved your spirit of liberty when your former colleagues had utterly sacrificed theirs; and if it shall ever begin to breathe in these days, it must entirely be owing to yourself and one or two friends. But it is altogether impossible for any nation to preserve its liberty long under a tenth part of the present luxury, infidelity, and a million of corruptions. We see the Gothic system of limited monarchy is extinguished in all the nations of Europe. It is utterly extirpated in this wretched kingdom, and yours must be the next. Such has ever been human nature, that a single man, without any superior advantages either of body or mind, but usually the direct contrary, is able to attach twenty millions, and drag them voluntarily at his chariot-wheels. But no more of this. I am as sick of the world as I am of age and disease, the last of which I am never wholly without. I live in a nation of slaves, who sell themselves for nothing. My revenues, though half sunk, are sufficient to support me in some decency. And I have a few friends of great worth, who, when I visit them, or they me, agree together in discovering our utter detestation of all proceeding both here and there. *Hæc est vita solutorum misera ambitione gravique.* I am under the displeasure of the court for fixing up a true Whig epitaph in my cathedral, over the burying-place of old Schomberg, and for some other things of equal demerit or disaffection, wherewith I am charged; perhaps also for some verses laid to my charge, and published without my knowledge or consent; wherein you and another person are understood to be meant by initial letters.

I desire your pardon for the trouble I gave in recommending a gentleman to your protection, who has an appeal before the house of lords; wherein I was prevailed on by an eminent person in the law, who, by a miracle, was raised to the bench in these very times, although he be a man of virtue and learning in a great degree. Dear sir, you have nothing to desire in this world but good health, good times, the prosperity of your family (wherein you have my constant prayers), and deserving friends. I have often said that I never knew a more easy man to live with than yourself; and if you had only a poor 40,000*l.* a-year, I would command you to settle 1000*l.* of it on me to live in your next neighbourhood; but as for our friends at Twickenham and Dawley, I have told them plainly that they are both too speculative and temperate for me to accept their invitation, and infinitely too philosophical. The bearer, Mr. Stopford, has such infinite obligations to you for your favours to him, and is, in all respects, so very deserving a gentleman, that I am sure you never repented the good office you have done him at my recommendation. But he only attends you on perfect gratitude; for he knows very well you are

what is now called a disaffected person. You are, in the modern sense, a friend to popery, arbitrary power, and the pretender; and therefore he has just politics enough not to trouble you with helping him by the hand to better preferment; and I pray God, while things continue as they are, that it may be never in your power to make a curate or an exciseman.

You will hear perhaps that one Faulkner has printed four volumes, which are called my works: he has only prefixed the first letters of my name; it was done utterly against my will; for there is no property in printers or booksellers here, and I was not able to hinder it. I did imagine that after my death the several London booksellers would agree among themselves to print what each of them had by common consent; but the man here has prevented it, much to my vexation, for I would as willingly have it done even in Scotland. All this has vexed me not a little, as done in so obscure a place. I have never yet looked into them, nor, I believe, ever shall. You will find Mr. Stopford the same modest, virtuous, learned man that you last saw him; but with a few more years and a great deal more flesh, beside the blessing of a wife and children. I desire to present my humble service to yours. I pray God bless and assist you in your glorious endeavours for the preservation of your country, and remain, with the truest respect, sir, your most obedient and obliged humble servant,

Jonathan Swift.

You will see by the many blunders in words, syllables, and letters, what a condition my giddy head is in.

FROM WILLIAM PULTENEY, ESQ.

London, March 11, 1735.

Dear Sir,—I have often desired our friend Pope, when he wrote to you, to allow me a corner of his letter to assure you of my most humble service, but the little man never remembered it, and it was not worth troubling you with a letter of my own on so insignificant an occasion.

Your recommending Mr. Lorinan to me gives me great pleasure and satisfaction, as it is an instance of your kind remembrance and friendship. I promise you, whoever at any time comes to me from you shall be sure of meeting with the utmost of my endeavours to serve them. I am glad I can acquaint you Mr. Lorinan has all the success he could expect or wish for; his cause was a good one, and he had the honour of having it greatly attended. When it was over, he asked me (but in a very modest way) whether it was possible to get him made receiver of the new bishop of Derry's rents? I told him I would try. I did so, found it would not succeed, and so dropped it immediately.

What do you say to the bustle made here to prevent the man[a] from being an English bishop, and afterward allowing him to be good Christian enough for an Irish one? Sure the opposition, or the acquiescence, must have been most abominably scandalous. By what I can learn of Dr. Rundle's character (for I am not in the least acquainted with him myself), he is far from being the great and learned man his friends would have the world believe him, and, much further yet from the bad man his enemies represent him. Our right reverend brethren continue to dwell together in the strictest political unity; whether it be like the dew of Hermon upon the hill of Sion, or like the ointment that ran down into Aaron's beard to the skirts of his clothing, I cannot say, but I am sure it is a good joyful thing for the ministers to behold. This has enabled them to prevent any inquiry into the scandalous method of nominating, instead of electing the sixteen Scotch peers: and these and they together make a most dreadful body in that house. We are not quite so bad in ours, but I own to you that I am heartily tired of struggling to no purpose against the corruption that does prevail, and I see always will prevail there. Poor Arbuthnot, who grieved to see the wickedness of mankind, and was particularly ashamed of his own countrymen,[b] is dead. He lived the last six months in a bad state of health, and hoping every night would be his last; not that he endured any bodily pain, but as he was quite weary of the world, and tired with so much bad company. What I have said of the doctor may perhaps deter you from coming among us; but if you had any thoughts of visiting England this summer, I can assure you of some friends who wish to live with you and know how to value and esteem you; among them there is none that does so more sincerely than, dear sir, your most obedient humble servant,

William Pulteney.

Mrs. Pulteney is very much your humble servant, and joins in inviting you here next summer.

TO WILLIAM FITZHERBERT, ESQ.

March 19, 1735.

Sir,—I had some days ago a very long letter from a young gentleman whom I never saw, but by the name subscribed I found it came from a younger son of yours, I suppose your second. He lays before me in a very particular manner the forlorn condition he is in by the severities of you and your lady, his mother. He freely owns his boyish follies when he was first brought up to town, at fourteen years old, but he appeals to Dr. Sheridan for the improvement he made in the doctor's school, and to his tutor for his behaviour in the college, where he took his degree with particular credit, being made one of the moderators of his class, by which it appears that he passed for one of the four best scholars in it. His letter contains four large pages in folio, and written in a very small hand, where he gives a history of his life from the age of fourteen to the present time. It is written with so much spirit, nature, and good sense, as well as appearance of truth, that having first razed out the writer's name, I have shown it to several gentlemen, my friends, of great worth, learning and taste, who all agree in my opinion of the letter, and think it a pity that so hopeful a youth should not have proper encouragement, unless he has some very disagreeable faults, whereof they and I are ignorant. When I had written thus far Dr. Sheridan came to see me; I read your son's letter to him, and he was equally pleased with it, and justified the progress the young man had made in his school. I went this evening to visit a lady who has a very great esteem and friendship for you and Mrs. * * * * *: she told me "That the young man's great fault was too much pertness and conceit of himself, which he often showed in your house and even among company," which I own is a very bad quality in any young man, and is not easily cured; yet I think if I had a son who had understanding, wit, and humour, to write such a letter, I could not find in my heart to cast him off, but try what good advice and maturer years would do toward amend-

[a] Dr. Thomas Rundle was promoted to the rich see of Derry in Ireland, in February, 1735, after being prevented from getting the see of Gloucester, in England, which had been intended for him in November, 1734. The dispute concerning his promotion to the see of Gloucester was between the chancellor and the bishop of London: the chancellor was his friend, and the bishop his enemy.

[b] He was a native of Scotland.

ment; and in the mean time give him no cause to complain of wanting convenient food, lodging, and raiment. He lays the whole weight of his letter to me upon the truth of the facts, and is contented to stand or fall by them. If he be a liar, he is into the bargain an unpardonable fool, and his good natural, as well as acquired parts, shall be an aggravation to me to render him more odious. I hear he is turned of one-and-twenty years; and what he alleges seems to be true, that he is not yet put into any way of living, either by law, physic, or divinity, although in his letter he pretends to have studied the first on your promise to send him to the Temple, but your mind altering, and you rather choosing to send him to Leyden, he applied himself to study physic, and made some progress in it, but for many months he has heard nothing more from you, so that now he is in utter despair, loaden with the hatred of both his parents, and lodges in a garret in William-street, with only the liberty to dine at your house, and no further care taken of him.

Sir, although I have seldom been in your company, it is many years since I had the honour of being known to you; and I always thought, as well as heard, that you were a gentleman of great honour, truth, knowledge, modesty, good-nature, and candour. As to your lady, I never saw her but once, and then but for a few minutes; she has the character of being a very polite and accomplished person, and therefore, very probably, her son's rough, overweening, forward behaviour among company with her, without that due deference which only can recommend youth, may be very disgustful to her. Your son desires me in his letter to apply to some friends who have most credit with you, that you will please to put him into some way of life; and he wishes that those friends would be so generous to join in contributing some allowance to support him at Leyden. I think it would have been well if he had been sent to sea in the proper time, or had now a commission in the army. Yet if he were the original writer of that letter sent to me under his name, I confess myself so very partial as to be extremely sorry if he should not deserve and acquire the favour of you and your lady, in which case, any parents might be forgiven for being proud of such a son. I have no acquaintance with his tutor, Dr. King, but if I can learn from those who have, I shall be glad to hear that he confirms the character of the young man's good parts and learning, as Dr. Sheridan has done.

I entreat your pardon for this long letter, and for offering to interfere in a domestic point where I have no information but from one side; but I can faithfully assure you that my regard is altogether for the service and ease of you and your lady and family. I have always thought that a happy genius is seldom without some bent toward virtue, and therefore deserves some indulgence. Most of the great villains I have known (which were not a small number) have been brutes in their understandings as well as their actions.

But I have already run out my paper, as well as your patience. I shall therefore conclude with the sincere profession of being, with great esteem and truth, sir, your most obedient and most humble servant, JONATHAN SWIFT.

FROM MRS. PRATT.

London, April 4, 1735.

SIR,—I think you know me sufficiently not to doubt of a letter any way coming from you being acceptable, therefore any omission but that cannot fail of an excuse from me, whose friendship is pleasingly gratified by the honour of having it returned from one of your distinguished talents and merits whose life I wish to preserve, but wish more to make it agreeable to you by the full enjoyment of health, friends, fortune, and situation; my next desire should be that I had a power to contribute to your attainment of any of these comforts.

Your kind inquiries in relation to myself only justify taking up your time with so insignificant a subject, which I shall be particular upon merely in obedience to your commands.

I have no obligations to the court, nor am I likely to have any; I have to my lord Shelburne, whose house in London is my settled habitation, though I am afraid two years will put an end to my good fortune, the lease of the house, which is an old one, being then expired; and so perhaps may be that of my life, which I have been long tired of. Added to my lord Shelburne's favours, I have great and many more than I can express here, to the duchess of Buckingham, whose table is my constant one, and her coach oftener mine than I ask for it; beside fetching me every day, and bringing me home, makes me share in public amusements without expense; and in summer the variety of change of air, which her station empowers her to take, and more her inclination to impart to her friends the benefit of, who cannot fail of being so to her if they have merit enough to be capable of being obliged by the most agreeable sincere manner to engage approbation and gratitude; then I hope you think I have enough to do justice, both in my thoughts and actions, to one so worthy of it. I am, sir, your sincerely obliged and affectionate humble servant,

H. PRATT.

FROM LADY BETTY GERMAIN.

April 5, 1735.

PART the first, you order me to give up my secretaryship; and part the second, called postscript, you employed me about Dr. Sheridan's exchange, when the letters for it must have been at Dublin long before yours came away. I was just thinking that you was a little upon the dear joy;[a] but to be sure, you were in the right, for what signified my secretaryship when I had no business.

The countess of Suffolk did not give up the first employment at court, for she had no other than mistress of the robes, being 400*l.* a-year, which the duchess of Dorset had quitted to her, there being no lady of the bedchamber's place vacant, and it not being quite proper for a countess to continue bedchamber woman. As to her part about Gay, that I cleared to you long ago, for to my certain knowledge no woman was ever a better friend than she by many ways proved herself to him. As to what you hint about yourself, as I am wholly ignorant what it is you mean, I can say nothing upon it. And as to the question, whether you should congratulate or condole? I believe you may do either or both, and not be in the wrong, for I truly think she was heartily sorry to be obliged by ill usage to quit a master and mistress that she had served so justly, and loved so well. However, she has now much more ease and liberty, and accordingly her health better.

Mrs. Floyd has a cough every winter, and generally so bad that she often frightens me for the consequences. My saucy niece[b] presents her service to

[a] An Irish expression.

[b] Mary, eldest daughter, and one of the coheirs of Thomas Chambers, of Hanworth, in Middlesex, esq., by lady Mary Berkeley, sister to earl Berkeley and to lady Betty Germain. She married April, 1736, lord Vere Beauclerc, afterwards lord Vere.

parson Swift. The duchess of Dorset is gone to Bath with lady Lambert for her health; she has not been long enough there yet to find the good effects of the waters, but as they always did agree with her, I have great hopes they will now quite cure her colic.

In all likelihood you are weary by this time of reading, and I am of writing, such a long letter, so adieu, my dear dean.

FROM DR. SHERIDAN.

April 5, 1735.

DEAR SIR,—Mrs. Perott has this instant invited my two eldest daughters to her house till such time as I may be settled at Cavan. She is a lady the best housewife in Ireland, and of the best temper I ever knew. Her daughters are formed by her example, so that it is impossible to place them where they will have a better opportunity of learning what may be hereafter of real advantage to them. Dear sir, I shall impatiently wait your advice, for my affairs here require a longer attendance than I expected. You will be so good as to let me know from Mr. Lingen[a] whether the duke of Dorset's letter be come in answer to the lords-justices, that I may hurry to Dublin, for people are here impatient at having their children so long idle. I am apt to believe that if you put this matter in what light you think proper to the lord-chancellor, he will not insist upon a punctilio, which may prove a great loss to me. The bishop of Killmore can produce a letter I think sufficient to justify their excellencies the lords-justices in granting us patents.

I wish you long health and happiness, and shall, dear sir, ever have a grateful sense of your friendship, and be, with all respect, your most obedient and very humble servant, THOMAS SHERIDAN.

FROM THE ARCHBISHOP OF CASHELL.

[Dr. Theophilus Bolton.]

Cashell, April 7, 1735.

DEAR SIR,—I suppose by this time you have been informed that Mr. Dunkin was ordained here last Thursday, and that the recommendations got the better of my prejudices to his unhappy genius, which I hope will in some degree convince you that your power over me is not yet quite worn out.

It is one of the greatest evils that attends those whom fortune has forsaken, that their friends forsake them too; and let me tell you that your not seeing me the whole winter I was last in Dublin was not a less mortification to me than all the hard sayings of the great parliament orators. However, I must own your taking any occasion to write to me at all has made some amends, for though you seem designedly to cover it, I think I perceive some little marks of that former kindness which I once pleased myself to have had a share in with your lawyer friends. When I conversed with politicians I learned that it was not prudent to seem fond of what one most desires, for which reason I would not tell you that if this accident of your poetical friend should open a way to our frequent meeting together again, and being put upon the old foot, as when I was your subject at St. Patrick's, I should think myself the happiest man in the world; but this I will say, that if it falls out so, this last heavy period of my life will be much more tolerable than it is at present.

I am now wholly employed in digging up rocks and making the way easier to the church, which if I can succeed in, I design to repair a very venerable old fabric that was built here in the time of our ignorant (as we are pleased to call them) ancestors. I wish this age had a little of their piety, though we gave up instead of it some of our immense erudition. What if you spent a fortnight here this summer? I have laid aside all my country politics, sheriffs' elections, feasts, &c. And I fancy it would not be disagreeable to you to see king Cormack's chapel, his bedchamber, &c., all built, beyond controversy, above eight hundred years ago, when he was king, as well as archbishop. I really intend to lay out a thousand pounds to preserve this old church, and I am sure you would be of service to posterity if you assisted me in the doing of it, at least, if you approved the design, you would give the greatest pleasure, I assure you, to your most affectionate and faithful humble servant, THEOPHILUS CASHELL.

TO MR. THOMAS BEACH,[a]

Merchant in Wrexham, Denbighshire.

To be left at the Customhouse, and given to Stephen Lovel, esq., collector of the customs in Chester.

Dublin, April 12, 1735.

SIR,—After the fate of all poets, you are no favourite of fortune, for your letter of March 31st did not come to my hands till two days after sir William Fownes's death, who having been so long afflicted with the stone and other disorders, besides great old age, died about nine days ago. If he had recovered I should certainly have waited on him with your poem, and recommended it and the author very heartily to his favour. I have seen fewer good panegyrics than any other sort of writing, especially in verse, and therefore I much approve the method you have taken: I mean that of describing a person who possesseth every virtue, and rather waiving that sir William Fownes was in your thoughts, than that your picture was like in every part. He had indeed a very good natural understanding, nor wanted a talent for poetry; but his education denied him learning, for he knew no other language except his own; yet he was a man of taste and humour as well as a wise and useful citizen, as appeared by some little treatise for regulating the government of this city; and I often wished his advice had been taken. I read your poem several times, and showed it to three or four judicious friends, who all approved it, but agreed with me that it wanted some corrections.[b] Upon which I took a number of lines, which are in all 299, the odd number being occasioned by what they call a triplet, which was a vicious way of rhyming, wherewith Dryden abounded, and was imitated by all the bad versifiers in Charles II.'s reign. Dryden, though my near relation,[c] is one I have often

[a] One of the secretaries to the lords-justices.

[a] Mr. Thomas Beach, author of a poem, entitled "Eugenio, or a Virtuous and Happy Life." It is dedicated to Mr. Pope. The author committed suicide a few weeks after publication of his poem, in 1737.

[b] From a perusal of the printed poem, we find that Mr. Beach adopted every one of the dean's hints and corrections. Even the triplet is discarded, and the poem now consists of three hundred lines.

[c] "It is not easy to ascertain the exact degree of relationship between Dryden and Swift. He is said by his kinsman, dean Swift, and by Hawkesworth after him, to have been our author's *second* cousin, the grandson of Elizabeth, one of the daughters of sir Erasmus Driden: but this could not be the case, for that lady was married to sir Richard Phillips, bart. The wife, therefore, of Thomas Swift, being acknowledged to have been Elizabeth Dryden; must be sought for in some other branch of the Dryden family. From 'Mercurius Rusticus,' p. 75, it appears, that, in October, 1642, she had beside ten children, who supplicated her plunderers for bread, an *infant* in the cradle, and afterwards she had three more children; so that she probably was younger than any of the daughters of sir Erasmus Driden, all of whom, I believe, were born before the year 1600. On her husband's living being sequestered, the profits of it were consigned to *Jonathan Dryden*, minister, who was probably her brother; and they were the

blamed as well as pitied. He was poor, and in great haste to finish his plays, because by them he chiefly supported his family, and this made him so very incorrect; he likewise brought in the Alexandrine verse at the end of his triplets. I was so angry at these corruptions that about twenty-four years ago I banished them all by one triplet, with the Alexandrine, upon a very ridiculous subject. I absolutely did prevail with Mr. Pope, and Gay, and Dr. Young, and one or two more, to reject them. Mr. Pope never used them till he translated Homer, which was too long a work to be so very exact in; and I think in one or two of his last poems he has, out of laziness, done the same thing, though very seldom. I now proceed to what I would have corrected in your poem. Line 6, for *han't*, read *want;* I abhor those *han'ts* and *won'ts*, &c., &c.; they are detestable in verse as well as prose. L. 46, for *whilst*, put *while*. L. 83, *derives*, I doubt there is no verb deponent, but always active. L. 106, "If *Noll* usurps, or *James*;" *Noll* is too much a cant word for a grave poem; and as to *James*, he was a weak, bigoted papist, desirous, like all kings, of absolute power, but not properly a tyrant. L. 109, *And midst*, harsh and rough, the elision unluckily placed. L. 115, 116, I cannot suffer an ill rhyme, such as *seen* and *scene* (I *forgot* the triplet in L. 108, which I wish were clipped of one of its three wings): and L. 110, *to Glory*, I wish it were *in Glory*. L. 118. *Does*. This word should be avoided as a mere expletive. L. 155, *Does*. The same fault. L. 161, *The Ingrate*. This verse is not right measure, but sounds very ill. L. 121, *Chee'ful*, &c. This verse wants a verb, as *are*, or some other. 204, *Does*. L. 217, for *pervade* it should be *pervades*. L. 218, *and* grows, Quere, is not *or* more proper? L. 278, Cuzzoni *famed*. This is an expletive, not a proper epithet. L. 289, *That* dares. The word *that*, as it is placed, spoils the whole line, and is not proper, for the right word should be *who*. L. 294, *Reascend*. I know not the reason for this word. Why not rather *ascend*? I slipped 290, *Than;* I suppose you only meant *then*. You will do right to read over your poem carefully, and observe where there be any more oversights of the same kind with those I have noted, and to be corrected, which you can do better than any other person. A friend can only see what is amiss, but the writer can mend it more easily. All you desire in relation to sir William Fownes is at an end by his death, otherwise I should gladly have performed it in the best and most effectual manner I was able. As to the publishing it here, I utterly differ from you. No printer in this beggarly town, and enslaved starving kingdom, would print it without being paid his full charge of his labour, nor would he be able to sell two dozen unless he could afford it for a penny. I would rather advise you to have it published in London by Motte or Lintot, or any other bookseller there who deal in poetry. It would bear a shilling price; but as I presume you are not much known as a poet in that great city, you should get some person of consequence to recommend it.

As to what things were printed here on supposition they were mine, the thing was done directly against my inclinations, out of the disdain I had of their being published in so obscure and wretched a country. But I would have been well enough satisfied if the booksellers in London could have agreed among themselves to print them there. And I believe they now repent they did not, because every printer there hath a property in their copy; and what things are supposed to be mine belonged to several booksellers, who might have shared equally, according to what copies they held. I have been called away till evening; however, my paper could afford me but little more room if I had staid. I am, with true esteem, sir, your most humble servant,

JONATHAN SWIFT.

FROM ALDERMAN BARBER.

Queen-square, April 22, 1735.

DEAR SIR,—It was with great pleasure I had the favour of your most obliging letter by the hands of Mr. Richardson, agent to the Irish Society; for as I am always proud to receive your commands, he may depend upon any service I can do him that is in my power. When I say this I make you no great compliment; for as that gentleman's merit has raised him to the post he now enjoys under the society, it is hardly to be doubted but that his integrity and good conduct for the future will easily preserve his interest in that body.

I am very sorry to hear that your old complaints from your head continue; and the more so because they have deprived your friends here of the great pleasure and satisfaction of seeing you among them, which is a sensible mortification to them indeed; but I am very much pleased with the account you give of your way of living, because I am a living instance how the economy you are under must necessarily preserve your life many years. I have the gout sometimes, the asthma very much, and of late frequent pains in my bowels; and yet, by keeping in a constant regular way, I battle them all, and am in much better health than I was twelve years ago, when four top physicians pronounced me a dead man, and sent me abroad to die. I ride when I can, but not in winter, for the fogs, and mists, and cold weather murder me. I drink a pint of claret at dinner (none at night), and have a good stomach, with a bad digestion; but I have good spirits, and am cheerful, thank God.

I beg pardon for entertaining you so long with my infirmities, which I would humbly apply, that if my being regular with so many distempers preserves me to almost a miracle, what must the same method produce in you?

About ten days ago I saw Mr. Pope, who is very well; so is the lord of Dawley [Bolingbroke].

It is a melancholy reflection you make, how many friends you have lost since good queen Anne's time. Many indeed! for there are very few left. The loss of a friend is the loss of a limb, not to be restored. Poor lady Masham among the rest. Our friend the doctor [Arbuthnot] I am afraid did not take the care he ought to have done. I am told he was a great epicure, and denied himself nothing. Possibly he might think the play not worth the candle. You may remember Mr. Garth said he was glad when he was dying; for he was weary of having his shoes pulled off and on. As for my part, I am resolved to make the remains of my life as easy as I can, and submit myself entirely to the will of God.

You will give me leave, sir, just to congratulate

children of a brother of sir Erasmus Driden; he had five brothers. If I am right in this conjecture, the dean of St. Patrick's *father* and our author were only second cousins. Swift's grandfather, Thomas, had ten sons, of which the fifth, Jonathan (the dean's father), was probably named from Jonathan Dryden above mentioned, who was, I believe, his uncle. Another of the sons (who, as well as Jonathan, was an attorney) was called *Driden* Swift, in honour of his mother; a circumstance which confirms the tradition concerning the relationship between these two celebrated men. Swift, in one of his letters, calls Dryden his *near* relation; but in the last age a greater account was made of consanguinity than at present. A second or third cousin was then considered as a near relation.'—See Malone's Life of Dryden.

you on your public spirit (and for which all mankind applaud you), in erecting an hospital for the unhappy. It is truly worthy of your great soul, and for which the present and the future age must honour and revere your memory! I dare say no more on this head for fear of offending.

That God Almighty would please to restore your health, and preserve you many years for the good of mankind, is the hearty prayer of, sir, your most obedient humble servant, JOHN BARBER.

My service to Dr. Delany.

FROM MRS. PRATT.

London, April 22, 1735.

SIR,—I wrote in such haste that I forgot to make my lady Saville's acknowledgments, which, before she left this, she engaged me to do in a particular manner from her, by assuring you that she is your obliged humble servant, and wishes you all happiness, as many more do among your friends here. Her number of children is three, two girls and a boy, who, thank God, seem promising.

My lord Shelburne, who is just come to town for two or three days, desires his sincere compliments to you, invites you next June to an empty town-house, and wishes that accommodation of removing you from the inconveniences of a lodging may tempt you to a change of air, and to come among your friends. I wish I could tempt you to come hither, as I long to have the pleasure of assuring you in person how sincerely I am, sir, your ever obliged and most faithful humble servant, H. PRATT.

FROM WILLIAM PULTENEY, ESQ.

London, April 29, 1735.

SIR,—I am obliged to you for your letter by Dr. Stopford, to which I am sorry I can so soon, by him, return you an answer. I have scarce had any opportunity of seeing him. One day, believing we should have had no business in parliament, I desired him to dine with me; but unluckily a debate arose, which kept us till nine at night before we sat down to dinner. We have had a very fatiguing session, more from the severe attendance on elections than any other public business. The ministers have been defeated in their expectation of weeding the house; and upon the whole we stand stronger in numbers than we did at first setting out.

I have sent you the copy of a bill now depending in our house "for the encouragement of learning," as the title bears; but I think it is rather of advantage to booksellers than authors. Whether it will pass or not this session I cannot say; but if it should not, I should be glad of your thoughts upon it against another session. It seems to me to be extremely imperfect at present. I hope you have many more writings to oblige the world with than those which have been so scandalously stolen from you. And when a bill of this nature passes in England (as I hope it will next year), you may then secure the property to any friend or any charitable use you think fit.

I thank you for the many kind expressions of friendship in your letter. If my public conduct has recommended me to your esteem, I am extremely proud of the reward, and value it more than those who attain foolish ribbons, or foolish titles, *vilia servitutis præmia*.[a] Pray therefore continue me your friendship, and believe me, with the greatest sincerity and regard, dear sir, your most humble and obedient servant, WM. PULTENEY.

[a] This was before he attained the title of earl of Bath.

Lord Bolingbroke is going to France with lord Berkeley, but I believe will return again in a few months.

I will take a proper opportunity of recommending Dr. Stopford to the duke of Dorset; but I think it is not yet quite certain that he will continue lord-lieutenant. I mean that if he perceives that he is to be turned out soon after his return from Ireland, possibly he may desire not to go.

TO LADY BETTY GERMAIN.

May 5, 1735.

MADAM,—I find your ladyship seems not very much pleased with your office of secretary, which, however, you must be obliged to hold during the duke's government, if I happen to outlive it, which for your comfort, considering my health, is not very likely. I have not been a troublesome petitioner to his grace, and intend to be less; and, as I have always done, will principally consider my lord duke's honour. I have very few friends in want. I have kindred enough, but not a grain of merit among them, except one female, who is the only cousin I suffer to see me. When I had credit for some years at court I provided for above fifty people in both kingdoms, of which not one was a relation. I have neither followers, nor fosterers, nor dependers, so that if I lived now among the great they might be sure I would never be a solicitor out of any regard but merit and virtue; and in that case I would reckon I was doing them the best service in my power; and if they were good for anything I would expect their thanks; for they want nothing so much as an honest, judicious recommender, which, in perfect modesty, I take myself to be. Dr. Sheridan is gone to his school in the country, and was only delayed so long on account of some very unnecessary forms contrived by his grace's most cautious deputies.

My letter is but just begun; the larger half remains;[a] and your ladyship is to make a fresh use of your secretary's employment. The countess of Kerry, my long friend and mistress, commanded me to attend her yesterday: she told me that Mr. Deering, late deputy-clerk of the council, being dead, she had thoughts of soliciting the same office for her younger son, Mr John Fitzmaurice. Her eldest son, lord Fitzmaurice, has for some years been plagued with a wife and no wife.[b] The case has been tried in both kingdoms, and he stands excommunicated, and forced to live abroad, which is a very great misfortune to the earl of Kerry and his lady; and they have nothing left to comfort them but their younger son, who has lately married very honestly and indisputably. He is a young gentleman of great regularity, very well educated, but has no employment; therefore his parents would be very desirous he should have one, and this, of deputy-clerk of the council here, would be a very proper introduction to business. It is understood here that the purchase of the deputy-clerk's office is the usual perquisite of the chief clerk, with the consent of the chief governor, with which my lord and lady Kerry would very readily and thankfully fall in. And as the earl of Kerry's is one of the most ancient and noble families of the kingdom, his younger, and only son of which he has any hopes, might well pretend to succeed in so small an office, upon an equal foot with any other person. I own this proposal of mine is more suitable to the corruption of the times than to my own speculative notions of virtue; but I

[a] This is ludicrously said, as being a common blundering expression of the Irish.

[b] The great-grandfather of the present marquis of Lansdowne.

must give some allowance to the degeneracy of mankind, and the passion I have to my lady Kerry.

D. never writes to me. No man alive can convince Talalderahla; and when we come next it is the same thing with Berby and Barnard. Plurality of dinners and dignities he has; and so Mandragorus confirms it to all members in an episode of sage and brandy.

FROM MRS. DONNELLAN

May 1735.

SIR,—I should before this have returned you thanks for the favour of your letter, but that I feared too quick a correspondence might be troublesome to you. When I receive a very great honour and favour, I think it ungenerous immediately to sue for another, though I have the highest sense of the obligation.

You say you want me to assert your right over our sex; and your letter is so powerful a bribe that I fear I shall give them up to you, though I am a great asserter of their rights and privileges. As to the employments you assign me I readily undertake them all, though I know myself very unfit for some of them; but I have such high examples on my side, that I am not at all ashamed of pretending to more than I can do. I think I can be a very good nurse; you shall teach me to be your companion; and, for housekeeper, I will assure you I know to a farthing the lowest price of everything, though I am ever so ignorant of the matter.

Mrs. Pendarves has, as you say, forsaken us; by my lord Lansdowne's death, her brother, Mr. Granville, is become possessed of 800*l*. a-year, and 20,000*l*. in money, which was so settled that my lord Lansdown could not touch it. Mr. Granville is a man of great worth, and a very kind brother, and has it now in his power to provide for their sister, Miss Granville, whom Mrs. Pendarves is extremely fond of: this you may imagine has been a cordial to her for lord Lansdowne's death, though she had a great regard for him. I tell her when she has married and settled her brother and sister, if she does not settle herself, she must think of her friends in Ireland; and she promises me she will.

It is so much my interest, sir, to believe you sincere, that I will not doubt it: I will rather think you want judgment (which is very hard for me to do), or why should not I (which is still more pleasing) believe I have really those good qualities you ascribe to me? It will only make me vain, and who can be humble when praised by you?

I think your indignation against our absenters very just, though some of my family suffer by it; but we are resolved to be no longer of the number, and propose leaving London this month. Poor Mrs. Barber has been confined with the gout these three months, and I fear we shall leave her so; her poems are generally greatly liked: there are, indeed, a few severe critics (who think that judgment is only shown in finding faults) that say they are not poetic; and a few fine ladies, who are not commended in them, that complain they are dull.

I am very sorry Dr. Delany has given up his house in Dublin; for one cannot, as often as one may wish it, command time and a coach to visit him at Delville. I hope though to be admitted into the new apartment, and to have the happiness of meeting you there.

My brother is highly honoured in the character you give him, which, though he is my brother, I must say I think a very just one: he will deliver you this letter, and with it my best thanks for all your favours; being, sir, with the highest gratitude, your most obliged obedient servant.

H. DONNELLAN.

My best respects attend Dr. Delany and Dr. Helsham.

TO MR. POPE

May 12, 1735.

YOUR letter was sent me yesterday by Mr. Stopford [afterwards bishop of Cloyne], who landed the same day, but I have not yet seen him. As to my silence, God knows it is my great misfortune. My little domestic affairs are in great confusion by the villany of agents and the miseries of this kingdom, where there is no money to be had; nor am I unconcerned to see all things tending towards absolute power in both nations (it is here in perfection already), although I shall not live to see it established. This condition of things, both public and personal to myself, has given me such a kind of despondency that I am almost unqualified for any company, diversion, or amusement. The death of Mr. Gay and the doctor have been terrible wounds near my heart. Their living would have been a great comfort to me, although I should never have seen them; like a sum of money in a bank, from which I should receive at least annual interest, as I do from you, and have done from my lord Bolingbroke. To show in how much ignorance I live, it is hardly a fortnight since I heard of the death of my lady Masham, my constant friend in all changes of times. God forbid that I should expect you to make a voyage that would in the least affect your health; but in the mean time how unhappy am I that my best friend should have perhaps the only kind of disorder for which a sea-voyage is not in some degree a remedy! The old duke of Ormond said he would not change his dead son (Ossory) for the best living son in Europe. Neither would I change you, my absent friend, for the best present friend round the globe.

I have lately read a book imputed to lord Bolingbroke, called "A Dissertation upon Parties."* I think it very masterly written.

Pray God reward you for your kind prayers: I believe your prayers will do me more good than those of all the prelates in both kingdoms, or any prelates in Europe, except the bishop of Marseilles. And God preserve you for contributing more to mend the world than the whole pack of (modern) parsons in a lump. I am ever entirely yours,

JONATHAN SWIFT.

TO WILLIAM PULTENEY, ESQ.

Dublin, May 12, 1735.

SIR,—Mr. Stopford landed yesterday, and sent me the letter which you were pleased to honour me with. I have not yet seen him, for he called when I was not at home. The reason why I ventured to recommend him to your protection was your being his old patron, to whom he is obliged for all the preferment he got in the church. He is one of the most deserving gentlemen in the country, and has a tolerable provision, much more than persons of so much merit can in these times pretend to, in either

* The best, perhaps, of all Bolingbroke's works; written with great force of reasoning, and in a style equally spirited and elegant. One of the severest attacks ever made on sir Robert Walpole was the dedication prefixed to this Dissertation, when the papers that had been first separately printed in the "Craftsman" were collected into one volume octavo. After the many things that have been said for and against his long ministry, his want of skill and knowledge in conducting foreign affairs was most frequently repeated. In a letter written in 1776 the king of Prussia affirms expressly, that Walpole used to say, "leave Europe to my brother, and reserve only England to my-

kingdom. I love the duke of Dorset very well, having known him from his youth, and he has treated me with great civility since he came into this government. It is true his original principles, as well as his instructions from your side the water, make him act the usual part in managing this nation, for which he must be excused; yet I wish he would a little more consider that people here might have some small share in employments civil and ecclesiastic, wherein my lord Carteret acted a more popular part. The folks here, whom they call a parliament, will imitate yours in everything, after the same manner as a monkey does a human creature. If my health were not so bad, although my years be many, I fear I might outlive liberty in England. It has continued longer than in any other monarchy, and must end as all others have done which were established by the Goths, and is now falling in the same manner that the rest have done. It is very natural for every king to desire unlimited power; it is as proper an object to their appetites as a wench to an abandoned young fellow, or wine to a drunkard. But what puzzles me is, to know how a man of birth, title, and fortune can find his account in making himself and his posterity slaves. They are paid for it; the court will restore what their luxury has destroyed; I have nothing to object. But let me suppose a chief minister, from a scanty fortune almost eaten up with debts, acquiring by all methods a monstrous overgrown estate, why he will still go on to endeavour making his master absolute, and thereby in the power of seizing all his possessions at his pleasure, and hanging or banishing him into the bargain. Therefore, if I were such a minister, I would act like a prudent gamester, and cut, as the sharper calls it, before luck began to change. What if such a minister, when he had got two or three millions, would pretend conviction, seem to dread attempts upon liberty, and bring over all his forces to the country-side? As to the lust of absolute power, I despair it can ever be cooled, unless princes had capacity to read the history of the Roman emperors, how many of them were murdered by their own army; and the same may be said of the Ottomans by their janissaries; and many other examples are easy to be found. If I were such a minister I would go further, and endeavour to be king myself. Such feats have happened among the petty tyrants of old Greece, and the worst that happened was only their being murdered for their pains.

I believe in my conscience that you have some mercenary end in all your endeavours to preserve the liberty of your country at the expense of your quiet, and of making all the villains in England your enemies. For you stand almost alone, and therefore are sure, if you succeed, to engross the whole glory of recovering a desperate constitution, given over by all its other physicians. May God work a miracle by changing the hearts of an abandoned people, whose hearts are waxen gross, whose ears are dull of hearing, and whose eyes have been closed; and may he continue you as his chief instrument by whom this miracle is to be wrought.

I send this letter in a packet to Mr. Pope, and by a private hand. I pray God protect you against all your enemies; I mean those of your country, for you can have no other; and as you will never be weary of well-doing, so may God give you long life and health the better to support you.

You are pleased to mention some volumes of what are called my works. I have looked on them very little. It is a great mortification to me, although I should not have been dissatisfied if such a thing had been done in England by booksellers agreeing among themselves. I never got a farthing by anything I writ, except one about eight years ago, and that was by Mr. Pope's prudent management for me. Here the printers and booksellers have no property in their copies. The printer [Mr. George Faulkner] applied to my friends, and got many things from England. The man was civil and humble, but I had no dealings with him, and therefore he consulted some friends, who were readier to direct him than I desired they should. I saw one poem on you and a great minister, and was not sorry to find it there.

I fear you are tired; I cannot help it; nor could avoid the convenience of writing when I might be in no danger of post officers. I am, sir, with the truest respect and esteem, your most obedient and obliged humble servant, JONATHAN SWIFT.

I desire to present my most humble respects to Mrs. Pulteney.

FROM MRS. PENDARVES.

May 16, 1735.

SIR,—You have never yet put it in my power to accuse you of want of civility; for since my acquaintance with you, you have always paid me more than I expected; but I may sometimes tax you with want of kindness, which, to tell you the truth, I did for a month at least. At last I was informed your not writing to me was occasioned by your ill state of health; that changed my discontent, but did not lessen it; and I have not yet quite determined it in my mind whether I would have you sick or negligent of me; they are both great evils, and hard to choose out of; I heartily wish neither may happen. You call yourself by a great many ugly names, which I take ill; for I never could bear to hear a person I value abused. I, for that reason, must desire you to be more upon your guard when you speak of yourself again: I much easier forgive your calling me knave and fool. I am infinitely obliged to you for the concern you express for the weakness of my eyes; they are now very well. I have had a much greater affliction on my spirits, which prevented my writing sooner to you. My sister (the only one I have, and an extraordinary darling) has been extremely indisposed this whole winter. I have had all the anxiety imaginable on her account; but she is now in a better way, and I hope past all danger. I would rather tell you somewhat that is pleasant; but how can I? I am just going to lose Mrs. Donnellan, and that is enough to damp the liveliest imagination; it is not easy to express what one feels on such an occasion; the loss of an agreeable, sensible, useful companion, gives a pain at the heart not to be described. You happy Hibernians, that are to reap the benefit of my distress, will hardly think of anything but your own joy, and not afford me one grain of pity. Thus things are carried in this world, the rich forget the poor. I am sorry the sociable Thursdays, that used to bring together so many agreeable friends at Dr. Delany's, are broke up: though Delville has its beauties, it is more out of the way than Stafford-street. I believe you have had a quiet winter in Dublin; not so has it been with us in London. Hurry, wrangling, extravagance, and matrimony have reigned with great impetuosity. The newspapers, I suppose, have mentioned the number of great fortunes that are going to be married. Our operas have given much cause of dissension. Men and women have been deeply engaged; and no debate in the house of commons has been urged with more warmth: the dispute of the

merits of the composers and singers is carried to so great a height that it is much feared by all true lovers of music that operas will be quite overturned. I own I think we make a very silly figure about it. I am obliged to you for the two Latin lines in your last letter: it gave me a fair pretence of showing the letter to have them explained; and I have gained no small honour by that. I hope, sir, though you threaten me with not writing, that you will change your mind: the season of the year will give you spirits, and I shall be glad to share the good effects of them. I am, sir, your most obliged humble servant, M. PENDARVES.

When you see Mrs. Donnellan, she will entertain you with a second edition of Fauset, too tedious for a letter. I have made a thousand blunders which I am ashamed of.

FROM LADY BETTY BROWNLOWE.

May 19, 1735.

SIR,—I have the honour to send you the enclosed letter and the cover as it came to Mr. Brownlowe. I hope your frugal correspondent has not, at your expense, incurred the proverb of being penny-wise, &c., and thereby occasioned your being a sufferer by any delay of business. I should beg pardon for not having obeyed your commands in writing sooner, but that I am the only sufferer by it, by being deprived of the satisfaction of hearing of your health. The extreme cold weather we have had this month has made the country much less agreeable than usual at this time of the year; but this having been a fine morning I have been amused very much to my satisfaction, with laying out what I think a very pretty design in my garden. I like my gardener mightily, and found everything in his care in perfect good order; but the coldness of the season makes everything very backward: the cucumbers are not larger than gherkins. I beg, if you honour me with a line, you will let me know how both lady Acheson and Mrs. Acheson do, for I have a sincere concern for both their welfares. We go next week to make a visit to our friends at Seaford, where we propose staying about a fortnight. I heard yesterday you had thoughts of going to Cashel: if it were possible for me to have the happiness to be present at yours and the archbishop's conversation, I am certain I should retrieve my character, and that you would allow me to be a good listener, which, through other people's faults, you do not know; for I assure you I have too great a desire to be informed and improved to occasion any interruption in your conversation, except when I find you purposely let yourself down to such capacities as mine, with an intention, as I suppose, to give us the pleasure of babbling. Mr. Brownlowe desires you will accept of his compliments; and I am sir, with great respect, your truly affectionate and obedient humble servant, ELIZABETH BROWNLOWE.

FROM LADY BETTY GERMAIN.

May 27, 1735.

IT is true enough, my love to business is not great, without my capacity was better; but, however, you should have had a quicker answer to your letter, but that I find Mr. Fitzmaurice has already made application by several other hands, and so have many members of parliament. The answer given to them all has been, that it will not yet be disposed of; and my opinion is, that probably when lord George Sackville comes over he will humbly desire his father, or whoever is chief governor, that he may, without any political view, have the disposal of it himself, as it is his own private concern.

I did not know lady Kerry had the honour of being your mistress and favourite: however, I approve of your taste. For many years, or rather an age ago, she and I were very well acquainted, and I thought her a mighty sensible, agreeable woman; so upon that account, as well as yours, I should be very glad to be serviceable to her in anything in my power.

Now I have given you what answer I can on this subject, I must recommend to you an affair which has given me some small palpitations of the heart, which is, that you should not wrap up old shoes or neglected sermons in my letters; but that what of them have been spared from going toward making gin for the ladies, may henceforth be committed instantly to the flames: for, you being stigmatized with the name of a wit, Mr. Curll will rake to the dunghill for your correspondence. And, as to my part, I am satisfied with having been honoured in print, by your amorous, satirical, and gallant letters.*

The summer has done your old friend Mrs. Floyd a great deal of service. As for my saucy niece, I would advise you both to be better acquainted before you fall foul of one another. The duchess of Dorset is still at Bath, and the waters have done her good. The duke is now confined by a fit of the gout, which, I believe, is very well for him, because I doubt he had a little of it in his stomach. Adieu, &c.

FROM THE ARCHBISHOP OF CASHELL.

Cashell, May 31, 1735.

DEAR SIR,—I have been so unfortunate in all my contests of late, that I am resolved to have no more, especially where I am likely to be overmatched: and as I have some reason to hope what is past will be forgotten, I confess I did endeavour in my last to put the best colour I could think of upon a very bad cause. My friends judge right of my idleness, but, in reality, it has hitherto proceeded from a hurry and confusion, arising from a thousand unlucky unforeseen accidents, rather than mere sloth.

I have but one troublesome affair now upon my hands, which, by the help of the prime serjeant, I hope soon to get rid of; and then you shall see me a true Irish bishop. Sir James Ware has made a very useful collection of the memorable actions of all my predecessors. He tells us, they were born in such a town of England or Ireland; were consecrated such a year, and if not translated, were buried in their cathedral church, either on the north or south side. Whence I conclude, that a good bishop has nothing more to do than to eat, drink, grow fat, rich, and die; which laudable example I propose for the remainder of my life to follow; for to tell you the truth, I have for these four or five years past met with so much treachery, baseness, and ingratitude among mankind, that I can hardly think it incumbent upon any man to endeavour to do good to so perverse a generation.

I am truly concerned at the account you give me of your health. Without doubt a southern ramble will prove the best remedy you can take to recover your flesh; and I do not know, except in one stage, where you can choose a road so suited to your circumstances as from Dublin hither. You have to Kilkenny a turnpike, and good inns at every ten or twelve miles end. From Kilkenny hither is twenty long miles, bad road, and no inn at all: but I have an expedient for you. At the foot of a very high hill, just midway, there lives, in a neat thatched cabin, a parson, who is not poor: his wife is allowed to be the best little woman in the world. Her chickens are the fattest, and her ale the best in all the country

* See a letter from lady Betty Germain, dated July 12, 1735.

Besides, the parson has a little cellar of his own, of which he keeps the key, where he always has a hogshead of the best wine that can be got, in bottles well corked, upon their side; and he cleans and pulls out the cork better, I think, than Robin. Here I design to meet you with a coach: if you be tired, you shall stay all night; if not, after dinner, we will set out about four, and be at Cashell by nine; and by going through fields and by-ways, which the parson will show us, we shall escape all the rocky and stony roads that lie between this place and that, which are certainly very bad. I hope you will be so kind as to let me know, a post or two before you set out, the very day you will be at Kilkenny, that I may have all things prepared for you. It may be, if you ask him, Cope will come: he will do nothing for me. Therefore, depending upon your positive promise, I shall add no more arguments to persuade you. And am, with the greatest truth, your most faithful and obedient humble servant, THEO. CASHELL.

TO THE REV. MR. JOHN TOWERS,

Prebendary of St. Patrick's, at Powerscourt, near Bray.

SIR,—I cannot imagine what business it is that so employs you. I am sure it is not to gain money, but to spend it; perhaps it is to new cast and contrive your house and gardens at 400*l.* more expense. I am sorry it should cost you twopence to have an account of my health, which is not worth a penny; yet I struggle, and ride, and walk, and am temperate, and drink wine on purpose to delay, or make abortive, those schemes proposed for a successor; and if I were well I would counterfeit myself sick, as Toby Matthews, archbishop of York, used to do when all the bishops were gaping to succeed him. It is one good sign that giddiness is peculiar to youth, and I find I grow giddier as I grow older, and, therefore, consequently I grow younger. If you will remove six miles nearer I shall be content to come and spunge upon you, as poor as you are; for I cannot venture to be half a day's journey from Dublin, because there is no sufficient medium of flesh between my skin and my bones, particularly in the parts that lie upon the saddle. Therefore, be pleased to send me three dozen ounces of flesh before I attempt such an adventure, or get me a six-mile inn between this town and your house. The cathedral organ and backside are painting and mending, by which I have saved a sermon; and, as the rogues of workmen go on, I may save another.

How, a wonder, came young Acheson to be among you? I believe neither his father nor mother know anything of him; his mother is at Grange with Mrs. Acheson, her mother, and I hear is very ill of her asthma and other disorders, got by cards, and laziness, and keeping ill hours. Ten thousand sacksful of such knights and such sons are, in my mind, neither worth rearing nor preserving. I count upon it that the boy is good for nothing. I am, sir, with great truth, your obedient humble servant,

JONATHAN SWIFT.

TO LADY BETTY GERMAIN.

June 8, 1735.

MADAM,—I trouble you sooner than usual in acknowledging your letter of May 27th, because there are some passages in it that seem to require a quick answer. If I forgot the date of mine, you must impute it to my ill head; and if I live two years longer I shall first forget my own name and last your ladyship's. I gave my lady Kerry an account of what you said in relation to her son, with which she is fully satisfied. I detest the house of lords for their indulgence to such a profligate, prostitute villain as Curll; but am at a loss how he could procure any letters written to Mr. Pope; although, by the vanity or indiscretion of correspondents, the rogue might have picked up some that went from him. Those letters have not yet been sent hither; therefore I can form no judgment on them. When I was leaving England upon the queen's death I burnt all the letters I could find that I had received from ministers for several years before. But as to the letters I receive from your ladyship, I neither ever did nor ever will burn any of them, take it as you please; for I never burn a letter that is entertaining, and consequently will give me new pleasure when it is forgotten. It is true I have kept some letters merely out of friendship, although they sometimes wanted true spelling and good sense, and some others whose writers are dead; for I live like a monk, and hate to forget my departed friends. Yet I am sometimes too nice; for I burnt all my lord ****'s letters upon receiving one where he had used these words to me, "all I pretend to is a great deal of sincerity;" which indeed was the chief virtue he wanted. Of those from my lord Halifax I burnt all but one, which I keep as a most admirable original of court promises and professions. I confess also that I have read some passages in many of your letters to a friend, but without naming you, only "that the writer was a lady," which had such marks of good sense that often the hearers would not believe me. And yet I never had a letter of mine printed, nor of any others to me.

Your ladyship very much surprises me with one passage in your letter, which, however, I do not in the least understand; where you say you "have been honoured in print by amorous, satirical, and gallant letters," where there was no word but your bare name mentioned. I can assure you this is to me altogether a riddle, and what I never heard the least syllable of, and wish you would explain it. No, madam, I will never forgive your insolent niece, without a most humble submission under her own hands; which if she will not comply with, I shall draw up letters between us and send them to Curll.

I will tell your ladyship a cause I have of complaint against the duke of Dorset. I have written to him about four times since he was lieutenant; and three of my letters were upon subjects that concerned him much more than it did any friend of mine, and not at all myself; but he was never pleased to return me an answer; which omission (for I disdain to call it contempt) I can account for only by some of the following reasons. He is either extremely busy in affairs of the highest importance; or he is a duke with a garter; or he is a lieutenant of Ireland; or he is of a very ancient noble extraction; or so obscure a man as I am, is not worth his remembrance; or, like the duke of Chandos, he is an utter stranger to me; and it would grieve me to the soul to put them together upon any one article. The last letter I wrote to his grace was upon an affair relating to one of the favourite party, and yet a very honest gentleman; which last circumstance, with submission to your ladyship, is what I seldom grant; and the matter desired was a trifle. The letter before that related to a request made him by a senior fellow of this university, upon which I was earnestly pressed to write by some considerable members of the same body, which it highly concerned, as well as his grace's honour; the demand being directly contrary to their statutes, and of the most pernicious consequence not only to the university but the kingdom; and for that reason it is thought his grace has chosen to let it fall, I suppose by much better causes of conviction

than mine. I do assure you, madam, that I have not been troublesome to my lord duke in any particular; since he has been governor, my letters have been at most but once a-year, and my personal requests not so many; nor any of them for the least interest that regarded myself. And although it be true that I do not much approve the conduct of affairs in either kingdom, wherein I agree with vast numbers of both parties, yet I have utterly waived intermeddling even in this enslaved kingdom, where perhaps I might have some influence to be troublesome; yet I have long quitted all such thoughts, out of perfect despair; although I have sometimes wished that the true loyal Whigs here might be a little more considered in the disposition of employments, notwithstanding their misfortune of being born on this side the channel, which would gain abundance of hearts both to the crown and his grace. My paper is so full that I have not room to excuse its length. I remain your ladyship's, &c. JONATHAN SWIFT.

FROM LORD OXFORD.

Dover-street, June 19, 1735.

GOOD MR. DEAN,—I could not suffer Mr. Jebb to pass into Ireland without giving you the trouble of reading a few lines from your humble servant to inquire how you do, and to return you many thanks for your kind remembrances of me in your letters to my good friend Mr. Pope. I am much concerned for the account you give in your late letter to him of the state of your own health. I should think that the change of air, and seeing some of your remaining friends you have left in this island, would be of service to you, at least to entertain and amuse you; as for any other agreeable view, I cannot pretend to flatter you so far as that you must expect any; that is over, as I believe you know very well; but as I know you to be a truly good-natured man, I hope you will come over, for I assure you it will be an infinite satisfaction and pleasure to your friends to embrace you here. If this motive will not do, I do not know what argument to make use of.

I troubled you last year with an account of the disposal of my daughter; it has in every point answered our expectations and wishes. I was in hopes I should have been able to have given you an account that my daughter was safely brought to bed; we expect it every day. My wife is pretty well; desires your acceptance of her humble service; she among others would be very glad to see you here. My uncle, the auditor, is in a very ill state of health. I am afraid he cannot last very long; his son has this spring put to Westminster school two sons; he has three more and a daughter. Mr Thomas Harley has had the gout, but he is better, and is at his seat in Herefordshire. The duke of Leeds is returned from his travels a fine gentleman, and has imported none of the fopperies and fooleries of the countries he has passed through. My nephew Robert Hay travelled with the duke, and he is come home untainted, but much improved; he is returned to Oxford to follow his studies; he designs for holy orders. My two youngest nephews are still at Westminster school. Lord Dupplin has not yet got an employment, but lives upon hopes and promises.. My sister lives in Yorkshire with her daughters, as well as she can, considering the times, &c. &c. Now I ask your pardon, dear sir, for saying so much of family affairs; but as you are a good man, and have always wished my family well, I have ventured to be thus impertinent to give you the state of it. Master Pope is pretty well; he is under persecution from Curll, who has by some means (wicked ones most certainly) got hold of some of Pope's private letters, which he has printed, and threatens more. We are in so free a state that there is no remedy against these evils.

It is now time to release you from this dull paper, but I must assure you, what I hope you know already, that I am, with true respect and esteem, sir, your most obliged and most faithful humble servant,

OXFORD.

Please to be so good as to make my compliments to lord Orrery.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

June, 1735.

I SUPPOSE you are now angle ling with your tack ling in a purr ling stream, or pad ling and say ling in a boat, or sad ling your stum ling horse with a sap ling in your hands, and snare ling at your groom, or set ling your affairs, or tick ling your cat, or tat ling with your neighbour Price; not always toy ling in your school. This dries ling weather we in Dub ling are glad of a dump ling, and bab ling is our dare ling. Pray do not look as cow ling at me when I come, but get a fat ling for my dinner, or go a fow ling for fill ling my belly. I hope none of your townsfolks are bub ling you. Have you a bow ling green at Cavan? I have been ill of my old ay ling, and yet you see I am now as crib ling. Can you buy me an amb ling nag? I am bat ling for health, and just craw ling out. My breakfast is cut ling sand sugar to cure the curd ling, of my blood. My new summer coat is cock ling already, and I am cal ling for my old one. I am cob ling my riding shoes* and cur ling my riding periwig. My maid's hens keep such a cack ling, and chuck ling, that I scarce know what I write. My mare is just foe ling, for which my groom is grum ling and grow ling, while the other servants are gob ling and gut ling, and the maids gig ling, and the dogs how ling. My bung ling tailor was tip ling from morning to night. Do you know drive ling Doll with her drab ling tail, and drag ling petticoat, and gog ling eyes; always gag ling like a goose, and hob ling to the alehouse, hand ling a mug, and quarry ling and squab ling with porters, or row ling in the kennel? I bought her a muzzle ling pinner. Mr. Wall walks the streets with his strip ling boy, in his sham ling gait, as cuff ling for the wall, and just ling all he meets. I saw his wife with her pop ling gown, pill ling oranges and pick ling cucumbers. Her eyes are no longer spark ling, you may find her twat ling with the neighbours, her nose trick ling, and spaw ling the floor, and then smug ling her husband.

A lady whose understanding was sing ling me out as a wit ling or rather a suck ling, as if she were tick ling my fancy, tang ling me with questions, tell ling me many stories, her tongue toe ling like a clapper; says she, an old man's dar ling is better than a young man's war ling. I liked her dad ling and plain deal ling; she was as wise as a goes ling or a duck ling, yet she counted upon gull ling and grave ling me. Her maid was hack ling flax and hum ling her mistress, and how ling in the Irish manner: I was fool ling and fiddle ling and fade ling an hour with them. We hear Tisdall is puss ling the curates, or mud ling in an alehouse, or muff ling his chops, or rump ling his band, or mum ling songs, though he be but a mid ling versifier at best, while his wife, in her mac ling lace, is mull ling claret, to make her husband maud ling, or mill ling chocolate for her breakfast, or rust ling in her silks, or net ling her spouse, or nurse ling and swill ling her grand-children and a year ling calf,

* As Dr. Swift was on all occasions fond of walking, when he rode he wore strong jack spatterdashes which he could slip off as soon as he alighted from his horse; and to match these spatterdashes he had shoes strong in proportion to bear the dirt and the weather; but he never wore boots.

or oil ling her pimple ling face, or set ling her head dress, or stif ling a f— to a fizz ling, or boy ling sowins for supper, or pew ling for the death of her kit ling, or over rue ling the poor doctor. As to madame votre femme, I find she has been coup ling her daughters; I wish she were to live upon a cod ling, or a chit or ling. She has as mile ling countenance, which is yet better than as well ling belly; I wish she were to go a bull ling and begin with a bill ling, and then go to hick ling. She hath been long as cram ling for power, and would fain be a fond ling, and delights in a fop ling, when she should be fur ling her sails, and fill ling her belly, or game ling about Cavan, or gall ling her company. Why do not you set her a truck ling, with a vengeance, and use her like an under ling, and stop her ray ling, rat ling, rang ling behaviour? I would cure her ram ling and rum ling; but you are spy ling all, by rig ling into her favour, and are afraid of ruff ling her. I hear you are fell ling your timber at Quilca; you love to have a fee ling of money, which is a grove ling temper in you, and you are for shove ling it up like a lord ling, or rather like a star ling. I suppose now you are vail ling your bonnet to every squire. I wish you would grow a world ling, and not be strow ling abroad, nor always shake ling yourself at home. Can I have stabe ling with you for my horse? Pray keep plain wholesome table ling for your boys, and employ your maids in teaz ling cloth and reel ling yarn, and unravel ling thread without stay ling it. Set the boys a race ling for diversion; set the scullion a rid ling the cinders without rife ling them. Get some scrub to teach the young boys their spell ling, and the cow-boy to draw small beer without spill ling or pall ling it; have no more pis to ling lads: employ yourself in nay ling your broken stools. Whip all the libel ling rogues who are loll ling out their tongues, and kind ling quarrels, and rave eye ling their school-fellows, and stick ling with their seniors, and snuff ling in a jeer, and scraw ling on the school walls, and scut ling to the pie house, and yawl ling and yell ling to frighten little children, and fowl ling the house for mischief sake, and grape ling with the girls. Pray take care of spy ling your younger daughters, or sty ling them pets. JONATHAN SWIFT.

TO SIR CHARLES WOGAN,
In Spain.

HONOURED SIR,—I think you are the only person alive who can justly charge me with ingratitude; because, although I was utterly unknown to you, and become an obscure exile in a most obscure and enslaved country, you were at the pains to find me out, and send me your very agreeable writings, with which I have often entertained some very ingenious friends, as well as myself: I mean not only your poetry in Latin and English, but your poetical history in prose of your own life and actions inscribed to me; which I often wished it were safe to print here, or in England, under the madness of universal party now reigning: I mean particularly in this kingdom, to which I would prefer living among the Hottentots, if it were in my power.

I have been often told that you have a brother and some near relations in this country; and have oftener employed my friends in vain to learn when any of them came to this town. But, I suppose on account of their religion, they are so prudent as to live in privacy; although the court has thought it better in point of politics (and, to keep the good will of cardinal Fleury, has thought it proper), to make the catholics here much more easy than their ill-willers, of no religion, approve of in their hearts. And I can assure you that those wretches here, who call themselves a parliament, abhor the clergy of our church more than those of yours, and have made a universal association to defraud us of our undoubted dues.

I have further thanks to give you for your generous present of excellent Spanish wine, whereof I have been so choice that my butler tells me there are still some bottles left. I did very often ask some merchants here who trade with Spain, whether this country could not afford something that might be acceptable in Spain; but could not get any satisfaction. The price I am sure would be but a trifle. And I am told by one of them, that he heard you were informed of my desire; to which you answered in a disinterested manner, "that you only desired my works." It is true, indeed, that a printer here, about a year ago, did collect all that was printed in London which passed for mine, as well as several single papers in verse and prose, that he could get from my friends; and desired my leave to publish them in four volumes. He reasoned, "that printers here had no property in their copies; that mine would fall into worse hands; that he would submit to me and my friends what to publish or omit." On the whole, I would not concern myself, and so they have appeared abroad, as you will see them in those I make bold to send you. I must now return to mention wine. The last season for it was very bad in France: upon which our merchants have raised the price twenty per cent. already, and the present weather is not likely to mend it. Upon this I have told some merchants my opinion, or perhaps my fancy, that when the warmth of summer happens to fail in the several wine countries, Spain and Portugal wines, and those of the south of Italy, will be at least as ripe as those of France in a good year. If there be any truth in this conceit, I would desire our merchants to deal this year in those warmer climates; because I hear that in Spain French vines are often planted, and the wine is more mellow; although, perhaps, the natural Spanish grape may fail for want of its usual share of sun. In this point I would have your opinion; wherein if you agree, I will direct Mr. Hall, an honest catholic merchant here, who deals in Spanish wine, to bring me over as large a cargo as I can afford, of wines as like French claret as he can get; for my disorders, with the help of years, make wine absolutely necessary to support me. And if you were not a person of too considerable a rank (and now become half a Spaniard), I would try to make you descend so low as to order some merchants there to consign to some of ours, directed to me, some good quantity of wine that you approve of; such as our claret drinkers here will be content with; for when I give them a pale wine (called by Mr. Hall caesalia) they say it will do for one glass, and then (to speak in their language) call for honest claret.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

FROM LORD HOWTH.

Kilfane, July 6, 1735.

I AM very much obliged to my good dean of St. Patrick's for the honour he did me in sitting for his picture; and have wrote to Dr. Grattan to give Mr. Bindon strict charge in the finishing of it; and when that is done to bring it to his house, for fear I should get a copy instead of the original. I am very much concerned at the account you give me of your health, but do not in the least doubt but the change of air would be of service to you, and a most hearty welcome you may be sure of. The archbishop of Cashell told me he would wait on you the day after he went

to Dublin; and does mightily admire he has not seen you oftener. I have taken your advice, and kept very good hours since I came last here. Every second day I am out six or seven hours an otter-hunting. As to reading and working, my wife observes your directions; and could wish she would do the same as to exercise. She desires me to tell you that the liking she has to the baboon[a] is out of the true regard she has for you, he being one of your greatest favourites. Your giant[b] will use her endeavours to make lord Bacon a liar, and instead of adding two inches to her height, would be very well satisfied to part with four. I am very sorry Mrs. Acheson is so much out of order; she is one I have a great regard for; and shall desire the favour of you to give my wife's service and mine to her and lady Acheson, when you see them. I thank God my family and I are very well. Some time this summer I design drinking Ballispellin waters for a month. As for news, we have no such thing here: only the baboon has done his visitation; that is, he goes into the churches and looks about, then asks the tumbler Sykes how long they have been coming? So long, says Sykes. Ay, replies the baboon, and we shall be as long going back: so mounts his horse and away. Who durst say the church is in danger when we have so good bishops? My wife and all here join in their kind service to the Drapier. I am, good Mr. dean, your most assured and affectionate humble servant, HOWTH.

TO MR. ALDERMAN BARBER.

Dublin, July 12, 1735.

DEAR MR. ALDERMAN,—I write to you at the command of a gentleman for whom I have a perfect friendship and esteem, and the request he desires me to make appears to me altogether reasonable. The gentleman I mean is doctor Helsham, the most eminent physician of this city and kingdom. There is a person of quality, an intimate friend of the doctor's, my lord Tyrone, formerly sir Tristram Beresford, who is a tenant to the Londonderry Society. His lordship is going to build two houses upon their estate; and to assist him in so good a work, I desire that when the particulars of the request shall be laid before the society, you, who are the governor, will please, if you find them just and reasonable, to forward them as far as lies in your power; by which you will much oblige me and several worthy persons, particularly my friend Dr. Helsham.

Do you sometimes honour poor Mrs. Barber with a visit? We are afraid here that the gout has got too strong a possession of her, and pray let me have some account of your own health: I wish we three valetudinarians were together, we should make excellent company; but I can drink my pint of wine twice a-day, which I doubt both of you could not do in a week. I long excessively to be in England, but am afraid of being surprised by my old disorder in my head, far from help, or at least from conveniency; and I dare not so much as travel here without being near enough to come back in the evening to lie in my own bed. These are the effects of living too long: and the public miseries of this kingdom add to my disease. I am, dear sir, with true esteem and friendship, your most obedient humble servant,

JONATHAN SWIFT.

[a] The bishop of Ossory so called:—

Could you see his grim grace, for a pound to a penny,
You'd swear it must be the baboon of Kilkenny.
See Swift's Poem on the Bishops.

[b] Miss Rice, an exceeding tall young lady, and niece to my lord Howth.

FROM LADY BETTY GERMAIN.

London, July 12, 1735.

I HAVE not answered yours of the 15th of June so soon as I should; but the duke of Dorset had answered all yours ere your letter came to my hands. So I hope all causes of complaint are at an end, and that he has showed himself as he is, much your friend and humble servant, though he wears a garter, and had his original from Normandy, if heralds do not lie or his grannams did not play false; and while he is lord-lieutenant (which I heartily wish may not be much longer), I dare say will be very glad of any opportunity to do what you recommend to him. Thus far I will answer for his grace, though he is now in the country and cannot subscribe to it himself.

Now to quite another affair. The countess of Suffolk (whom you know I have long had a great esteem and value for) has been so good and gracious as to take my brother George Berkeley for better, for worse; though I hope in God the last will not happen, because I think he is an honest, good-natured man. The town is surprised; and the town talks, as the town loves to do, upon these ordinary extraordinary occasions. She is indeed four or five years older than he, and no more; but for all that, he has appeared to all the world as well as to me to have long had (that is, ever since she has been a widow, so pray do not mistake me) a most violent passion for her, as well as esteem and value for her numberless good qualities. These things well considered, I do not think they have above ten to one against their being very happy: and if they should not be so, I shall heartily wish him hanged, because I am sure it will be wholly his fault. As to her fortune, though she has been twenty years a court-favourite, yet I doubt she has been too disinterested to enlarge it as others would have done. And sir Robert [Walpole], her greatest enemy, does not tax her with getting quite 40,000*l.* I wish—but fear it is not near that sum. But what she has she never told me, nor have I ever asked; but whatever it is, they must live accordingly; and he had of his own wherewithal to live by himself easily and genteelly.

In this hurry of matrimony I had like to forget to answer that part of your letter where you say you never heard of our being in print together. I believe it was about twenty years ago Mr. Curll set forth "Letters Amorous, Satirical, and Gallant, between Dr. Swift, Lady Mary Chambre, Lady Betty Germain, and Mrs. Anne Long, and several other Persons." I am afraid some of my people used them according to their desert; for they have not appeared above ground this great while. And now to the addition of writing the brave large hand you make me do for you, I have bruised my fingers prodigiously, and can say no more but adieu.

FROM DR. SHERIDAN.*

July 16, 1735.

DEAR SIR,—I received your 20*l.* from lord Lanesborough's agent yesterday, and it travels to you from this on Saturday next, by one John Donaldson, one of our nobility. You will get it I believe on Monday. I have nothing to say to the 380*l.* you mention. That is, as I told you, the fine and rent of Drumlane which I owe the bishop, and which will be paid him August 26th. I cleared off the rent which I owed him for your purchase the other day, or I should have sent your poor money, poor as I am, before this. Now are you satisfied that I am not negligent or giddy? But what in the name of God is the matter with you to delay so long? Can I oversee my workmen and a school too? If you will not come and

take your charge in hand, I must employ somebody else. There is a long walk begun: stones a-drawing home for an addition to my house: the schoolhouse repaired at the charge of the county: a gravel-walk from the market-cross to my house at the town's expense; item, a gravel-walk by the river, which will all require your attendance. As you were a good and faithful overseer of my improvements at Quilca, I am willing to employ you rather than another: therefore I expect your answer immediately, for the summer is flying off apace. My lord Orrery wrote to me that he would come from Munster to see me soon; if you will but have the prudence to be here, you may have a fair opportunity of recommending yourself to him: and I shall perhaps give you the character of a vigilant overseer if I find you be not altered since you were last in my service.

Now to be serious. I shall send you some venison soon. You shall know next Monday when it sets out; and you are to dispose of it thus:—

To Dr. Helsham, four cuts.
Dr. Delany, four.
Mrs. Helsham, one and a half.
Mrs. Whiteway, ditto.
Lady Acheson, because of her good stomach, three scruples.
Mr. Worrall, a pound and a quarter.

Pray let them be all wrapped up in clean paper and sent to the several above-mentioned persons. Dine upon the rest with your own company.

I have got you a mare, a very easy trotter; she shall go up with the venison. Whether she will be shy at your city objects I know not; here she is not in the least. Your best way will be to let your servant ride her. She is one of my own rearing, sprung of a good-natured family. If you like, she costs you nothing but a low bow when you come to Cavan. I have a chaise just finished to the lining in Dublin, made by a man so much in my debt: it will be your best way to come down in it. I tell you a project I have which I believe will do: my scholars are to club and build me a little library in my garden. The lime and stones (freestone) are in my own fields, and building is dog-cheap here.

I beseech you let me know how soon you will be here, that all things may be to your heart's desire: such venison! such mutton! such small beer! such chickens! such butter! such trouts! such pouts! such ducks! such beef! such fish! such eels! such turkeys! such fields! such groves! such lakes! such ladies! such fruit! such potatoes! such raspberries! such bilberries! and such a boat as Mr. Hamilton's were never yet seen in any one county yet!

God Almighty bless you and send you safe to our Elysium. My service to Mrs. Whiteway, and to everybody in Dublin, man, woman, and child. I am, with all respect, your most obedient and very humble servant, THOMAS SHERIDAN.

FROM MR. MOTTE.

London, July 31, 1735.

HONOURED SIR,—I have not had an opportunity of writing to you otherwise than by the post for above a twelvemonth; and though in that time I did trouble you with a letter or two relating to Mr. Lancelot's business, yet I thought proper to mention only what related to that particular, considering I was then under the hands of the law, whence I was not discharged till the last day of the last term. I do not doubt but you have heard before now that Mrs. Barber was discharged at the same time.

I desired therefore Mrs. Hyde* to deliver this to your own hand, and make bold to trouble you with an account of some transactions which have happened within these two years, which I have long wished for the pleasure of doing by word of mouth, in hopes my behaviour would be excused at least (if not approved) by you, the assurance whereof I should receive with the utmost satisfaction.

Soon after Mr. Pilkington had received the twenty guineas you ordered me to pay him, "the Life and Character" was offered me, though not by his own hands, yet by his means, as I was afterward convinced by many circumstances: one was that he corrected the proof sheets with his own hand; and as he said he had seen the original of that piece, I could not imagine he would have suffered your name to be put to it if it had not been genuine. When I found by your advertisement and the letter you were pleased to write to me, that I had been deceived by him, I acted afterward with more reserve, and refused a pamphlet about Norton's will which he pretended came from an eminent hand. It was bought afterward by another bookseller, who printed it, and lost money by it.

He could not forbear observing my coldness, and applied to Mr. Gilliver about the copy of verses for which we were all brought into trouble; and by the way, when once an affair was communicated to two persons it was not in the power of any one, how just and faithful soever, to answer for its being kept a secret. It was published three months before it was taken notice of; and when the printer was taken up and had named Gilliver as the bookseller, and it was reported a warrant was out against G., and he was likely to be apprehended next morning, we two had a meeting over night, and I promised to take the advice of a gentleman of sense and honour whose name I did not mention to him, and to meet G. early the next morning at a certain tavern to consult further. Accordingly, I went to a gentleman in Cork-street, and from thence to the tavern we had appointed to meet at, where, after I had waited above an hour, a message was sent me that I need stay no longer, for Mr. G. was gone to Westminster, and would not come. I went to see him in the messenger's hands, but he was so closely watched by a couple of sharp sluts, the messenger's daughters, that I could say nothing to him but about indifferent matters. The consequence was he was examined, and made a confession like poor Dr. Yalden's, of all that he knew, and more too: naming Mr. Pilkington first and then myself; which last, as many people have told me, was unnecessary; only, as he before said, he was resolved if he came into trouble I should have a share of it, though I offered, in case he would not name me, that I would bear one half of his expenses. This confession of his, together with his bearing the character of a wealthy man, exposed him to an information; but as it was not my business to be industrious in recollecting what passed three months before, I could not remember anything that could affect me or anybody else.

I am sorry for the trouble this has caused to poor Mrs. Barber. I saw her the other day: she was confined to her bed with the gout. She desired when I wrote that I would present her humble service to you.

I would be glad to receive your directions what I must do with the two notes I have under Mr. Pilkington's hands of ten guineas each. They were allowed by you in the last account we settled; but whether you would please they should be destroyed or sent over to you I am not certain. As for the state of the account, as I have heard no exception to it, I flatter myself you find it all right.

* Widow to Mr. Hyde, bookseller in Dublin.

Mr. Faulkner's impression of four volumes has had its run. I was advised that it was in my power to have given him and his agents sufficient vexation by applying to the law; but that I could not sue him without bringing your name into a court of justice, which absolutely determined me to be passive. I am told he is about printing them in an edition in twelves; in which case I humbly hope you will please to lay your commands upon him (which, if he has any sense of gratitude, must have the same power as an injunction in chancery) to forbear sending them over here. If you think this request to be reasonable, I know you will comply with it: if not, I submit.

As we once had a meeting upon this affair, and he may possibly have misrepresented the offers he then made me, I beg leave to assure you that his proposal was that I should have paid him a larger price for the book than I could have had it printed for here in England; and surely I had the same right of printing them here as he had in Ireland, especially having bought and paid for them. If he made any other offer, I declare I misunderstood him; and I am sure if I had complied with those terms I should have been a laughing-stock to the whole trade.

Mr. Pope has published a second volume of his poetical works, of which I suppose he has made you a present. I am surprised to see he owns so little in the four volumes, and speaks of these few things as inconsiderable. I am a stranger to what part of the copy money he received:[a] but you, who know better, are a competent judge whether he deserved it. "I always thought the 'Art of Sinking' was his, though he there disowns it."[b]

Curll's edition of Letters to and from Mr. Pope, I suppose you have seen. They were taken notice of in the house of lords; and Curll was ruffled for them in a manner as, to a man of less impudence than his own, would have been very uneasy. It has provoked Mr. Pope to promise the world a genuine edition, with many additions. It is plain the rascal has no knowledge of those letters of yours that Ewin of Cambridge has. Few as they are, he would tack some trash to them, and make a five or six shilling book of them.

The "Persian Letters" have been well received, so I chose to send them; beside that they make a convenient cover for this letter.

Mr. Tooke, who desires me to present his most humble service to you, acquainted me some time ago of your intention to erect an hospital for lunatics and idiots. I am glad to find by the newspapers that so noble a design proceeds; for beside the general benefit to mankind that is obvious to everybody, I am persuaded there will be a particular one arise by your example: namely, that you will lay down a scheme, which will be a pattern for future founders of public hospitals, to prevent many of the vile abuses which, in process of time, do creep into those foundations, by the indolence, ignorance, or knavery of the trustees. I have seen so many scandalous instances of misapplications of that kind, as have raised my indignation so, that I can hardly think upon it with temper; and I heartily congratulate you that a heart to bestow is joined in you with a head to contrive: and therefore, without any mercenary views, (at the same time not declining any instance of your favour,) I would beg leave to say, that as, while your thoughts are employed in this generous undertaking, you must necessarily consider it in the light I have placed it in; so, if you would please to communicate these thoughts to the public, you might possibly give useful hints to persons of fortune and beneficent intentions, though of inferior abilities. I heartily wish you success in this and all other your undertakings; being, with grateful respect, sir, your obliged and obedient humble servant,

B. MOTTE.

Upon second thoughts I have enclosed Mr. Pilkington's two notes; for I do not see how they can possibly be of any service to you on this side the water.

[a] Mr. Pope sold the Miscellanies for a considerable sum, and offered part of it to Dr. Swift, which he refused.

[b] The "Art of Sinking" was written by Mr. Pope.

FROM DR. SHERIDAN.

August 13, 1735.

DEAR SIR,—Because of some dropping young lads coming to me, and because it was impossible for me to get any money before the 23rd of this month, I could not fix my vacation. Now I do. On Saturday se'nnight, the 23rd, I set out for Dublin to bring you home: and so, without ifs, ands, and ors, get ready before our fields be stripped of all their gaiety. I thank God I have every good thing in plenty but money; and that, as affairs are likely to go, will not be my complaint a month longer. Belturbet Fair will make me an emperor. I have all this town, and six men of my own, at work at this juncture, to make you a winter-walk by the river-side. I have raised mountains of gravel, and diverted the river's course for that end—*Regis opus*; you will wonder and be delighted when you see it. Your works at Quilca are to be as much inferior to ours here as a sugar-loaf to an Egyptian pyramid. We had a county of Armagh rogue, one Mackay, hanged yesterday: Griffith the player never made so merry an exit. He invited his audience the night before, with a promise of giving them such a speech from the gallows as they never heard: and indeed he made his words good; for no man was ever merrier at a christening than he was upon the ladder.

When he mounted to his proper height, he turned his face to each side of the gallows, and said, in a cheerful manner, "Hah, my friend, am I come to you at last!" Then, turning to the people, "Gentlemen, you need not stand so thick, for the farthest shall hear me as easily as the nearest." Upon this a fellow interrupted him, and asked him, "Did he know anything of a gray mare which was stolen from him?" "Why, what if I should, would you pay for a mass for my soul?"—"Ay, by G—," said the fellow, "will I pay for seven."—"Why then," said the criminal, laughing, "I know nothing of your mare." After this he entertained the company with two hours' history of his villanies, in a loud unconcerned voice. At last he concluded with his humble service to one of the inhabitants of our town, desiring that he might give him a night's lodging, which was all he would trouble him for. He was not the least touched by any liquor; but soberly and intrepidly desired the hangman to do his office: and at last went off with a joke. Match me this with any of your Englishmen, if you can. I have no more news from Cavan, but that you have all their hearts, and mine among the rest, if it be worth anything. My love, and service to Mrs. Whiteway, and all friends. I am, dear sir, your most obedient and very humble servant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

TO THE ARCHBISHOP OF CASHELL.

Dublin, August 14, 1735.

MY LORD,—The bearer, Mr. Faulkner, our famous printer, goes in an hour to see Kilkenny and Cashell, to gather up his country debts. Ten to one your

grace may owe him a dozen shillings, and your town coffee-house (if you have one) a dozen more. But his pretences to me for writing, are the honour of being admitted to your grace by a line in my hand. I am not in fear of his shaming me as others have done; however, I would not have you leave your manuscripts scattered about your room, for he would be terribly tempted to beg them, and return them back next winter in four volumes, as he served me; although I never let him touch or see one. He has the name of an honest man, and has good sense and behaviour. I have ordered him to mark narrowly whatever you are doing, as a prelate, an architect, a country gentleman, a politician, and an improver, and to bring me a faithful account when he returns; but chiefly about your health, and what exercise you make use of to increase or preserve it. But he is in haste to be gone, and I am forced to conclude. I am, with the greatest respect, my lord, your grace's most obedient humble servant, JONATHAN SWIFT.

TO LORD HOWTH.

Dublin, August 14, 1735.

MY LORD,—The bearer, Mr. Faulkner, came to me just an hour before he was taking a journey to Kilkenny and Cashell, and desired I would write by him to your lordship and the archbishop, only to let your lordship know that he is an honest man, and the chief printer; and that I know him, and treat him with indulgence, because I cannot help it. For, although he printed what I never would have done, yet he got the consent of my friends, and so I shall get nothing by being angry with him. He hopes, as a citizen, to be admitted to your lords and ladies in the country, and I am contented you shall make him welcome; but take care you put no manuscripts in his hands; otherwise, perhaps, there will be the works of the right hon. &c., and of my lady and the giant, neatly bound, next winter. My lady Acheson has not been well since she left the town; but her mother is almost perfectly cured, except the loss of her eye. I owe my lady Howth[a] a letter, I believe. I desire my most humble service to her and the giant. I have time to say no more, but that I am your lordship's most obedient servant, JONATHAN SWIFT.

TO ALDERMAN BARBER.

September 3, 1735.

SIR,—The bearer, Mr. Faulkner, tells me he has the honour to be known to you, and that I have credit enough to prevail on you to do him all the good offices that lie in your way. I presume he goes about some affairs that relate to his own calling, which would be of little value to him here, if he were not the printer most in vogue, and a great undertaker, perhaps too great a one: wherein you are able to be the best adviser, provided he be not too sanguine, by representing things better than he probably may find them in this wretched, beggarly, enslaved country. To my great grief, my disorder is of such a nature, and so constantly threatening, that I dare not ride so far as to be a night from ——: and yet when the weather is fair I seldom fail to ride ten or a dozen miles. Mr. Faulkner will be able to give you a true journal of my life; that I generally dine at home, and alone, and have not two houses in this great kingdom where I can get a bit of meat twice a-year. That I very seldom go to church for fear of being seized with a fit of giddiness in the midst of the service. I hear you have likewise some ailments to struggle with, yet I am a great deal leaner than you: but I have one advantage, that wine is good for me, and I drink a bottle to my own share every day to bring some heat into my stomach. Dear Mr. Alderman, what a number of dear and great friends have we buried, or seen driven to exile, since we came acquainted! I did not know till six months after that my best friend, my lady Masham, was gone. I would be glad to know whether her son be good for anything, because I much doubted when I saw him last. Tell me, do you make constant use of exercise? It is all I have to trust to, though not in regard to life, but to health: I know nothing wherein years make so great a change as in the difference of matter in conversation and writing. My thoughts are wholly taken up in considering the best manner I ought to die, and how to dispose of my poor fortune for the best public charity. But in conversation I trifle more and more every day, and I would not give threepence for all I read, or write, or think in the compass of a year.

Well, God bless you, and preserve your life as long as you can reasonably desire. I take my age with less mortification, because, if I were younger, I should probably outlive the liberty of England, which, without some unexpected assistance from Heaven, many thousands now alive will see governed by an absolute monarch.

Farewell, dear sir; and believe me to be, with true esteem, your most obedient humble servant,

JONATHAN SWIFT.

TO MR. POPE.

September 3, 1735.

THIS letter will be delivered to you by Faulkner, the printer, who goes over on his private affairs. This is an answer to yours of two months ago, which complains of that profligate fellow Curll. I heartily wish you were what they call disaffected, as I am. I may say as David did, I have sinned greatly, but what have these sheep done! You have given no offence to the ministry, nor to the lords, nor commons, nor queen, nor the next in power. For you are a man of virtue, and therefore must abhor vice and all corruption, although your discretion holds the reins. "You need not fear any consequence in the commerce that has so long passed between us; although I never destroyed one of your letters. But my executors are men of honour and virtue, who have strict orders in my will to burn every letter left behind me." Neither did our letters contain any turns of wit, or fancy, or politics, or satire, but mere innocent friendship; yet I am loath that any letters from you and a very few other friends should die before me; I believe we neither of us ever leaned our head upon our left hand to study what we should write next; yet we have held a constant intercourse from your youth and my middle age, and from your middle age it must be continued till my death, which my bad state of health makes me expect every month. I have the ambition, and it is very earnest, as well as in haste, to have one epistle inscribed to me while I am alive, and you just in the time when wit and wisdom are in the height; I must once more repeat Cicero's desire to a friend: *orna me.* A month ago were sent me over, by a friend of mine, the works of John Hughes, esq.; they are in verse and prose. I never heard of the man in my life, yet I find your name as a subscriber too. He is too grave a poet for me, and I think among the *mediocribus* in prose as well as verse. I have the honour to know Dr. Rundle; he is indeed worth all the rest you ever sent us, but that is saying nothing, for he answers your character; I have dined thrice

[a] Lucy, youngest daughter of lieutenant-general Richard Gorges, was married to lord Howth, August 1, 1728; and after that nobleman's death became the lady of Nicholas Welden, of Gravelment, esq.

in his company. He brought over a worthy clergyman of this kingdom as his chaplain, which was a very wise and popular action. His only fault is, that he drinks no wine, and I drink nothing else.

This kingdom is now absolutely starving, by the means of every oppression that can be inflicted on mankind—shall I not visit for these things? saith the Lord. You advise me right, not to trouble myself about the world: but oppression tortures me, and I cannot live without meat and drink, nor get either without money; and money is not to be had, except they will make me a bishop, or a judge, or a colonel, or a commissioner of the revenues. Adieu.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

FROM MR. POPE.

To answer your question as to Mr. Hughes, what he wanted as to genius he made up as an honest man: but he was of the class you think him.

I am glad you think of Dr. Rundle as I do. He will be an honour to the bishops, and a disgrace to one bishop; two things you will like: but what you will like more particularly, he will be a friend and benefactor even to your unfriended, unbenefited nation; he will be a friend to the human race wherever he goes. Pray tell him my best wishes for his health and long life: I wish you and he came over together, or that I were with you. I never saw a man so seldom whom I liked so much as Dr. Rundle.

Lord Peterborough I went to take a last leave of at his setting sail for Lisbon: no body can be more wasted, no soul can be more alive. Immediately after the severest operation, of being cut into the bladder for a suppression of urine, he took coach and got from Bristol to Southampton. This is a man that will neither live nor die like any other mortal.

Poor lord Peterborough! There is another string lost that would have helped to draw you hither! he ordered on his death-bed his watch to be given me (that which accompanied him in all his travels), with this reason, "That I might have something to put me every day in mind of him." It was a present to him from the king of Sicily, whose arms and *insignia* are graved on the inner case; on the outer I have put this inscription: "*Victor Amadeus, rex Siciliæ, dux Sabaudiæ, &c. &c. Carolo Mordaunt, Comiti de Peterborow, D.D. Car. Mor. Com. de Pet. Alexandro Pope moriens legavit.* 1735."

Pray write to me a little oftener: and if there be a thing left in the world that pleases you, tell it one who will partake of it. I hear with approbation and pleasure that your present care is to relieve the most helpless of this world, those objects [idiots and maniacs] which most want our compassion, though generally made the scorn of their fellow-creatures, such as are less innocent than they. You always think generously; and of all charities this is the most disinterested and least vain-glorious, done to such as never will thank you, or can praise you for it.

God bless you with ease, if not with pleasure; with a tolerable state of health, if not with its full enjoyment; with a resigned temper of mind, if not a very cheerful one. It is upon these terms I live myself, though younger than you; and I repine not at my lot, could but the presence of a few that I love be added to these. Adieu.

FROM LADY BETTY GERMAIN.

September 4, 1735.

IF you are not angry with me for my long silence, I take it ill, and need make no excuse; and if you are angry, then I would willingly make you sorry too, which I know you will be when I tell you that I was laid up at Knowle with a severe fit of the gout. And since that infallible cure for all diseases, which all great fools and talkers wish joy of, I have never been quite well, but have had continually some disorder or other upon me, which made my head and spirits unfit for writing, or indeed doing anything I should; and am still so much out of order, that I am under great apprehensions I shall not be able to go next year part of the journey to Ireland with their graces; which is also part of the road to Drayton, where I intend to stay till November, in hopes that summer deferred its coming till I was there: for I am sure hitherto we have had little but winter weather.

I am glad matters are settled between his grace of Dorset and you; and I dare answer, as you are both right thinkers, and of course upright actors, there wants but little explanation between you, since I, that am the go-between, can easily find out that he has as sincere a value for you as you have for him. I do assure you I am extremely delighted, that since lady Suffolk would take a master (commonly called a husband), she chose my brother George: for if I am not partial to him, which indeed I do not know that I am, his sincere value, love, and esteem for her must make him a good one.

We are now full of expectation of his royal highness's wedding.[a] She has jewels bought for her, and clothes bespoke; and a gallery of communication is making between his apartment and St. James's; but as I do not love to pry into mysteries of state, I do not at all know when the lady will come over.

Your friend Mrs Floyd is grown fat and well under the duchess of Dorset's care and direction at Knowle; and my saucy niece is gone for a few days (and I verily believe as far as she can decently help) to her father's. Our friend Curll has again reprinted what he called our letters, as a proper third part of Mr. Pope's. He should have made those bitter, silly verses on me to have been his too, instead of sir William Trumbull's, whom they just as much belonged to. But your patriots are so afraid of suppressing the press, that everybody must suffer under that and the lies of the newspapers without hopes of redress. Adieu, my dear dean.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

September 12, 1735.

HERE is a very ingenious observation upon the days of the week, and in rhyme, worth your observation, and very proper for the information of boys and girls, that they may not forget to reckon them: Sunday's a pun day, Monday's a dun day, Tuesday's a news day, Wednesday's a friend's day, Thursday's a cursed day, Friday's a dry day, Saturday's the latter day. I intend something of equal use upon the months: as January, women vary. I shall likewise in due time make some observation upon each year as it passes. So for the present year:

One thousand seven hundred and thirty-five,
When only the d—— and b——ps will thrive

And for the next:

One thousand seven hundred and thirty-six,
When the d—— will carry the b——ps to Styx.

Perge.

One thousand seven hundred and thirty-seven,
When the Whigs are so blind they mistake hell for heav'n

I will carry these predictions no further than to year 2001, when the learned think the world will be at an end, or the fine-all cat-a-strow-fee.

The last is the period, two thousand and one,
When m— and b— to hell are all gone.

---

a Frederick, then prince of Wales.

When that time comes, pray remember the discovery came from me.

It is now time I should begin my letter. I hope you got safe to Cavan, and have got no cold in those two terrible days. All your friends are well, and I as I used to be. I received yours. My humble service to your lady and love to your children. I suppose you have all the news sent to you. I hear of no marriages going on. One dean Cross, an eminent divine, we hear is to be bishop of Cork. Stay till I ask a servant what Patrick's bells ring for so late at night—You fellow, is it for joy or sorrow? I believe it some of our royal birthdays. O, they tell me it is for joy a new master is chosen for the corporation of butchers. So farewell.

FROM LORD BATHURST.

Cirencester, September 13, 1735.

Dear Dean,—Though you never answer any of my letters, and I can never have a line from you except in Parliament-time about an Irish cause, I do insist that without delay you give me, either by yourself or agents, immediate satisfaction in these points. First, whether that article which I read in the news about one Butler, a shooting parson, be true or not? Secondly, whether he has yet begged pardon, and attested upon oath that it was without design and by accident that the gun went off? In case the fact be true, and that he has not yet made any sufficient or reasonable excuse, I require of you that you do immediately get some able painter to draw his picture and send it over to me, and I will order a great number of prints to be made of it, which shall be dispersed over all parts of the known world, that such a worthless rascal may not go anywhere without being known. I make no doubt of his being immediately drove out of Ireland; such a brutal attempt upon the Drapier cannot be borne there; and he would not venture into England when these prints of his person are sent about, for he would certainly be knocked on the head in the first village he passes through. Perhaps he may think to skulk in Holland, the common refuge of all scoundrels; but he would find out that doctor Swuft (for so they pronounce the name) is in great esteem there for his learning and political writings. In France he would meet with worse reception, for his wit is relished there; and many of his tracts, though spoiled by translation, are yet more admired than what is written by any among themselves. Should he go into Spain, he would find that Don Swifto is in the highest estimation, being thought to be lineally descended from Miguel de Cervantes, by a daughter of Quevedo's. Perhaps he may think to be safe in Poland during the time of these troubles: but I can assure him, from the mouth of a Polish lady who was lately in London, by name Madame de Montmorency (for she was married to a French gentleman of that great family), that Dr. Swift is perfectly well known there; and she was very solicitous to know whether he were a Stanislaist or not, she being a zealous partisan for that cause.

Now if this brute of a parson should find no security in Europe, and therefore slip into the East Indies in some Dutch ship (for a Dutchman may be found who would carry the devil for a stiver or two extraordinary), he will be confoundedly surprised to find that Dr. Swift is known in China, and that next to Confucius his writings are in the greatest esteem. The missionaries have translated several European books into their language; but I am well informed that none of them have taken so well as his; and the Chinese, who are a very ingenious people, reckon Sif the only author worth reading. It is well known that in Persia Kouli Khan was at the pains to translate his works himself; being born a Scotchman, he understood them very well, and I am credibly informed that he read "The Battle of the Books" the night before he gave that great defeat to the Persian army. If he hears of this, he may imagine that he shall find good reception at Constantinople; but he will be bit there; for many years ago an English renegado slave translated Effendi Soif for them, and told them it was written by an Englishman, with a design to introduce the Mahometan religion; this having got him his liberty; and although it is not believed by the effendi, the book and the author are in the greatest esteem among them. If he goes into America, he will not be received into any English, French, or Spanish settlement: so that in all probability he would be soon scalped by the wild Indians; and in truth there would be no manner of shame that a head should be uncovered that has so little brains in it. Brutality and ill nature proceed from the want of sense; therefore, without having ever heard of him before, I can decide what he is from this single action. Now I really believe no layman could have done such a thing. The wearing petticoats gives to most of the clergy (a few only excepted of superior understanding) certain feminine dispositions. They are commonly subject to malice and envy, and give more free vent to those passions; possibly for the same reason that women are observed to do so, because they cannot be called to account for it. When one of us does a brutal action to another, he may have his head broke or be whipped through the lungs: but all who wear petticoats are secure from such accidents. Now, to avoid further trouble, I hope by this time his gown is stripped off his back and the boys of Dublin have drawn him through a horse-pond. Send me an account of this and I shall be satisfied. Adieu, dear dean; I am got to the end of my paper, but you may be assured that my regard for you will only end with the last breath of your faithful servant.

FROM DR. SHERIDAN.

Cavan, September 17, 1735.

Dear Sir,—Eἶ καν not butt reap rhyme and εὐ for wry tinn sow long an ape is till a bout bees knees, when Tom eye Noll edge ἐυ cool das eas i lyre eye't a pun ne thing. Μυστῆρ Δὴν, what Ἴς Ἴυρ μῆνιν τὸ πλίονοv in e veri epistolas Ἴυδω Inn Angle owe Law Tigh no? Cann knot yew right in nap lean met hood, as I do? εἶ νὼ ευ αρᾶ πόννηρον all o key shuns. But cantu gay tann other subject toss at her eyes bis eyed my wife?[a] The woman is grown good for nothing. However, I would not have her so much abused, but when she deserves it. I no use itis e veri de of her life, but I sea it is not rue; for itis only e veri our o fit. She swears if heu come tuck have Ann, she will give you ἀ δους Inn the chops.[b]

I beg pardon for troubling you so long with business, and therefore I will now be as merry as I can. The devil a farthing I can get among my tenants but cows, bullocks, and sheep. Will you let me know whether such coin can pass in Dublin? that I may pay you some money which I owe. My purse, God help me, is grown as slender as a famished weasel. I long much to see it have an alderman's belly; but

[a] "I cannot but reprimand you for writing so long an epistle about business, when to my knowledge you could as easily write upon nothing. Mr. Dean, what is your meaning to play on us in every epistle you write in Anglo Latino? Cannot you write in a plain method, as I do? I know you are a punner on all occasions. But cannot you get another subject to satirize besides my wife?"

[b] "I know you say it is every day of her life, but I say it is not true, for it is only every hour of it. She swears if you come to Cavan she will give you a dowse in the chops."

Quando, Mr. Dean, quando? We cannot say that our weather is the devil here; for it is all water. If it continues, I must have thoughts of building an ark; but I shall not, like Noah, let any unclean beast enter. Eat pone linck waiter conjux. [Et pone linquetur conjux.] My mutton is growing too fat, and I want you much to eat of it while it is in its prime. I hear of no cadger going to Dublin, or I would send you a basket full of it. All I can do now is to send a fine roasted shoulder in my wishes, and pray invite Mrs. Whiteway to share of it. I wish you both a good stomach to it, with all my heart. Pray do not chide her for asking you to eat, as you used to do. I assure you (if I may be allowed to judge) she presses you to her victuals out of pure good nature and friendship.

I am sorry that the shortness of my last letter gave you cause to complain. This shall may cup for that deaf he she Ann she, [make up for that deficiency] for I have laid in a good stock of learning this last week; and therefore quoniam tu inter literatos primaria sedes in classe, quorundam decanorum nomina (minime nostratium) qui scientiis omnigenis inclaruerunt, tibi mittam. This part I mention in Latin, for fear the letter should fall into dean Crosse's hands.

Having lately read a very entertaining book, whose title-page runs thus—*Histoire Generale des Pais-bas*, I met with accounts of several great men whose names I never read before, and every one of them were deans, some became bishops, others cardinals: all of them on account of their great learning and merit. Lord, have mercy upon us! Christ, have mercy upon us! How the world is altered since! But you must know, that Charles the Great lived in that age, alias Char Lay Main. Now for the great scholars I promised. Among those who became bishops of Antwerp, you will find Philip Nigri, Aubert Vanden Eade, Jean Ferdinand de Benghem, Pierre Joseph Franken-Sierstorff. Among those of Bois-le-Duc, Clement Crabeels, Gisbert Masius, Michel Ophove, Joseph de Bergaigne. In the same town you will find among the Vicaires Apostoliques, Henry Van Leemputc, Josse Houbraecken, Martin Steyaert, Pierre,Govaerts, &c. &c. &c. The next place you dine you may make a figure with those names, and silence even Robin Leslie.* But a pox upon learning, I say. It is enough to turn a man's head. I have a great mind to have done with it; for the devil a thing is to be got by it. *Idcirco libris valedico.*

I cannot, now my memory serves me, omit an account of some learned physicians, which I read of in other authors, viz., Hermannus Conringius, Lucas Schrochius, Melchior Sebizius, Sebastian Schefferus, Guernerus Rolfinckius, Hoffmannus Altorfi, Seb. Jovius Lugani, Petrus Dapples, Theodore Kerchringius, Regnerus de Graef, Swammerda, Antonius Scarellius, Hieronymus Copelazzi, Jacobus Gonzato, Bernardinus Malacreda, Johannes Petrus Lotichius, Christianus Keekins, Julius Richeltus, Joan. Christoph. Vaganseilius, Jacobus Kerscheus, Antonius Magliabechius, and many others. Pray ask Grattan how many of these he has read.

You say, (I thank you for that,) That you know nobody. No matter for that; so much the better for me, because I know everybody knows you, and therefore more likely to succeed in subscriptions for mice cool. Pray is this letter long enough? If it be not, send it back, and I will fill the other side. In the mean time I remain your most obedient and very humble serve aunt, THOMAS SHERIDAN.

Mice or vice two awl my if rends. [My service to all my friends.]

Send me word what o'clock it is, that I may set my watch by yours.

* Mr. Leslie was the most incessant talker, one of them, in the world. However, he had a great variety of learning, and talked well.

FROM DR. KING.

London, September 20, 1735.

SIR,—Soon after I came into England I was obliged to cross the seas again, and go into France, upon a business of consequence to my private affairs. I am but just returned to this place, where I have met with your letter of 21st of last month. Since you are so kind as to repeat me the promise you made me when I was in Ireland, I shall expect the paper with the greatest impatience. While I was reading your letter, a person called on me who does business for you. I was in hopes he had brought it with him; but he told me it would be sent by another hand. I will say nothing more of it here, than that I am very sure it will please the public, and do honour to the author.

The gentleman concerning whom you inquire is a member of our hall; but I have never yet seen him. He had left Oxford about the time I came from Dublin, to spend the summer vacation in Herefordshire. My son, who is well acquainted with him, assures me that he is very sober, that he studies hard, and constantly attends the exercises of the house. But I shall be able to give you a more particular account of him the next term, when I shall probably meet him in the hall; and he shall find me ready to do him any kind of service that may be in my power.

I do not know whether my lawsuit will force me into Ireland again the next term; as yet I have not received any summons from my managers. I should indeed be well pleased to defer my journey till the next spring, for Dublin is not a very good winter abode for a water-drinker.* However, I do not neglect my defence, especially that part of it which you mention. It is now in such forwardness, that, as I compute, it will be finished in six weeks at furthest. There are some alterations, which I hope you will approve.

I rejoice to hear that the honest doctor [Sheridan] has good success in his new school. If the load of his baggage should endanger his vessel again, I think he has no other remedy left but to throw it into the sea. What is he doing with his *bon mots?* and when does he design to send them abroad?

My son, who is very proud to be in your thoughts, desires me to present his most humble service to you. I am, with great truth, sir, your most obedient and most humble servant, W. KING.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

September 30, 1735.

YESTERDAY was the going out of the last lord-mayor, and to-day the coming in of the new, who is Alderman Grattan. The duke* was at both dinners, but I thought it enough to go to-day, and I came away before six, with very little meat or drink. The club [the Irish parliament] meets in a week, and I determine to leave the town as soon as possible, for I am not able to live within the air of such rascals; but whither to go, or how far my health will permit me to travel, I cannot tell; for my mind misgives me, that you are neither in humour nor capacity to receive me a guest. I had your law-letter. Those things require serious consideration: in order to bring them to a due perfection, a wise man will prepare a large fund of idioms, which are highly useful when literally translated by a skilful, eloquent hand, and, except our *Latino-Anglicus*, is the most necessary as well as ornamental part of human learning. But then we must

* The duke of Dorset, lord lieutenant

take special care of infusing the most useful precepts for the direction of human life, particularly for instructing princes and great ministers, distributing out praises and censures with the utmost impartiality and justice. This is what I have presumed to attempt, although very conscious to myself of my inferior abilities for such a performance. I begin with "lady;" and because the judicious Mr. Locke says it is necessary to settle terms before we write upon any subject, I describe a certain female of your acquaintance, whose name shall be "Dorothy;" it is in the following manner:[a] "Dolis astra per, astra mel, a sus, a quoque et; atra pes, an id lar, alas ibo nes, a præ ter, at at lar, avi si ter, age ipsi, astro lar, an empti pate, aræ lar, aram lar, an et, ades e ver, ast rumpet, ad en, a gam lar, agrum lar, ac ros pus, afflat error, ape e per, as noti nos, ara ver, adhuc stare, asso fis ter, avi per, ad rive lar, age lar, apud lar, a fis lar, a fis ter, a far ter, as hi ter, annus lar, a mus lar, arat lar, a minximus, a prata pace, a gallo per, a sive." Most learned sir, I entreat you will please to observe, (since I must speak in the vulgar language,) that in the above forty-three denominations for females, many of them end with the domestic deity Lar, to show that women were chiefly created for family affairs; and yet I cannot hear that any other author hath made the same remark. I have likewise begun a treatise of geography (the Angloanglarians call it erroneously Jog Ralph I.) "Mei quo te summo fit? Astra canis a miti citi; an dy et Ali cantis qui te as bigas it. Barba dos is more populus. An tego is a des arti here."[b] I have a third treatise to direct young ladies in reading. "Ama dis de Gaulis a fine histori, an dy et Belli anis is ab et er. Sumin as eurus Valent in an Dorso ne isthmos te legant ovum alto bis ure. I canna me fore do mæsti cani males o falli que nat ure; na mel I, ac at arat, amesti fanda iardi; I mæ ad amo usto o; a lædi inde edi mite ex cæptas a beasti e verme et aram lingo ut. Præis mi cum pari sono dius orno?"[c]

I believe some evil spirit has got possession of you and a few others, in conceiving I have any power with the duke of Dorset, or with any one bishop or man of power. I did but glance a single word to the duke about as proper a thing as he could do, and yet he turned it off to some other discourse. You say one word of my mouth will do, &c. I believe the rhyme of my word would do just as much. Am I not universally known to be one who dislikes all present persons and proceedings? Another writes to desire that I would prevail on the archbishop of Dublin to give him the best prebend of St. Patrick's. Let bishop Clayton allow the resignation, since Donnellan is provided for. I mentioned to the duke that Donnellan should be dean of Cork, on purpose to further the resignation of old Caulfield, but it would not do, though Caulfield seems to have some hopes, and it is bishop Clayton's fault if he does not yield, &c.

FOM MR. MOTTE.

London, October 4, 1735.

Honoured Sir,—Mrs. Launcelot, who dined with me to-day, and desired me to present her humble service, showed me part of a letter from you, which gave me so much concern, that I would not let a post slip without writing to you upon the subject of it. You are pleased to express an apprehension that Mrs. Fenton's money has not been regularly paid, because you have not heard from me for above a twelvemonth. I hope I have accounted to your satisfaction for my silence in a letter which Mrs. Hyde delivered to you since the date of yours to Mrs. Launcelot; and as to Mrs Fenton's annuity, I have punctually paid it, and shall continue to do so until I receive your commands to the contrary. The next payment will be called for a few days after the 1st of November, and unless you forbid it before that time I shall pay it. Mr. Fenton, her son, who receives it, is a man of worth and honour, and I am persuaded will return me the money, should it be paid him from any other quarter. I am surprised to find by Mrs. Hyde that my last, which was written the latter end of July, had so slow a passage as not to come to your hand until the 13th of September.

I have been so particular (I fear even to tediousness) in that letter, that I have nothing to add, but a repetition of the sincere profession I there made, that I am, with all possible gratitude, truth, and sincerity, sir, your obliged and obedient humble servant, B. Motte.

FROM DR. SHERIDAN.

October 5, 1735.

Dear Sir,—In the first place I was heartily rejoiced to see your letter, for I was afraid you were not well. Now I shall answer as much as my time will permit: (but before I proceed, remember I expect you here next Saturday; for I am both in humour and capacity to receive you. I shall get your answer on Thursday next, and then I shall go as far as Virginia to meet you. Leave Dublin on Wednesday; ride to Dunshaglan that day, 12 miles. From thence to Navan on Thursday, 11 miles. A Friday to Virginia, 15 miles, where I will meet you that evening with a couple of bottles of the best wine in Ireland, and a piece of my own mutton, &c. A Saturday morning we set out for Cavan, where you will find dinner ready at your arrival. Bring a cheese-toaster to do a mutton-chop now and then: and do not forget some rice; we have none good here; but all other eatables in perfection.) I beg pardon for the long foregoing parenthesis, (the next shall be shorter;) you see it was necessary. Ure Dolis a de vel it hinc. Mi mollis ab uti, an angeli se. An has fine iis, a fine face, ab re ast as no, a belli fora que en. Andi me quis mi molli as I ples. As for your jogg Ralph eye, I may say without vanity, that I exceed you as far as from east to west. First, with submission, you should have begun with the Poles Are Tick Ann Tarr Tick, next the May read dye Ann, the Eak water, the whore Eyes on, the Eak lip Tick, the Trow Pick of can sir, the Trow pick of Cap rye corn, or Cap Rick horn, the twelve signes Are I ease, Tower us, Jay me knee Can Sir, lay O, Veer goe, Lye braw, (quoth the Scotchman,) Sage it are eye us, Cap wrye corn us, hack weary us, and piss is: together with Cull ewers, Zounds, and Climb bats, &c. &c.[a] In order to give you a full idea of the chief towns in Europe, I shall only mention some of lord Peterborough's rambles. He had like to break al *Lisb on* in Portugal: he *Mad rid* through Spain: he could not find *Room* in Italy: he was *Constant in a pull* among the Turks: he met with his namesake *Peter's burgh*, in Musk O vye: he had like to *Crack O* in Poland: when he came to *Vye any*, he did there *jeer many*: in France he declared

[a] This is a list of epithets, as a strapper, a strammel, &c.

[b] "May I quote some of it? Astracan is a mighty city, and yet Alicant is as big as it. Barbadoes is more populous. Antigua is a desert, I hear."

[c] "Amadis de Gaul is a fine history, and yet Belianis is a better. Some assure us Valentine and Orson is the most elegant of them all to be sure. I can name four domestic animals of a like nature; namely, a cat, a rat, a mastiff, and a lady. I may add a mouse too. A lady, indeed, I might except as a beast I ever met a-rambling out. Pray, is my comparison odious, or no?"

[a] All the terms of geography are here burlesqued.

the king of Great Britain, with its king upon the *Par is*: in a certain northern country he took a fi to put on a Fryer's Cope; and then he was in (*in Hag in*. Pray, *Dean mark* that. In Holland met with a G—*amster*,—*Dam* you, said he in a passion, for a cheat: he was there poxed by a whore; and he cried out, *Rot her dam* her. Thus far I know of his travels to the Low-Countries, and no further. Thus far you see I am in humour: although the devil be in one end of my house, I defy her, because I have the other for you and me. Another thing I must promise when you come, that we shall not quit our learned correspondence, but write up and down stairs to one another, and still keep on our agreeable flights. The devil take all the D's in Christendom, for a pack of saucy scabs. When you are here you will despise them all; and you shall be troubled with no club, but such as will keep you out of the dirt. Do not lose this good weather, I beseech you; for everything is ready for you. If you do not like your lodgings, you shall not pay a farthing; and if you do, I have the remedy in my own purse. Do not think to sponge upon me for anything but meat, drink, and lodging; for I do assure you, as the world goes, I can afford you nothing else. Yes, I beg pardon, I can give your horses good grass, and perhaps a feed of oats now and then. My turf is all home, so is my corn, but my hay not yet. I expect it on Monday, which is the next day after Sunday, the very day you will receive this, the day before Tuesday, and I hope two days before you begin your journey, which I hope will be a happy one. May you arrive safe, is the sincere wish of, dear sir, your most obedient and very humble servant, THOMAS SHERIDAN.

FROM DR. SICAN.

Paris, October 20, 1735.

HONOURED SIR,—Mr. Arbuthnot's absence from Paris was the occasion of his not receiving your kind letter till within these few days; but upon the reception of it he treated me with great civility, invited me to dinner, and inquired very earnestly concerning your health, which was drunk by a large company then present; for though you were pleased to tell me you had no acquaintance at Paris, I can safely affirm that, as often as I have been for half an hour with any English gentlemen, some one or other has had the vanity to say he knew you. He has, in a very obliging manner, promised me any acts of friendship in his power, whether I remain at Paris or should proceed to the south of France; and seems to be a gentleman possessed of a large share of wit, good humour, sincerity, and honesty; though, upon the closest inspection, I could not perceive the hair in the palm of his hand. I have met with another exception to that rule in the chevalier Ramsay, who sends you his best respects. I have employed the greatest part of this summer in taking a view of everything curious within four leagues of this city; but shall not trouble you with a detail of palaces, paintings, statues, &c., as I flatter myself Mr. Arbuthnot's friendly solicitations, joined to a due regard to your health, will prevail upon you to undertake that journey next summer. The roads are excellent, post-chaises very commodious, and the beds the best in the world; but the face of the country in general is very wretched; of which I cannot mention a more lively instance than that you meet with wooden shoes and cottages like those in Ireland before you lose sight of Versailles. I am persuaded, sir, you will find a particular pleasure in taking a view of the French noblemen's houses, arising from the similitude between the good treatment the Houyhnhnms meet with here and that which you have observed in your former travels. The stables that Lewis XIV. has built are very magnificent; I should do them an injury in comparing them to the palace of St. James's, yet these seem but mean to any one who has seen that of the duke of Bourbon at Chantilli, which lies in a straight line, and contains stalls for near a thousand horses, with large intervals between each; and might very well, at first view, be mistaken for a noble palace: some hundreds of yahoos are constantly employed in keeping it clean. But if any one would be astonished, he must pay a visit to the machine of Marly, by means of which water is raised half a mile up a hill, and from thence conveyed a league further to Versailles, to supply the waterworks. Lewis might have saved this vast expense, and have had a more agreeable situation, finer prospects, and water enough, by building his palace near the river; but then he would not have conquered nature.

Upon reading Boileau's account of the *Petit Maison*, or Bedlam of Paris, I was tempted to go see it: it is a low flat building, without any upper rooms, and might be a good plan for that you intend to found, but that it takes up a greater space than the city perhaps would give; this is common to men and women: there is another, vastly more capacious, and consisting of several stories, called the *Hospital des Femmes*, for the use of the fair sex only. I shall not presume to take up any part of your time in describing the people of France, since they have been so excellently painted by Julius Cæsar near two thousand years ago: if there be any difference, they are obliged for it to the tailors and peruke-makers. The ladies only might help to improve the favourable opinion you have always entertained of the sex, upon account of their great usefulness to mankind, learning, modesty, and many other valuable qualities. I should have informed you, sir, that Mr. Arbuthnot inquired very kindly after Mr. Leslie: but as I have not the honour to know that gentleman, I was not able to satisfy him, but referred him to you, who can do it much better than, sir, your most obliged humble servant, J. SICAN.

TO MR. POPE.

October 21, 1735.

I ANSWERED your letter relating to Curll, &c. I believe my letters have escaped being published, because I write nothing but nature and friendship, and particular incidents which could make no figure in writing. I have observed that not only Voiture, but likewise Tully and Pliny, writ their letters for the public view, more than for the sake of their correspondents; and I am glad of it, on account of the entertainment they have given me. Balsac did the same thing, but with more stiffness, and consequently less diverting: now I must tell you that you are to look upon me as one going very fast out of the world: but my flesh and bones are to be carried to Holyhead, for I will not lie in a country of slaves. It pleases me to find that you begin to dislike things in spite of your philosophy; your muse cannot forbear her hints to that purpose. I cannot travel to see you; otherwise I solemnly protest I would do it. I have an intention to pass this winter in the country with a friend forty miles off, and to ride only ten miles a-day, yet is my health so uncertain that I fear it will not be in my power. I often ride a dozen miles, but I come home to my bed at night: my best way would be to marry, for in that case any bed would be better than my own. I found you a very young man, and I left you a middle-aged one; you knew

me a middle-aged man, and now I am an old one. Where is my lord ——? methinks I am inquiring after a tulip of last year.—"You need not apprehend any Curlls meddling with your letters to me; I will not destroy them, but have ordered my executors to do that office." I have a thousand things more to say, *longæ vitas est garrula*, but I must remember I have other letters to write if I have time, which I spend to tell you so; I am, ever dearest sir, your, &c. JONATHAN SWIFT.

FROM THE REV. MR. DONNELLAN.

Cloyne, October 31.

SIR,—Though I have hitherto forbore troubling you with my acknowledgments for many favours which very justly demanded them, yet the late application to the duke in my behalf (which I had an account of from my sister) is such an instance of kindness and regard as will not suffer me to be silent: I must beg leave to return you my best thanks for it, and at the same time let you know what a thorough and true sense I have of your goodness to me, and the great honour you have done me by appearing in my favour. I am sufficiently acquainted with your dislike to recommending, as well as the deserved regard that is paid to your judgment and opinion, to know how to set a proper value on both. And be the success of this affair what it will, I think myself happy in having engaged in it, as it has been the occasion of your showing that you honoured me with some share of your friendship and regard, which will always be my greatest pleasure and praise.

I suppose, sir, you have heard what a handsome mark I have lately received of the bishop of Cloyne's favour; and how handsomely it was given; unasked and unexpected, and without any regard to kindred or application. It is a very good preferment, worth at least 300*l*. per annum; and is made much more valuable and agreeable, by the manner in which it was bestowed, and especially by coming from a person whom you have an esteem for. I was the other day to view my house, and was much pleased with the situation, which is very pretty and romantic. It stands on the bank of a fine river, in a vale between two ridges of hills, that are very green, pleasant, and woody. Its nearness to Cork (being within four miles of it) would make the deanery of that place a very convenient and desirable addition, and was what induced my friends to think of it for me. What success their applications are likely to meet with I cannot say: this I am sure of, that I cannot be deprived of the sincere satisfaction I receive from having your interest and good wishes, and shall always retain a most grateful remembrance of them. The bishop of Cloyne desires you will accept of his best services: and I beg you will believe me, with the greatest respect, sir, your most obliged and obedient humble servant, CHR. DONNELLAN.

TO MR. MOTTE.

November 1, 1735.

SIR,—Mr. Faulkner in printing those volumes did what I much disliked, and yet what was not in my power to hinder; and all my friends pressed him to print them, and gave him what manuscript copies they had occasionally gotten from me; my desire was, that those works should have been printed in London, by an agreement between those who had a right to them. I am, sir, with great truth, your most humble and affectionate servant,

JONATHAN SWIFT.

FROM MRS. PENDARVES.

Paradise, November 9, 1735.

SIR,—I think I have been a great while without writing to you, and hope your are of my mind. I would rather be chid by you for my silence than have you pass it over quietly, for that would have such an air of indifference as would greatly alarm me. Absence is generally thought a great weakner of inclination; I am apt to think it will prove my friend with you. Our acquaintance was so short, I had not time to disgrace myself with you. I was ambitious of gaining your esteem, and put on all my best airs to effect it: I left you at a critical moment; another month's conversation might have ruined all. I still beg you will encourage your indulgent way of thinking of me. What will you gain by discovering my follies? and I shall lose the honour of your friendship; which loss cannot be repaired in England or Ireland. If Mrs. Donnellan is my true friend, she has, by way of excusing me, told you my distress for my sister, which now I hope is over. I refer you to Mrs. Donnellan for her character; and that will justify to you my great care and concern for her.

I cannot help lamenting Dr. Delany's retirement. I expected his benevolent disposition would not have suffered him to rob his friends of the pleasure and advantage of his company; if you have not power to draw him from his solitude, no other person can pretend to do it. I was in hopes the weekly meetings would have been renewed and continued. Mrs. Donnellan is much disappointed, and I fear I am no longer a toast.

I am thoroughly convinced that a reasonable creature may live with more comfort and credit in Dublin than in London; as much convinced of it as that I should be richer with eight hundred pounds a-year than four. But to what purpose is it for me to regret my poverty! My lot is thrown on English ground; I have no pretence to fly my country: furnish me with one, and you have laid temptations enough in my way to make me ready to embrace it.

I have been two months in this place, which has all the advantages of the country; as quietness, cheapness, and wholesome air. I use a good deal of exercise in the morning; in the evening I read a play with an audible voice. I am now reading Beaumont and Fletcher's works: they entertain me extremely. Sometimes I read a little philosophy, Derham's Lectures: many things are too abstruse for me in that study; but I fancy myself in some respects much wiser than I was before I read them. If you do not appove of my studies, I hope you will recommend what you think will be more to my advantage.

I am sorry to find by your letter that Mrs. Donnellan does not see you often: she cannot be pleased with a situation that prevents her having that satisfaction. I depended upon your meeting often, and what is more, upon being sometimes the subject of your conversation. I am glad to hear of her brother's promotion: he very well deserves good fortune; he knows how to enjoy it handsomely, and scorns to court it meanly. I think I have made you a country visit; if I have not quite tired you I hope you will soon challenge another: I know you pay me a great compliment in writing; and, if I was very well bred, I ought not to insist upon your doing anything that may give you trouble: but I only consider my own advantage, and cannot give up a correspondence I value so much. I am, sir, your most obliged and humble servant, M. PENDARVES.

TO MRS. WHITEWAY.[a]

Those parts of the letter distinguished by inverted commas (" ") were written by Dr. Sheridan.

November 8, 1735.

MADAM,—November 3, to Dunshallan, 12 long miles, very weary; November 4, to Kells, 16 miles, ten times wearier; the 5th, to Crosskeys, 17 long miles, fifty times wearier; the 6th, to Cavan, five miles, weariest of all: yet I baited every day, and dined where I lay; and this very day I am weary and my shin bad, yet I never looked on it. I have been now the third day at Cavan, the doctor's Canaan, the dirtiest place I ever saw, with the worst wife and daughter, and the most cursed sluts and servants on this side Scotland. Let the doctor do his part.—" Not quite so bad, I assure you, although his teal was spoiled in the roasting: and I can assure you that the dirt of our streets is not quite over his shoes, so that he can walk dry. If he would wear golashes, as I do, he would have no cause of complaint. As for my wife and daughter, I have nothing to say to them, and therefore nothing to answer for them. I hope, when the weather mends, that everything will be better, except the two before-mentioned. Now the dean is to proceed."—In short, but not literally in short, I got hither, not safe and sound, but safe and sore. Looking in my equipage I saw a great packet that weighed a pound: I thought it was iron, but found it Spanish liquorice, enough to serve this whole county who had coughs for nine years. My beast told me it was you forced him to put it all up. Pray go sometimes to the deanery, and see how the world goes there. The doctor is a philosopher above all economy, like philosopher Webber. I am drawing him into a little cleanliness about his house. The cook roasted this day a fine teal to a cinder; for the wife and daughter said they did not know but I loved it well roasted. The doctor, since his last illness, complains that he has a straitness in his breast and a difficulty in breathing. Pray give him your advice, and I will write to your brother Helsham this post for his. Write me no news of the club, and get one of them to frank your letters, that they may be worth reading.—" Dear madam, I beg you may rather think me like the devil, or my wife, than Webber. I do assure you that my house, and all about it, is clean in potentia. If you do not understand so much logic, Mr. Harrison[b] will tell you; but I suppose you ignorant of nothing but doing anything wrong. Be pleased to send me one of your fattest pigeons in a post letter, and I will send you in return a fat goose, under cover to one of the club. The dean may say what he pleases of my ay con O my; but I assure you I have this moment in my house a quarter of fat beef, a fat sheep, two mallards, a duck, and a teal, beside some fowl in squadrons. I wish you were here. Ask the dean if I have not fine ale, table drink, good wine, and a new pair of tables. Now hear the dean."—It grows dark, and I cannot read one syllable of what the doctor last wrote: but conclude all to be a parcel of lies. How are eldest master and miss? with your clerk and schoolboy? So God bless you all. If the doctor has anything more to say, let him conclude, as I do, with assurance that I am ever, with great affection, yours, &c.

Read as you can, for I believe I have made forty mistakes. Direct for me at Dr Sheridan's in Cavan; but let a clubman[c] frank it, as I do this. Mr. Rochfort is my franker: yours may be general —— or some other (great beast of a) hero. My two puppies have, in the whole journey, over puppied their puppyships. Most abominable bad firing; nothing but wet turf.—" The devil a lie I wrote, nor will I write to the end of my life. May all happiness attend you and your family. I am, with all good wishes and affection, your most obedient humble servant, " THOMAS SHERIDAN.

" You were plaguy saucy, who did not like my nuts: I do assure you my dog Lampey cracks them; the dean is my witness."

a A first cousin of the dean's, who came from her own house, at the other end of Dublin, three days in each week, to read and chat with him, after Stella's death, being the principal female that frequented his table for many years while his memory remained.

b Mrs. Whiteway's eldest son

c A member of parliament.

FROM MRS. WHITEWAY.

November 8, 1735.

SIR,—I know the moment you took this letter into your hand what you said, which was Pox on all Irish writers and Irish letters. It is very little trouble I am going to give you, only be pleased to answer the following questions. How does your leg do? How is your head? How is your stomach? How many days were you on the road? How did you lie? How does Dr. Sheridan? How do you like Cavan? And how do all the good victuals Dr. Sheridan promised you turn out? And now, sir, I beg you will be pleased[a] to suppose that I began my letter by entreating the favour of hearing from you, and, if that is too great an honour for me, that you will order somebody else to do it. Dr. Sheridan would give sixpence I would ask who; rise off his chair, make me a low bow, and uncover, to have the opportunity of telling me.

Now to write politely, when I change my subject I always break off and begin a new paragraph.

Mr. Waller has printed an advertisement, offering ten guineas reward to any person that will discover the author of a paragraph, said to be the case of one Mr. Throp. I do not know whether you heard anything of such an affair before you left town, but I think it is said there is some trial to be about it before the house of commons, either next week or the week following. I beg you will not leave your papers and letters on the table as you used to do at the deanery, for boys and girls and wives will be peeping; particularly be pleased to take care of mine. It is certain I write correctly, and with a great deal of method; but however I am afraid of Curll. Dr. Sheridan has my free leave to read this on condition he burns it instantly; but first let him take notice of all the compliments I make him. May-be you imagine that if you answer this you will be no more plagued with my letters; but I have learned from Molly [Miss Harrison] never to have done with my demands on you: therefore, write or not write (unless you command otherwise), you shall hear once a-week from, your most obedient and most obliged humble servant, MARTHA WHITEWAY.

Molly is just come from the deanery; everything is in good order. She saw Mrs. Ridgeway there. Young Harrison and his sister present you their most obedient respects.

FROM AN UNKNOWN LADY.

Castletown, November 9, 1735.

HONOURED SIR,—Excuse a stranger's address; nothing but the opinion I have of your generosity and humanity could encourage me to lay before you the enclosed poem, being the product of a woman's pen.[b] I see the severe strokes you lay on the faulty part of our sex, from which number I do not pretend to ex-

a A cant expression, much used in those times upon all occasions, and here ridiculed.

b The poem is lost.

empt myself, yet venture to desire your judgment of this little unfinished piece, which I send you without giving myself the leisure to correct it, willing that your hand should bestow the last beauties. The muse is my best companion; and if you compassionate the desolate permit me this satisfaction, since a book and a lonely walk are all the gratifications I afford my senses, though not dulled with years. I must entreat you to throw away two or three lines in answer to this? and beg leave to conceal my name till I have the honour of writing to you again, which, if you will allow, I shall trouble you with a view of several sketches that I wrote occasionally, and will no longer conceal the name of, honoured sir, your most humble servant, M. M.

Sir, direct to Mrs. Mary Moran, at Castletown, near Gorey, in the county of Wexford.

FROM LADY BETTY GERMAIN.

London, November 13, 1735.

I HONESTLY confess I was honoured with yours above a month ago, which ought in all love and reason to have been answered a great while since; but I know your sauciness, as well as you know my niece's, with this difference, that, as age is to mend hers, it makes yours grow worse; and the answer to mine had been,—Oh! she can give a quick reply to mine! Now the duke and duchess are here she wants to know more frequently how and what they do.

I can tell you no story of the ring (which you want to know), but that it came to my hands through proper windings and turnings from an earl of Peterborough; and the connoisseurs say it is an antique, and a pretty good one. I am very well pleased and happy if it ever serves to put you in mind that I am your humble servant.

I came last week from my house in Northamptonshire. I cannot say the weather permitted me much exercise abroad; but as that house is large, the necessary steps the mistress must make is some, and I never lost any time I could get to walk out, and sometimes drove abroad in a chair with one horse, for, being a bad rider, I approve much more of that than mounting my palfrey. And whether it was this or the country air, or chance, I know not; but thank God, I am at present as well as ever I was in my life.

I am wholly ignorant who is or will be bishop of Cork, for his grace is such a silly conceited man that he never vouchsafes to consult me in the affairs of his kingdom. I only know that I wish heartily for Dr. Whetcombe, because he seems to be a modest, good sort of a man; and that besides, by your commands, I was the thoroughfare for a step to his preferment before, and therefore, if I was his grace, since there can be no objection against him in this, he should have it. But as these things are above my capacity, I do assure you I do not in the least pretend to meddle with them.

I hope whenever you ask me about the countess and George, I shall be able to answer you, as I can safely do now, that as yet there is no sort of appearance that they like one another the worse for wearing. Mrs. Composition is much your humble servant, and has not yet got her winter cough. God bless you, and adieu.

TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

Cavan, November 15, 1735.

DEAR MADAM,—

* * * * * * * *

I wrote the above lines in the dark, and cannot read them by a candle: what I meant was, to boast of having written to you first, and given you a full account of my journey. I enclosed it in a cover to Mr. Rochfort, in which I desired he would send it to your house: the doctor had his share in the letter; although we could not give satisfaction to all your questions, I now will to some. My leg is rather worse; but an honest man, an apothecary here, says it begins to ripen, and it is in no manner of danger: but I ventured to walk, which inflamed it a little. I now keep my leg upon a level, and the easier because the weather is so foul that I cannot walk at all. This is the dirtiest town, and, except some few, the dirtiest people I ever saw, particularly the mistress, daughter, and servants of this house. My puppy butler is very happy by finding himself among a race of fools almost as nasty as himself. I must now put you upon travelling. You must inquire where Shele my wine-merchant lives, and order him to have the twelve dozen of wine in bottles ready packed up. It must be the wine that was two months in bottles (as he assured me) before I left Dublin: for these a carrier will be ready next week, to bring them hither. The deanery woman must be ready, and Kenrick and Laud must assist; and the carrier must take them from Shele's cellar, ready packed up. My service to Miss Harrison. Pray send her hither by the first carrier, and give her eighteenpence to bear her charges, of which I will pay threepence, and the doctor intends paying another penny. By the conduct of this family I apprehend the day of judgment is approaching; the father against the daughter, the wife against the husband, &c. I battle as well as I can, but in vain; and you shall change my name to Dr. Shift. We abound in wild-fowl, by the goodness of a gentleman in this town, who shoots ducks, teal, woodcocks, snipes, hares, &c., for us. Our kitchen is a hundred yards from the house, but the way is soft and so fond of our shoes that it covers them with its favours. My first attempt was to repair the summer-house, and make the way passable to it; whereupon Boreas was so angry that he blew off the roof. This is the seventh day of my landing here, of which we have had two and a half tolerable. The doctor is at school; when he comes I will inquire who is this romantic chevalier Tisdal. As to Waller's advertisement, if I were in town I would, for the ten guineas, let him know the author of the narrative; and I wish you would, by a letter in an unknown hand, inform him of what I say; for I want the money to repair some deficiencies here. My service to Miss Harrison and the doctor,[a] and my love to the two boys. I shall still enclose to John Rochfort, except he fails in sending you my letters. Service to Mrs. Morgan; I hope her husband's man has prevailed to be of the club. Adieu. Pray take care of the wine, on which my health depends. Beg a duck from the doctor.

"Beg a duck? beg a dozen. You shall not beg, but command. The dean may talk of the dirtiness of this town; but I can assure you that he had more upon his shoes yesterday than is at the worst in our corporation, wherever he got it. As for my part, I am tired of him, for I can never get him out of the dirt, and that my stairs and the poor cleanly maids know very well. You know that he talks ironically."

FROM MRS. SICAN.

November 15, 1735.

REV. SIR,—A gentleman who has just arrived from Paris brought me a letter from my son, who presents his duty to you, and desires me to send you the enclosed. I am sure I was glad of any occasion to write to you, in hopes of the pleasure of hearing you were well, and arrived safe at the land of Canaan. The hurt you received in your shin I was afraid would prevent your going out of town. I beg to

[a] Young Mr. Harrison.

know how it is now. I believe you will be pleased to hear poor Throp has justice done him in College-green. The trial lasted till midnight, and two-thirds of the house were for him; he is now going to petition the house to oblige colonel Waller to waive his privilege; but it is thought he will not obtain that favour.

Lady Acheson came to town yesterday. She desired me to present her best respects to you, and tell you she is something better. Lord Orrery is fretting himself to death that he did not come to town time enough to enjoy the happiness of your conversation. Our Irish ladies made a fine appearance the birth-day at the Castle; nothing about them Irish but their souls and bodies: I think they may be compared to a city on fire, which shines by that which destroys them. Several dealers in raw silks are broke: the weavers, having no encouragement to work up the silk, sold it, and drank the money. I beg you will give my service to Dr. Sheridan, who I hope is recovered. His old friend lord Clancarty drinks so hard, it is believed he will kill himself before his lawsuit is ended. I hope you will like the country about a month, and then order Mrs. Whiteway and me to bring a coach and six and set you safe at home, for this is no riding weather. I am, with the most profound respect, dear sir, your most obliged humble servant E. Sican.

FROM MRS. WHITEWAY.

November 15, 1735.

Sir,—I am most extremely obliged to you for the honour you have done me, and the account is just what I feared, that you would be excessively weary, your shin bad, and disappointed in the doctor's Canaan. The latter I am sorry is not agreeable to you, but your shin gives me infinite trouble. I hope in God you have taken care of it: if it is any running sore, dress it twice a-day with Venice turpentine and the yolk of an egg beaten together—an equal quantity of each. Spread it thick on a cloth, and bathe it once a-day in warm milk; if it is only black and painful, apply warm rum to it often. Pray, sir, give orders your meat may be indifferently done: and if the cook fails, then desire it may be ill done; I have known this receipt very successful, and a dinner eaten with pleasure cooked with these directions. You are very rude, Dr. Sheridan, to interrupt me when I am speaking to the dean; no wonder I am so bad a listener, when you are always putting in your word. Pox take that straitness in your breast and difficulty in breathing. Drink warm ptisan, and nothing else, except liquorice-tea in the morning, and ride every day. Sir, I know nothing of the Spanish liquorice, unless it came with the rest of the things from the apothecary's or Mrs. Sican; but so far your servant is right, that what bundles I found on the bed I put up; I was wrong that I did not examine them; let Dr. Sheridan take it plentifully, it is very good for him. I was at the deanery two days ago: everything is right there; the floor you lie in is all clean, and I desired Mrs. Ridgeway to get the great chair covered, and Jane to put a fire once a-week in your chamber and in the drawing-room, to air the ladies and gentlemen. One of the enclosed papers Mr. Kenrick desired me to send; you see I keep to my word, and am determined never to trouble you with other people's business. The vengeance take you, doctor, will you never be quiet? I tell you I have never a fat pigeon for you, your goose I will not have; we are overstocked with them; but I send you colonel Waller's case, that came before the house on Thursday. I believe you will wonder that, after the heavy charges laid on Mr. Throp so justly by the colonel, that he was not ordered into custody; but to the surprise of everybody the chairman was voted out of the chair at one of the clock in the morning, and so the affair ended. It is true there was a mistake of about a month between colonel Waller's account and Mr. Throp's in the serving of a subpœna; and I think it was a scandalous thing that a worthy member's word should not be taken before a little parson's oath. I suppose you expect I should answer your logic and compliments; but do you think I have nothing else to employ me but trifling away my time in murdering the language with your ay con O mys? I am no more a liar than yourself; therefore you are obliged to accept of my best wishes and most humble respects; so I have done with you this time for good and all. Mr. Dean, I am sure Rochefoucault's maxim never fails; I am this moment an instance of it, taking a secret pleasure in all the little ruffles you meet with in the country, in hopes it will hasten you to town. My he olive-branch has a more immediate loss than any of us; his body suffers as well as his mind; for since he cannot enjoy the happiness and benefit of your conversation he applies himself too close to his studies; in short, I think he is almost in the state of the company he entertains himself with all this morning; and if you saw him in company of the attendants of the governor of Glubbdubdrib, you will find the same horror seize you by looking on his countenance.* My fair daughter presents you her most humble and obedient respects; says she is not at all changed by your absence, for whenever she has the honour to see you, you will still find her the same. I am, sir, your most obedient and obliged humble servant,

Martha Whiteway.

Jane just came here with a poem of Mr. Dunkin's that was sent to the deanery, and this letter that I enclose.

TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

Cavan, November 18, 1735.

Dear Madam,—We were undone for want of your answer, and thought that Mr. Rochfort was at his country seat to whom I directed mine, as he was a franker. Never anything of so small a kind was so vexatious to me as this broken shin. If I had apprehended the consequences, I would not have stirred from Dublin until it was cured. It has prevented my walking and riding. An apothecary, the only doctor here, has it in care, and I cannot say I am better. But the surgeon of the barrack here, a friend to the doctor, has been with me this morning, saw the sore, and says it is in a good way; and that he will consult with the apothecary, and soon make me well. It smarts more to-day than ever; but the surgeon said it was because some power called precipitate (an like you) was put on this morning, to eat off the black skin in the middle of the sore. It digests every day, but I cannot digest it. I shall lose my health by sitting still, and my leg in a chair, like a Grattan in the gout. I wish I had stayed at home, and you had been my surgeon. To say truth, this town and country are so disagreeable by nature and art, that I have no other temptation to ride or walk except that of health; our house, and shoes, and streets, are so perpetually and abominably dirty. Eight of the inhabitants came out to meet me a mile or two from the town. The rest would have come but for some unexpected impediment. In some days after, I invited the principal men in town to sup with me at the best inn here. There were sixteen of them, and I came off rarely for about thirty shillings. They were all very modest and obliging.

* Mr. Harrison was always very thin, and of a weekly constitution. The young gentleman died in the February following.

Wild-fowl is cheap, and all very good, except the ducks, which, though far from sea, have a rank taste from the lakes. It is nothing to have a present of a dozen snipes, teal, woodcock, widgeon, duck, and mallard, &c. You would admire to see me at my endeavours to supply deanery conveniences. The cursed turf is two hours kindling, and two minutes decaying. You are a little too jocose upon Mr. Harrison's countenance. I hope he has no return of illness, nor is more lean than I left him. He must borrow an hour more from his studies, and bestow it on exercise and mirth; otherwise he may be like the miser, who, by not affording himself victuals, died a dozen years the sooner, by which he lost many a thousand pounds more than if he had fed upon pheasants, and drank burgandy every day. I must now repeat the commission I mentioned. The old woman, Kenrick, and Laud, must find out Shele the wine-merchant; a carrier will go next week to the deanery, be taught to find out Shele with Kenrick. Shele must, as he promised, pack up twelve dozen of his claret which has been bottled three months already. This must be given to the carrier by Shele, and ready put up in some hampers as he will contrive. I hope Mr. Rochfort will be in town to send you this letter. I am ever yours; and my love to the girl and boys. JONATHAN SWIFT.

FROM MRS. WHITEWAY.

November 22, 1735.

SIR,—I receive as a high favour your just reprimand for not answering your letter by the first post; nay, I will add another fault to it, by endeavouring to excuse myself. It was out of the highest respect I did not write, lest you should think me too forward in giving trouble. But, since I have your licence, I will not miss an opportunity of paying my most humble duty, and of acknowledging the greatest obligations I ever lay under to any mortal. I have had the very ill fortune to come late under your care; yet even these disadvantages do not hinder you from acting the most friendly part, of endeavouring to enlarge my mind and mend my errors; you see how industriously I avoid mentioning the word faults. When you left us I did not think it would be possible for me to dread getting a letter from you; but the account of your leg, which I find worse and worse, alarms me to that degree that I tremble for the consequence. I conjure you, dear sir, not to trust any longer to country helps; your appetite, your health, is in the greatest danger by sitting so much as you must be obliged to do till that is well. I know life is as little regarded by you as any one; but to live in misery is what I am sure you ought to avoid. The wine was packed up on Tuesday last in a hogshead; I thought that was safer than a hamper: Mr. Kenrick and Laud were by all the time; they and Mr. Shele were here with me that night; they tell me they got large bottles, of which I gave a great charge. Mr. Shele desires the wine may be kept in the same manner it is now packed, and taken out by half-dozens as it is used; the numbers taken out may be chalked on the head of the vessel, to see that justice is done; he thinks it will keep better that way than perhaps in a cellar. I think you came off scandalously cheap, with treating sixteen gentlemen for a moidore. Pray, Dr. Sheridan, when the dean next uses you ill, tell him of his pitiful doings.

My son is greatly obliged to you, sir, for your care and advice; and assures me your word shall be an oracle to him. He has not had a return of his disorder; yet his stomach is gone, and of consequence his spirits. Mr. and Mrs. Morgan have commanded me to send you their most obedient respects, and are much concerned about your leg. Pray, sir, date your letters. I believe both you and Dr. Sheridan hate writing the word November; for not one of them have been dated. I only hate the day of the month; the truth was, in my last I could not recollect it (for I think I forgot it) and watched for some of the brats to tell me. Lest I should do the same now, be pleased to remember I write this November 22, 1735. I am, sir, your most obedient and most obliged humble servant, MARTHA WHITEWAY.

If you are pleased to direct to me under cover to Mr. Morgan, I shall get your letters. Perhaps Mr. Rochfort may go out of town, and then I should be long without them.

TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

November 22, 1735.

DEAR MADAM,—Having answered your long letter, which was improved by the doctor's (Mr. Harrison's) additions, I now tell you that a Monday next, which will be the 24th instant, a carrier will go from hence, and is directed, by another letter to you, to manage the business of sending the twelve dozen of wine, which Mr. Shele has ready bottled, and must see it packed up in his best manner in hampers or hogsheads, as I mentioned in my last, and that the wine was bottled (as he says) two months before I came away. Kenrick and Laud and the women will be your assistants. The fellow will be with you by Wednesday night or Thursday morning, and I will write by him. I cannot say my shin is yet better, although our apothecary and the barrack-surgeon attend me; but they see no danger, and promise I shall recover in a few days. Meantime, I dare neither walk nor ride; and yet I think my stomach is better, and so may continue until I grow weary of snipe, teal, widgeon, woodcock, hare, leveret, wild-duck, fieldfare, &c. My service to your he and she brats. Let Kenrick, my verger, know what I write about the wine, that he and Laud and the woman may be prepared; this will save me a letter to him. I am ever *entièrement à vous.*

Cavan, November 22, 1735

I SHALL never be quiet; a country author unknown has sent me a manuscript of two hundred pages for my judgment. Pray send me the three quires of paper in quarto, for the doctor has swallowed up mine, and we have none left.

"I can assure you, dear madam, with pleasure, that the dean begins to look healthier and plumper already; and I hope will mend every day. But to deal plainly with you, I am a little afraid of his good stomach, though victuals are cheap, because it improves every day, and I do not know how far this may increase my family expenses. He pays me but two crowns a-week for his ordinary; and I own that I am a little too modest to grumble at it; but if you would give him a hint about wear and tear of goods, I make no doubt but his own discretion would make him raise his price. Pray do this (as you do all other things) in the handsomest manner you can. I am, to you and yours, as much yours as the dean aforesaid."

I desire you will hint to the doctor that he would please to abate four shillings a-week from the ten, which he most exorbitantly makes me pay him; but tell him you got this hint from another hand, and that all Dublin cries shame at him for it.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

FROM WILLIAM PULTENEY, ESQ.

Bath, November 22, 1735.

SIR,—I have been waiting for an opportunity to write you with safety, because I had a mind to do it with freedom; and particularly to explain to you what I meant, when I told you some time ago that I was

almost tired with struggling to no purpose against universal corruption. I am now at the Bath, where there are at present many Irish families, and though I have inquired of them all if any gentleman or servant was returning thither, yet I can hear of none, so that I am forced, if I write at all, to trust my letter by the common post. Nothing is more certain than that this letter will be opened there, the rascals of the office have most infamous directions to do it upon all occasions; but they would every man of them be turned out if a letter of mine to you should escape their intuition. I am thinking what the ministers may get by their peeping; why, if I speak my mind very plainly, they may discover two things: one is, that I have a very great regard for you; the other, that I have a very great contempt for them; and in everything I say or do still set them at defiance. These things, if they do not know before, they are welcome to find out now; and I am determined in some other points likewise to speak my mind very plainly to you. You must know, then, that when I said I grew weary of contending with corruption, never meant absolutely to withdraw myself from parliament; perhaps I may not slacken even my personal opposition to the wicked measures of the administration, but really I find my health begins to require some attention, and I labour under a distemper which the long sittings in parliament by no means agree with. When Mr. Faulkner delivered me your former letter (for I have since had one sent me hithe by Mr. Pope) I was just got up from my bed, where I had lain the whole night in most excessive torture, with a violent fit of the gravel. I was not able to write you any answer by him, who was to depart in two days, and ever since I have been at this place drinking the waters, in hopes they may be of service to me. Beside this of my ill state of health, I am convinced that our constitution is already gone, and we are idly struggling to maintain what in truth has been long lost, like some old fools here, with gout and palsies at fourscore years old, drinking the waters in hopes of health again. If this was not our case, and that the people are already in effect slaves, would it have been possible for the same minister who had projected the excise scheme (before the heats it had occasioned in the nation were well laid) to have chosen a new parliament again exactly to his mind? and though perhaps not altogether so strong in numbers, yet as well disposed in general to his purposes as he could wish. His master, I doubt, is not so well beloved as I could wish he was; the minister, I am sure, is as much hated and detested as ever a man was, and yet, I say, a new parliament was chosen of the stamp that was desired, just after having failed in the most odious scheme that ever was projected. After this, what hopes can there ever possibly be of success? unless it be from confusion, which God forbid I should live to see. In short, the whole nation is so abandoned and corrupt, that the crown can never fail of a majority in both houses of parliament; he makes them all in one house, and he chooses above half in the other. Four-and-twenty bishops and sixteen Scotch lords is a terrible weight in one; forty-five from one country, beside the west of England, and all the government boroughs, is a dreadful number in the other. Were his majesty inclined to-morrow to declare his body-coachman his first minister, it would do just as well, and the wheels of government would move as easily as they do with the sagacious driver who now sits in the box. Parts and abilities are not in the least wanting to conduct affairs; the coachman knows how to feed his cattle, and the other feeds the beasts in his service, and this is all the skill that is necessary in either case. Are not these sufficient difficulties and discouragements, if there were no others; and would any man struggle against corruption, when he knows that if he is ever near defeating it those who make use of it only double the dose, and carry all their points further, and with a higher hand, than perhaps they at first intended? Beside all this, I have had particular misfortunes and disappointments; I had a very near relation of great abilities, who was my fellow-labourer in the public cause: he is gone; I loved and esteemed him much, and perhaps wished to see him one day serving his country in some honourable station; no man was more capable of doing it, nor had better intentions for the public service than himself; and I may truly say that the many mortifications he met with in ten or twelve years' struggling in parliament was the occasion of his death. I have lost likewise the truest friend, I may almost say servant, that ever man had, in Mr. Merrill;[a] he understood the course of the revenues and the public accounts of the kingdom as well, perhaps better, than any man in it, and it is utterly impossible for me to go through the drudgery by myself, which I used to do easily with his assistance, and herein it is that opposition galls the most.

These several matters I have enumerated you will allow to be some discouragements; but nevertheless, when the time comes, I believe you will find me acting the same part I have ever done, and which I am more satisfied with myself for having done, since my conduct has met with your approbation; and give me leave to return you my sincere thanks for the many kind expressions of your friendship, which I esteem as I ought, and will endeavour to deserve as well as I can. You inquire after Bolingbroke, and when he will return from France. If he had listened to your admonitions and chidings about economy he need never have gone there; but now I fancy he will scarce return from thence till an old gentleman, but a very hale one, pleases to die.[b] I have seen several of your letters on frugality to our poor friend John Gay (who needed them not), but true patriotism can have no other foundation. When I see lords of the greatest estates meanly stooping to take a dirty pension because they want a little ready money for their extravagancies, I cannot help wishing to see some papers writ by you that may, if possible, shame them out of it. This is the only thing that can recover our constitution and restore honesty. I have often thought that, if ten or a dozen patriots who are known to be rich enough to have ten dishes every day for dinner would invite their friends only to two or three, it might perhaps shame those who cannot afford two from having constantly ten, and so it would be in every other circumstance of life; but luxury is our ruin. This grave stuff that I have written looks like preaching, but I may venture to say to you it is not, for I speak from the sincerity of my heart. We are told a peace is made; if it be true, I am satisfied our ministers did not so much as knew of the negotiation; the articles, which are the ostensible ones, are better than could be expected, but I doubt there are some secret ones that may cost us dear, and I am fully convinced the fear of these will furnish our ministers a pretence for not reducing a single man of our army.

I have just room to tell you a ridiculous story has happened here. In the diocese of Wells the bishop and his chancellor have quarrelled: the consequence has been the bishop has excommunicated the chancellor, and he in return has excommunicated the two

[a] John Merrill, esq., member of parliament in 1712 for Tregony, and afterward for St. Alban's. He died in December, 1734.
[b] Lord Bolingbroke's father, lord St. John

archdeacons. A visitation of the clergy was appointed: the bishop not being able to go himself directed his archdeacons to visit for him. The chancellor alleges from the constitution of him this cannot be, and that the bishop can delegate his power to nobody but himself; so that probably all the clergy who attend on the chancellor will be excommunicated by the bishop, and all who obey the orders of the archdeacons will be excommunicated by the chancellor. The bishop in the cathedral, when the sentence of excommunication was going to be read, sent for it, and tore it in the open church; the chancellor afterwards affixed it on the church-doors. There are a great many more very ridiculous circumstances attending this affair, which I cannot well explain; but upon a reference of the whole to my lord high-chancellor, I am told he has declared his opinion in support of his brother chancellor. I am glad I have left no space to put my name to the bottom of this letter; after some things I have said it may be improper, and I am sure it is needless, when I assure you no man can be with more sincerity and regard than I am your most obedient humble servant.

FROM MRS. WHITEWAY.

November 25, 1735.

Sir,—I have not known for some years the pleasure of a post-day till within these three weeks. I read your letters twenty times over. I tell you this to induce you to continue me your favour; for I know it is your study to make the wretched happy. The wine is ready for the carman, and all the caution taken that you commanded. If I durst I would repine that you could think I should require your orders three times repeated to take care of what you told me your health depended on. I rejoice to find your stomach is better, but grieve to hear your leg continues so long bad. I shall despise your surgeon and apothecary if they do not cure it immediately. Apollo has always waited on you when it was not half so material. Where the vengeance is he now? After all he justly quits you since you have left off invoking him. Idleness is your crime: to punish you he confines you to a chair; and the penance he enjoins is to employ your pen once more; if not, there are vultures to play on legs as well as livers: I wish you were safe out of their hands. I was at the deanery on Saturday, though I forgot to mention it in my last letter. My son was there yesterday; and I would have been there to-day if a swelled face had not prevented me. I have sent for Mr. Kenrick, or Mr. Laud, to let them know your commands. I must beg the favour of you to deliver the enclosed to Dr. Sheridan, and to pardon my sealing it. You are sensible there are secrets that the nearest friends must not see. As you have nothing to do be pleased to write to me the heads of the two hundred pages in manuscript, and I will give my opinion about it. I must now entreat you to think of coming to town; I trust in God your shin will not require it; but consider how it is possible for me to spend the winter evenings, who have been so delightfully entertained all summer at the deanery. I have stayed till the last moment before I sealed this, in expectation of seeing somebody from your house, but am disappointed. I promise to take care to see the wine leave this place safe, and to send the paper by the carman. My son and daughter are your most obedient servants. I am, sir, with the highest respect, your most obliged and most humble servant,

Martha Whiteway.

TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

Cavan, November 28, 1735

Dear Madam,—I take advantage a day before the post to write to you; and this is the first day I have ventured to walk this fortnight past, except yesterday, when I dined with my surgeon at the barrack. This morning I visited four ladies in the town, of which your friend Mrs. Donaldson was one. My whole journey has been disappointed by this accident, for I intended to have been a constant rider, and as much a walker as this dirty town would allow. Here are a thousand domestic conveniences wanting; but one pair of tongs in the whole house; the turf so wet that a tolerable fire is a miracle; the kitchen is a cabin a hundred yards off and a half; the house back and fore door always left open, which, in a storm, our constant companion, threatens the fall of the whole edifice; madam as cross as the devil, and as lazy as any of her sister sows, and as nasty. These are some of our blind sides. But we have a good room to eat in, and the wife and lodgers have another, where the doctor often sits and seems to eat, but comes to my eating-room (which is his study), there finishes his meal, and has share of a pint of wine; the other pint is left till night. Then we have an honest neighbour, Mr. Price, who sits the evening, and wins our money at backgammon, though the doctor sometimes wins by his blundering. As to meat we are hard put to it. It is true, our beef and mutton are very good; but for the rest we are forced to take up with hares, partridges, teal, grouse, snipes, woodcocks, plover, silver-eels, and such trash, which, although they be plentiful and excellent in their kinds, you know are unworthy of a refined Dublin dean. I expect before this letter goes that the carrier will be here with the wine, and that I shall have time to chide you for five dozen of bottles broke by the ill packing up. He set out from hence on Tuesday, but I suppose cannot return till next week. I had, several days ago, a letter from Mrs. Sican, and another from her French son,[a] an excellent good one; when you go that way tell her of this, with my service, and that I will write to her soon. Your letters have been so friendly, so frequent, and so entertaining, and oblige me so much, that I am afraid in a little time they will make me forget that you are a cousin, and treat you as a friend. If Apollo has entirely neglected my head, can you think he will descend to take care of my shin? Earthly ladies forsake us at forty, and the muses discard us at fifty-five. I have mentioned that rascal R—— to Dr. Delany, who defended him as well as he could, but very weakly; if the doctor will not cast him off he will justly expose himself to censure.

I wish you would speak to your dearly beloved monster, Mr. L——, when he comes to town, about my Laracor agent, to pay me some money, and to reproach G—— for his infamous neglect of my affairs. He is one of your favourites, and L—— another; I hope I am not the third.

I have just spoken about the thread to Mrs. Sheridan, who tells me that what you desire is to be had here every market-day; and that Mrs. Donaldson understands it very well. "To carry on the thread of the discourse, I discovered the little dirty b—h, the fire-maker, to be the opener of the doors, and the leaver of them" so; for which the dean had her lugged this evening by the cookmaid; for which he

a The doctor calls young Dr. Sican her French son, because he was then travelling in France. This young gentleman was at last unfortunately murdered, as he was travelling in Italy, in a post-chaise, by a person who fired his pistol at him from another post-chaise, upon some dispute between the drivers contending for the way.

paid her a threepence,[a] and gave the little girl a penny for being lugged; and because the cook did not lug her well enough he gave her a lugging to show her the way. These are some of our sublimer amusements. I wish you were here to partake of them. The only thing of importance I can tell you is"—(Ay, what is it? He shall be hanged rather than take up any more of this paper. It is true that the legion club is sinking the value of gold and silver to the same with England, and are putting four pounds a hogshead more duty on wine! The cursed vipers use all means to increase the numbers of absentees. Well, I must go to the market about this thread. It is now Nov. 29; I fear the doctor will hedge in a line. I have now got Mr. Morgan's heathenish christian name, and will direct my letters to him. I am to finish a letter to Mrs. Sican; I desire you will call on her sometimes. My love to your brats. I have settled with Mrs. Donaldson about the thread but will order a double quantity, that you may knit stockings for your dear self. Let the doctor conclude. I am ever, &c. "Madam, I have only room to tell you that I will see you the 12th or 13th of December) excuse a long parenthesis: your most obedient and"—

FROM MRS. WHITEWAY.

Dublin, November 29, 1735.

SIR,—I never was more out of temper in my life than I have been these two days; yesterday that I did not hear from you, and to-day at the rogue that brought your letter to Mr. Kenrick at ten last night, and the disappointment we have met with from him that was to carry the wine to Cavan. The enclosed letter gives so full an account, that I need add nothing to it but his being a right county of Cavan man. I desire Dr. Sheridan will take care for the future not to employ them about your business; I owe him this reflection for trusting such rogues. Pray sir tell me what I shall do in this business; shall I get Mr. Shele and Mr. Kenrick to look out for an honest carman, and agree, as cheap as we can, to carry it to you? for I find there is no depending on the doctor's countrymen. Had you assured me, as you say the surgeon does, that your leg was better, my joy would be equal to the uneasiness I have suffered on that occasion. I fear I shall never have the pleasure of being with you on your birthday; were my purse as heavy as my heart is that I cannot be with you to-morrow, I would this night have been at Cavan, and have left it on Monday morning.

I shall make a great entertainment to-morrow for my family, to celebrate the drapier's birthday, and drink his health. My two eldest cubs (match me that) present you their most humble and obedient respects, with their hearty wishes of long life, health, and happiness, to attend you. They durst not take the liberty to send this with their hand, but do it with their heart. I send you their own words; but where shall I find any that can express what I would say on the subject? The most sincere would be what I desire for myself whilst I continue in this world, which is health and quietness. This I pray God grant you in the largest proportion, and life as long as you shall desire it!

Mr. Morgan's heathenish name is Marcus Antonius; I saw him and his lady yesterday, who both say they should be glad to kiss your hand; his eldest son is in the measles. Last night died the bishop of Ossory, of an inflammation on the lungs; he caught cold on Sunday at the castle chapel. We have provided one of the bishoprics for Dr. Marlay.

I am told by some people that lord Orrery intends to make you and Dr. Sheridan a visit; if so I fear it will be long time before you will think of returning here. I expect a long letter from Dr. Sheridan, in answer to all that I have said to him in this.

I think this is so well written that it needs no apology for a bad pen. I am, sir, your most humble and most obedient servant, MARTHA WHITEWAY.

FROM MRS. WHITEWAY.

Dublin, December 2, 1735.

SIR,—I waded this morning through dirt and rain to the deanery; but I place no more to your account than from High-street. I found everything in great order; your bed and window-curtains cleaned, and, to my satisfaction, the great chairs covered; the dogs in high spirits, the women in good humour, and Mr. Kenrick and Mrs. Ridgeway on duty. I am quite ashamed of my entertainment on Sunday. The drapier's birthday was celebrated by Mr. Laud with a dinner of wild-duck, plover, turkey, and pullet; two bowls of punch, and three bottles of claret. At night Mr. Kenrick gave a supper, with an ocean of punch. Their houses were illuminated and the bells rung Several other houses followed their example.

I am almost reconciled to your surgeon; the next letter I hope will finish our quarrel. When he has set you firmly on your legs, if making gods were not out of fashion, I would translate him; however he shall be my saint.

As you have been remarkable for never being severe on the ladies, I am surprised you should say that we forsake the men at forty. I deny the fact; while they sing our praises, we continue to hold them in admiration. For an example of this, I give the author of the "Lady's Dressing-room," and "Strephon and Chloe," who, by writing these poems, gained the hearts of the whole sex.

I heartily pity you for want of meat; I wish I could send you a large shoulder of mutton, fresh killed; how pure and sweet it would eat! I have just left part of one in the parlour; the very thoughts of it make me hungry again: I think I will go down and take the other slice.[b] I know it is not to any purpose to reproach you with avarice for a poor pint of wine among three of you. Whatever you do at home, I am ashamed to find you show it at Cavan: I suppose your excuse will be at the expense of the poor carman; but if you had any generosity you would live on the public, as I do, till your rents came in. Dr. Sheridan says "you gave private orders, and countermanded the wine, to sponge on him." I own I think it looks like it, or you would not have let the man come to town without a car.

I see you are proof against storms within and without doors, or you would not think of staying in the country when the doctor leaves it. There is no occasion for you to convince the world that you want but one trial to outdo Socrates in everything; let not this keep you, for I promise to provide one for three shillings and fourpence that shall outshine Solomon's brawler.

Molly and young Harrison are grown so saucy at seeing their names so often in your letters, that I cannot govern them: pray be pleased to take them down a little. All that I can do to vex them is not to send you their compliments. My son entreats you will finish your Latina Anglia treatise; which he desires you will immediately send him a copy of.

Doctor Sheridan's last letter is so long and full of

[a] A little silver piece current in those days; but the species has been long worn out.

[a] He was the dean's verger.

[b] Here Mrs. Whiteway is merry with the doctor, who could not endure mutton which had not been killed three or four days before: on the contrary, Mrs Whiteway liked hers so fresh that Dr. Swift used pleasantly to say of her "that she liked mutton that was killed to morrow.

particulars, that I cannot answer it till I see him. I am so proud of being discarded from being a cousin, that for the future I shall not own either esq. ——— or Mr. ——— for relations; nor ever dare to think you a favourite. But I hope you will allow me to term you my oracle, and to acknowledge myself, sir, your most humble and most obedient servant,

MARTHA WHITEWAY.

TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

Cavan, December 6, 1735.

DEAR MADAM,—I have yours of November the 29th. The doctor, who is always sanguine, reckoned upon the wine as sure as if it had been in his cellar under the stairs; but I, who am ever desponding, told him I was sure there would be some disappointment. I matter it not, for we have enough still to hold us a reasonable term, at one bottle a-day between us, at least if he would leave off inviting young Mr. Price, Parson Richardson, Mr. Nash, Mr. Jacob, surgeon of the troop, squire Fleming of Balhaynockhye, Dr. O'Neil, Dr. Fludd, parson Charlton of Evacthonyeul, besides the rest of our Cavan gentry and neighbourhood. I will not have the wine sent by any carrier on purpose: it would be a confounded expense: but we will wait until a further opportunity by Marcus Tully, the genuine orator and carrier of our city. I refused a long time to show the doctor that part of your letter which reflects upon not only his countrymen but his townsmen, and fifty to one but upon one of his own or madam's cousins; yet there is no danger of kindred, for our town agrees that Tully is an honest carrier. I was in hopes your great entertainment had been for your tenant, with his half-year's rent. I am sorry that it was on account of some scrub drapier of whom I never heard. Only I know they are all rogues, and I shall not pay for their extravagance. I forgot to tell you that the barrack-surgeon prescribed the very same medicine that you advised for my shin. My leg is so well that I have been twice riding, and walk in the town, that is to say in the dirt, every day. We have now a fine frost, and walk safe from dirt; but it is like a life at court, very slippery. I do not like to see my money laid out in cleaning curtains and covering chairs; but since, as you say, you are pleased to be at that expense, I thankfully submit. The doctor will be with you on Friday next: he goes to see the grand monde, and beg subscriptions to build a schoolhouse. He taxes you only at ten guineas. I am to stay with madam and her daughter until his return, which will be about a month hence, when the days grow longer and warmer. Pox take country ladies' dinners. In spite of all I could say, I was kept so late by their formality on Thursday last, that I was forced to ride five miles after nightfall on the worst road in Europe or county of Cavan. The doctor cannot have time to write a word: he expects a rogue of an agent this evening, who will not come, with two or three hundred pounds arrears, by which means I shall be kept here for want of money, which I was fool enough to expect to get from him, to bear my charges back. My shin cost me three guineas, and I brought but twenty pounds. I desire the room and bed I lie in may be often aired. The doctor will not lie at the deanery, because it is far from his friends, and he is afraid of robbers. I approve your name of cub; but may your male cub never sit in the club! I will not pay the three shillings and fourpence for a wife, as you propose, because I can get one here for two thirteens. Mrs. Donaldson is making the thread with her own fair fingers. I dare not come to town till Miss Harrison gives me a general discharge. I desire to know her utmost demands. My chief amusement here is backgammon. Dr. Sheridan is a peevish bungler, and I sometimes win his money. Mr. Price is an expert civil gamester, and I always lose to him. This is the state of my affairs. The doctor is come up, and says he will not write a word, because he is busy, and will see you soon. *Entre nous*, I will not stay when the doctor is gone; but this is a secret; and if my health and the weather will permit, I will be in town two or three days after him. So I close this letter, and remain *entièrement à vous*, &c.

My humble service to the bearer[a] and his lady. God ever bless you and your fire-side.

TO THE DUKE OF DORSET.

December 30, 1735.

MY LORD,—Your grace fairly owes me one hundred and ten pounds a-year in the church, which I thus prove. I desired you would bestow a preferment of one hundred and fifty pounds a-year to a certain clergyman. Your answer was, that I asked modestly; that you would not promise, but you would grant my request. However, for want of good intelligence in being (after a cant word used here) an expert kingfisher, that clergyman took up with forty pounds a-year; and I shall never trouble your grace any more on his behalf. Now, by plain arithmetic it follows that one hundred and ten pounds remain: and this arrear I have assigned to one Mr. John Jackson, a cousin-german of the Grattans, who is vicar of Santry, and has a small estate, with two sons and as many daughters, all grown up. He has lain some years as a weight upon me, which I voluntarily took up on account of his virtue, piety, and good sense, and modesty almost to a fault. Your grace is now disposing of the *débris*[b] of two bishoprics, among which is the deanery of Ferns, worth between eighty and one hundred pounds a-year, which will make this gentleman easier; who, besides his other good qualities, is as loyal as you could wish.

I cannot but think that your grace, to whom God has given every amiable quality, is bound, when you have satisfied all the expectations of those who have power in your club,[c] to do something at the request of others, who love you on your own account, without expecting anything for themselves. I have ventured once or twice to drop hints in favour of some very deserving gentlemen, who I was assured had been recommended to you by persons of weight; but I easily found by your general answers, that, although I have been an old courtier, you knew how to silence me, by diverting the discourse: which made me reflect that courtiers resemble gamesters, the latter finding new arts unknown to the older; and one of them assured me that he has lost fourteen thousand pounds since he left off play, merely by dabbling with those who had contrived new refinements.

My lord, I will, as a divine, quote Scripture: Although the children's meat should not be given to dogs, yet the dogs eat the scraps that fall from the children's table. This is the second request I have ever made your grace directly. Mr. Jackson is condemned to live on his own small estate, part whereof is in his parish, about four miles from hence, where he has built a family house, more expensive than he intended. He is a clergyman of long standing, and of a most unblemished character; but the misfortune is, he has not one enemy to whom I might appeal for the truth of what I say. Pray, my lord, be not alarmed[d] at the word deanery, nor imagine it a dignity like those we have in England; for, except three or four, the rest have little power, rather none, as dean and chapter, and

[a] Mr. Morgan, to whom this letter was enveloped.
[b] The shattered remains.
[c] The parliament of Ireland.

seldom any land at all. It is usually a living, consisting of one or more parishes, some very poor and others better endowed; but all in tithes. Mr. Jackson cannot leave his present situation, and only desires some very moderate addition. My lord, I do not deceive your grace when I say you will oblige great numbers even of those who are most at your devotion by conferring this favour, or any other that will answer the same end. *Multa, &c., veniet manus auxilio quæ—Sit mihi (nam multo plures sumus), ac veluti te —Judæi cogemus in hanc decedere turbam.*

I would have waited on your grace, and taken the privilege of my usual thirteen minutes, if I had not been prevented by my old disorder in my head; for which I have been forced to confine myself to the precepts of my physicians.

FROM THE EARL OF ORRERY.

January 3, 1736.

Dear Sir,—I have thought it more than a century since I saw you. I crawled out to you on Saturday, but was forced to come from your house and go to bed; since which time I have not stirred out of my chamber. My cold continues still bad, and has been hanging upon me now for above a fortnight. Pray tell me when I may hope to see you again: *et notas audire et reddere voces.* I dine at home to-morrow: will you share a fowl with me? I am scarce able to hold up my head; but the sight of you will go a great way toward recovering your ever obliged and faithful servant,

Orrery.

FROM MRS. PENDARVES.

Bath, January, 1736.

Sir,—I am told you have some thoughts of coming here in the spring. I do not think it proper to tell you how well pleased I am with that faint prospect: for such I must call it till the report is confirmed with your own hand. I write all in haste to know if you really have any such design; for if you have, I shall order my affairs accordingly, that I may be able to meet you here. The good old custom of wishing a happy new year to one's friends is now exploded amongst our refined people of the present age; but I hope you will give me leave to tell you, without being offended, that I wish you many years of happiness. The physicians have at last advised my sister to the Bath waters. We have been here a fortnight: they do not disagree with her; this is all can be said of them at present. I wrote to you from Paradise, and hope there is a letter of yours travelling towards me: I think I have used you to a bad custom of late, that of writing two letters for one of yours. I am often told I have great assurance in writing to you at all; and to be sure I must do it with great fear and trembling. I am not believed when I affirm I write to you with as much ease as to any correspondent I have; for I know you are as much above criticising a letter of mine as I should be below your notice if I gave myself any affected airs: you have encouraged my correspondence, and I should be a brute if I did not make the best of such an opportunity.

Bath is full of people, such as they are; none worth giving you any account of: my solace is Mrs. Barber, whose spirit and good countenance cheers me whenever I hear or see her; she is at present pretty well.

Company is this moment coming up stairs, and I can only add that I am, sir, your most faithful humble servant,

M. Pendarves.

TO MR. FAULKNER.

January 8, 1736.

Mr. Faulkner,—I am answering a letter I had from Mr. Pope when I was at Cavan. My absence and sickness, since I retired, have hindered me from writing to him. He complains of his unluckiness that you could never find him at home, which, he says, since his mother's death, he is often absent from. I here will transcribe a paragraph which relates to you, and I desire you will return an answer to it time enough for me to send a letter to-night, and I will insert the sum of it.

"As to his (Mr. Faulkner's) design about my works, I beg you will desire him to postpone it until he sees the duodecimo edition of them here with the first volume, published by Lintot: for that, joined to the rest by Gilelver,[a] will make the completest hitherto extant, and is revised by me. I guess they will be out at Christmas."

Pray, let me know what answer I shall make to Mr. Pope: write it down and send it by any messenger, the sooner the better, for I am an ill writer at night. I am yours, &c.

Jonathan Swift.

I think you may send your answer by the bearer, for it need not take above two lines.

FROM DR. SHERIDAN.

Cavan, January 17, 1736.

Dear Sir,—I received your letter of reproaches with pleasure; and as I know you hate excuses, I shall make none. Whoever has informed you that I was not in my school at the right time appointed has not done me justice; for whatever else I may disappoint, that shall be inviolably and punctually observed by me.

* * * * As for my *quondam* friends, as you style them, *quon-dam* them all. It is the most decent way I can curse them; for they lulled me asleep till they stole my school into the hands of a blockhead, and have driven me toward the latter end of my life to a disagreeable solitude, where I have the misery to reflect upon my folly in making such a perfidious choice, at a time when it was not in my nature to suspect any soul upon earth. * * * * *

Now to think a little for myself. The duke of Dorset does certainly owe me a small living for the expensive entertainment I gave him from Terence.[b] I only want a proper person to dun him; and I know it will be done if my lord Orrery will undertake it. Do not think me sanguine in this; for more unlikely and less reasonable favours have been granted. God knows whether, during my life, we shall have another scholar sent us for a lord-lieutenant. * * *

I wish you as much happiness as I have plague, which is enough for any honest man. I am, dear sir, your most obedient, very humble servant,

Thomas Sheridan.

TO MR. POPE.

February 7, 1736.

It is some time since I dined at the bishop of Derry's, where Mr. Secretary Cary told me, with great concern, that you were taken very ill. I have heard nothing since, only I have continued in great pain of mind, yet for my own sake and the world's more than for yours; because I well know how little you value life, both as a philosopher and a Christian; particularly the latter, wherein hardly one in a million of us heretics can equal you. If you are well recovered you ought to be reproached for not putting me especially out of pain, who could not bear the loss of you; although

[a] Lawton Gillever, a bookseller.

[b] This was a play of Terence, acted by the doctor's scholars for the entertainment of the duke.

we must be for ever distant as much as if I were in the grave, for which my years and continual indisposition are preparing me every season. I have stayed too long from pressing you to give me some ease by an account of your health; pray do not use me so ill any more. I look upon you as an estate from which I receive my best annual rents, although I am never to see it. Mr. Tickell was at the same meeting under the same real concern; and so were a hundred others of this town who had never seen you.

I read to the bishop of Derry the paragraph in your letter which concerned him, and his lordship expressed his thankfulness in a manner that became him. He is esteemed here as a person of learning, and conversation, and humanity, but he is beloved by all people.

I have nobody now left but you: pray be so kind as to outlive me, and then die as soon as you please, but without pain, and let us meet in a better place, if my religion will permit, but rather my virtue, although much unequal to yours. Pray let my lord Bathurst know how much I love him; I still insist on his remembering me, although he is too much in the world to honour an absent friend with his letters. My state of health is not to boast of; my giddiness is, more or less, too constant; I sleep ill and have a poor appetite. I can as easily write a poem in the Chinese language as my own; I am as fit for matrimony as invention; and yet I have daily schemes for innumerable essays in prose, and proceed sometimes to no less than half a dozen lines, which the next morning become waste paper. What vexes me most is, that my female friends, who could bear me very well a dozen years ago, have now forsaken me, although I am not so old in proportion to them as I formerly was: which I can prove by arithmetic, for then I was double their age, which now I am not. Pray put me out of fear as soon as you can, about that ugly report of your illness; and let me know who this Cheselden[a] is, that has so lately sprung up in your favour. Give me also some account of your neighbour [Mr. Pulteney] who wrote to me from Bath: I hear he resolves to be strenuous for taking off the test; which grieves me extremely, from all the unprejudiced reasons I ever was able to form, and against the maxims of all wise Christian governments, which always had some established religion, leaving at best a toleration to others.

Farewell, my dearest friend! ever, and upon every account that can create friendship and esteem.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

TO MR. POPE.

I CANNOT properly call you my best friend because I have not another left who deserves the name, such a havoc have time, death, exile, and oblivion made.[b] Perhaps you would have fewer complaints of my ill health and lowness of spirits, if they were not some excuse for my delay of writing even to you. It is perfectly right what you say of the indifference in common friends, whether we are sick or well, happy or miserable. The very maid-servants in a family have the same notion: I have heard them often say, Oh, I am very sick, if anybody cared for it! I am vexed when my visitors come with the compliment usual here, Mr. Dean, I hope you are very well. My popularity that you mention is wholly confined to the common people, who are more constant than those we miscal their betters. I walk the streets, and so do my lower friends, from whom, and from whom alone, I have a thousand hats and blessings upon old scores, which those we call the gentry have forgot. But I have not the love, or hardly the civility, of any one man in power or station; and I can boast that I neither visit or am acquainted with any lord, temporal or spiritual, in the whole kingdom; nor am able to do the least good office to the most deserving man, except what I can dispose of in my own cathedral upon a vacancy. What has sunk my spirits more than even years and sickness is reflecting on the most execrable corruptions that run through every branch of public management.

I heartily thank you for those lines translated *Singula de nobis anni*,[*] &c. You have put them in a strong and admirable light; but however I am so partial as to be more delighted with those which are to do me the greatest honour I shall ever receive from posterity, and will outweigh the malignity of ten thousand enemies. I never saw them before, by which it is plain that the letter you sent me miscarried.—I do not doubt that you have choice of new acquaintance, and some of them may be deserving: for youth is the season of virtue: corruptions grow with years, and I believe the oldest rogue in England is the greatest. You have years enough before you to watch whether these new acquaintance will keep their virtue when they leave you and go into the world; how long will their spirit of independency last against the temptations of future ministers and future kings.—As to the new lord-lieutenant, I never knew any of the family; so that I shall not be able to get any job done by him for any deserving friend.

FROM LADY BETTY GERMAIN.

February 10, 1736.

I AM sorry to hear your complaints still of giddiness. I was in hopes you would have mended, like my purblind eyes, with old age. According to the custom of all old women, I must recommend to you a medicine, which is certainly a very innocent one, and they say does great good to that distemper, which is only wearing oil-cloth the breadth of your feet and next to your skin. I have often found it to do me good for the headache.

I do not know what offences the duke of Dorset's club, as you call them, commit in your eyes; but, to my apprehension, the parliament cannot but behave well, since they let him have such a quiet session. And as to all sorts of politics, they are now my utter aversion, and I will leave them to be discussed by those who have a better skill in them.

If my niece has been humbled by being nine years older, her late inherited great fortune will beautify her in the eyes of a great many people; so she may grow proud again upon that. The countess of Suffolk is your humble servant. Mr. Pope and she appear to have a true value for one another, so I suppose there is no doubt of it; I will answer for my friend's sincerity, and I do not question Mr. Pope's. Why, pray, do you fancy I do not desire to cultivate Mr. Pope's acquaintance? But perhaps, if I seek it too much, I might meet with a rebuff, as you say her M. did. However, we do often dine together at third places; and as to my own house, though he would be extremely welcome, he has too numerous friends and acquaintance already to spare me a day, unless you will come to England, and then he might be induced to meet you here. Mrs. Biddy Floyd has passed thus [illegible] of the winter in

[a] The celebrated surgeon and anatomist.

[b] All these letters of Swift are curious and interesting, as they give us an account of the gradual decay of his intellects and temper, and strength of mind and body, and fill us with many melancholy but useful reflections. We see the steps by which this great genius sunk into *discontent*, into *peevishness*, into *indignity*, into *torpor*, into *insanity!*

[*] "The circling years on human pleasures prey,
They steal my humour and my mirth away."

better health than usual, though her cough will not forsake her. She is much your humble servant, and so is most sincerely your old friend,

E. GERMAIN.

TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

February 18, 1736.

MY DEAR MADAM,—I pity you and your family, and I heartily pray for both: I pity myself, and my prayers are not wanting: but I pity not him.[a] I count already that you and I and the world must lose him: but do not lose yourself. I was born to a million of disappointments; I had set my heart very much upon that young man; but I find he has no business in so corrupt a world. Therefore pray take courage from christianity which will assist you when humanity fails: I wish I were in his condition, with his virtues. I am a little mending, to my shame be it spoken. I shall also lose a sort of a son as well as you; only our cases are different; for you have more, and it is your duty to preserve yourself for them. I am ever your most affectionate and obedient, &c.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

FROM THE BISHOP OF KILMORE.[b]

February 23, 1736.

REVEREND SIR,—I send you the whole piece,[c] such as it is: I fear you will find the addition pursuant to your hint heavy; for I could not get my imagination warmed to the same degree as in the former part. I hope you will supply what shall be wanting of spirit; and when you have pruned the rough feathers, the ands and thats, &c., you will send the kite to the faulconer to set it a-flying. I am your very faithful and obedient servant,

J. HORT.

May not I claim three or four copies when printed?

TO MISS HARRISON.

February 23, 1736.

DEAR MISS HARRISON,—I am in all possible concern for your present situation: I heartly wish you could prevail on your mother to remove immediately to some friend or neighbour's house, that she may be out of the sight and hearing of what must be done to-day. I wish your eldest brother Whiteway would take care to carry her to some part of the town where she might continue until your house may be put in order, and everything that might renew the memory of melancholy objects be removed. Let your brother Whiteway write to me, that I may know how you all are, particularly your poor mother. I am ever, &c.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

FROM DR. SHERIDAN.

February 23, 1736.

DEAR SIR,—I am extremely concerned to find your old disorder has got hold of you again, which would not have happened if you had taken my advice to continue here where you were well. I cannot help retorting that I never knew any person so unadvisable as you are, especially as it comes from me who am famous for giving the best advice and following the worst. Surely Mr. —— cannot be so unjust as to let me be above —— pounds a sufferer for that profligate brute he shaked off upon me; if he does persevere in it I will let all mankind know that he acts rather like a little rascally Irish solicitor than a man of honour. I have already almost finished a dialogue between lady Betty Tattle and John Solemn, (if my money be not paid, necessity must make me write for bread,) upon a subject they will not much like: which I vow to God shall be published. As I do not wear a sword I must have recourse to the weapon in my hand. It is a better method than a lawsuit. My school only supplies me with present food, without which I cannot live. I hope, if I have any friends left, it may increase, and once more put me out of a miserable dependence upon the caprice of friendship. This year has been to me like steering through the Cyclades in a storm without a rudder; I hope to have a less dangerous and more open sea the next; and as you are out of all danger to feel the like sufferings, I pray God you may never feel a dun to the end of your life: for it is too shocking to an honest heart. It grieves me much to hear poor Mr. Harrison i in such a dangerous way. I pray God perserve him, not only for his poor mother's sake, but the good of mankind; for I think I never knew so valuable a young man. I beseech you to let me know by the next post how he is. I fear the worst of that horrid treacherous distemper. I am, dear sir, with all respect, your most obedient and very humble servant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

I lost 66*l*. by a rogue who ran off to Drumcor last year.

TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

February 25, 1736.

DEAR MADAM,—In the midst of your grief and my own for the same misfortune, I cannot forbear complaining of your conduct through the whole course of your affliction, which made you not only neglect yourself, but the greater part of those who are left, and by the same law of nature have an equal title to your care. I wrote on Monday to Miss Harrison, that she would beg you, in my name, to remove some hours to a neighbour, that your ears might not be harassed with the preparations for what was then to be done. She told me you would not yield: and, at the same time, she much feared she must lose you too. Some degree of wisdom is required in the greatest calamity, because God requires it; because he knows what is best for us, because he never intended anything like perfect happiness in the present life; and because it is our duty, as well as interest, to submit. I will make you another proposal, and shall take it very unkindly if you do not comply. It is, that you would come hither this day immediately, where you will have a convenient apartment, and leave the scene that will be always putting you in mind of your loss. Your daughter can manage the house and sometimes step to see you. All care should be taken of you, and Dr. Robinson will visit you with more ease if you have occasion for him. Mrs. Ridgeway shall attend you, and I will be your companion. Let Miss Harrison return me an answer, and things shall be ready for you. I am ever, with true esteem and affection, dear madam, your most obedient servant and cousin,

JONATHAN SWIFT.

FROM DR. SHERIDAN.

February 29, 1736.

DEAR SIR,—I sincerely condole with you for the unspeakable loss of Mr. Harrison, which cannot be repaired in any other of his age in this world. It wounds my heart every moment I recollect him. I do verily believe no man living has met with such severe trials in losses of this kind as you have; and for this last I must own that I have great compassion for you, as he was every day growing more and more into a friend and companion; especially at a time of life which requires such a comfort. God Almighty support his poor mother; for none else can give her consolation under such a dreadful affliction.

Poor old Mr. Price cannot hold out a fortnight;

[a] Theophilus Harrison, esq., a young gentleman of three-and-twenty, who was then upon his death-bed.

[b] Dr. Josiah Hort, afterward archbishop of Tuam.

[c] A satire on quadrille, for which Mr. Faulkner, the printer, was imprisoned

and his son claims your promise of getting him something from the Concordatum; if it overtakes him alive it may be a legacy for a worthy suffering person who has fallen a sacrifice to his principles. I am, dear sir, with all respect, your most obedient and very humble servant, THOMAS SHERIDAN.

FROM MR. CARTER.[a]

Henrietta-street, March 11, 1736.

SIR,—I would have waited on you when I sent my servant with a message, but was informed you did not see company.

I have no doubt the printer will have occasion for a great many cargoes from our friend Mr. Jervas.[b]

I am very glad I had an opportunity of doing anything agreeable to you. I have long wished for some instance of assuring you that I am, with great respect, your most obedient and most humble servant,

THOMAS CARTER.

FROM MR. POPE.

March 25, 1736.

IF ever I write more epistles in verse, one of them shall be addressed to you. I have long concerted it and begun it, but I would make what bears your name as finished as my last work ought to be, that is to say, more finished than any of the rest. The subject is large, and will divide into four epistles, which naturally follow the "Essay on Man," viz. 1. "Of the Extent and Limits of Human Reason and Science:" 2. "A View of the useful and therefore attainable, and of the unuseful and therefore unattainable, Arts:" 3. "Of the Nature, Ends, Application, and Use of different Capacities:" 4. "Of the Use of Learning, of the Science of the World, and of Wit." It will conclude with a satire against the misapplication of all these, exemplified by pictures, characters, and examples.

But, alas! the task is great, and *non sum qualis eram!* My understanding, indeed, such as it is, is extended rather than diminished: I see things more in the whole, more consistent, and more clearly deduced from, and related to, each other. But what I gain on the side of philosophy I lose on the side of poetry: the flowers are gone when the fruits begin to ripen, and the fruits perhaps will never ripen perfectly. The climate (under our heaven of a court) is but cold and uncertain; the winds rise and the winter comes on. I find myself but little disposed to build a new house; I have nothing left but to gather up the relics of a wreck, and look about me to see how few friends I have left. Pray, whose esteem or admiration should I desire now to procure by my writings? whose friendship or conversation to obtain by them? I am a man of desperate fortunes, that is, a man whose friends are dead, for I never aimed at any other fortune than in friends. As soon as I had sent my last letter I received a most kind one from you expressing great pain for my late illness at Mr. Cheselden's. I conclude you was eased of that friendly apprehension in a few days after you had despatched yours, for mine must have reached you then. I wondered a little at your quere who Cheselden was? it shows what the truest merit does not travel so far any way as on the wings of poetry; he is the most noted and most deserving man in the whole profession of chirurgery; and has saved the lives of thousands by his manner of cutting for the stone. I am now well, or what I must call so.

I have lately seen some writings of lord Bolingbroke's since he went to France. Nothing can depress his genius: whatever befalls him he will still be the greatest man in the world, either in his own time or with posterity.

Every man you know or care for here inquires of you, and pays you the only devoir he can, that of drinking your health. I wish you had any motive to see this kingdom. I could keep you, for I am rich; that is, I have more than I want. I can afford room for yourself and two servants; I have indeed room enough; nothing but myself at home; the kind and hearty housewife is dead; the agreeable and instructive neighbour is gone; yet my house is enlarged, and the gardens extend and flourish, as knowing nothing of the guest they have lost. I have more fruit-trees and kitchen-garden than you have any thought of; nay I have good melons and pine-apples of my own growth. I am as much a better gardener as I am a worse poet than when you saw me; but gardening is near akin to philosophy, for Tully says, *agricultura proxima sapientiæ.* For God's sake, why should not you (that are a step higher than a philosopher, a divine, yet have more grace and wit than to be a bishop) even give all you have to the poor of Ireland, (for whom you have already done everything else,) so quit the place, and live and die with me? And let *tales animæ concordes* be our motto and our epitaph.

FROM DR. SHERIDAN.

March 27, 1736

DEAR SIR,—I had a pleasure and grief at once in your letter, to find you had not forgotten me, and to find you uneasy at a thing which God only can mend. The dream which I had before the receipt of yours was so odd and out of the way, that if Artemidorus were living he would confess it to be out of all methods of interpretation; yet I cannot avoid imparting it to you, because, if you be not much changed, no man ever could sift a matter to the truth beyond you. Thus it was:—

Imprimis, I fell asleep, (or I could not dream,) and what was the first thing I saw but honest Cato in a cockboat by himself, engaging not only a large fleet of foreigners, but now and then obliged to tack about against some dirty shattered floats, filled with his own countrymen. All were his enemies, except a very few, who were pressed and carried on against their will by the arbitrary power of the rowers. I would give a shilling, as low as money is reduced, to know the meaning of it.

FROM DR. SHERIDAN.

April 3, 1736.

DEAR SIR,—I would have written last post, but I had such a violent headache that I could no more think than a cabbage. And now all the business I have is to make you a paper visit, only to ask you how you do? You may think me impertinent for the question; but when I tell you that I have not above three friends, you will not wonder that I should be afraid of losing one of them; and therefore I must give you some rules of regimen.

1. Walk little and moderately.
2. Ride slow and often.
3. Keep your temper, even with my friend Mrs. Whiteway.
4. Do not strain your voice.
5. Fret not at your servants' blunders.
6. Take a cheerful glass.
7. Study as little as possible.
8. Find out a merry fellow, and be much with him.

[a] Mr. Carter was master of the rolls in Ireland.

[b] A fine print of the dean, engraved by Fourdrinier, from an original picture painted by Jervas, which was afterwards purchased by the earl of Chesterfield, and placed in his elegant library at May-fair, in the collection of English authors.

Get these precepts by heart, and observe them strictly; and, my life for yours, we shall see better times in the next century.

FROM MRS. PENDARVES.

London, April 22, 1736.

SIR,—I am sorry you make use of so many good arguments for not coming to Bath. I was in hopes you might be prevailed with. And though one of my strongest reasons for wishing you there was the desire I had of seeing you, I assure you the consideration of your health took place of it. I have heard since I received the favour of your last letter that you have been much out of order. I believed we sympathized, for I was very ill with a feverish disorder and cough for a month, which obliged me to defer answering your letter till I came to town. I left the Bath last Sunday se'nnight, very full and gay. I think Bath a more comfortable place to live in than London; all the entertainments of the place lie in a small compass, and you are at your liberty to partake of them, or let them alone, just as it suits your humour. This town is grown to such an enormous size, that above half the day must be spent in the streets, going from one place to another. I like it every year less and less. I was grieved at parting with Mrs. Barber. I left her pretty well. I had more pleasure in her conversation than from anything I met with at the Bath. My sister has found the good effect of your kind wishes. She is very much recovered, and in town with me at present; but leaves me in a fortnight to go to my mother.

When I went out of town last autumn the reigning madness was Farinelli;[a] I find it now turned on "Pasquin," a dramatic satire on the times.[b] It has had almost as long a run as the "Beggars' Opera;" but, in my opinion, not with equal merit, though it has humour. Monstrous preparations are making for the royal wedding.[c] Pearl, gold and silver, embroidered on gold and silver tissues. I am too poor and too dull to make one among the fine multitude. The newspapers say my lord Carteret's youngest daughter is to have the duke of Bedford.[d] I hear nothing of it from the family, but think it not unlikely. The duke of Marlborough and his grandmother are upon bad terms. The duke of Bedford, who has also been ill treated by her, has offered the duke of Marlborough to supply him with 10,000*l.* a-year if he will go to law and torment the old dowager. The duke of Chandos's marriage has made a great noise, and the poor duchess is often reproached with her being bred up in Bur-street, Wapping.[e]

Mrs. Donnellan, I am afraid, is so well treated in Ireland, that I must despair of seeing her here: and how or when I shall be able to come to her I cannot yet determine. She is so good to me in her letters as always to mention you.

I hope I shall hear from you soon; you owe me that pleasure for the concern I was under when I heard you were ill. I am, sir, your faithful and obliged humble servant, M. PENDARVES.

I beg my compliments to all friends that remember me, but particularly to Dr. Delany.

TO MR. POPE.

Dublin, April 22, 1736.

MY common illness is of that kind which utterly disqualifies me for all conversation; I mean my deafness; and indeed it is that only which discourages me from all thoughts of going to England: because I am never sure that it may not return in a week. If it were a good honest gout, I would catch an interval to take a voyage, and in a warm lodging get an easy chair, and be able to hear and roar among my friends.

As to what you say of your letters, since you have many years of life more than I, my resolution is to direct my executors to send you all your letters, well sealed and packeted, along with some legacies mentioned in my will, and leave them entirely to your disposal: those things are all tied up, indorsed, and locked in a cabinet, and I have not one servant who can properly be said to write or read; no mortal shall copy them, but you shall surely have them when I am no more.

I have a little repined at my being hitherto slipped by you in your epistles; not from any other ambition than the title of a friend, and in that sense I expect you shall perform your promise, if your health and leisure, and inclination will permit. I deny your losing on the side of poetry; I could reason against you a little from experience; you are, and will be some years to come, at the age when invention still keeps its ground, and judgment is at full maturity: but your subjects are much more difficult when confined to verse. I am amazed to see you exhaust the whole science of morality in so masterly a manner. Sir W. Temple said that the loss of friends was a tax upon long life; it need not be very long, since you have had so great a share; but I have not above one left; and in this country I have only a few general companions of good nature and middling understandings. How should I know Cheselden? On your side, men of fame start up and die before we here (at least I) know anything of the matter. I am a little comforted with what you say of lord Bolingbroke's genius still keeping up, and preparing to appear by effects worthy of the author and useful to the world. Common reports have made me very uneasy about your neighbour Mr. Pulteney. It is affirmed that he hath been very near death: I love him for being a patriot in most corrupted times, and highly esteem his excellent understanding. Nothing but the perverse nature of my disorders, as I have above described them, and which are absolute disqualifications for converse, could hinder me from waiting on you at Twickenham, and nursing you to Paris. In short, my ailments amount to a prohibition: although I am, as you describe yourself, what *I must call well*, yet I have no spirits left to ride out, which (excepting walking) was my only diversion. And I must expect to decline every month, like one who lives upon his principal sum, which must lessen every day; and indeed I am likewise literally almost in the same case, while everybody owes me, and nobody pays me. Instead of a young race of patriots on your side, which gives me some glimpse of joy, here we have the direct contrary, a race of young dunces and atheists, or old villains and monsters, whereof four-fifths are more wicked and stupid than Chartres. Your wants are so few that

a A celebrated Italian singer.

b This was written by Henry Fielding, esq.* and was a rehearsal of a comedy and a tragedy; the comedy was called "The Election," and the tragedy, "The Life and Death of Queen Common Sense." This and some other dramatic satires by the same author, levelled against the administration of the late lord Orford, produced an act of parliament for licensing the stage and limiting the number of playhouses, which was passed in 1737.

c Of Frederick prince of Wales.

d His grace married miss Gower, daughter of the lord Gower by his first wife, on the 1st of April, 1737.

e She was lady Daval, widow of sir Thomas Daval, and had a fortune of 40,000*l.*

* These dramatic satires will be found contained in the complete edition of Fielding's works in one volume, published uniform with the present complete edition of Swift

you need not be rich to supply them; and my wants are so many that a king's seven millions of guineas would not support me.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.[a]

April 24, 1736.

I HAVE been very ill for these two months past with giddiness and deafness, which lasted me till about ten days ago, when I gradually recovered, but still am weak and indolent, not thinking anything worth my thoughts; and although (I forget what I am going to say, so it serves for nothing)—I am well enough to ride, yet I will not be at the pains. Your friend Mrs. Whiteway, who is upon all occasions so zealous to vindicate, is one whom I desire you to chide; for during my whole sickness she was perpetually plaguing and sponging on me; and though she would drink no wine herself, yet she increased the expense by making me force it down her throat. Some of your eight rules I follow, some I reject, some I cannot compass, I mean merry fellows. Mr. J. R—— never fails; I did within two days past ring him such a peal in relation to you, that he must be the d—l not to consider it; I will use him the same way if he comes to-morrow (which I do not doubt) for a pint of wine. I like your project of a satire on Fairbrother, who is an errant rascal in every circumstance.

"Every syllable that is worth reading in this letter you are to suppose I wrote: the dean only took the hints from me, but he has put them so ill together that I am forced to tell you this in my own justification. Had you been worth hanging, you would have come to town this vacation, and I would have shown you a poem on the '*Legion Club*.' I do not doubt but that a certain person will pretend he wrote it, because there is a copy of it in his hand lying on his table; but do not mind that, for there are some people in the world will say anything. I wish you could give some account of poor *Dr. Sheridan;* I hear the reason he did not come to town this *Easter* is, that he waited to see a neighbour of his hanged."

Whatever is said in this page by Goody Whiteway, I have not read, nor will read; but assure you, if it relates to me, it is all a lie; for she says you have taught her that art, and as the world goes, and she takes you for a wise man, she ought to follow your practice. To be serious, I am sorry you said so little of your own affairs and of your health; and when will you pay me any money? for, upon my conscience, you have half starved me.

"The plover-eggs were admirable, and the worsted for the dean's stockings so fine that not one knitter here can knit them."

We neither of us know what the other hath written; so one answer will serve if you write to us both, provided you justly give us both our share, and each of us will read our own part. Pray tell us how you breathe, and whether that disorder be better.

"If the dean should give you any hint about money, you need not mind him, for to my knowledge he borrowed 20*l.* a month ago to keep himself alive."

I am sorry to tell you that poor Mrs. Whiteway is to be hanged on Tuesday next for stealing a piece of Indian silk out of Bradshaw's shop, and did not set the house on fire, as I advised her. I have written a very masterly poem on the "Legion Club;" which, if the printer should be condemned to be hanged for it, you will see in a threepenny book; for it is two hundred and forty lines. Mrs. Whiteway is to have half the profit and half the hanging.

"The *drapier* went this day to the *Tholsel* as a merchant, to sign a petition to the government against lowering the gold, where we hear he made a long speech, for which he will be reckoned a jacobite, God send hanging does not go round!"

[a] The paragraphs in inverted commas ("") were written by Mrs Whiteway.

TO BISHOP HORT.

May 12, 1736.

MY LORD,—I have two or three times begun a letter to your lordship, and as often laid it aside; until, by the unasked advice of some friends of yours, and of all my own, I resolved at last to tell you my thoughts upon the affair of the poor printer who suffered so much upon your lordship's account, confined to a dungeon among common thieves, and others with infectious diseases, to the hazard of his life; beside the expense of above 25*l.*, and beside the ignominy to be sent to Newgate like a common malefactor.

His misfortunes do also very highly and personally concern me. For, your lordship declaring your desire to have that paper looked for, he did at my request search his shop, and unfortunately found it; and, although he had absolutely refused before to print it, because my name as the author was fixed to it, which was very legible, notwithstanding there was a scratch through the words; yet at my desire he ventured to print it. Neither did Faulkner ever name you as the author, although you sent the paper by a clergyman, one of your dependants; but your friends were the only persons who gave out the report of its having been your performance. I read your lordship's letter written to the printer, wherein you argue "that he is in these dealings the adventurer, and must run the hazard of gain or loss." Indeed, my lord, the case is otherwise. He sells such papers to the running boys for farthings a-piece, and is a gainer by each less than half a farthing; and it is seldom he sells above a hundred, unless they be of such as only spread by giving offence, and consequently endanger the printer both in loss of money and liberty, as was the case of that very paper, which, although it be written with spirit and humour, yet, if it had not affected Bettesworth, would scarce have cleared above a shilling to Faulkner: neither would he have done it at all but at my urgency, which was the effect of your lordship's commands to me. But as your lordship has since been universally known for the author, although never named by Faulkner or me, so it is as generally known that you never gave him the least consideration for his losses, disgraces, and dangers of his life. I have heard this, and more, from every person of my acquaintance whom I see at home or abroad; and particularly from one person too high to name, who told me all the particulars; and I heartily wished, upon your account, that I could have assured him that the poor man had received the least mark of your justice, or, if you please to call it so, your generosity, which I would gladly inform that great person of before he leave us.

Now, my lord, as God, assisting your own good management of a very ample fortune, has made you extremely rich, I may venture to say that the printer has a demand, in all conscience, justice, and honour, to be fully refunded, both for his disgraces, his losses, and the apparent danger of his life; and that my opinion ought to be of some weight, because I was an innocent instrument, drawn in by your lordship, against Faulkner's will, to be an occasion of his sufferings. And if you shall please to recompense him in the manner that all people hope or desire, it will be no more in your purse than a drop in the bucket; and as soon as I shall be informed of it I shall immediately write to that very great person, in such a manner as will be most to the advantage of your character, for which I am sure he will rejoice, and so will all your friends, or, if you have any enemies, they will be put to silence

Your lordship has too good an understanding to imagine that my principal regard in this affair is not to your reputation, although it be likewise mingled with pity to the innocent sufferer. And I hope you will consider that this case is not among those where it is a mark of magnanimity to despise the censure of the world; because all good men will differ from you, and impute your conduct only to a sparing temper, upon an occasion where common justice and humanity required a direct contrary proceeding.

I conclude with assuring your lordship again, that what I have written was chiefly for your lordship's credit and service: because I am, with great truth, your lordship's most, &c. JONATHAN SWIFT.

FROM DR. SHERIDAN TO DR. SWIFT AND MRS. WHITEWAY.

May 12, 1736.

DEAR SIR,—I send you an encomium upon Fowlbrother, enclosed, which I hope you will correct; and if the world should charge me with flattery, you will be so good as to explain the obligations I lie under to that great and good bookseller.

MADAM,—how the plague can you expect that I should answer two persons at once, except you should think I had two heads? but this is not the only giddiness you have been guilty of. However, I shall not let the dean know it.

SIR,—I wonder you would trust Mrs. Whiteway to write anything in your letter. You have been always too generous in your confidence. Never was any gentleman so betrayed and abused. She said more of you than I dare commit to this paper.

MADAM,—I have let the dean know all the kind things you said of him to me, and that he has not such a true friend in the world. I hope you will make him believe the same of me.

SIR,—I wish you would banish her your house, and take my wife in her stead, who loves you dearly, and would take all proper care if any sickness should seize you. She would as infallibly take as much care of you as ever she did of me; and you know her to be a good-natured, cheerful, agreeable companion, and a very handy woman; whereas Mrs. Whiteway is a morose, disagreeable prater, and the most awkward devil about a sick person, and very ill-natured into the bargain.

MADAM,—I believe it will not require any protestations to convince you that you have not a more sincere friend upon the earth than I am. The dean confesses that he had some little dislikings to you (I fancy he hears some whispers against you), but I believe his share of this letter will set all matters right. I know he has too much honour to read your part of it; and therefore I may venture to speak my mind freely concerning him. Pray, between ourselves, is he not grown very positive of late? He used formerly to listen to his friends' advice, but now we may as well talk to a sea-storm. I could say more, only I fear this letter may miscarry.

SIR,—I beg that impertinent woman, who has unaccountably got your ear, may not interrupt you while you read the encomium, and while you give it a touch of your brush; for I fear the colours are not strong enough. Cannot you draw another picture of him? I wish you would; for he is a subject fit for the finest hand. What a glorious thing it would be to make him hang himself!

As to business, I have nothing to say about money yet awhile; but by the next post you shall have two scholars' notes, which will amount to about fourteen or fifteen pounds; and if Mr. —— can force himself to do me justice, it will put about 25*l.* in your pocket. But then you must remark that you will put twenty of it out again, and send it to Mrs. ——. I have nobody after that to gather for but you; and if money comes in as I expect, you may borrow from, sir, yours. My tenants are as poor as job, and as wicked as his wife, or the dogs would have given me some money before this. Mr. Jones swears he will not pay you the bond which I gave you, except you come down to receive it; for he thinks it but reasonable that you should honour Belturbet as well as Cavan. Mr. Coote would give three of his eyes to see you at Cootehill. All the country long for you. My green geese, &c., are grown too fat. I have twenty lambs, upon honour, as plump as puffins, and as delicate as ortolans. I eat one of them yesterday. A bull, a bull! hoh! I cry mercy. As I return from the county of Galway next vacation, I intend to make Dublin my way, in order to conduct you hither. Our country is now in high beauty, and every inch of it walkable. I wish you all happiness till I see you; and remain with all respect, your most obedient and very humble servant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

Dublin, May 15, 1736.

MRS. WHITEWAY and I were fretting, raging, storming, and fuming that you had not sent a letter since you got to your Caban (for the V consonant was anciently a B), I mean Cavan: but, however, we mingled pity, for we feared you had run away from school, and left the key under the door. We were much disappointed that the spring and beginning of summer had not introduced the muses, and that your now walkable roads had not roused your spirits. We are here the happiest people in the universe; we have a year and a half before the club will meet to be revenged further on the clergy, who never offended them; and in England their parliament are following our steps, only with two or three steps for our one. It is well you have done with the church, but pray take care to get money, else in a year or two more they will forbid all Greek and Latin schools, as Popish and Jacobite. I took leave of the duke and duchess today. He has prevailed on us to make a promise to bestow upon England 25,000*l.* a-year for ever, by lowering the gold coin, against the petition of all the merchants, shopkeepers, &c., to a man. May his own estate be lowered the other forty parts, for we now lose by all gold two and a half per cent. He will be a better (that is to say a worse) man by 60,000*l.* than he was when he came over; and the nation better (that is to say worse) by above half a million; beside the worthy method he hath taken in a disposal of employments in church and state. Here is a cursed long libel running about in manuscript on the Legion Club; it is in verse, and the foolish town imputes it to me. There were not above thirteen abused (as it is said) in the original; but others have added more, which I never saw, though I have once read the true one. What has Fowlbrother done to provoke you? I either never heard or have forgot your provocations; but he was a fellow I have never been able to endure. If it can be done, I will have it printed, and the title shall be, "Upon a certain bookseller (or printer) in Utopia." Mrs. Whiteway will be here to-morrow, and she will answer your sincere, open-hearted letter very particularly; for which I will now leave room. So adieu for one night.

MRS. WHITEWAY HERE BEGINS.

"SIR,—I am most sincerely obliged to you for all the civil things you have said to me, and of me to the

dean. I found the good effects of them this day; when I waited on him he received me with great good humour, said something had happened since he saw me last that had convinced him of my merit; that he was sorry he had treated me with so little distinction, and that hereafter I should not be put upon the foot of an humble companion, but treated like a lady of wit, and learning, and fortune; that if he could prevail on Dr. Sheridan to part with his wife, he would make her his friend, his nurse, and the manager of his family. I approved entirely of his choice, and at the same time expressed my fears that it would be impossible for you to think of living without her; this is all that sticks with me. But considering the friendship you express to me for the dean, I hope you will be persuaded to consider his good rather than your own, and send her up immediately; or else it will put him to the expense of giving three shillings and fourpence for a wife; and he declares that the badness of pay of his tithes, since the resolutions of the parliament of Ireland, puts this out of his power."

I could not guess why you were so angry at Fowlbrother, till Mrs. Whiteway, who you find is now with me, said it was for publishing some works of yours and mine like a rogue: which is so usual to their trade that I now am weary of being angry with it. I go on to desire that Mrs. Donaldson will let me know what I owe her, not in justice but generosity. If you could find wine and victuals, I could be glad to pass some part of the summer with you, if health would permit me; for I have some club enemies that would be glad to shoot me, and I do not love to be shot; it is a death I have a particular aversion to. But I shall henceforth walk with servants well armed, and have ordered them to kill my killers: however I would have them be the beginners. I will do what I can with Mr. Richardson, who (money excepted) is a very honest man. How is your breathing? As to myself, my life and health are not worth a groat. How shall we get wine to your cabin? I can spare some, and am preparing diaculum to save my skin as far as Cavan, and even to Belturbet.[a] Pray God preserve you. I am, &c. JONATHAN SWIFT.

TO MR. BENJAMIN MOTTE.

Dublin, May 25, 1736.

SIR,—I lately received a long letter from Mr. Faulkner, grievously complaining, upon several articles, of the ill treatment he hath met with from you,[b] and of the many advantageous offers he hath made you, with none of which you thought fit to comply. I am not qualified to judge in the fact, having heard but one side; only one thing I know, that the cruel oppressions of this kingdom by England are not to be borne. You send what books you please hither, and the booksellers here can send nothing to you that is written here. As this is absolute oppression, if I were a bookseller in this town I would use all the safe means to reprint London books, and run them to any town in England that I could, because, whoever offends not the laws of God or the country he lives in commits no sin. It was the fault of you and other booksellers, who printed anything supposed to be mine, that you did not agree with each other to print them together if you thought they would sell to any advantage. I believe I told you long ago that Mr. Faulkner came to me and told me his intention to print everything that my friends told him they thought to be mine, and that I was discontented at it, but when he urged that some other bookseller would do it, and that he would take the advice of my friends, and leave out what I pleased to order him, I said no more but that I was sorry it should be done here.——But I am so incensed against the oppressions from England, and have so little regard to the laws they make, that I do, as a clergyman, encourage the merchants both to export wool and woollen manufactures to any country in Europe or anywhere else; and conceal it from the custom-house officers as I would hide my purse from a highwayman, if he came to rob me on the road, although England hath made a law to the contrary; and so I would encourage our booksellers here to sell your authors' books printed here, and send them to all the towns in England, if I could do it with safety and profit; because (I repeat it) it is no offence against God or the laws of the country I live in. Mr. Faulkner hath dealt so fairly with me that I have a great opinion of his honesty, although I never dealt with him as a printer or a bookseller; but since my friends told me those things called mine would certainly be printed by some hedge bookseller, I was forced to be passive in the matter. I have some things which I shall leave my executors to publish after my decease, and have directed that they shall be printed in London. For, except small papers, and some treatises writ for the use of this kingdom, I always had those of any importance published in London, as you well know. For my own part, although I have no power anywhere, I will do the best offices I can to countenance Mr. Faulkner; for although I was not at all pleased to have that collection printed here, yet none of my friends advised me to be angry with him; although if they had been printed in London by you and your partners, perhaps I might have pretended to some little profit. Whoever may have the hazard or advantage of what I shall leave to be printed in London after my decease, I will leave no other copies of them here; but if Mr. Faulkner should get the first printed copy, and reprint it here, and send his copies to England, I think he would do as right as you London booksellers who load us with yours. If I live but a few years, I believe I shall publish some things that I think are important; but they shall be printed in London although Mr. Faulkner were my brother. I have been very tedious in telling you my thoughts on this matter, and so I remain, sir, your most humble servant, JONATHAN SWIFT.

FROM CHARLES FORD, ESQ.

London, June 3, 1736.

DEAR SIR,—Though you have left off corresponding with me these two years and a half, I cannot leave you off yet; and I think this is the sixth letter I have sent you since I have heard one word of you from your own hand. My lord Oxford told me last winter that he had heard from you, and you were then well. Mr. Cæsar very lately told me the same. It is always the most welcome news that can come to me; but it would be a great addition to my pleasure to have it from yourself; and you know my sincere regard for you may in some measure claim it.

I have been engaged these five months in a most troublesome lawsuit with an Irish chairman. Those fellows swarm about St. James's, and will hardly allow you to walk half a street, or even in the Park, on the fairest day. This rascal rushed into the entry of a tavern to force me into his chair, ran his poles against me, and would not let me pass till I broke his head. He made a jest of it that night; but the next morning an Irish solicitor came, out of profound respect, to advise me to make the fellow amends; he told a dismal story of the surgeon and the bloody shirt, and spoke against his own interest merely to hinder me, whom he had never seen before, from being exposed. Neither

[a] Mr Richardson's Rectory

[b] Motte filed a bill in Chancery in England against Faulkner, for printing Swift's works, to stop the sale of them there, which made the author write this letter.

his kind persuasions, nor the prudent counsels of our friends, Mr. L—— and a few more, could prevail on me. A few days after, the solicitor brought me a bill found by the grand jury and a warrant under the hand of three justices against John Ford, without any other addition. To show his good-will he would not affront me by executing the warrant; but desired I would go to any justice of peace, and give bail to appear the next quarter-sessions. By my not doing it, he found out the mistake of the name, which he said should be rectified in a new bill, and if I would not comply with their demands, after they had tried me for the assault, they would bring an action of 80*l.* or 100*l.* damages. I threatened in my turn, at which he laughed as I should do if a little child should threaten to knock me down. As they proceeded against me, I thought it time to begin with them, and spoke to an acquaintance of mine, a justice of peace, who sent a warrant for the fellow, upon the waiter's oath, for assaulting me, and, by a small stretch of power, committed him to the Gatehouse, where he remained some days for want of bail. I believe his bail would hardly have been judged sufficient if his Irish solicitor had not gone to another justice and taken a false oath that the gentleman who committed him was out of town. This perjury, it seems, cannot be punished, because it was not upon record. We presented bills against each other to the grand-jury, among whom there happened luckily to be some gentlemen; and though I did not know them, by their means my bill was found, and his returned *ignoramus*. Then I indicted him in the crown-office, the terror of the low people, where they often plague one another, and always make use of against those of better rank. Still the fellow blustered, and refused to make it up unless I would pay his expenses; for his lawyer had persuaded him that in the end he should recover damages sufficient to make amends for all. While he ruined himself by law he lost his business, for no gentleman would take his chair. This brought down his proud stomach; he came to me two days ago, made his submissions, we gave reciprocal releases from all actions, &c., and I have already received the thanks of above forty gentlemen for procuring them liberty to walk the streets in quiet. Thus this great affair has ended like the Yorkshire petition, which has been the chief business of the house of commons this session. Toward the end, indeed, they found a little time to show their good will to the church. It is the general opinion that the Act for repealing the Test would have passed if sir Robert Walpole had not seen the necessity of his speaking, which he did in the most artful manner he had ever done in his life. Several courtiers voted against him, as well as most of the patriots, and, among others, lord Bathurst's two sons. In the house of lords, next to the duke of Argyll, your friend Bathurst and lord Carteret have shown most rancour against ——. It is a melancholy reflection that all the great officers of state, and the whole bench of bishops, joined to the Tories, could not prevent any one question in disfavour of the church.

I am asked every day if there be no hopes of ever seeing you here again; and am sorry not to be able to give any account of your intentions. I doubt my long letters quite tire your patience; and therefore conclude with assuring you that nobody wishes you all happiness more than I do, who am most entirely yours, &c.

FROM DR. SHERIDAN.

June 3, 1736.

Dear Sir,—Mr. Lucas is now in Dublin, who will pay that small bill on demand. I hope Mr. —— will not disappoint us, and then poor Mrs. —— will be relieved. I must set out soon for Dublin. At my return I will wait upon you to bring you home with me. The weather must and shall be good; and you must and shall be in good health; you must and shall come with me.

My walk it is finished,
My money diminished;
But when you come down,
I'll hold you a crown
You'll soon make me rich,
Or I'll die in a ditch.

Pray think of things beforehand, and do not be giddy as usual. The walk is a hundred and twelve yards long; I hope that will please you. My rolling-stone cost me dear. If I should ever grow rich, as God forbid I should, I would buy two hogsheads of wine at once. You must know I have bought turf for you, which burns like so many tapers. My son writes me word that Mr. Vesey's family are angry with me for inserting some lines in the Legion Club touching him. Upon my soul I never inserted one line in it; and upon the whole I care not whether they believe me or not. All my garden things are in top order. Are not you sick of Dublin this hot weather? How can you stew in such an oven? My sheep begin now to fatten; I hope they will please you very well. You saw the king's speech I suppose. I am glad to find by it that he resolves to stand by us. Our breams here are exceedingly good and fat; we dress them with carp sauce. Doctor Walmsley writes me word by last post that they are making way to bring me to Armagh. Mr. —in is quite outrageous mad, and his relations are now taking out a writ of lunacy; so that if my lord Orrery would only mention me to the lord-primate it would do. I know my lord-chancellor is so well inclined toward me that he would willingly join in the request. Consider the lands are worth 400*l.* a-year, and the situation much more advantageous. This must be a secret upon several accounts. So much for business, and no more. My artichokes, I do not mean my hearty jokes, are in great plenty, so are my strawberries. I hear that the czarina, Kouli Kan, and the emperor will overrun Turkey. You will not know my house when you see it next, it will be so altercated. Pray what says Goody Whiteway to the world? I hear she gives herself strange airs of late in calling me nothing but Sheridan. This comes of too much familiarity. When I come next to your house, I shall make her keep her distance, especially when company is present; for she wants to be pulled down. My young turnips, carrots, beans, and pease are in fine order; you must pay 2*s.* 6*d.* a-quart if you eat any. I shall be very reasonable as to the rest of your diet.

You shall want nothing fit for mortal man
To eat or drink, 'tis all that I do can.
And all that's expedient,
From your most obedient.

FROM DR. SHERIDAN.

June 5, 1736.

Dear Sir,—I am so tormented, and have been for eight days, that I lie stretched in my bed as I now write; however, I begin to be easier, and I have hopes that I shall be able to attend in my school on Monday. Surely no person can be so stupid as to imagine you wrote the "Panegyric on the Legion Club"? I have seen and read it in various editions, which indeed makes me imagine everybody to be its author; and what they have done to deserve such treatment is to me a mystery.

I never wrote in this posture before, and therefore wonder not if lines and words be crooked. My pains are likewise great; and therefore, whether I will or not, I must take pains with this letter.

Now as to your coming down here, the weather will be good, the roads pleasant, and my company likewise, to set out with you from Dublin on Thursday fortnight, and to bring you here in three days. I have

three deer parks at my command; Coote's, Fleming's, and Hamilton's. I have at present forty chickens, all fat; twenty sheep of my own, and sixteen lambs (for lamb will be in season a month longer), geese, turkey, &c.

My hens are hatching,
My house is thatching,
My geese a-gaggling,
My wife a-draggling,
My corn a-thrashing,
My sheep a-washing,
My turf a-drawing,
My timber sawing,
My gravel-walk raking,
My rolling-stone making,
My ale a-brewing,
Myself a-stewing,
My boys a teaching,
My webs a-bleaching,
My daughters reading,
My garden weeding,
My lime a-burning,
My milk a-churning;

In short, all nature seems to be at work,
Busy as Kouli Kan against the Turk.

I do not wonder that Mr. Towers has discarded that graceless whelp, but I wonder more he kept him above a week. He has a genius for mischief would jade even the devil to attend him. If Mrs. Whiteway will prove false, I have willows enough to crown me, and ladies enough here to pick and choose where I like best. The summer has brought them and the flies in great abundance into our country; the latter, I think, indeed, less troublesome. All of them long for your coming; but I know not whether you long for them. I am grieved to hear you have lost so much flesh, which indeed is my present case. If my skin were dry my bones would rattle like a bag of bobbins. However, I make no doubt but to plump us both up by help of some housewife's remedies. My poor dear wife has run mad for joy of your coming: sure I have a gravel walk finished twelve perches in length, eight gradations of pease which will last you to October. You cannot imagine what a good housewife I am grown; my garden is well stocked; I have everything but money; but that is neither here nor there. Mr. Jones will order the money by first opportunity. May all happiness attend you.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

Dublin, June 5, 1736.

You must pay your groat (as if you had been drunk last night) for this letter, because I am neither acquainted with any frank er, nor the ——— of frank ing. I am glad you have got the piles, because it is a mark of health and a strong constitution. I believe what you say of the Legion Club poem: for it plainly appears a work of a legion club, for I hear there are fifty different copies; but what is that to me? And you are in the right that they are not treated according to their merit. You never writ so regular in your life, and therefore when you write to me always take care to have the piles; I mean any piles except those of lime and stone, and yet piles are not so bad as the stone. I find you intend to be here (by your date) in a dozen days hence. The room shall be ready for you, though I shall never have you in a morning, or at dinner, or in an evening; at all other times I shall be pestered with you. John R——, (for he does not deserve the name of Jack) is gone to his six-miles-off country-seat for the summer. I admire at your bill of 10*l.* odd; for I thought your first was double; or is it an additional one? When you satisfy me, I will send down to him with a vengeance: although except that damned vice of avarice, he is a very agreeable man. As to your venison, vain is one who expects it. I am checking you for your chickens, and could lamb you for your lambs!—*Addenda quædam.*

My wife a-rattling,
My children tattling,
My money spent is,
And due my rent is.
My school decreasing,
My income ceasing.
All people teaze me,
But no man pays me.
My worship is bit,
By that rogue Nisbit,
To take the right way,
Consult friend Whiteway.
Would you get still more?
Go flatter Kilmore.[a]
Your geese are old,
Your wife a scold.

Mrs. Whiteway is ever your friend, but your old ones have forsaken you as mine have me. My head is very bad, and I have just as much spirits left as a drowned mouse. Pray do not you give yourself airs of pretending to have flies in summer at Cavan; and such a *no* summer as this: I, who am the best fly-catcher in the kingdom, have not thought it worth my time to show my skill in that art. I believe nothing of your garden improvements, for I know you too well. What you say of your leanness is incredible; for when I saw you last you were as broad as long. But if you continue to breathe free (which nothing but exercise can give), you may be safe with as little flesh as I, which is none at all.

I had your letter just before this was sealed; but I cannot answer it now. JONATHAN SWIFT.

TO LADY BETTY GERMAIN.

June 15, 1736.

MADAM,—I write this letter to your ladyship in the employment you have chosen of being a go-between the duke of Dorset and me. I must preface this letter with an honest declaration that I never proposed any one thing to his grace wherein I did not chiefly consult his honour and the general opinion of the kingdom. I had the honour to know him from a boy, as I did your ladyship from a child; and yet, excepting great personal civilities, I never was able to obtain the favour of getting one church preferment for any friend except one too inconsiderable to mention. I wrote to and told my lord duke that there was a certain family here called the Grattans, and that they could command ten thousand men; two of them are parsons, as you Whigs call them, another is lord mayor of this city, and was knighted by his grace a month or two ago. But there is another cousin of theirs, who is a Grattan, though his name be John Jackson, as worthy a clergyman as any in this kingdom. He lives upon his own small estate, four miles from this town, and in his own parish; but he has four children. He only wants some little addition of 100*l* a-year; for he has laid out 800*l.* to build upon his own small estate in his own parish, which he cannot leave; and we cannot spare him. He has lain a weight upon my shoulders for many years; and I have often mentioned him to my lord duke as a most deserving person. His grace has now an opportunity to help him. One Mr. Ward, who died this morning, had a deanery of small value; it was a hedge deanery, my lord duke will tell you what I mean; we have many of them in Ireland: but, as it does not require living there, except a month or two in the year, although it be but of 40*l.* or 50*l.* yearly rent, it will be a great ease to him. He is no party man, but a loyal subject. It is the deanery of Cloyne: he is well acquainted with the bishop, who is Dr. Berkeley; I have reasons enough to complain of my lord duke, who absolutely refused to provide for a most worthy man whom he had made one of his chaplains before he came over: and therefore, if he will not consent to give this poor deanery to Mr. John Jackson, I will fall out with him for ever. I desire your ladyship to let the duke know all this.

Somebody read a part of a newspaper to me the other day, wherein your saucy niece is mentioned as married with 45,000*l.* to her fortune. I desire to present her with my most humble service, and that we may be friends for the future. I hope your ladyship still preserves your health and good humour. Your virtues I am in no pain about; for you are confirmed in them by your education and birth as well as by constant practice. I pray God preserve you long, for

[a] Dr. Josiah Hort, then Bishop of Kilmore.

the good you do to the world, and for your happiness hereafter.

I will (notwithstanding your commands to the contrary) be so bold to tell you that I am, with the greatest respect and esteem, madam, your ladyship's most obedient and obliged humble servant,

JONATHAN SWIFT.

FROM LADY BETTY GERMAIN.

June 23, 1736.

I OUGHT to begin with begging pardon for not answering yours of the 1st of May, before I thank you for that of the 15th of June: but I do not question the newspapers have informed you of the great loss I have had in my brother Henry Berkeley. And what is an addition to the grief for the best-natured, honest, sincere, disinterested, friendly brother, is the having left a wife, three daughters, and two sons, literally without bread to eat: though perhaps that part might soon be made easy, if those of his relations were as willing as they are able to help to take care of them, which hitherto they have only the benefit of from my two neices. She that you call the saucy one, has bestowed her very great fortune (much more than you mention) on lord Vere Beauclerk, and had my approbation of her own choice, for I think him a very deserving gentleman; and all that know him give him a great character. I am now with them in the country; but shall go in about a fortnight to Knowle; and when I am there will certainly obey your commands to the duke of Dorset. My brother George and lady Suffolk are gone to France to make a visit to lord Berkeley; which I am glad of, as I hope it will induce her to go to Spa and Aix-la-Chapelle, for her health, which I am afraid is very necessary for her, and truly believe is all she wants to make her easy and happy; or else my brother George is not the honest good-natured man I really take him to be; and she dissembles well if she is not so happy as she makes me believe, and I heartily wish her.

You order me to write long letters; but you may see by the nothingness of this, I am yet more unfit than ever to observe your orders, though in all things, and at all times, your most sincere and truly humble servant,

E. GERMAIN.

FROM DR. SHERIDAN.

June 23, 1736

DEAR SIR,—If you can believe me, I can assure you that we have a great plenty of flies at Cavan; and let me whisper you in this letter, *nec desunt pediculi nec pulices*; but [illegible] ou not to speak of it. *Si me non fallit observatio*, we shall have more of the Egyptian plagues, *quippe multitudo militum die crastino adventura est in Cavanniam nostram.* I do not know what the devil they will do for meat. *De nostro cibo, nisi furtim, aut vi abripiunt, uxor me capiat, si gustaverint.* The ladies are already bespeaking seats in my field upon the hill, *Spectatum veniunt, veniunt spectentur ut ipsæ.* Ho, brave colonels, captains, lieutenants, and cornets, *adeo hic splendentes congregantur ut ipsis pavonibus pudorem incutiunt*, of which I am an eyewitness, *dejectis capitibus caudas demittunt.* Our bakers are all so busy upon this occasion, that they double the heat of the weather, *atque urunt officinas.* But when the army fires on Friday, *proh Jupiter! infernum redolebunt et spirabunt.* The noise of guns, the neighing of the horses, and the women's tongues, *cœlum atque terras miscebunt.*

Grouse pouts are come in,
I've some in my bin,
To butter your chin;
When done with our din-
—ner, through thick and thin
We 'll walk out and in,
And care not a pin
Who thinks it a sin.
We make some folks grin,
By lashing their kin, &c.

I could not mention troop-horses, *quin Pegasus noster lusit exultim ut vides; sed jam stabulo inclusus de versibus nihil amplius.* You may be surprised at this motley epistle; but you must know that I fell upon my head the other day, and the fall shook away half my English and Latin, *cum omnia lingua Gallica, Hispanica, necnon Italica.* I would rather indeed my wife had lost her one tongue, *totaliter, quoniam equidem nullus dubito nisi radicitus evelleretur tonitrui superaret.*

I wish your reverence were here to hear the trumpets:
Mistake me not, for I mean not the strumpets.

Well, when will you come down, or will you come at all? I think you may, can, could, might, would, or ought to come. My house is enlarging, and you may now venture to bring your own company with you; namely, the provost, archdeacon Wall, the bishop of Clogher, and ——, by way of enlivening the rest. Do not let my lord Orrery come with them; for I know they will not be pleased with his company. My love to my sweetheart Mrs. Whiteway, if she continues constant; if not, my hatred and my gall. Excuse my haste. I hope by the next post to make up for this short epistle. I am, dear sir, with all affection and respect, your most obedient humble servant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

FROM MR. DONNELLAN.

Cork, July 3, 1736.

SIR,—I had the favour of your commands with relation to Mr. Dunkin;[a] and, in pursuance of them, have wrote to two of my friends among the senior fellows, and recommended his petition and your request, in the best and strongest manner I was able. I am, upon many accounts, obliged to execute whatever orders you are pleased to give me, with the greatest readiness and cheerfulness possible; which I assure you I do on this occasion, and shall think myself very happy if I can any way promote the success of an affair which you wish well to. But beside the right that you have to command me, I think Mr. Dunkin's case, as Mr. Sican has represented it, really very worthy of compassion, and on that account likewise should be very glad I could be of some service to him. To be sure he acted a very silly and wrong part in marrying, and in the affair of Dr. Cope's daughter; and I fear he has hurt himself very considerably in the opinion of the college by his strange behaviour at the board, without occasion. But I hope all this will be got over by your appearance in his favour, and that your request will have all that weight with the college that it ought. I reminded my friends (though I hope they had not forgot it) of the considerable services you had done their house at different times, and let them know how much their compliance in this point would oblige you. After this I think they must be very beasts if they do not show their gratitude when they have so fair an opportunity, and idiots if they neglect purchasing the dean's favour at so cheap a rate.

My sister and I were very sorry we had not the pleasure of seeing you the morning we called at the deanery-house. We were just then going out of town, and had not another opportunity of taking our leave of you. She desires me to make her compliments to you in a very particular manner. We are both ex-

[a] A female relation of Mr. Dunkin had bequeathed an estate in land for ever to the college and fellows of Trinity College, Dublin, upon condition that they should take care of his education, and afterward assist to advance him in the world. The college, in consequence of this request, allowed him at this time an annuity, which he was now soliciting to get increased to 100*l*. He succeeded in his application; and the earl of Chesterfield, when he had the government of Ireland in the year 1746, gave him the school of Enniskilling, which is very richly endowed, and was founded by king Charles I.

ceedingly busy in getting our little house ready, and hope to remove into it next week. I shall not trouble you, sir, with a description of it; but, in a few words, it is really a very sweet little spot, and though so near a great town, has all the advantages of a complete retirement.

Though I am come among a people that I think you are not very fond of, yet this I must say in their favour, that they are not such brutes as to be insensible of the dean's merit. Ever since we came down, this town and country rung of your praises, for opposing the reduction of the coin; and they look upon the stop that is likely to be put to that affair as a second deliverance they owe you.

I hope the late fine weather has contributed to the recovery of your health: I am sure it is what we have all reason to desire the continuance of; and what I beg you will believe no one more truly and sincerely wishes, with all other happiness, than, sir, your most obedient and obliged humble servant,

CHR. DONNELLAN.

TO THE PROVOST AND SENIOR FELLOWS OF TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN.[a]

Deanery-house, July 5, 1736.

REV. AND WORTHY SIRS,—As I had the honour of receiving some part of my education in your university, and the good fortune to be of some service to it while I had a share of credit at court, as well as since, when I had very little or none, I may hope to be excused for laying a case before you, and offering my opinion upon it.

Mr. Dunkin, whom you all know sent me some time ago a memorial intended to be laid before you, which perhaps he hath already done. His request is that you would be pleased to enlarge his annuity at present, and that he may have the same right, in his turn, to the first church preferment vacant in your gift, as if he had been made a fellow, according to the scheme of his aunt's will; because the absurdity of the condition in it ought to be imputed to the old woman's ignorance, although her intention be very manifest; and the intention of the testator in all wills is chiefly regarded by the law. What I would therefore humbly propose is this, that you would increase his pension to 100*l.* a-year, and make him a firm promise of the first church living in your disposal, to the value of 200*l.* a-year, or somewhat more. This I take to be a reasonable medium between what he hath proposed in his memorial, and what you allow him at present.

I am almost a perfect stranger to Mr. Dunkin, having never seen him above twice, and then in mixed company, nor should I know his person if I met him in the streets. But I know he is a man of wit and parts, which, if applied properly to the business of his function, instead of poetry (wherein it must be owned he sometimes excels[b]), might be of great use and service to him.

I hope you will please to remember that, since your body hath received no inconsiderable benefaction from the aunt, it will much increase your reputation rather to err on the generous side toward the nephew.

These are my thoughts, after frequently reflecting on the case under all its circumstances; and so I leave it to your wiser judgments. I am, with true respect and esteem, reverend and worthy sirs, your most obedient and most humble servant,

JONATHAN SWIFT.

[a] This letter plainly shows the author's friendship to gentlemen of genius and learning, although unacquainted with them; but soon after this, Mr. Dunkin was introduced to the dean, who did him further services, by recommending him to Dr. Bolton, archbishop of Cashell, who ordained him.

[b] See the translation of "Carberiæ Rupes," Vol. i., p. 625.

FROM DR. SHERIDAN.

July 6, 1736.

DEAR SIR,—I suspect that some secret villain has prevented the lord chancellor to sign my commission; and therefore I entreat the favour of you to know the meaning of it from his excellency; for I had his consent by a recommendation from my lord chief-baron Marley and Mr. Justice Ward. The summer is going off fast, so are my best fowl, and you are not yet come. Will you not come for your 660*l.*? We have no way to carry it, except you come for it yourself; and do not forget to bring the deed of sale with you for the Marahills and Drumcor. I wish you could sail with them hither, to save you the trouble of riding, which I would rather see than fifty pounds, which I would set my hand and seal to. Mr. Jones, as I told you before, will not pay anybody but yourself; so that you must inevitably come, *nolens volens*, right or wrong, whether you can or not. Our venison is plenty; our weather too hot for its carriage. We have not had two hundred drops of rain these six weeks past.

Our river is dry,	Oh, where shall I fly
And fiery the sky;	From Phœbus's eye!
I fret and I fry,	In bed when I lie,
Just ready to die:	I soak like a pie;
	And I sweat, oh! I sweat,
	Like a hog in a sty!

I know you love Alexandrines, for which reason I closed the above madrigal with one. I think it is of a very good proportion, which I hope you will set to music; and pray let me have a bass and second treble, with what other decorations and graces you can better design than I can direct. To let you see you can want for nothing if you come to Cavan, I write you the following catalogue:—

Good road,	Right bacon,
A clean house,	Cauliflowers,
A hearty welcome	Young chickens,
Good ale,	Fat venison,
Good beer,	Small mutton,
Good bread,	Green pease,
Good bed,	Good water,
Young turkeys,	Good wine,
Young beans,	Young ducks,
Young lambs,	Carrots,
Grouse pouts,	Parsnips, Item
Fine trouts,	

A LONG GRAVEL-WALK.

I must trouble your reverence with a small sample of some things, to let you see that all I have said is truth.

REFERENCES.

1. Artichoke,	15. Cos lettuce,
2. Carrot,	16. Silesia lettuce,
3. Parsnip,	17. Thyme,
4. Raspberries,	18. Sweet marjoram,
5. Gooseberries,	19. A Cavan fly; and a thousand things beside,
6. Currants, red,	20. Some of my gravel walk,
7. Currants, black,	21. Nasturtium,
8. Purslain,	22. Cucumber,
9. Kidney-beans,	23. Orange,
10. Common beans,	24. Spinach,
11. Red cabbage,	25. Onion,
12. Common cabbage,	26. Pea.
13. Turnip,	
14. Cauliflowers,	

I would send you some of my canal, but the paper could not hold it.

I have nothing more to send but my best wishes, which you can only see in my face when you come down.

Present my love 9678946846734056789897324 times to my dear Mrs. Whiteway, and all her chickens. I am, dear sir, as I ever must be, your most obedient and very humble servant to command, Dumb Spur it us hose rage it art us.[a]

[a] "Dum spiritus hos regit artus."

FROM CHARLES FORD, Esq.

London, July 8, 1736.

You cannot imagine how much I was transported to see a superscription in your hand, after two years and a half intermission. The pleasure I had in not being quite forgotten was soon abated by what you say of your ill health. I doubt you live too much by yourself; and retirement makes the strongest impression upon those who are formed for mirth and society. I have not been these thirty years without a set of cheerful companions, by herding with new ones as the old marry and go off. Why have not you a succession of Grattans and Jacksons? Whatever resentment the men in power may have, everybody else would seek your company upon your own terms: and for those in great stations, I am sure, at this time, you would be ashamed to be well with them. If they hate you, it is because they fear you, and know your abilities better than you seem to do yourself: even in your melancholy you write with too much fire for broken spirits. Your giddiness and deafness give me the utmost concern; though I believe you would be less subject to them, and as well taken care of here: nor need you spunge for a dinner, since you would be invited to two or three places every day. I will say no more upon this subject, because I know there is no persuading you.

My legs have been swelled many years: it is above twelve since Beaufort gave me a prescription for them, which I never took till last winter. My lord Litchfield, and other of my acquaintance, persuaded me to it; and they tell me it had its effect, for I am no judge either of my own bad looks, or large legs, having always found myself perfectly well, except when I had my fever four years ago. I walk constantly every day in the Park, and am forced to be both temperate and sober, because my meat is so much overdone that I do not like it; and my dining acquaintance reserve themselves for a second meeting at night, which I obstinately refuse.

If your rents fall, I do not know what must become of us. I have considerable losses every year, and yet I think Crossthwaite a very honest man. Rents for some time have been ill paid here as well as in Ireland; and farms flung up every day which have not been raised since king Charles I.'s time. The graziers are undone in all parts, and it is bad enough with the farmers. One cause is, their living much higher than they did formerly; another is, the great number of enclosures made of late, enough to supply many more people than England contains. It is certain all last year a man came off well enough if he could sell a fat ox at the price he bought him lean. The butchers, by not lowering their meat in proportion, have been the only gainers.

I generally hear once a month, or oftener, from my sister. She writes to me with great affection; but I find she is still wrongheaded, and will be so as long as she lives. As she expected unreasonable presents, she makes them much more unreasonably: and, in my opinion, so ill-judged, that I do not wonder more at her than at those who receive them. I see no difference in giving thirty or forty guineas, or in paying thirty or forty guineas for a thing the person you give it to must have paid. I have heard no reason to doubt lord Masham. I know nothing of his son, not even by sight. Our friend Lewis is in constant duty with his sick wife, who has been some years dying, and will not die. Unless he calls, as he does upon me for a quarter of an hour at most twice in a year, there is no seeing him. I heartily wish you health and prosperity; and am ever most sincerely yours, &c.

My lord Masham was extremely pleased with your remembering him, and desired me to make his compliments to you.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

July 10, 1736.

I RECEIVED your two letters. The first is mingled with Latin and English, one following the other; now I scorn that way, and put both languages in one. However, for the sake of order, I will begin with answering your second letter before the first, because it deserves one on account of your presents from bogs, rivers, mountains, mosses, quagmires, heaths, lakes, kennels, ditches, weeds, &c. &c. &c. &c. Mrs. Whiteway was pleased, although very unjustly, to criticise upon every curiosity; she swears the paper of gravel was of your own voiding, as she found by the smell. That your whole artichoke leaf shows its mother to be smaller than a nutmeg; and I confess you were somewhat unwary in exposing it to censure. Your raspberry she compared with the head of a corking-pin, and the latter had the victory. Your currants were invisible, and we could not distinguish the red from the black. Your purslain passed very well with me, but she swore it was houseleek. She denies your Cavan fly to be genuine, but will have it that, for the credit of your town, you would have it born there, although Mrs. Donaldson confesses it was sent hither in a box of brown sugar, and died as it entered the gates. Mrs. Whiteway proceeds further in her malice, declaring your nasturtium to be only a piss-a-bed; your beans as brown as herself, and of the same kind with what we fatten hogs in Leicestershire. In one thing she admires your generosity, that for her sake you would spare a drop or two of your canal water, which by the spongy bottom needs it so much. The only defects of them all were, that they wanted colour, sight, and smell; yet as to the last, we both acknowledge them all to exhale a general fustiness, which, however, did much resemble that of your Cavan air. JONATHAN SWIFT.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

I RECEIVED your letter, which began with "lings." You have thirteen in all, and I have got but a hundred and sixty: a trifle! Find me ten more than mine and I will give you ten guineas for the eleventh. Mine are all down, and only twelve which are not entered in a letter, which I will send you when health permits, and I have nothing else to do, and that may be a twelvemonth hence, if my disorder will let me hold out so long. You were born to be happy, for you take the least piece of good fortune cheerfully. I suppose your arithmetic is that three boys a-week are a hundred and fifty-nine in a year; and seven guineas a-week are three hundred and sixty-five per annum. Can you reckon that the county, and the next, and Dublin, will provide you with thirty lads in all, and good pay, of which a dozen shall be lodgers? Does the cheapness of things answer your expectation? Have you sent away your late younger-married daughter, and will you send away the other? Let me desire you will be very regular in your accounts; because a very honest friend of yours and mine tells me that, with all your honesty, it is an uneasy thing to have any dealings with you that relate to accounts, by your frequent forgetfulness and confusion: for you have no notion of regularity; and I do not wonder at it, considering the scattered, confused manner in which you have lived. Mrs. Whiteway thanks you for the good opinion you have of her, and I know she always loved and defended you. I cannot tell when I shall be able to travel. I have three other engagements on my hands, but the principal is to see the bishop of

Ossory. Yet I dread the lying abroad above five miles. I am never well. Some sudden turns are every day threatening me with a giddy fit; and my affairs are terribly embroiled. I have a scheme of living with you, when the College-green club is to meet; for in these times I detest the town, and hearing the follies, corruptions, and slavish practices of those misrepresentative brutes; and resolve, if I can stir, to pass that whole time at Bath or Cavan. I say again, keep very regular accounts, in large books and a fair hand; not like me, who to save paper confuse everything. Your mind is honest, but your memory a knave, and therefore the Scotch mean the same thing by "minding" that we do by "remembering." "Sirrah," said I to a Scotch footman, "why did not you go that errand?"—"Because I did not 'mind' it," quoth Sawney. A curse on these twenty soldiers, drumming through my liberty twice a-day, and going to a barrack the government hath placed just under my nose. I think of a line in Virgil Travesty. "The d—l cut their yelping weasons." We expect lord Orrery and bishop Rundle next week. This letter was intended for last post, but interruptions and horses hindered it. Poor Mrs. Acheson is relapsed at Grange, and worse than ever: I was there yesterday and met Dr. Helsham, who hopes she was a little better.—16. Here has nobody been hanged, married, or dead, that I hear of: Dr. Grattan is confined by a boil; if you ask him where, he will sell you a bargain. My chief country companion now is Philosopher Webber: for the Grattans and Jacksons are neither to be found at home nor abroad, except Robin, who cannot stir a foot. JONATHAN SWIFT.

FROM LADY BETTY GERMAIN.

July 11, 1736.

SINCE, it seems, my letters are not for your own perusal, but kept for a female cousin, to her this ought to be addressed; only that I am not yet in spirits to joke. I did not do so by your request, as you apprehended by my letter, for I spoke to the duke much sooner than I told you I should, and did so as soon as it was possible for me, or as soon as I could have sent it. But my answer was, that he had that moment received a letter from lord Orrery, with the most pressing instances for a deserving friend of his that the duke could not refuse, especially as my lord Orrery had been most extremely obliging, and, for this whole session, neglected no opportunity to endeavour to make his administration easy; though at the same time he assured me he would otherwise have been very glad to oblige you, and does agree that the gentleman you recommended is a very deserving one also. All this you should have known before had I been able to write; but I have been laid up with the gout in my hand and foot, and thought it not necessary to make use of a secretary, since I had nothing more pleasing to tell you. I shall always be extremely willing to be employed by you to him; nor do I make any question but you will always recommend the worthy, as it is for your own honour as well as his. No more will I agree that you never did prevail on any one occasion; because the very first you did employ me about was instantly complied with, though against a rule he thought right, and I knew before he had set himself.

Lady Suffolk is now at Spa, with my brother George, for her health; and as I shall go for my own, to the Bath in September, I fear we shall not meet this great while. And now I must finish this long letter, which has not been quite easy to write, being still your gouty, but faithful humble servant.

a Afterwards called the Piddle-guard, and kept within the liberties of St. Patrick's to suppress riots.

FROM DR. SHERIDAN.

July 20, 1736.

DEAR SIR,—I received yours some day or other this week, by the hands of Mrs. Donaldson, who has made affidavit before our town magistrate, that I never borrowed a fly of her in my life; and I have likewise deponed upon oath, that I caught the fly perched upon a rose-tree in my own garden; and I would have you to know that I have above four hundred thousand of the same species, for I counted them last Sunday. If you will not believe me, pray come down and see. Mr. Jones has your 660*l.* ready, but can get no bills to remit it. I beseech you lose no time, for he is uneasy about it. * * * *

If you put off the time of coming down longer, you will lose the best things our country can afford. The ladies are full of your coming, viz.—

My wife,[a]	Miss Pratt,
Two ladies Lanesborough,	Mrs. Fitzherbert,
Mrs. Maxwell,	Mrs. Jones,
Mrs Fitzmaurice,	Beauty Copeland,
Mrs. Hort,	Miss Brooke, 1, 2, 3, 4, &c. &c. &c.
Mrs. Hamilton,	All your Cavan mistresses.
Miss Sanderson,	NEWS.
Mrs. Nuburgh,	Doctor Thomson's servant almost cudgelled him to death going from a christening.
Mrs. Cromer,	
Mrs White,	
Mrs Nesbitt	Colonel Nuburgh's fine arched market house, quite finished, with a grand cupola on the top, fell flat to the earth. It is now begun upon again. *Sic transit gloria mundi.*
Her five daughters,	
Mrs. Stephens,	
Mrs. and Miss Clement,	
Mrs. Tighe,	
Mrs. Coote,	

Grouse pouts,
Fine trouts,
Right venison,
For my benison.

Leave your stinking town in haste,
For you have no time to waste,

Let me know what day I shall meet you. Price and I will stretch to Virginia. That all happiness may for ever attend you is the sincere wish of, dear sir, your most obedient and very humble servant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

FROM DR. SHERIDAN.

July 31, 1736.

DEAR SIR,—I went to Belturbet immediately upon the receipt of your letter, and found Mr. Jones ready for Mr Henry's draught, and glad of it; and so am I. But you are a very fine lawyer in calling your deed of sale a mortgage——Instead of cancelling, there is more to be done: you must not only cancel, but you must reconvey to me, in a formal manner, as if you sold to me—Pray ask advice, and *do* not *do* things hand over head, as you were going to *do* (observe my style[b]), like me. If I had not sworn never to set my foot in Dublin, except I were to pass through it for England,[c] I would go thither next vacation; but I have sworn solemnly I will not. If I had my few friends out of it, I would not care that all the rest were petrified.

Now you must know that I forbid you the town of Cavan as strenuously as I invited you to it; for the small-pox is the broom of death at present, and sweeps us off here by dozens. I never had it, which gives me some little palpitations, but no great fear. As soon as I can get 500*l.* in my pocket, to make a figure with, I may perhaps honour your metropolis with my presence; and that may be sooner than you imagine, for I have a guinea, a moidore, a cobb, and two Manks pence towards it already. You may think I swagger, but as I hope to be saved it is true.

How grieved I am that I am out of the way while

a Who disliked Dr. Swift above all the human race.

b This was exactly Swift's style to Sheridan upon many occasions; and now Sheridan, in his pleasant manner, returns the compliment.

c Sheridan never crossed the Channel to England in his whole life.

doctor King is in Dublin! I wish with all my soul he would take a frolic to come hither, because he would cost me no wine, and I have the best water in Ireland.

My collection of witty sayings, &c., is finished, if I had any friends to recommend them. The best wares of that kind will not go off otherwise. Doctor King promised me his friendship at Oxford. If you would speak a kind word to the public in their behalf, I know they would bring me in *l'argent*, which I now want as much as I formerly did the gift of retention, when I had enough. But—that—is—neither—here—nor there.—

My son—I can affirm, is thoroughly reformed; and as an argument of it, I must acquaint you that his mother finds fault with everything he does.

My son—is so far poisoned by the serpent his mother, that I cannot get him home, although I sent horses for him. * * * *

May all happiness attend you is the sincere wish of, dear sir, your most obedient and very humble servant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

FROM LADY HOWTH.

August 6, 1736.

SIR,—I do not know how this letter may be received, since I never had the favour of an answer to my last. I impute it to the neglect of the post, or anything rather than to think I am forgotten by my old friend. I am now in Connaught, where I assure you I spend the least of my time at cards. I am on horseback almost every day to view the beauties of Connaught, where I am told you have been. I live greatly under ground; for I view all the places under ground. I make nothing of going down sixty steps. I really think, could you lend me a little of your brains, I should be able to come nigh Addison in several of his descriptions of Italy: for upon my word I think there are several very remarkable things. As you took a journey last winter to Cavan, my lord and I hope you will take one to the county of Kilkenny this winter, where we assure you of a hearty welcome. I must now be troublesome to you; but lord Athunry begged I would write to you in favour of a young gentleman, one Mr. Ireland, who was usher to Mr. Garnett, schoolmaster of Tipperary. Mr. Garnett died lately; he has given Mr. Ireland a very good certificate; and most of the gentlemen in and about Tipperary have recommended Mr. Ireland to succeed Mr. Garnett; as you are one of the governors of that school, I hope you will do Mr. Ireland all the service you can, which will very much oblige me. Since I began this there came in a trout; it was so large that we had it weighed; it was a yard and four inches long, twenty-three inches round; his jaw-bone eight inches long, and he weighed thirty-five pounds and a half. My lord and I stood by to see it measured. I believe I have tired your patience; so beg leave to assure you I am your affectionate friend and humble servant,

L. HOWTH.

Direct to me at Turlaghvan, near Tuam. My lord begs you would accept of his compliments.

FROM THOMAS CARTE, ESQ.

August 11, 1736.

SIR,—Having at last, after a long application and in the midst of sharp rheumatic pains, the effects of a sedentary life, finished my "History of the Life of the first Duke of Ormond, and of the Affairs of Ireland in his Time," I here send you a copy of that work, of which I beg your acceptance. I have endeavoured to follow the instructions you gave me, and hope I have done so in some measure. If it have your approbation in any degree, it will be so much to my satisfaction.

It hath been a long subject of complaint in England that no history has yet been wrote of it upon authentic and proper materials; and even those who have taken notice of the military actions of our ancestors have yet left the civil history of the kingdom (the most instructive of any) untouched for want of a proper knowledge of the antiquities, usages, laws, and constitutions of this nation. Rapin de Thoiras, the last writer, was a foreigner, utterly ignorant in these respects, and, writing his history abroad, had no means of clearing up any difficulties that he met with therein. He made, indeed, some use of Rymer's "Fœdera;" but his ignorance of our customs suffered him to fall into gross mistakes for want of understanding the phraseology of Acts which have reference to our particular customs. Besides, Rymer's collection contains only such treaties as were enrolled in the Tower or in the rolls of Chancery; he knew nothing of such as were enrolled in the Exchequer, and of the public treaties with foreign princes enrolled in this latter office. I have now a list of above four hundred by me. Rymer never made use of that vast collection of materials for an English history which is preserved in the Cotton library; nor ever consulted any journal of our privy council whenever he refers to any, still quoting bishop Burnet for his author. He never read the rolls of parliament, nor any journal of either house, where the chief affairs within the nation are transacted; and did not so much as know there was such a place as the paper-office, where all the letters of the English ambassadors abroad, and all the despatches of our secretaries of state at home, from the time of Edward IV. to the Revolution (since which the secretaries have generally carried away the papers), are kept in a good method, and with great regularity; so that he wanted likewise the best materials for an account of our foreign affairs. These defects have made several of our nobility and gentry desire a new history to be wrote, in which the above-mentioned, and other materials as authentic as they, may be made use of. They have proposed it to me, and my objections regarding the vastness of the expense as well as labour, that, to satisfy myself, I must have all materials by me, not only copies out of our records, journals, &c., in England; but even copies of negotiations of foreign ambassadors at this court (*e. g.* of the French; all the negotiations and letters of which, for two hundred years past, I know where to have copied), they have proposed a subscription of 1000*l.* a-year, for as many years as the work will require, to defray this expense. The subscription is begun, and will (I believe) be completed this winter; and then that work will employ all my time. One advantage I already find from the very talk of this design, having been offered several collections and memoirs of particular persons, considerable in their time, which I did not know were in being, and which would else no part of them ever see the light; and the manner of the history's being carried on will probably make everybody open their stores.

This is one reason, among many others, which makes me very desirous of having your judgment of the work I have now published, and that you would point out to me such faults as I would fain correct in my designed work. It will be a very particular favour to a person who is, with the greatest esteem and respect, sir, your very obliged and obedient servant,

THOMAS CARTE.

Mr. Awnshaw's, in Red-lion-court, in Fleet-street, London.

DR. SHERIDAN TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

Cavan, August 14, 1736.

DEAR MADAM,—Your account of the dean gives me much grief. I hope in God he will disappoint all his friends' fears and his enemies' hopes. Nothing can be a greater affliction to me than my distance from him; and, what is full as bad, my being so near to one who has been the occasion of it. Very rich folks in my debt have made such apologies for non-payment, that I now feel for Ireland, but much more for myself, because I was in hopes of being able to make my appearance in Dublin with a good grace; namely, to pay some debts, which I cannot.

My poor lady Mountcashell has a right to a visit from me; and thither I will venture for a day and a night; and I will venture to the deanery for another. I could wish the best friend I had in the world (you may guess who I mean), and am sure is so still, would take a little of my advice. You may depend upon this, it should be all for my own advantage.

Now I have done raving, I must turn my pen, which is my tongue's representative, against you for awhile, because I am certain it might be in your power to paint my Siberia so agreeably to the dean as to send him hither while our good weather lasted. My new kitchen is disappointed; so is my gravel walk, but what is worse, his only favourite, my rib,—who dreamed with great pleasure that he would never come. I am sorry she is disappointed; for I am certain she would run away if he had come—God forgive him for not doing it—I will make all the haste I can out of this hell; and I hope my friends (I beg pardon, I mean my friend) will cast about a little for me; if he does not, I will try England, where the predominant phrase is, Down with the Irish. I will say no more, but tell you that you are a false mistress; and if you do not behave yourself better, I will choose another. In the mean time, God bless you and my dearest friend the dean. I am, notwithstanding all your upbraidings, dear madam, your most obedient humble servant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

FROM MR. POPE.

August 17, 1736.

I FIND, though I have less experience than you, the truth of what you told me some time ago, that increase of years makes men more talkative but less writative; to that degree, that I now write no letters but of plain business, or plain how-d'ye's, to those few I am forced to correspond with, either out of necessity or love: and I grow laconic even beyond laconicism; for sometimes I return only Yes, or No, to questionary or petitionary epistles of half a yard long. You and lord Bolingbroke are the only men to whom I write, and always in folio. You are indeed almost the only men I know who either can write in this age, or whose writings will reach the next: others are mere mortals. Whatever failings such men may have, a respect is due to them as luminaries whose exaltation renders their motion a little irregular, or causes it to seem so to others. I am afraid to censure anything I hear of dean Swift, because I hear it only from mortals, blind and dull; and you should be cautious of censuring any action or motion of lord B., because you hear it only from shallow, envious, or malicious reporters. What you writ to me about him I find, to my great scandal, repeated in one of yours to ——. Whatever you might hint to me, was this for the profane? the thing, if true, should be concealed;[a] but it is, I assure you, absolutely untrue in every circumstance. He has fixed in a very agreeable retirement near Fontainbleau, and makes it his whole business *vacare literis*. But tell me the truth, were you not angry at his omitting to write to you so long? I may, for I hear from him seldomer than from you, that is twice or thrice a-year at most. Can you possibly think he can neglect you, or disregard you? If you catch yourself at thinking such nonsense, your parts are decayed. For believe me, great geniuses must and do esteem one another, and I question if any others can esteem or comprehend uncommon merit. Others only guess at that merit, or see glimmerings of their minds; a genius has the intuitive faculty: therefore, imagine what you will, you cannot be so sure of any man's esteem as of his. If I can think that neither he nor you despise me, it is a greater honour to me by far, and will be thought so by posterity, than if all the house of lords writ commendatory verses upon me, the commons ordered me to print my works, the universities gave me public thanks, and the king, queen, and prince, crowned me with laurel. You are a very ignorant man: you do not know the figure his name and yours will make hereafter: I do, and will preserve all the memorials I can that I was of your intimacy; *longo, sed proximus, intervallo*. I will not quarrel with the present age; it has done enough for me in making and keeping you two my friends. Do not you be too angry at it, and let not him be too angry at it; it has done, and can do, neither of you any manner of harm, as long as it has not, and cannot burn your works: while those subsist, you will both appear the greatest men of the time, in spite of princes and ministers; and the wisest, in spite of all the little errors you may please to commit.

Adieu. May better health attend you than I fear you possess; may but as good health attend you always as mine is at present; tolerable, when an easy mind is joined with it.

[a] One of Bolingbroke's letters to sir Charles Wyndham seems to explain this circumstance, written in the same year, in which he says, "It is reported among you that I play the Celadon here, &c."

FROM MRS. PENDARVES.

September 2, 1736.

SIR,—I never will accept of the writ of ease you threaten me with; do not flatter yourself with any such hopes: I receive too many advantages from your letters to drop a correspondence of such consequence to me. I am really grieved that you are so much persecuted with a giddiness in your head; the Bath and travelling would certainly be of use to you. Your want of spirits is a new complaint, and what will not only afflict your particular friends, but every one that has the happiness of your acquaintance. I am uneasy to know how you do, and have no other means for that satisfaction but from your own hand; most of my Dublin correspondents being removed to Cork, to Wicklow mountains, and the Lord knows where. I should have made this inquiry sooner, but that I have this summer undertaken a work that has given me full employment, which is making a grotto in sir John Stanley's garden at Northend; it is chiefly composed of shells I had from Ireland. My life, for two months past, has been very like a hermit's; I have had all the comforts of life but society, and have found living quite alone a pleasanter thing than I imagined. The hours I could spend in reading have been entertained by Rollins's "History of the Ancients," in French. I am very well pleased with it; and think your Annibals, Scipios, and Cyruses prettier fellows than are to be met with now-a-days. Painting and music have had their share in my amusements. I rose between five and six, and went to bed at eleven. I would not tell you so much about myself if I had anything to tell you of other people. I came to town the night before last; and if it does not, a few days hence, appear better to me than at present, I shall return to my solitary cell. Sir John Stanley has been all the summer at Tunbridge.

I suppose you may have heard of Mr. Pope's accident, which had like to have proved a very fatal one; he was leading a young lady into a boat, from his own stairs, her foot missed the side of the boat, she fell into the water and pulled Mr. Pope after her; the boat slipped away, and they were immediately out of their depth; and it was with some difficulty they were saved. The young lady's name is Talbot; she is as remarkable for being a handsome woman as Mr. Pope is for wit. I think I cannot give you a higher notion of her beauty, unless I had named you instead of him. I shall be impatient till I hear from you again; being, with great sincerity, sir, your most faithful humble servant, M. PENDARVES.

P.S. I forgot to answer, on the other side, that part of your letter that concerns my sister. I do not know whether you would like her person as well as mine, because sickness has faded her complexion; but it is greatly my interest not to bring you acquainted with her mind, for that would prove a potent rival; and nothing but your partiality to me as an older acquaintance could make you give me the preference.

I beg my particular compliments to Dr. Delany.[a] Sir John Stanley says, if you have not forgotten him, he desires to be remembered as your humble servant.

FROM DR. SHERIDAN.

September 15, 1736.

DEAR SIR,—I received a letter from Mr. Henry by the last post, wherein he tells me that the 660*l.* were short by 8*l.* of your principal, and that you expected I should send you my promissory note for that, and the interest of your money, which I will do most willingly, when you let me know whether you will charge me five or six per cent. that I may draw my note accordingly. Indeed, if you pleased, or would vouchsafe, or condescend, or think proper, I would rather that you would, I mean should charge only five per cent. because I might be sooner able to pay it. Upon second thoughts, mine eyes being very sore with weeping for my wife, you may let Mrs. Whiteway know (to whom pray present my love and best respects) that I have made an experiment of the lake-water, which I sent for, upon myself only twice, before my optics became as clear as ever; for which reason I sent for a dozen bottles of it for Miss Harrison, to brighten her stars to the ruin of all beholders. Remember, if she turns basilisk, that her mother is the cause. Tully the carrier (not Tully the orator) is to leave this to-morrow (if he does), by whom I shall send you a quarter of my own small mutton, and about six quarts of nuts to my mistress [Mrs. Whiteway] in Abbey-street, with a fine pair of Cavan nutcrackers to save her white teeth; and yours too, if she will deign to lend them to you. I would advise you to keep in with that same lady, as you value my friendship (which is your best feather). therwise you must forgive me if my affections shall withdraw with hers. Alas, my long evenings are coming on, bad weather, and confinement.

Somebody told me (but I forget who) that Mrs. Whiteway rid your mare at the Curragh, and won the plate; but surely she would not carry the frolic so far. They say the primate's lady[b] rid against her; and that Mrs. Whiteway, by way of weight, carried the bishop of Down and Connor behind her. Pray let me know the truth of this.

Mr. Faulkner wrote to me for some poems of yours which I have. I am collecting them as fast as I can from among my papers; and he shall have them in a post or two, so please to tell him

Three old women were lately buried at the foot of our steeple here; and so strong was the fermentation of their carcases, that our steeple has visibly grown forty foot higher; and what is wonderful, above twenty small ones are grown out of its sides. What surprises me most is, that the bell-rope is not one foot higher from the ground. Be so good as to communicate this to the provost of the college, or archdeacon Whittingham, or archdeacon Wall. I would be glad to have all or either of their opinions, as they are the chief virtuosi in this kingdom.

I wish you all happiness, and hope you will outlive every enemy, and then we may hope our church and kingdom will flourish, and so will your obedient and very humble servant, THOMAS SHERIDAN.

TO WILLIAM RICHARDSON, ESQ.[a]

Dublin, October 23, 1736.

SIR,—I had the favour of a letter from you about two months ago; but I was then, and have been almost ever since, in so ill a state of health and lowness of spirits, that I was not able to acknowledge it; and it is not a week since I ventured to write to an old friend upon a business of importance. I have long heard of you and your character; which, as I am certain was true, so it was very advantageous, and gave me a just esteem of you, which your friendly letter has much increased. I owe you many thanks for your goodness to Mr. Warburton and his widow. I had lately a letter from her, wherein she tells me of the good office you have done her. I would be glad to know whether she has been left in a capacity of living in any comfortable way, and able to provide for her children; for I am told her husband left her some. He served once a cure of mine; but I came over to settle here upon the queen's death, when consequently all my credit was gone, except with the late primate, who had many obligations to me, and on whom I prevailed to give that living to Mr. Warburton, and make him surrogate, which he lost in a little time. Alderman Barber was my old acquaintance. I got him two or three employments when I had credit with the queen's ministers; but upon her majesty's death he was stripped of them all. However, joining with Mr. Gumley, they both entered into the South-Sea scheme, and the alderman grew prodigiously rich: but by pursuing too far, he lost two-thirds of his gains. However, he bought a house with some acres near Richmond, and another in London, and kept 50,000*l.* which enabled him to make a figure in the city. This is a short history of the alderman, who, in spite of his Tory principles, got through all the honours of London. I cannot tell whether his office of governor of your society[b] be for his life, or only annual; I suppose you can inform me.

Your invitation is friendly and generous, and what I would be glad to accept, if it were possible; but, sir, I have not an ounce of flesh about me, and cannot ride above a dozen miles in a day without being sore and bruised and spent. My head is every day more or less disordered by a giddiness; yet I ride the strand here constantly when fair weather invites me. But if I live till spring next, and have any remainder of health, I determine to venture, although I have some objections. I do not doubt your good cheer and welcome; but you brag too much of the prospects and situations.. Dare you pretend to vie with the county of Armagh, which, excepting its cursed roads, and want of downs to ride on, is the

a Whom Mrs. Pendarves afterwards married.
b Mrs. Boulter, the primate's lady, was very lusty.

a Of Summerseat, near Colrane.
b The Londonderry society, to which Mr. Richardson was agent.

best part I have seen of Ireland? I own you engage for the roads from hence to your house; but where am I to ride after rainy weather? Here I have always a strand or a turnpike for four or five miles. Your being a bachelor pleases me well; and as to neighbours, considering the race of squires in Ireland, I had rather be without them. If you have books in large print, or an honest parson with common sense, I desire no more. But here is an interval of above six months; and in the mean time God knows what will become of me, and perhaps of the kingdom, for I think we are going to ruin as fast as it is possible. If I have not tired you now, I promise never to try your patience so much again. I am, sir, with true esteem, your most obedient and obliged servant, JONATHAN SWIFT.

I hear your brother the clergyman is still alive: I knew him in London and Ireland, and desire you will present him with my humble service.

TO THE RIGHT HON. SIR JOHN STANLEY, BART.

Dublin, October 30, 1736.

SIR,—I have had for several months a strong application made me, by a person for whose virtue, honour, and good sense I have a great esteem, to write to you in behalf of one of your tenants here, whose case I send you enclosed; and if he relates it with truth and candour, I expect you will comply with his request, because I have known you long and have always highly esteemed and loved you, as you cannot deny: I know you will think it hard for me or any one to interfere in a business of property: but I very well understand the practice of Irish tenants to English landlords, and of those landlords to their tenants. Yet, if what Mr. Wilding desires is rightly represented, that he has been a great improver, his offers reasonable, his gains by no means exorbitant, and his payments regular, you neither must nor shall act as an Irish racking squire. I have inquired about this tenant, and hear a good account of his honesty; and that worthy friend who recommends him to me durst not deceive me: so I fully reckon that you will obey my commands, or show me strong reasons to the contrary; in which case I will break with that friend and drive your tenant out of doors whenever he presumes to open his lips again to me on any occasion.

I have one advantage by this letter, that it gives me a fair occasion of inquiring after your health, and where you live, and how you employ your leisure, and what share I keep in your good will. As to myself, years and infirmities have sunk my spirits to nothing. My English friends are all either dead or in exile, or, by a prudent oblivion, have utterly dropped me; having loved this present world. And as to this country, I am only a favourite of my old friends the rabble, and I return their love because I know none else who deserve it. May you live long, happy, and beloved, as you have ever been by the best and wisest of mankind. And if ever you happen to think of me, remember that I have always been, and shall ever continue, with the truest respect and esteem, sir, your most obedient and obliged servant, JONATHAN SWIFT.

I know not the present state of your family; but if there be still near you the ladies I had the honour to know, I desire to present them with my most humble service.

I am now at the age of blundering in letters, syllables, words, and half-sentences, as you see, and must pardon.

FROM LADY BETTY GERMAIN.

November 2, 1736.

I AM sorry to be so unlucky in my late errands between his grace and you; and he also is troubled at it, as the person you recommend is indeed what you say, a very worthy person; but Mr. Molloy, who was lord George's second tutor, had the promise of the next preferment, so he cannot put him by this. I wish I was more fortunate in my undertakings; but I verily believe it is a common calamity to most men in power, that they are often by necessity prevented from obliging their friends; and many worthy people go unrewarded. Whether you call this a court answer or not, I am very positively sure he is heartily vexed when it is not in his power to oblige you. I have been very much out of order, or you should have heard from me before: and I am now literally setting out for the Bath. So adieu! dear dean.

FROM MRS. BARBER.

Bath, November 3, 1736.

SIR,—I should long since have acknowledged the honour of your kind letter, but that I found my head so disordered by writing a little, that I was fearful of having the gout in it; so I humbly beseech you to pardon me; nor think me ungrateful, nor in the least insensible of the infinite obligations I lie under to you, which, Heaven knows, are never out of my mind.

How shall I express the sense I have of your goodness in inviting me to return to Ireland, and generously offering to contribute to support me there? But would it not be base in me not to try to do something for myself, rather than be burdensome where I am already so much indebted?

As to the friend who you say, sir, is in so much better circumstances, I should be very unjust if I did not assure you that friend has never failed of being extremely kind to me.

I find I need not tell you that I am not able to pursue the scheme of letting lodgings, your goodness and compassion for my unhappy state of health has made you think of it for me; it is impracticable, but am desirous to try if I can do any good by selling Irish linen, which I find is coming much into repute here: in that way my daughter, who is willing to do everything in her power, can be of service, but never in the other.

If I should go from Bath, I have reason to think that the remainder of my life would be very miserable, and that I should soon lose the use of my limbs for ever; since I find nothing but the blessing of God on these waters does me any good; besides this, the interest of my children is a great inducement to me, for here I have the best prospect of keeping up an acquaintance for them. My son,[a] who is learning to paint, goes on well; and if he be in the least approved of, in all probability he may do very well at Bath; for I never yet saw a painter that came hither fail of getting more business than he could do, let him be ever so indifferent; and I am in hopes that Con[b] may settle here. Dr. Mead, whose goodness to me is great, may be of vast use to him, if he finds, as I hope he will, that he is worthy of his favour. And if God blesses my sons with success, they are so well inclined that I do not doubt but they would take a pleasure in supporting me, if I can make a shift to maintain them and myself till then: and I find Mr. Barber is very willing to do what he can for them, though his circumstances are far from being what you are told they are; nor, I fear, half so good.

[a] Mr. Rupert Barber, an eminent painter in crayons and miniature.

[b] Dr. Constantine Barber, a learned physician, and president of the College of Physicians in Dublin.

But though I cannot hope to be supported by letting lodgings, I would willingly take a house a little larger than I want for myself, if I could meet with it on reasonable terms; that if any particular friend came, they might lodge in it, which would make it more agreeable: and if I live till my son the painter goes into business, he might be with me. As for Con, if he does not choose to settle here, good Dr. Helsham, with his usual friendliness, has promised to honour him with his protection if he returns to Ireland.

I have now, sir, told you my schemes, and hope they will be honoured with your approbation: and encouraged by your inexpressible goodness to me, I have at length got resolution enough to beg a favour; which if you, sir, condescend to grant, would make me rich without impoverishing you.

When Dr. King of Oxford was last in Ireland, he had the pleasure of seeing your "Treatise on Polite Conversation," and gave such an account of it in London as made numbers of people very desirous to see it. Lady Worsley,[a] who heard of it from Mrs. Cleland,[b] and many more of my patronesses, pressed me to beg it of you, and assured me I might get a great subscription if I had that and a few of your original poems; if you would give me leave to publish an advertisement that you had made me a present of them. This they commanded me to tell you above a year ago, and I have had many letters since upon that account; but, conscious of the many obligations I already lay under, I have thought it a shame to presume further upon your goodness: but when I was last in London, they made me promise I would mention it the next time I wrote to you; and indeed I have attempted it many a time since, but never could till now. I humbly beseech you, sir, if you do not think it proper, not to be offended with me for asking it; for it was others, that out of kindness to me, put me upon it. They said you made no advantage for yourself by your writings; and that since you honoured me with your protection, I had all the reason in the world to think it would be a pleasure to you to see me in easy circumstances; that everybody would gladly subscribe for anything Dr. Swift wrote; and indeed I believe in my conscience it would be the making of me.[c]

There are a great many people of quality here this season; among others, lady Carteret and Mrs. Spencer,[d] who commanded me to make their best compliments to you. They came on Mrs. Spencer's account, who is better in her health since she drank these waters. I daily see such numbers of people mended by them, that I cannot but wish you would try them: as you are sensible your disorders are chiefly occasioned by a cold stomach, I believe there is not anything in this world so likely to cure that disorder as the Bath waters; which are daily found to be a sovereign remedy for disorders of that kind: I know, sir, you have no opinion of drugs, and why will you not try so agreeable a medicine, prepared by Providence alone? if you will not try for your own sake, why will you not in pity to your country? O, may that Being that inspired you to be its defence in the day of distress influence you to take the best method to preserve a life of so much importance to an oppressed people!

Before I conclude, gratitude obliges me to tell you that Mr. Temple[e] was here lately, and was exceedingly kind to me and my daughters. He made me a present of a hamper of very fine Madeira, which he said was good for the gout, and distinguished me in the kindest manner. He commanded me to make his best compliments to you, and says he flatters himself you will visit Moor Park once again. Heaven grant you may! and that I may be so blest as to see you, who am, with infinite respect and gratitude, your most obliged, most dutiful humble servant,

MARY BARBER.

a Wife of sir Robert Worsley.
b Wife of major William Cleland, a friend of Mr. Pope.
c The dean presented Mrs. Barber with the copy.
d Daughter of lord Carteret.
e John Temple, esq., nephew of sir William Temple, whose grand-daughter he married.

FROM DR. KING TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

Paris, November 9, O. S. 1736.

MADAM,—As soon as ever you cast your eye on the date of this letter you will pronounce me a rambler; and that is a charge I will not deny. How I was transported from Edinburgh to this place requires more room to inform you than my paper will allow me. But I will give you a small hint; you know I am a Laplander,[a] and consequently I have the honour to be well acquainted with some witches of distinction. I speak in the phrase of this country; for the first man I spoke to in Paris told me he had the honour to live next door to Mr. Knight's hatter. But to our business. I would not have you imagine I forget my friends or neglect the great affairs I have undertaken. The next letter you will receive from me shall be dated from London, where I propose to arrive about the 20th of this month. I will then put the little MS. to the press, and oblige the whole English nation.[b] As to the history, the dean may be assured I will take care to supply the dates that are wanting, and which can easily be done in an hour or two. The tracts, if he pleases, may be printed by way of appendix. This will be indeed less troublesome than the interweaving them in the body of the history, and will do the author as much honour and answer the purpose full as well. This is all I need say in answer to that part of your letter which is serious; for I hope you are not in earnest when you throw out such horrible reflections against my friends in Scotland. Will you believe me when I tell you upon my word that I was entertained with the greatest politeness and delicacy during my short stay in that country? I found everything as neat and clean in the houses where I had my quarters as even you could desire. I cannot indeed much commend Edinburgh; and yet the s——ks which are so much complained of there are not more offensive than I have found them in every street in this elegant city, which the French say is the mistress of the world: *Madame, il n'y a qu'un Paris.* As to my own thoughts of this nation, you shall know them when I am out of it: and then I will write to the dean, and give him some account of his old friend my lord Bolingbroke. When the dean is informed of what that gentleman is doing, I am apt to believe it will be a motive to induce him to hasten the publication of his history. In the mean time I beg of you to assure him that nothing shall be wanting on my part to execute his commissions very faithfully. I am truly sensible of the great obligations I owe him and of the honour he hath done me, not in the French sense of that word.

I desire my humble service to Miss Harrison, and tell Mr. Swift[c] I shall be glad of any opportunity to do him a real service. At the same time I assure you, with the greatest truth, that I am, madam, your most humble and most obedient servant,

W. KING.

a This alludes to the doctor's satire, called "The Toast," which he pretends was written originally in Latin by Frederick Scheffer, a Laplander.
b "The History of the last Four Years of Queen Anne's Reign."
c Mr. Swift was at this time in Ireland.

FROM DR. SHERIDAN TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

November 21, 1736.

DEAR MADAM,—I received the vexatious account of your disappointment in the nuts and water, which were both in perfection when they left me, and for which I will make the carrier an example as soon as I can lay hold of him. I do believe this same country, wherein I am settled, exceeds the whole world in villany of every kind, and theft. It is not long since a pair of millstones were stolen and carried off from within two miles of Quilca; the thieves traced and pursued as far as Killishandra, and further they were never more heard of, any more than if they had been dropt into hell. I do believe this dexterity may challenge history to match it. It has made all our country merry but the poor miller that lost them.

I sincerely congratulate with you upon the recovery of our dear friend the dean. May he live long to enjoy his friends and the vexation of his enemies! I have been for a week past composing an Anglo-Latin letter to him, which is not as yet finished. I hope it will make him a visit upon his birthday, which I intend to celebrate with some of his own money and some of his own friends here. Three tenants have lately run away with thirty pounds of my rent: I have by good fortune got one rich honest man in their place, who has commenced from September past, and is to pay me their arrears the next May; so that I am well off. I will gather as fast as I can for the dean; but indeed he must have a little longer indulgence for me. It is very hard that the squire —— should keep my money in his pocket when it is nothing out of his. I suppose he intends it shall keep him in coals for two or three years; for the devil a one he burns, except it be sometimes in his kitchen, and his nursery upon a cold day. I have this day written a complaint of him to my scholar —— of ——, who I hope will have gratitude enough to do me justice. There never was known such a scarcity of money as we have in the north, owing to the dismal circumstances of some thousands of families preparing to go off that have turned their leases and effects into ready money. Some squires will have their whole estates left to themselves and their dogs. O what compassion I have for them! I have written a little pretty birthday poem against St. Andrew's-day, which, when corrected, revised, and amended, I intend for Faulkner to publish. I do assure you, madam, it is a very pretty thing (although I say it that should not say it), and as humorous a thing as ever you read in your life; and I know the whole world will be in love with it, as I am with you. But how the devil came you to tell the dean you are no longer any mistress? I say that you are and shall be so in spite of the whole world.

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

DR. DUNKIN TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

November 30, 1736.

MADAM,—I had proposed vast pleasure to myself, from the hopes of celebrating the dean's birthday with you; but as I have been afflicted with a violent headach all day, which is not yet abated, I could not safely venture abroad. I have, however, as in annual duty bound, attempted to write some lines on the occasion; not indeed with that accuracy the subject deserved, being the crudities of last night's lucubrations, to which I attribute the indisposition of my pate: but if they should in any measure merit your approbation, I shall rejoice in my pain. One comfort, however, I enjoy by absenting myself from your solemnity, that I shall not undergo a second mortification by hearing my own stuff. Be pleased to render my most dutiful respects agreeable to the dean; and pardon this trouble from, madam, your most obliged, most obedient servant, W. DUNKIN.

TO MR. POPE.

December 2, 1736.

I THINK you owe me a letter, but whether you do or not, I have not been in a condition to write. Years and infirmities have quite broke me; I mean that odious continual disorder in my head. I neither read, nor write, nor remember, nor converse. All I have left is to walk and ride: the first I can do tolerably, but the latter, for want of good weather at this season, is seldom in my power; and having not an ounce of flesh about me, my skin comes off in ten miles riding, because my skin and bone cannot agree together. But I am angry because you will not suppose me as sick as I am, and write to me out of perfect charity, although I should not be able to answer. I have too many vexations by my station and the impertinence of people to be able to bear the mortification of not hearing from a very few distant friends that are left; and, considering how time and fortune have ordered matters, I have hardly one friend left but yourself. What Horace says,—*Singula de nobis anni prædantur*, I feel every month at furthest; and by this computation, if I hold out two years, I shall think it a miracle. My comfort is, you begin to distinguish so confounded early that your acquaintance with distinguished men of all kinds was almost as ancient as mine. I mean Wycherly, Rowe, Prior, Congreve, Addison, Parnell, &c., and in spite of your heart you have owned me a contemporary. Not to mention lords Oxford, Bolingbroke, Harcourt, Peterborough: in short, I was the other day recollecting twenty-seven great ministers, or men of wit and learning, who are all dead, and all of my acquaintance, within twenty years past; neither have I the grace to be sorry that the present times are drawn to the dregs as well as my own life. May my friends be happy in this and a better life! but I value not what becomes of posterity when I consider from what monsters they are to spring. My lord Orrery writes to you to-morrow, and you see I send this under his cover, or at least franked by him. He has 3000*l.* a-year about Cork and the neighbourhood, and has more than three years' rent unpaid; this is our condition in these blessed times. I wrote to your neighbour about a month ago, and subscribed my name: I fear he has not received my letter, and wish you would ask him; but perhaps he is still a-rambling; for we hear of him at Newmarket, and that Boerhaave has restored his health. How my services are lessened of late with the number of my friends on your side! yet my lord Bathurst, and lord Marsham, and Mr. Lewis remain; and being your acquaintance, I desire when you see them to deliver my compliments; but chiefly to Mrs. Patty Blount, and let me know whether she be as young and agreeable as when I saw her last? Have you got a supply of new friends to make up for those who are gone? and are they equal to the first? I am afraid it is with friends as with times; and that the *laudator temporis acti se puero*[a] is equally applicable to both. I am less grieved for living here, because it is a perfect retirement, and consequently fittest for those who are grown good for nothing; for this town and kingdom are as much out of the world as North Wales. My head is so ill that I cannot write a paper full as I used to do; and yet I will not forgive a blank of half an inch from you. I had reason to expect from some of your

[a] "Ill-natured censor of the present age,
And fond of all the follies of the past."

letters that we were to hope for more epistles of morality; and I assure you my acquaintance resent that they have not seen my name at the head of one. The subject of such epistles are more useful to the public by your manner of handling them than any of all your writings; and although in so profligate a world as ours they may possibly not much mend our manners, yet posterity will enjoy the benefit whenever a court happens to have the least relish for virtue and religion.

FROM LORD CASTLEDURROW.[a]

Castledurrow, December 4, 1736.

SIR,—It is now a month since you favoured me with your letter; I fear the trouble of another from me may persuade you to excuse my acknowledgments of it; but I am too sensible of the honour you do me to suffer a correspondence to drop which I know some of the greatest men in this age have gloried in. How then must my heart be elated! The fly on the chariot-wheel is too trite a quotation: I shall compare myself to a worm enlivened by the sun, and crawling before it. I imagine there is a tinge of vanity in the meanest insect, and who knows but even this reptile may pride itself in its curls and twists before its benefactor? This is more than the greatest philosopher can determine. Guesses are the privilege of the ignorant, our undoubted right, and what you can never lay claim to.

I am quite angry with your servant for not acquainting you I was at your door. I greatly commend both your economy and the company you admit at your table. I am told your wine is excellent. The additional groat is, I hope, for suet to your pudding. I fancy I am as old an acquaintance as most you have in this kingdom, though it is not my happiness to be so qualified as to merit that intimacy you profess for a few. It is now to little purpose to repine; though it grieves me to think I was a favourite of dean Alrich, the greatest man that ever presided in that high post; that over Virgil and Horace, Rag[b] and Philips smoked many a pipe and drank many a quart with me, besides the expense of a bushel of nuts, and that now I am scarce able to relish their beauties. I know it is death to you to see either of them mangled; but a scrap of paper I design to enclose will convince you of the truth. It was in joke to an old woman of seventy who takes the last line so heinously that, thanks to my stars, she hates me in earnest. So I devote myself to ladies of fewer years and more discretion.

This and such other innocent amusements I devote myself to in my retirement. Once in two years I appear in the *anus* of the world, our metropolis. His grace, my old acquaintance, told me I began to contract strange old-fashioned rust, and advised me to burst out of my solitude and refit myself for the public: but my own notion of the world for some time past is so confirmed by the sanction of your opinion of it, that I resolve this same rust shall be as dear to me as that which enhanced the value of poor Dr. Woodward's shield;[c] though it gave such offence to his cleanly maid that she polished it to none at all.

I shall appear very inconsistent with myself in now telling you that I still design the latter end of next month for England. You allow I have some pretence to go there. My progress with my son will be further; for which perhaps you too will condemn me as well as other friends do. I shall be proud of the honour of your commands, and with your leave will wait upon you for them. I design to send you a pot of woodcocks for a Christmas-box: small as the present is, pray believe I am, with sincere respect, sir, your most obedient humble servant,

CASTLEDURROW.

I hope you are as well as the news says. *A propos*, can you agree with me that the little operator of mine, whom you saw lately at his grace of Dublin's, has a resemblance of your friend Mr. Pope?

[a] Only son of Thomas Flower, esq., of Durrow.

[b] Edmund Smith, usually called Rag Smith

[c] The character of Dr. Cornelius Scriblerus, in the Memoirs of his son Martinus Scriblerus, is intended for Dr. Woodward, who wrote a dissertation on an ancient shield.

Verses by Lord CASTLEDURROW, enclosed in the above letter.

LÆTITIA'S Character of her Lover rendered in metre.

Old women sometimes can raise his desire;
The young, in their turn, set his heart all on fire;
And sometimes again he abhors womankind.
Was ever poor wretch of so fickle a mind!

The Lover's Answer.

Parciùs junctas quatiunt fenestras
Ictibus crebris juvenes protervi;
Nec tibi somnos adimunt: amatque
Janua limen. HOR. 1, Od. xxv.

No more shall frolic youth advance
In serenade, and am'rous dance;
Redoubling stroke no more shall beat
Against thy window and thy gate;
In idle sleep now lie secure,
And never be unbarr'd thy door.

FROM DR. KING.

London, December 7, 1736

SIR,—I arrived here yesterday, and I am now ready to obey your commands. I hope you are come to a positive resolution concerning the "History." You need not hesitate about the dates or the references which are to be made to any public papers, for I can supply them without the least trouble. As well as I remember, there is but one of those public pieces which you determined should be inserted at length; I mean sir Thomas Hanmer's "Representation;" this I have now by me. If you incline to publish the two "Tracts" as an Appendix to the "History," you will be pleased to see if the character given of the earl of Oxford in the pamphlet of 1715 agrees with the character given of the same person in the "History." Perhaps on a review you may think proper to leave one of them quite out. You have (I think) barely mentioned the attempt of Guiscard, and the quarrel between Rechteren and Mesnager. But as these are facts which are probably now forgot or unknown, it would not be amiss if they were related at large in the notes; which may be done from the "Gazettes," or any other newspapers of those times. This is all I have to offer to your consideration; and you see here are no objections which ought to retard the publication of this valuable work one moment. I will only now add that if you intend this "History" should be published from the original manuscript, it must be done while you are living: and if you continue in the same mind to intrust me with the execution of your orders, I will perform them faithfully. This I would do, although I did not owe you a thousand obligations which I shall ever acknowledge. I am, with the greatest truth, sir, your most humble and most obedient servant,

W. KING.

TO JOHN BARBER, ESQ.,
ALDERMAN OF LONDON.

Dublin, December 8, 1736.

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND,—I am glad of any occasion to write to you, and therefore business will be my excuse. I had lately a letter from Mrs. Warburton,

the widow of him for whom I got a living in those parts where your society's estate lies.* The substance of her request is a public affair wherein you and I shall agree; for neither of us are changed in point of principles. Mr. John Williams, your society's overseer, is worried by a set of people in one part of your estate, which is called Salter's Proportion, because he opposed the building of a fanatic meeting-house in that place. This crew of dissenters are so enraged at this refusal, that they have incensed sir Thomas Webster, the landlord (I suppose under you) of that estate, against him, and are doing all in their power to get him discharged from your service. Mr. Warburton was his great friend. By what I understand those factious people presume to take your timber at pleasure, contrary to your society's instructions, wherein Mr. Williams constantly opposes them to the utmost of his power, and that is one great cause of their malice. Long may you live a bridle to the insolence of dissenters, who, with their pupils the atheists, are now wholly employed in ruining the church; and have entered into public associations subscribed and handed about publicly for that purpose. I wish you were forced to come over hither, because I am confident the journey and voyage would be good for your health; but my ill health and age have made it impossible for me to go over to you. I have often let you know that I have a good warm apartment for you, and I scorn to add any professions of your being welcome in summer or winter, or both: pray God bless you, and grant that you may live as long as you desire, and be ever happy hereafter. Is our friend Bolingbroke well? He is older than either of us; but I am chiefly concerned about his fortune: for some time ago, a friend of us both wrote to me that he wished his lordship had listened a little to my thrifty lectures, instead of only laughing at them. I am ever, with the truest affection, dear Mr. alderman, your most hearty friend, and obedient humble servant, JONATHAN SWIFT.

FROM MR. PULTENEY.

London, December 21, 1736.

SIR,—I was at the Bath when I had the favour of your letter of the 6th of last month. I remember I once wrote to you from thence, therefore I resolved not to hazard another by the cross post, but stay till my return to London to thank you for your kind remembrance of me. I am now, God be thanked, tolerably well in health again, and have done with all physic and water-drinking. My constitution must certainly be a pretty good one; for it has resisted the attacks of five eminent physicians for five months together, and I am not a jot the worse for any of them.

For the future I will preserve myself by your advice, and follow your rules of rising early, eating little, drinking less, and riding daily. I hope this regimen will be long of use to both of us, and that we may live to meet again. I am exceedingly rejoiced at Mr. Stopford's good success, and have acknowledged my obligation to the duke of Dorset, who I dare say will in time do more for him, because he has promised it. My first desire to serve him was solely because I knew you esteemed him. I was confident he must be a deserving man, since John Gay assured me he was a very particular friend of yours. I afterwards, upon further acquaintance, grew to love him for his own sake and the merit I found in him. Men of his worth and character do an honour to those who recommend them. There is a sentence, I think it is in Tully's "Offices," which I admire extremely, and should be tempted to take it for a motto if ever I took one,—*Amicis prodesse, nemini nocere.* It is a noble sentiment, and shall be my rule, though perhaps never my motto. I fancy there is no other foundation for naming so many successors to the duke of Dorset, than because he has served, as they call it, his time out. I am inclined to believe he will go once more among you, and the rather, since I am told he gave great satisfaction the last time he was with you. Lord Essex will hardly be the person to succeed him, though I should be glad he was, since I flatter myself he would be willing on many occasions to show some regard to my recommendations. I have lately seen a gentleman who is come from France, who assures me the person you inquire after [lord Bolingbroke], and to whom you gave so many lectures of frugality, is in perfect health, and lives in great plenty and affluence. I own I doubt it; but if it be true, I am sure it cannot last long, unless an old gentleman would please to die, who seems at present not to have the least inclination towards it, though near ninety years old.* I verily think he is more likely to marry again than die.

Pope showed me a letter he had lately from you. We grieved extremely to find you so full of complaints, and we wished heartily you might be well enough to make a trip here in spring. Shifting the scene was of great service to me; perhaps it might be so to you. I mended from the moment I had crossed the seas, and sensibly felt the benefit of changing air. His majesty is still on the other side. He has escaped being at sea in the tempestuous weather we have had; but when the wind will let him come, God knows. Lord Chesterfield says if he does not come by Twelfth-day the people will choose king and queen without him. I must tell you a ridiculous incident, perhaps you have not heard it: one Mrs. Mapp, a famous she bone-setter and mountebank, coming to town with a coach and six horses, on the Kentish road, was met by a rabble of people who, seeing her very oddly and tawdrily dressed, took her for a foreigner, and concluded she must be a certain great person's mistress. Upon this they followed the coach, bawling out "No Hanover whore! no Hanover whore!" The lady within the coach was much offended, let down the glass, and screamed louder than any of them, She was no Hanover whore! she was an English one! Upon which they cried out, God bless your ladyship! quitted the pursuit, and wished her a good journey.

I hope to be able to attend the house next sessions; but not with that assiduity as I have formerly done. Why should I risk the doing myself any harm, when I know how vain it is to expect to do any good? You, that have been a long time out of this country, can have no notion how wicked and corrupt we are grown. Were I to tell you of half the rogueries come to my knowledge, you would be astonished; and yet I dare say I do not know of half that are practised in one little spot of ground only; you may easily guess where I mean.

I will make your compliments to lord Carteret when he comes to town. I am sure he will be pleased with your kind mention of him; and if you will now and then let me hear from you, I shall look on the continuance of your correspondence as a very particular honour; for I assure you that I am, with the greatest truth and esteem, sir, your most obedient humble servant, WILLIAM PULTENEY.

* The Londonderry Society, of which Barber was president.

* Lord St. John, father of lord Bolingbroke.

FROM MR. POPE.

December 30, 1736.

Your very kind letter has made me more melancholy than almost anything in this world now can do. For I can bear everything in it, bad as it is, better than the complaints of my friends. Though others tell me you are in pretty good health and in good spirits, I find the contrary when you open your mind to me: and indeed it is but a prudent part to seem not so concerned about others, nor so crazy ourselves as we really are; for we shall neither be beloved nor esteemed the more by our common acquaintance for any affliction or any infirmity. But to our true friend we may, we must, complain of what (it is a thousand to one) he complains with us; for if we have known him long he is old, and if he has known the world long he is out of humour at it. If you have but as much more health than others at your age as you have more wit and good temper, you shall not have much of my pity, but if ever you live to have less, you shall not have less of my affection. A whole people will rejoice at every year that shall be added to you, of which you have had a late instance in the public rejoicings on your birthday. I can assure you something better and greater than high birth and quality must go towards acquiring those demonstrations of public esteem and love. I have seen a royal birthday uncelebrated but by one vile ode and one hired bonfire. Whatever years may take away from you, they will not take away the general esteem for your sense, virtue, and charity.

The most melancholy effect of years is that you mention, the catalogue of those we loved and have lost perpetually increasing. How much that reflection struck me you will see from the motto I have prefixed to my "Book of Letters," which, so much against my inclination, has been drawn from me. It is from Catullus:—

Quo desiderio veteres revocamus amores,
Atque olim amissas flemus amicitias!

"How pants my heart old friendship to renew!
How pierced with grief old loves decay'd I view!"

I detain this letter till I can find some safe conveyance, innocent as it is, and as all letters of mine must be, of anything to offend my superiors, except the reverence I bear to true merit and virtue. But I have much reason to fear those which you have too partially kept in your hands will get out in some very disagreeable shape in case of our mortality: and the more reason to fear it, since this last month Curll has obtained from Ireland two letters (one of lord Bolingbroke, and one of mine to you, which we wrote in the year 1723), and he has printed them to the best of my memory rightly, except one passage concerning Dawley, which must have been since inserted, since my lord had not that place at that time. Your answer to that letter he has not got; it has never been out of my custody; for whatever is lent is lost (wit as well as money) to these needy poetical readers.

The world will certainly be the better for his change of life. He seems in the whole turn of his letters to be a settled and principled philosopher, thanking fortune for the tranquillity he has been led into by her aversion, like a man driven by a violent wind from the sea into a calm harbour. You ask me if I have got any supply of new friends to make up for those that are gone? I think that impossible; for not our friends only but so much of ourselves is gone by the mere flux and course of years, that were the same friends to be restored to us we could not be restored to ourselves to enjoy them. But, as when the continual washing of a river takes away our flowers and plants, it throws weeds and sedges in their room, so the course of time brings us something, as it deprives us of a great deal; and instead of leaving us what we cultivated and expected to flourish and adorn us, gives us only what is of some little use by accident. Thus I have acquired, without my seeking, a few chance acquaintance of young men who look rather to the past age than the present, and therefore the future may have some hopes of them. If I love them, it is because they honour some of those whom I and the world have lost, or are losing. Two or three of them have distinguished themselves in parliament; and you will own in a very uncommon manner, when I tell you it is by their asserting of independency and contempt of corruption. One or two are linked to me by their love of the same studies and the same authors; but I will own to you my moral capacity has got so much the better of my poetical, that I have few acquaintance on the latter score, and none without a casting weight on the former. But I find my heart hardened and blunt to new impressions, it will scarce receive or retain affections of yesterday; and those friends who have been dead these twenty years are more present to me now than these I see daily. You, dear sir, are one of the former sort to me in all respects but that we can yet correspond together. I do not know whether it is not more vexatious to know we are both in one world without any further intercourse. Adieu. I can say no more, I feel so much: let me drop into common things.—Lord Masham has just married his son. Mr. Lewis has just buried his wife. Lord Oxford wept over your letter in pure kindness. Mrs. B. sighs more for you than for the loss of youth. She says she will be agreeable many years hence, for she has learned that secret from some receipts of your writing. Adieu.

FROM LORD CASTLEDURROW.

Castledurrow, January 11, 1737.

Sir,—I received the honour of your letter with that pleasure which they have always given me. If I have deferred acknowledging longer than usual, I should not be at a loss to make an excuse if I could be so vain as to imagine you required any. Virtue forbids us to continue in debt, and gratitude obliges us at least to own favours too large for us to pay; herefore I must write rather than reproach myself, and blush at having neglected it when I wait upon you; though you may retort, blushes should proceed rather from the pen than from silence, which pleads a modest diffidence that often obtains pardon.

I am delighted with the sketch of your *Imperium*, and beg I may be presented to your first minister, Sir Robert.[a] Your puddings I have been acquainted with these forty years; they are the best sweet thing I ever eat. The economy of your table is delicious; a little, and perfectly good, is the greatest treat; and that elegance in sorting company puts me in mind of Corelli's *orcastro*,[b] in forming which he excelled mankind. In this respect no man ever judged worse than lord-chancellor Middleton; his table the neatest served of any I have seen in Dublin, which to be sure was entirely owing to his lady. You really surprise me when you say you know not where to get a dinner in the whole town. Dublin is famous for vanity this way; and I think the mistaken luxury of some of our grandees, and feasting those who come to laugh at us from the other side of the water, have done us as much prejudice as most of our follies. Not any lord-lieutenant has done us more honour in magnificence than our present viceroy [the duke of Dorset]. He is an old intimate of

[a] Mrs. Brent, the dean's housekeeper.
[b] His lordship probably uses this word for *orchestre*.

my youth, and has always distinguished me with affection and friendship. I trust mine are no less sincere for him. I have joy in hearing his virtues celebrated. I wish that he had gratified you in your request. Those he has done most for I dare affirm love him least. It is pity there is any allay in so beneficent a temper; but if a friend can be viewed with an impartial eye, faults he has none; and if any failings, they are grafted in a pusillanimity which sinks him into complaisance for men who neither love nor esteem him, and has prevented him buoying up against their impotent threats in raising his friends. He is a most amiable man, has many good qualities, and wants but one more to make him really a great man.

If you have any commands to England for so insignificant a fellow as I am, pray prepare them against the beginning of next month. At my arrival in town I shall send a message in form for audience; but I beg to see you in your private capacity, not in your princely authority; for as both your ministry and senate are full, and that I cannot hope to be employed in either, I fear your revenue is too small to grant me a pension. And as I am not fit for business, perhaps you will not allow me a fit object for one which charity only prompts you to bestow. Thus, without any view of your highness's favour, I am independent, and, with sincere esteem, your most obedient humble servant, CASTLEDURROW.

TO LADY BETTY GERMAIN.

January 29, 1737.

MADAM,—I owe your ladyship the acknowledgment of a letter I have long received, relating to a request I made to my lord duke. I now dismiss you, madam, for ever from your office of being a go-between upon any affair I might have with his grace. I will never more trouble him either with my visits or application. His business in this kingdom is to make himself easy; his lessons are all prescribed him from court; and he is sure at a very cheap rate to have a majority of most corrupt slaves and idiots at his devotion. The happiness of this kingdom is of no more consequence to him than it would be to the great Mogul; while the very few honest or moderate men of the Whig party lament the choice he makes of persons for civil employments or church preferments.

I will now repeat, for the last time, that I never made him a request out of any views of my own, but entirely by consulting his own honour, and the desires of all good men, who were as loyal as his grace could wish, and had no other fault than that of modestly standing up for preserving some poor remainder in the constitution of church and state.

I had long experience, while I was in the world, of the difficulties that great men lay under in the points of promises and employments; but a plain honest English farmer, when he invites his neighbours to a christening, if a friend happen to come late, will take care to lock up a piece for him in the cupboard.

Henceforth I shall only grieve silently when I hear of employments disposed of to the discontent of his grace's best friends in this kingdom; and the rather, because I do not know a more agreeable person in conversation, one more easy, or of a better taste, with a greater variety of knowledge, than the duke of Dorset.

I am extremely afflicted to hear that your ladyship's want of health has driven you to the Bath; the same cause has hindered me from sooner acknowledging your letter. But I am at a time of life when I am to expect a great deal worse; for I have neither flesh nor spirits left, while you, madam, I hope and believe, will enjoy many happy years in employing those virtues which Heaven bestowed on you for the delight of your friends, the comfort of the distressed, and the universal esteem of all who are wise and virtuous.

I desire to present my most humble service to my lady Suffolk and your happy brother. I am, with the truest respect, madam, your, &c.

TO JOHN TEMPLE, ESQ.[a]

Dublin, February, 1737.

SIR,—The letter which I had the favour to receive from you I read to your cousin Mrs. Dingley, who lodges in my neighbourhood. She was very well pleased to hear of your welfare, but a little mortified that you did not mention or inquire after her. She is quite sunk with years and unwieldiness, as well as a very scanty support. I sometimes make her a small present as my abilities can reach, for I do not find her nearest relations consider her in the least.

Jervas told me that your aunt's picture[b] is in sir Peter Lely's best manner, and the drapery all in the same hand. I shall think myself very well paid for it if you will be so good as to order some mark of your favour to Mrs. Dingley. I do not mean a pension, but a small sum to put her for once out of debt; and if I live any time I shall see that she keeps herself clear of the world; for she is a woman of as much piety and discretion as I have known.

I am sorry to have been so much a stranger to the state of your family. I know nothing of your lady, or what children you have, or any other circumstances; neither do I find that Mr. Hatch can inform me in any one point. I very much approve of your keeping up your family-house at Moor-park. I have heard it is very much changed for the better, as well as the gardens. The tree on which I carved those words, *factura nepotibus umbram*, is one of those elms that stand in the hollow ground just before the house; but I suppose the letters are widened and grown shapeless by time.

I know nothing more of your brother than that he has an Irish title (I should be sorry to see you with such a feather), and that some reason or other drew us into a correspondence which was very rough. But I have forgot what was the quarrel.

This letter goes by my lord Castledurrow, who is a gentleman of very good sense and wit. I suspect, by taking his son with him, that he designs to see us no more. I desire to present my most humble service to your lady, with hearty thanks of her remembrance of me. I am, sir, your most humble faithful servant, JONATHAN SWIFT.

TO WILLIAM PULTENEY, ESQ.

March 7, 1737.

SIR,—I must begin by assuring you that I did never intend to engage you in a settled correspondence with so useless a man as I here am; and still more so by the daily increase of ill health and old age; and yet I confess that the high esteem I preserve for your public and private virtues urges me on to retain some little place in your memory for the short time I may expect to live.

That I no sooner acknowledged the honour of your letter is owing to your civility, which might have compelled you to write while you were engaged in defending the liberties of your country with more

[a] The nephew, and his lady grand-daughter, of sir William Temple.

[b] Picture of lady Giffard, sister of sir William Temple.

than an old Roman spirit; which has reached this obscure enslaved kingdom so far as to have been the constant subject of discourse and of praise among the whole few of what unprostituted people here remain among us.

I did not receive the letter you mentioned from Bath; and yet I have imagined, for some months past, that the meddlers of the post-offices here and in London have grown weary of their curiosity by finding the little satisfaction it gave them. I agree heartily in your opinion of physicians; I have esteemed many of them as learned, ingenious men; but I never received the least benefit from their advice or prescriptions. And poor Dr. Arbuthnot was the only man of the faculty who seemed to understand my case, but could not remedy it. But to conquer five physicians, all eminent in their way, was a victory that Alexander and Cæsar could never pretend to. I desire that my prescription of living may be published (which you design to follow) for the benefit of mankind, which, however, I do not value a rush, nor the animal itself, as it now acts; neither will I ever value myself as a Philanthropus, because it is now a creature (taking a vast majority) that I hate more than a toad, a viper, a wasp, a stork, a fox, or any other that you will please to add.

Since the date of your letter we understand there is another duke to govern here. Mr. Stopford was with me last night; he is as well provided for, and to his own satisfaction, as any private clergyman. He engaged me to present his best respects and acknowledgments to you. Your modesty, in refusing to take a motto, goes too far. The sentence is not a boast, because it is every man's duty in morals and religion.

Indeed we differ here from what you have been told of the duke of Dorset's having given great satisfaction the last time he was with us; particularly in his disposal of two bishoprics, and other church as well as civil preferments. I wrote to a lady in London, his grace's near relation and intimate, that she would no more continue the office of a go-between (as she called herself) betwixt the duke and me, because I never design to attend him again; and yet I allow him to be as agreeable a person in conversation as I have almost anywhere met. I sent my letter to that lady under a cover addressed to the duke; and in it I made many complaints against some proceedings, which I suppose he has seen. I never made him one request for myself; and if I spoke for another he was always upon his guard, which was but twice, and for trifles, but failed in both.

The father of our friend in France may outlive the son; for I would venture a wager that if you pick out twenty of the oldest men in England nineteen of them have been the most worthless fellows in the kingdom. You tell me with great kindness as well as gravity that I ought this spring to take a trip to England, and your motive is admirable, that shifting the scene was of great service to you, and therefore it may be so to me. I answer as an academic, *Nego consequentiam.* And besides, comparisons are odious. You are what the French call *plein de vie.* As you are much younger, so I am a dozen years older than my age makes me, by infirmities of mind and body; to which I add the perpetual detestation of all public persons and affairs in both kingdoms. I spread the story of Mrs. Mapp while it was new to us; there was something humorous in it throughout that pleased everybody here. Will you engage for your friend Carteret that he will oppose any step toward arbitrary power? he has promised me, under a penalty, that he will continue firm, and yet some reports go here of him that have a little disconcerted me. Learning and good sense he has to a great degree, if the love of riches and power do not overbalance.

Pray God long continue the gifts he has bestowed you, to be the chief support of liberty to your country, and let all the people say Amen.

I am, with the truest respect and highest esteem, sir, yours, &c. JONATHAN SWIFT.

FROM THE EARL OF ORRERY.

Cork, March 15, 1737.

DEAR SIR,—I received your commands by Faulkner to write to you. But what can I say? The scene of Cork is ever the same; dull, insipid, and void of all amusement. His sacred majesty was not under greater difficulty to find out diversions at Helvoetsluys than I am here. The butchers are as greasy, the quakers as formal, and the presbyterians as holy and full of the Lord, as usual; all things are *in statu quo;* even the hogs and pigs gruntle in the same cadence as of yore. Unfurnished with variety, and drooping under the natural dulness of the place, materials for a letter are as hard to be found as money, sense, honesty, or truth. But I will write on; Ogilby, Blackmore, and my lord Grimston,* have done the same before me.

I have not yet been upon the Change; but am told that you are the idol of the court of aldermen. They have sent you your freedom. The most learned of them having read a most dreadful account in Littleton's Dictionary of Pandora's gold box, it was unanimously agreed not to venture so valuable a present in so dangerous a metal. Had these sage counsellors considered that Pandora was a woman (which perhaps Mr. Littleton forgets to mention), they would have seen that the ensuing evils arose from the sex, and not from the ore. But I shall speak with more certainty of these affairs when I have taken my seat among the greybeards.

My letters from England speak of great combustions. Absalom continues a rebel to royal David: the Achitophels of the age are numerous and high-spirited. The influence of the comet seems to have strange effects already. In the mean time here we live, drones of Cork, wrapped up in our own filth, *procul a Jove et procul a fulmine.* Heaven and all good stars protect you! For let the thunder burst where it will, so that you are safe and unsinged, who cares whether Persia submits its government to the renowned Kouli Khan, or that beardless, unexperienced youth, the Sophi. At least the vicar of Bray and I shall certainly be contented. ORRERY.

FROM THE EARL OF ORRERY.

Cork, March 18, 1737.

DEAR SIR,—This is occasioned by a letter I have received from Mr. Pope, of which I send you a copy in my own hand, not caring to trust the original to the accidents of the post. I likewise send you a part of a fifth volume of Curll's Thefts, in which you will find two letters to you (one from Mr. Pope, the other from lord Bolingbroke) just published, with an impudent preface by Curll. You see Curll, like his friend the devil, glides through all keyholes, and thrusts himself into the most private cabinets.

I am much concerned to find that Mr. Pope is still uneasy about his letters, but I hope a letter I sent him from Dublin (which he has not yet received) has removed all anxiety of that kind. In the last discourse I had with you on this topic you

* Author of "Love in a Hollow Tree."

remember you told me he should have his letters; and I lost no time in letting him know your resolution. God forbid that any more papers belonging to either of you, especially such papers as your familiar letters, should fall into the hands of knaves and fools, the professed enemies of you both in particular, and of all honest and worthy men in general!

I have said so much on this subject in the late happy hours you allowed me to pass with you at the deanery, that there is little occasion for adding more upon it at present; especially as you will find, in Mr. Pope's letter to me, a strength of argument that seems irresistible. As I have thoughts of going to England in June you may depend upon a safe carriage of any papers you think fit to send him. I should think myself particularly fortunate to deliver to him those letters he seems so justly desirous of. I entreat you give me that pleasure! It will be a happy reflection to me in the latest hours of my life, which, whether long or short, shall be constantly spent in endeavouring to do what may be acceptable to the virtuous and the wise. I am, dear sir, your very faithful and obliged humble servant,

ORRERY.

MR. POPE TO THE EARL OF ORRERY.

MY LORD,—After having condoled several times with you on your own illness and that of your friends, I now claim some share myself; for I have been down with a fever, which yet confines me to my chamber. Just before I wrote a letter to the dean, full of my heart; and among other things pressed him (which I must acquaint your lordship I had done twice before for near a twelvemonth past) to secure me against that rascal printer by returning me my letters, which (if he valued so much) I promised to send him copies of, merely that the originals might not fall into such ill hands, and thereby a hundred particulars be at his mercy, which would expose me to the misconstruction of many, the malice of some, and the censure, perhaps, of the whole world. A fresh incident made me press this again, which I enclose to you that you may show him. The man's declaration, "that he had these two letters of the dean's from your side the water," with several others yet lying by (which I cannot doubt the truth of, because I never had a copy of either), is surely a just cause for my request. Yet the dean, answering every other point of my letter with the utmost expressions of kindness, is silent upon this; and the third time silent. I begin to fear he has already lent them out of his hands; and in whatever hands, while they are Irish hands, allow me, my lord, to say they are in dangerous hands. Weak admirers are as bad as malicious enemies, and operate in these cases alike to an author's disparagement or uneasiness. I think this I made the dean so just a request that I beg your lordship to second it by showing him what I write. I told him, as soon as I found myself obliged to publish an edition of letters to my great sorrow, that I wished to make use of some of these; nor did I think any part of my correspondencies would do me a greater honour, and be really a greater pleasure to me, than what might preserve the memory how well we loved one another. I find the dean was not quite of the same opinion, or he would not, I think, have denied this. I wish some of those sort of people always about a great man in wit, as well as a great man in power, have not an eye to some little interest in getting the whole of these into their possession: I will venture, however, to say they would not add more credit to the dean's memory by their management of them than I by mine; and if, as I have a great deal of affection for him, I have with it some judgment at least, I presume my conduct herein might be better confided in.

Indeed this silence is so remarkable it surprises me: I hope in God it is not to be attributed to what he complains, a want of memory. I would rather suffer from any other cause than what would be so unhappy to him. My sincere love for this valuable, indeed, incomparable man, will accompany him through life, and pursue his memory were I to live a hundred lives, as many of his works will live, which are absolutely original, unequalled, unexampled. His humanity, his charity, his condescension, his candour, are equal to his wit, and require as good and true a taste to be equally valued. When all this must die (this last I mean) I would gladly have been the recorder of so great a part of it as shines in his letters to me, and of which my own are but as so many acknowledgments. But perhaps before this reaches your hands my cares may be over; and Curll and everybody else may say and lie of me as they will; the dean, old as he is, may have the task to defend me.

TO MR. GIBSON.

March 23, 1737.

MR. GIBSON,—I desire you will give my hearty thanks to Mr. Richardson for the fine present he has made me; and I thank you for your care in sending it to me in so good a condition. I have invited several friends to dine upon it with me to-morrow, when we will drink his health. He has done everything in the genteelest manner, and I am much obliged to him. I am your friend and servant,

JONATHAN SWIFT.

FROM MR. POPE.

March 23, 1737.

THOUGH you were never to write to me, yet what you desired in your last, that I would write often to you, would be a very easy task; for every day I talk with you, and of you, in my heart; and I need only set down what that is thinking of. The nearer I find myself verging to that period of life which is to be labour and sorrow, the more I prop myself upon those few supports that are left me. People in this state are like props indeed; they cannot stand alone, but two or more of them can stand, leaning and bearing upon one another. I wish you and I might pass this part of life together. My only necessary care is at an end. I am now my own master too much; my house is too large; my gardens furnish too much wood and provision for my use. My servants are sensible and tender of me; they have intermarried, and are become rather low friends than servants; and to all those that I see here with pleasure they take a pleasure in being useful. I conclude this is your case too in your domestic life, and I sometimes think of your old housekeeper as my nurse, though I tremble at the sea which only divides us. As your fears are not so great as mine, and I firmly hope your strength still much greater, is it utterly impossible it might once more be some pleasure to you to see England? My sole motive in proposing France to meet in was the narrowness of the passage by sea from hence, the physicians having told me the weakness of my breast, &c., is such as a sea-sickness might endanger my life. Though one or two of our friends are gone, since you saw your native country, there remain a few more who will last so till death, and who I cannot but hope have an attractive power to draw you back to a country which cannot quite be sunk or enslaved while such spirits remain. And let me tell

you there are a few more of the same spirit who would awaken all your old ideas, and revive your hopes of her future recovery and virtue. These look up to you with reverence, and would be animated by the sight of him at whose soul they have taken fire in his writings, and derived from thence as much love of their species as is consistent with a contempt for the knaves in it.

I could never be weary, except at the eyes, of writing to you; but my real reason (and a strong one it it is) for doing it so seldom is fear; fear of a very great and experienced evil, that of my letters being kept by the partiality of friends, and passing into the hands and malice of enemies; who publish them with all their imperfections on their head, so that I write not on the common terms of honest men.

Would to God you would come over with lord Orrery, whose care of you in the voyage I could so certainly depend on; and bring with you your old housekeeper and two or three servants. I have room for all, a heart for all, and (think what you will) a fortune for all. We could, were we together, contrive to make our last days easy, and leave some sort of monument, what friends two wits could be in spite of all the fools in the world. Adieu.

FROM LORD CARTERET.

Arlington-street, March 24, 1737.

SIR,—I this day attended the cause[a] you recommended to me in your letter of the 3rd of January; the decree was affirmed most unanimously, the appeal adjuged frivolous, and 100*l.* costs given to the respondent. Lord Bathurst attended likewise. The other lords you mention I am very little acquainted with; so I cannot deliver your messages, though I pity them in being out of your favour. Since you mention Greek, I must tell you that my son at sixteen, understands it better than I did at twenty, and I tell him, "Study Greek," *καὶ οὐδὲν οὐδέποτε ταπεινὸν ἐνθυμηθήσῃ ὅτι ἄγαν ἐπιθυμήσεις τινός.* He knows how to construe this, and I have the satisfaction to believe he will fall into the sentiment; and then, if he makes no figure, he will yet be a happy man.

Your late lord-lieutenant [duke of Dorset] told me some time ago he thought he was not in your favour. I told him I was of that opinion, and showed him the article of your letter relating to himself; I believe I did wrong: not that you care a farthing for princes or ministers, but because it was vanity in me to produce your acknowledgments to me for providing for people of learning, some of which I had the honour to promote at your desire, for which I still think myself obliged to you. And I have not heard that since they have disturbed the peace of the kingdom, or been jacobites, in disgrace to you and me.

I desire you will make my sincere respects acceptable to Mr. Delany. He sent me potted woodcocks in perfection, which lady Granville, my wife, and children, have eat, though I have not yet answered his letter. My lady Granville, reading your postscript, bids me tell you that she will send you a present; and if she knew what you liked she would do it forthwith. Let me know and it shall be done, that the first of the family may no longer be postponed by you to the third place. My wife and lady Worseley desire their respects should be mentioned to you rhetorically; but as I am a plain peer I shall say nothing, but that I am for ever, sir, your most humble and obedient servant, CARTERET.

When people ask me how I governed Ireland, I say that I pleased Dr. Swift.

Quaesitam meritis sume superbiam.

[a] An appeal depending between certain persons of the name

TO JOHN BARBER, ESQ.

Alderman of London.

Dublin, March 30, 1737.

DEAR MR. ALDERMAN,—You will read the character of the bearer, Mr. Lloyd, which he is to deliver to you, signed by the magistrates and chief inhabitants of Colrane. It seems your society has raised the rents of that town, and your lands adjoining, about three years ago, to four times the value of what they formerly paid; which is beyond all I have ever heard even among the most screwing landlords of this impoverished kingdom; and the consequence has already been that many of your tenants in the said town and lands are preparing for their removal to the plantations in America; for the same reasons that are driving some thousands of families in the adjoining northern parts to the same plantations; I mean the oppression by landlords. My dear friend, you are to consider that no society can, or ought in prudence or justice, let their lands at so high a rate as a squire who lives upon his own estate, and is able to distrain in an hour's warning. All bodies corporate must give easy bargains, that they may depend upon receiving their rents, and thereby be ready to pay all the incident charges to which they are subject. Thus bishops, deans, and chapters, as well as other corporations, seldom or never let their lands even so high as at half the value; and when they raise those rents which are scandalously low it is ever by degrees. I have many instances of this conduct in my own practice, as well as in that of my chapter. Although my own lands, as dean, be let for four-fifths under their value, I have not raised them a sixth part in twenty-three years, and took very moderate fines. On the other side, I confess there is no reason why an honourable society should rent their estate for a trifle; and therefore I told Mr. Lloyd my opinion, that if you could be prevailed on just to double the old rent, and no more, I hoped the tenants might be able to live in a tolerable manner; for I am as much convinced as I can be of anything human that this wretched oppressed country must of necessity decline every year. If, by a miracle, things should mend, you may in a future renewal make a moderate increase of rent, but not by such leaps as you are now taking; for you ought to remember the fable of the hen who laid every second day a golden egg, upon which her mistress killed her to get the whole lump at once. I am told that one condition in your charter obliges you to plant a colony of English in those parts: if that be so you are too wise to make it a colony of Irish beggars. Some ill consequences have already happened by your prodigious increase of the rent. Many of your old tenants have quitted their houses in Colrane; others are not able to repair their habitations, which are daily going to ruin, and many of those who live on your lands in the country owe great arrears, which they will never be in a condition to pay. I would not have said thus much in an affair and about persons to whom I am an utter stranger, if I had not been assured, by some whom I can trust, of the poor condition those people in and about Colrane have lain under since that enormous increase of their rents.

The bearer, Mr. Lloyd, whom I never saw till yesterday, seems to be a gentleman of great truth and good sense; he has no interest in the case, for although he lives at Colrane his preferment is some miles farther; he is now going to visit his father, who lives near Wrexham, not far from Chester, and from thence, at the desire of your tenants in and near Colrane, he is content to go to London and wait on you there with his credentials. If he has misrepresented this matter to me in any one particular I shall never be his advocate again.

And now, my dear friend, I am forced to tell you that my health is very much decayed, my deafness and giddiness are more frequent; spirits I have none left; my memory is almost gone. The public corruptions in both kingdoms allow me no peace or quiet of mind. I sink every day, and am older by twenty years than many others of the same age. I hope, and am told, that it is better with you. May you live as long as you desire; for I have lost so many old friends without getting any new, that I must keep you as a handsel of the former. I am, my long dear friend, with great esteem and love, your most obedient humble servant,

JONATHAN SWIFT.

FROM THE EARL OF ORRERY.

Cork, April 3, 1737.

DEAR SIR,—I am very glad there are twelve thousand pounds worth of halfpence arrived; they are twelve thousand arguments for your quitting Ireland. I look upon you in the same state of the unfortunate Achæmenides amidst tyrants and monsters.—Do you not remember the description of Polypheme and his den?—

> - Domus sanie dapibusque cruentis
> Intus opaca, ingens, ipse arduus, altaque pulsat
> Sidera. (Dii talem terris avertite pestem!)
> Nec visu facilis, nec dictu affabilis ulli:
> Visceribus miserorum et sanguine vescitur atro.[a]

Remember also, that

> Centum alii curva hæc habitant ad littora vulgo
> Infandi Cyclopes, et altis montibus errant.[b]

Translate these lines, and come away with me to Marston; there you shall enjoy *otium cum dignitate;* there you shall see the famous *Sacsockishkash* and his two pupils, who shall attend your altars with daily incense; there no archbishops can intrude; there you shall be the sole lord and master; while we your subjects shall learn obedience from our happiness.——If you ever can think seriously, think so now; and let me say with the curate of my parish, Consider what has been said unto you, ponder it well, lay it up in your heart, and God of his infinite mercy direct you!—Mrs. Whiteway shall be truly welcome to Marston's homely shade. Hector shall fawn upon the doctor; and I myself will be under the direction and government of sir Robert Walpole.

You tell me I am to carry a load for you to England; the most acceptable load will be yourself, and that I would carry with as true piety as Æneas bore the ancient Anchises on his shoulders when he fled from fire, from blood, from Greeks, and from ruined Troy!

Can you expect that lords move regularly? Is it not below our station to think where or when we are to go? But, if my coach and six is in order, perhaps I may have the honour to start a hare in Steven's-green about the first of next month. In the month of June I will hope to set sail with you to England. Mr. Pope will come out beyond the you will exchange Cyclops for men; and if one must fall, surely the choice is right:

> Si pereo, manibus hominum periisse juvabit.[a]

My next shall be longer. I am now forced to bid you farewell; but hereafter expect my whole life and conversation. You shall certainly have the cheeses: if you will come to Somersetshire I will eat one for joy;[b] the best in England are made in my manor.

I am so well that I had almost forgot to answer that kind part of your letter. It is only you that can add health and happiness to your very affectionate, obliged, and faithful servant,

ORRERY.

FROM THE EARL OF OXFORD.

Dover-street, April 7, 1737.

GOOD MR. DEAN,—I am extremely obliged to you for several letters which I, with great shame and concern, acknowledge that I have not answered, as also several remembrances of me and my family in your letters to Mr. Pope: I stand very strongly obliged to you upon these accounts; I dare say you will do me that justice that you will not attribute my not writing to proceed from any neglect of you or from any forgetfulness: I am certain of this, that I do retain the warmest esteem and sincerest regard for you of any one, be he who he will; and therefore I hope you will pardon what is past, and I promise to amend if my letters would in the least be agreeable to you.

One reason of my writing to you now is (next to my asking your forgiveness) this; I am told that you have given leave and liberty to some one or more of your friends to print a history of the last four years of queen Anne's reign, wrote by you.

As I am most truly sensible of your constant regard and sincere friendship for my father, even to partiality (if I may say so), I am very sensible of the share and part he must bear in such a history; and as I remember, when I read over that history of yours, I can recollect that there seemed to me a want of some papers to make it more complete which was not in our power to obtain; besides there were some severe things said which might have been very currently talked of, but now will want a proper evidence to support; for these reasons it is that I do entreat the favour of you, and make it my earnest request, that you will give your positive directions that this history be not printed and published until I have had an opportunity of seeing it; with a liberty of showing it to some family friends whom I would consult upon this occasion. I beg pardon for this; I hope you will be so good as to grant my request: I do it with great deference to you. If I had the pleasure of seeing you I could soon say something to you that would convince you I am not wrong: they are not proper for a letter, as you will easily guess.

My wife desires your acceptance of her most humble service; my daughter is extremely pleased with the notice you are pleased to take of her; she is very well: she brought me another grand-daughter last month: she desires your acceptance of her most humble service, and would be glad of the pleasure of seeing you here in England.

The duke of Portland so far answers our expectations that indeed he exceeds them, for he makes the best husband, the best father, and the best son; these qualities are I assure you very rare in this age.

I wish you would make my compliments to my lord Orrery; do you design to keep him with you?

[a] The cave, though large, was dark; the dismal floor
Was paved with mangled limbs and putrid gore.
One monstrous host, of more than human size,
Erects his head, and stares within the skies:
Bellowing his voice, and horrid is his hue;
Ye gods, remove this plague from mortal view!
The joints of slaughter'd wretches are his food,
And for his wine he quaffs the streaming blood.
DRYDEN.

[b] Such and so vast as Polypheme appears,
A hundred more this hated island bears:
Like him, in caves they shut their woolly sheep,
Like him, their herds on tops of mountains keep;
Like him, with mighty strides they stalk from steep to steep.
DRYDEN.

[a] I die, content to die by human hands.—DRYDEN.

[b] The earl of Orrery hated cheese to such a degree that he could scarcely bear the sight of it

I do not blame you if you can. I am, with true esteem and regard, sir, your most obliged and most faithful humble servant, OXFORD.

I wish Master Faulkner, when he sends anything to me, would say how you do.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

April 9, 1737.

ABOUT a month ago I received your last letter, wherein you complain of my long silence; what will you do when I am so long in answering? I have one excuse which will serve all my friends; I am quite worn out with disorders of mind and body; a long fit of deafness, which still continues, hath unqualified me for conversing, or thinking, or reading, or hearing; to all this is added an apprehension of giddiness, whereof I have frequently some frightful touches. Besides, I can hardly write ten lines without twenty blunders, as you will see by the number of scratchings and blots before this letter is done: into the bargain, I have not one rag of memory left; and my friends have all forsaken me except Mrs. Whiteway, who preserves some pity for my condition, and a few others who love wine that costs them nothing. As to my taking a journey to Cavan, I am just as capable as of a voyage to China, or of running races at Newmarket. But, to speak in the *Latinitas Grattaniana, Tu clamas meretrix primus;* for we have all expected you here at Easter as you were used to do. Your muster-roll of meat is good, but of drink in sup port able. Yew wan twine. My strass Albavia has eaten here all your hung beef, and said it was very good. The affair of high importance in their family is that Miss Molly hath issued out orders, with great penalties, to be called Mrs. Harrison; which caused many speck you'll ash owns.——I am now come to the noli me tan jerry, which begg inns wyth mad dam.—So I will go on by the strength of my own wit upon points of the high est imp or taants. I have been very curious in considering that fruitful word *ling;* which explains many fine qualities in ladies, such as *grow ling, ray ling, tip ling,* (seldom) *toy ling, mumb ling, grumb ling, cur ling, puss ling, buss ling, strow ling, ramb ling, quarry ling, tatt ling, whiff ling, dabb ling, doub ling.* These are but as ample o fan hunn dread mower; they have all got cold this winter, big owing tooth in lick lad ink old wet her, an dare ink you rabble.——Well, I triumph over you, is corn urine cap a city. Pray, tell me, does the land of Quilca pay any rent? or is any paid by the tenant? or is there not any part of 50*l.* to be got? But before you make complaints of ill payments from your school, I will declare I was never so ill paid as now, even by my richer debtors. I have finished my will for the last time, wherein I left some little legacy which you are not to receive till you shall be entirely out of my debt, and paid all you owe to my executors. And I have made very honourable mention of you in the will as the consideration of my leaving these legacies to you.

Explain this proverb, *Salt dry fish, and the wedding gold, is the vice of women both young and old.* Yes, you have it i nam o mento time.

The old hunks Shepherd has buried his only son, who was a young hunks come to age.

POSTSCRIPT.

Here is a rhyme; it is a satire on an inconstant lover:—

You are as faithless as a Carthaginian,
To love at once, Kate, Nell, Doll, Martha, Jenny, Anne.

A Specimen of *Latinitas Grattaniana.*

Ego ludam diabolum super duos baculos cum te
Voca super me cras.
Profecto ego dabo tibi tuum ventrem plenum legis.
Sine me solum cum illo. Ego capiam tempus.
Quid pestis velles tu esse apud?
Ego faciam te fumare,
Duc uxorem veni super.
Ego dabo tibi pyxidem in aure.
Ego faciam te secare saltum.
Veni, veni, solve tuum scotum, et fac non plura verba.
Id est plus expensi quam veneratio.
Si tu es pro lege, dabo tibi legem, tuum ventrem plenum.
Ut diabolus voluit habere id.
Quid est materia tecum?
Tu habes vetus proverbium super tuum latus: Nihil est nunquam in periculo.
Cape me apud illud, et suspende me
Ego capio te apud tuum verbum.
Tu venis in forti tempore.
Est formosus corporatus homo in facie
Esne tu super pro omni die?
Momus: Esne tu ibi cum tuis ursis?
Ille est ex super suam servationem.
Tu es carcer avis.
Ego amo mendacem in meo corde, et tu aptas me ad crinem
Ego dicam tibi quid: hic est magnus clamor, et parva lana.
Quid! tu es super tuum altum equum.
Tu nunquam servâsti tuum verbum.
Hic est diabolus et omne agere.
Visne tu esse tam bonus, quam tuum verbum
Ego faciam porcum vel canem de id.
Ego servo hoc pro pluvioso die.
Ego possum facere id cum digito madido.
Profecto ego habui nullum manum in id.
Esne tu in aure nido?
Tu es homo extranei renis.
Precor, ambula super.
Ego feci amorem virgini honoris.
Quomodo venit id circum, quod tu ludis stultum [illegible]?
Vos ibi, fac viam pro meo domino.
Omnes socii apud pedem pilam.
Fœminæ et linteum aspiciunt optimè per candelæ lucem.

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

April 9, 1737.

SIR,—I have wondered, since I have had the favour to know you, what could possibly put you upon your civility to me. You have invited me to your house, and proposed everything according to my own scheme that would make me easy. You have loaded me with presents, although it never lay in my power to do you any sort of favour or advantage. I have had a salmon from you of 26lb. weight, another of 18lb., and the last of 14lb.: upon which my ill-natured friends descant that I am declining in your good-will by the declining of weight in your salmon. They would have had your salmon double the weight: the second should have been of 52lb., the third of 104lb., and the last of 208lb. It seems this is the way of Dublin computors, who think you country gentlemen have nothing to do but to oblige us citizens, who are not bound to make you the least return further than, when you come hither, to meet you by chance in a coffeehouse, and ask you what tavern you dine in, and there pay your club. I intend to deal with you in the same manner; and if you come to town for three months I will invite you once to dinner, for which I shall expect to stay a whole year with you; and you will be bound to thank me for honouring your house. You saw me ill enough when I had the honour to see you at the deanery. Mrs. Whiteway, my cousin, and the only cousin I own, remembers she was here in your company, and desires to present her humble service to you: and no wonder, for you sent so much salmon that I was forced to give her a part. Some ten days ago there came to see me one Mr. Lloyd, a clergyman who lives, as I remember, near Colrane. He had a commission from the people in and about that town which belongs to the London Society. It seems that three years ago the society increased their rents from 300*l.* to 1200*l.* a-year; since which time the town is declined, the tenants neglect their houses, and the country tenants are not able to live. I writ

a letter by him to alderman Barber, because their demands seem very extravagant; but I had no other reason for doing so than the ample commission he had from the town of Colrane. I wish I knew your sentiments in this affair. I never saw the gentleman before; but the commission he had encouraged me so far that I could not refuse him the letter. Although I was ill enough when I saw you, I am forty times worse at present, and am no more able to be your guest this summer than to travel to America. I have been this month so ill with a giddy head, and so very deaf, that I am not fit for human conversation: besides, my spirits are so low that I do not think anything worth minding; and most of my friends with very great justice have forsaken me. I find you deal with Faulkner. I have read his "Rollin's History." The translator did not want knowledge enough, but is a coxcomb by running into those cant words and phrases which have spoiled our language and will spoil it more every day. Your presents are so numerous that I had almost forgot to thank you for the cheese; against which there can be no objection but that of too much rennet, for which I so often wish ill to the housewife. I am, sir, with true esteem, your most obedient humble servant, JONATHAN SWIFT.

FROM MR. RICHARDSON.

April 17, 1737.

REVEREND SIR,—I returned last night from Derry, where I have been for some time past, and where you will be received with great respect. I pleased myself with the hopes of finding at home an account of the time you design being here. My disappointment occasions you this trouble; and I hope you will suffer that which can do it best to plead my excuse for being so importunate.

Sir, I take the country to be as pleasant the latter end of this, and all the next month, as any in the year; the fields are putting on their gayest liveries to receive you; the birds will warble their sweetest notes to entertain you; and the waters in the river Bann, when they come in view of your apartment, will tumble in great hurry to wait on you, and leave you with reluctance.

I must brag of my situation, and will pawn my credit with you in those matters, that you will pronounce it the most delightful you have seen in Dublin at least.

Sir, I will not conceal from you any longer a self-interest I have in honouring this place with your presence. All the enclosures I intend in my demesne are now finished, and I am ready to begin what I intend by way of ornament; but until I am fixed in the scheme of the whole, which I would have adapted in the best manner to the place, I would do nothing. I have delayed coming to a final resolution till I shall have the opportunity of entreating your opinion and assistance after viewing the whole. It will perhaps afford yourself no disagreeable amusement, and occasion something elegant, and correct in miniature, where nature has almost done everything. When you let me know that you have fitted your stages, I will contrive to meet you as far as Armagh or Stewarttown. I will only add that it is one that loves you, as well as admires you, that is thus troublesome to you; and that I am, with the greatest truth, as well as esteem, sir, your most humble and most obedient servant, WILLIAM RICHARDSON.

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

Dublin, April 30, 1737.

SIR,—If it had pleased God to restore me to any degree of health, I should have been setting out on Monday next to your house; but I find such a weekly decay, that has made it impossible for me to ride above five or six miles at farthest, and I always return the same day heartily tired. I have not an ounce of flesh or a dram of spirits left me; yet my greatest load is not my years but my infirmities. In England, before I was twenty, I got a cold which gave me a deafness that I could never clear myself of. Although it came but seldom, and lasted but a few days, yet my left ear has never been well since; but when the deafness comes on I can hear with neither ear, except it be a woman with a treble and a man with a counter-tenor. This unqualifies me for any mixed conversation: and the fits of deafness increase; for I have now been troubled with it near seven weeks, and it is not yet lessened, which extremely adds to my mortification. I should not have been so particular in troubling you with my ailments, if they had not been too good an excuse for my inability to venture anywhere beyond the prospect of this town.

I am the more obliged to your great civilities because I declare, without affectation, that it never lay in my power to deserve any one of them. I find by the conversation I have had with you that you understand a court very well for your time, and are well known to the minister on the other side. The consequence of which is, that it lies in my power to undo you, only by letting it be known at St. James's that you are perpetually sending me presents and holding a constant correspondence with me by letters. Another unwary step of yours is, inviting me to your house, which will render your election desperate, by making all your neighbour squires represent you as a person disaffected to the government. Thus I have you at my mercy on two accounts, unless you have some new court refinements to turn the guilt upon me. I wrote a long letter some weeks ago: but I could not find by the messenger of your last salmon that he knew anything of that letter; for you take, in every circumstance, a special care that I may know nothing more than of a salmon being left at the deanery. Thus there is a secret commerce between your servant and my butler. The first writes a letter to the other—says the carriage is paid, that the salmon weighs so much, and was sent by his master to me. If some of our patriots should happen to discover the management of this intrigue, they would inform the privy council, from which an order would be brought by a messenger to seize on the salmon, have it opened, and search all its entrails to find some letter of dangerous consequence to the state. I believe I told you in my former letter that Mr. Lloyd, a clergyman, minister of Colrane, but who lives four miles from it, came to me upon his going to England, to see his old father in Chester, and from thence goes to London to wait upon the society. He showed me very ample credentials from the magistrates of Colrane to deliver to the society, upon some hard things that colony lies under. It seems, about three years ago their lease was out; the rent was 300*l.* a-year; but upon the renewal it was raised to 1200*l.*, which was beyond what I have known in leases from corporations. I had never seen or heard of Mr. Lloyd. He is middle aged, and walks with a stick as if he were infirm. I wrote by him to alderman Barber, putting the case as Mr. Lloyd gave it me, who says that the townsfolks and tenants of the estate round Colrane would be content to double the rent; but that the present prodigious addition had made the townsfolks let their buildings decay, and the country tenants were in despair. I then wondered you came to mention nothing of this to me, since you are concerned for the society. If Mr.

Lloyd has not fairly represented the matter he has not behaved himself suitable to his function: however, pray let me know the truth of the matter, and how he came to be employed: only I find that he is not known to any of my acquaintance that I have seen since.

Pray God preserve you, sir, and give you all the good success that I am convinced you deserve.

I am, with true esteem and gratitude, your most obedient and obliged servant, JONATHAN SWIFT.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

May 22, 1737.

I WILL on Monday (this is Saturday, May 22, as you will read above in this date) send to talk to Mr. Smith: but I distrust your sanguinity so much (by my own desponding temper) that I know not whether that affair of your justiceship be fixed, but I shall know next week, and write or act accordingly. I battled in vain with the duke and his clan against the lowering of gold, which is just a kind settlement upon England of 25,000*l.* a-year for ever: yet some of my friends differ from me, though all agree that the absentees will just be so much gainers. I am excessively glad that your difficulty of breathing is over; for what is life but breath? I mean not that of our nostrils, but our lungs. You must in summer ride every half-holiday, and go to church every Sunday some miles off. The people of England are copying from us to plague the clergy, but they intend far to outdo the original. I wish I were to be born next century, when we shall be utterly rid of parsons, of which, God be thanked, you are none at present; and until your bishop give you a living, I will leave off (except this letter) giving you the title of reverend. I did write him lately a letter with a witness, relating to his printer of "Quadrille," (did you ever see it?) with which he half ruined Faulkner. He promises (against his nature) to consider him, but interposed an exception, which I believe will destroy the whole. Mrs. Whiteway gives herself airs of loving you; but do not trust her too much, for she grows disobedient, and says she is going for to get another favourite. In short, she calls you names, and has neither Mr. nor Dr. on her tongue, but calls you plain Sheridan, and pox take you. She is not with me now, else she would read this in spite of me; and, between ourselves, she sets up to be my governor. I wish you had sent me the christian name of Knatchbull,[a] and I would have written to him; but I will see him on Monday, if he will be visible. The poem on "Legion Club" is so altered and enlarged, as I hear, (for I only saw the original,) and so damnably murdered, that they have added many of the club to the true number. I hear it is charged to me, with great personal threatenings from the puppies offended. Some say they will wait for revenge to their next meeting. Others say the privy-council will summon the suspected author. If I could get the true copy I would send it you. Your bishop (Dr. Hort) writes me word that the real author is manifest by the work. Your loss of flesh is nothing if it be made up with spirit. God help him who hath neither, I mean myself. I believe I shall say with Horace, *Non omnis moriar*; for half my body is already spent.

FROM THE HON. MISS DAVYS.

May 27, 1737.

SIR,—I know you are always pleased to do acts of charity, which encourages me to take the liberty of recommending a boy about ten years old, the bearer of this, to your goodness, to beg you would employ it in getting him put into the Bluecoat Hospital. I received the enclosed letter from him this morning. Your compliance with this request, and pardon for this trouble, will oblige, sir, your most humble and most obedient servant, M. DAVYS.

TO MR. POPE.

Dublin, May 31, 1737.

IT is true I owe you some letters, but it has pleased God that I have not been in a condition to pay you. When you shall be at my age, perhaps you may lie under the same disability to your present or future friends. But my age is not my disability, for I can walk six or seven miles and ride a dozen. But I am deaf for two months together. This deafness unqualifies me for all company, except a few friends with counter-tenor voices, whom I can call names if they do not speak loud enough for my ears. It is this evil that has hindered me from venturing to the Bath and to Twickenham; for deafness, being not a frequent disorder, has no allowance given it; and the scurvy figure a man affected that way makes in company is utterly insupportable.

It was I began with the petition to you of *Orna me*, and now you come like an unfair merchant, to charge me with being in your debt; which, by your way of reckoning, I must always be, for yours are always guineas and mine farthings; and yet I have a pretence to quarrel with you, because I am not at the head of any one of your epistles. I am often wondering how you come to excel all mortals on the subject of morality, even in the poetical way; and should have wondered more if nature and education had not made you a professor of it from your infancy.

All the letters I can find of yours I have fastened in a folio cover, and the rest in bundles endorsed; but, by reading their dates, I find a chasm of six years, of which I can find no copies; and yet I keep them with all possible care: but I have been forced, on three or four occasions, to send all my papers to some friends, yet those papers were all sent sealed in bundles to some faithful friends; however, what I have are not much above sixty. I found nothing in any one of them to be left out: none of them have anything to do with party, of which you are the clearest of all men, by your religion and the whole tenor of your life; while I am raging every moment against the corruption of both kingdoms, especially of this, such is my weakness.

I have read your "Epistle of Horace to Augustus:" it was sent me in the English edition as soon as it could come. They are printing it in a small octavo. The curious are looking out, some for flattery, some for ironies in it; the sour folks think they have found out some: but your admirers here, I mean every man of taste, affect to be certain that the profession of friendship to me in the same poem will not suffer you to be thought a flatterer. My happiness is that you are too far engaged, and in spite of you the ages to come will celebrate me, and know you are a friend who loved and esteemed me, although I died the object of court and party hatred.

Pray who is that Mr. Glover who wrote the epic poem called "Leonidas," which is reprinting here, and has great vogue? We have frequently good poems of late from London. I have just read one upon "Conversation," and two or three others. But the crowd do not encumber you, who, like the orator or preacher, stand aloft, and are seen above the rest, more than the whole assembly below.

I am able to write no more; and this is my third endeavour, which is too weak to finish the paper: I

[a] Secretary to lord-chancellor Wyndham.

am, my dearest friend, yours sincerely, as long as I can write, or speak, or think. JONATHAN SWIFT.

TO THE EARL OF OXFORD.

June 14, 1737.

MY LORD,—I had the honour of a letter from your lordship, dated April the 7th, which I was not prepared to answer until this time. Your lordship must needs have known that the history you mention, of the "Four last Years of the Queen's Reign," was written at Windsor, just upon finishing the peace; at which time your father and my lord Bolingbroke had a misunderstanding with each other that was attended with very bad consequences. When I came to Ireland to take this deanery (after the peace was made) I could not stay here above a fortnight, being recalled by a hundred letters to hasten back, and to use my endeavours in reconciling those ministers. I left them the history you mention, which I finished at Windsor, to the time of the peace. When I returned to England I found their quarrels and coldness increased. I laboured to reconcile them as much as I was able: I contrived to bring them to my lord Masham's, at St. James's. My lord and lady Masham left us together. I expostulated with them both, but could not find any good consequences. I was to go to Windsor next day with my lord-treasurer; I pretended business that prevented me; expecting they would come to some * * * *.* But I followed them to Windsor; where my lord Bolingbroke told me that my scheme had come to nothing. Things went on at the same rate; they grew more estranged every day. My lord-treasurer found his credit daily declining. In May before the queen died I had my last meeting with them at my lord Masham's. He left us together; and therefore I spoke very freely to them both; and told them "I would retire, for I found all was gone." Lord Bolingbroke whispered me, "I was in the right." Your father said, "All would do well." I told him "that I would go to Oxford on Monday, since I found it was impossible to be of any use." I took coach to Oxford on Monday; went to a friend in Berkshire; there stayed until the queen's death; and then to my station here; where I stayed twelve years, and never saw my lord your father afterward. They could not agree about printing the "History of the Four last Years:" and therefore I have kept it to this time, when I determine to publish it in London, to the confusion of all those rascals, who have accused the queen and that ministry of making a bad peace; to which that party entirely owes the protestant succession. I was then in the greatest trust and confidence with your father the lord-treasurer, as well as with my lord Bolingbroke, and all others who had part in the administration. I had all the letters from the secretary's office during the treaty of peace: out of those, and what I learned from the ministry, I formed that history, which I am now going to publish for the information of posterity, and to control the most impudent falsehoods which have been published since. I wanted no kind of materials. I knew your father better than you could at that time; and I do impartially think him the most virtuous minister, and the most able that ever I remembered to have read of. If your lordship has any particular circumstances that may fortify what I have said in the history, such as letters or materials, I am content they should be printed at the end by way of appendix. I loved my lord your father better than any other man in the world, although I had no obligation to him on the score of preferment; having been driven to this wretched kingdom, to which I was almost a stranger, by his want of power to keep me in what I ought to call my own country, although I happened to be dropped here, and was a year old before I left it; and, to my sorrow, did not die before I came back to it again. I am extremely glad of the felicity you have in your alliances; and desire to present my most humble respects to my lady Oxford and your daughter the duchess. As to the history, it is only of affairs which I know very well; and had all the advantages possible to know, when you were in some sort but a lad. One great design of it is, to do justice to the ministry at that time, and to refute all the objections against them, as if they had a design of bringing in popery and the pretender: and further to demonstrate that the present settlement of the crown was chiefly owing to my lord your father. I can never expect to see England: I am now too old and too sickly, added to almost a perpetual deafness and giddiness. I live a most domestic life: I want nothing that is necessary; but I am in a cursed, factious, oppressed, miserable country; not made so by nature, but by the slavish, hellish principles of an execrable prevailing faction in it.

Farewell, my lord. I have tired you and myself. I desire again to present my most humble respects to my lady Oxford and the duchess your daughter. Pray God preserve you long and happy! I shall diligently inquire into your conduct from those who will tell me. You have hitherto continued right: let me hear that you persevere so. Your task will not be long; for I am not in a condition of health or time to trouble this world, and I am heartily weary of it already; and so should be in England, which, I hear is full as corrupt as this poor enslaved country. I I am, with the truest love and respect, my lord, your lordship's most obedient and most obliged, &c.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

* Here is a blank left for some word or other; such as *agreement, reconciliation*, or the like.

FROM MR. ALDERMAN BARBER.

London, June 23, 1737.

MOST HONOURED FRIEND,—I was favoured with a letter some time since by the hands of the bearer, Mr. Lloyd, and by him take the opportunity of answering it.

I do assure you, sir, that as the society have always had the greatest regard for your recommendation, so in this affair they have given a fresh instance of their respect; for they have resolved to relieve their tenants in Colrane from their hard bargains; and, to that end, have put it in a way that is to the entire satisfaction of the bearer.

I hope this will find you in good health, and that the hot weather will contribute thereto; which will be a great satisfaction to all honest men who wish well to their country.

Our friend Mr. Pope is very hearty and well, and has obliged the town lately with several things in his way; among the rest, a translation of Horace's Odes; in one of which you are mentioned "as saving your nation:" which gave great offence; and, I am assured, was under debate in the council, whether he should not be taken up for it: but, it happening to be done in the late king's time, they passed it by.

I hope you see the paper called "Common Sense," which has wit and humour.

I had thoughts of kissing your hand this summer; but we are all in confusion at Derry about power, which will prevent my coming at present; but I am in hopes of having that happiness before I die. I thank God I hold out to a miracle almost; for I am better in my health now than I was many years ago.

Lord Bolingbroke is in France, writing, I am told, the "History of his Own Time:" he is well. You will please to make my compliments to lord Orrery and Dr. Delany.

I have many things to say, which in prudence I must defer.

I shall conclude with my hearty prayers to Almighty God to preserve your most valuable life for many years, as you are a public blessing to your country and a friend to all mankind; and to assure you that I am, with sincerity, dear sir, your most affectionate and most faithful humble servant,

JOHN BARBER.

FROM DR. KING.

St. Mary Hall, Oxford, June 24, 1737.

SIR,—I do not know for what reason the worthy gentlemen of the post-office intercepted a letter which I did myself the honour to write to you about two months ago. I cannot remember I said anything that could give them the least offence. I did not mention the new halfpence; I did not praise the royal famly; I did not blame the prime-minister; I only returned you my thanks for a very kind letter I had just then received from you. It is true I enclosed in that letter a printed paper called "Common Sense," in which the author proposes a new scheme of government to the people of Corsica, advising to make their king of the same stuff of which the Indians make their gods.[a] I thought to afford you some diversion: but perhaps it was this made the whole packet criminal.

I have this day received a letter from Mrs. Whiteway, in which she tells me that I am to expect the manuscript by lord Orrery. I will have the pleasure to wait on him as soon as I can do it without crossing the Irish channel: as soon as I receive the papers you shall hear from me again. I shall have an opportunity of writing fully to you by Mr. Deane Swift, who proposes to set out for Ireland the next vacation. In making mention of this gentleman I cannot help recommending him to your favour. I have very narrowly observed his conduct ever since I have been here; and I can, with great truth, give him the character of a modest, sober, ingenious young man. He is a hard student, and will do an honour to the society of which he is now a member.

Mrs. Whiteway says that, notwithstanding all your complaints, you are in good health and in good spirits. What think you of making a trip to England this fine season, and visiting our Alma Mater? I can offer you an airy cool room during the summer and a warm bedchamber in the winter; and I will take care that your mutton commons shall be kept long enough to be tender. If you will accept of this invitation I promise to meet you at Chester, and to conduct you to king Edward's lodgings: and then St. Mary Hall may boast of a triumvirate that is not to be matched in any part of the learned world, sir Thomas More, Erasmus, and the Drapier. Believe me to be, with the greatest esteem, sir, your most obedient and most humble servant,

WILLIAM KING.

[a] This paper was written by Dr. King himself.

FROM DR. KING TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

St. Mary Hall, Oxon, June 24, 1737.

MADAM,—I have this day the favour of your letter of the 14th, which hath given me great pleasure: however, I could not help bestowing some maledictions on those gentlemen at the post-office who have been so impertinent as to intercept our correspondence; for you ought to have received another letter from me, with one enclosed for our friend, in some few days after you had the packet from Hartley. This was in answer to the letter you mention, which I got the very next day (as well as I remember) after Hartley went from London.

As soon as I hear of my lord Orrery's arrival on this side the water I will wait on him to receive the papers. The moment they are put into my hands I will write you again.

I do not know why the dean's friends should think it derogatory either to his station or character to print the history by subscription, considering how the money arising by the sale of it is to be applied. I am not for selling the copy to a bookseller: for, unless a sufficient caution be taken, the bookseller, when he is master of the copy, will certainly print it by subscription, and so have all the benefit which the dean refuses. But I shall be better able to send you my thoughts of this matter when I have talked with some of my friends who have had more dealings in this way than I have.

And have you at last got store of copper halfpence, and are content to give us gold and silver in exchange for this new coin? This serves to verify an observation I have frequently made, that the grossest imposition on the public will go down, if the managers have but patience to try it twice, and art enough to give it a new name. The excise scheme, which made such a noise here a few years ago, passed here last winter with little opposition, under a new shape and title. How would the ghost of Wood triumph over the drapier, and rattle his copper chains, if the spectre were permitted to meet him in his walks? But I am unawares running into politics, without considering that these reflections may occasion the loss of my letter. I have therefore done with your copper.

You cannot imagine how greatly I am vexed and disappointed that I have been so long obliged to keep back my conversation-piece.[a] I have, in this respect, wholly complied with the reasoning, or rather with the humours, of some of my friends. They were willing to try their skill in accommodating my Irish affairs; in which, after all, I believe they will be disappointed as much as I have been: for the adversaries I have to deal with proceed on a principle that will hear no reason, and do no good, not even to themselves, if others are at the same time to receive any benefit by the bargain. However, since you seem so earnestly to desire a second view of this work, I will send you a book by Mr. Swift, who intends to go from hence about ten days or a fortnight hence. You will be so kind as to keep it in your hands until the publication.

As I think it proper to write a postscript in your letter to a certain person that must be nameless, and finding I have but room for my address to him, I will say no more to you now than I am, and always must be, madam, your most obedient and most humble servant,

WILLIAM KING

P.S. To the gentleman of the post-office who intercepted my last letter addressed to Mrs. Whiteway, at her house in Abbey-street, together with a letter enclosed and addressed to the dean of St. Patrick's.

SIR,—when you have sufficiently perused this letter, I beg the favour of you to send it to the lady to whom it is directed. I shall not take it ill though you should not give yourself the trouble to seal it again. If anything I have said about the copper

[a] Meaning "The Toast," a satire, in which Dr. K
many of the persons with whom he was engaged
lawsuit.

halfpence and excise should offend you, blot it out. I shall think myself much obliged to you if at the same time you will be pleased to send Mrs. Whiteway those letters which are now in your hands, with such alterations and amendments as you think proper. I cannot believe that your orders will justify you in detaining letters of business: for as you are a civil officer, I conceive you have not a licence to rob on the highway. If I happen to be mistaken, of which I shall be convinced if this letter should be likewise intercepted, I will hereafter change my address and enrol you and your superior in my catalogue of heroes.

FROM MR. LEWIS.

London, June 30, 1737.

Our friend Pope tells me you could wish to revive a correspondence with some of your old acquaintances, that you might not remain entirely ignorant of what passes in this country: on this occasion I would offer myself with pleasure if I thought the little trifles that come to my knowledge could in the least contribute to your amusement; but, as you yourself judge very rightly, I am too much out of the world, and see things at too great a distance; and besides this, my age, and the use I have formerly made of my eyes in writing by candlelight, have now reduced me almost to blindness, and I see nothing less than the pips of the cards, from which I have some relief in a long winter evening. However, to show my dear dean how much I love him, I have taken my pen in my hand to scratch him out a letter, though it be little more than to tell him most of those he and I used to converse with are dead; but I am still alive, and lead a poor animal life. Lord Masham is much in the same way: he has married his son, and boards with him: the lady is the daughter of Salway Winnington, and they all live lovingly together; the old gentleman walks a-foot, which makes me fear that he has made settlements above his strength. I regret the loss of Dr. Arbuthnot every hour of the day: he was the best-conditioned creature that ever breathed, and the most cheerful; yet his poor son George is under the utmost dejection of spirits, almost to a degree of delirium; his two sisters give affectionate attendance, and I hope he will grow better. Sir William Wyndham makes the first figure in parliament, and is one of the most amiable men in the world: he is very happy in his wife lady Blandford: but I fear his eldest son will not come into his measures: this may create him some uneasiness.

Lord Bathurst is in Gloucestershire, where he plants, transplants, and unplants: thus he erects an employment for himself independent of a court.

I have the happiness to live near lord Oxford, who continues that kindness and protection to me that I had from his father. God Almighty has given him both the power and the will to support the numerous family of his sister, which has been brought to ruin by that unworthy man lord Kinnoul.

Now I name him, I mean lord Oxford, let me ask you if it be true that you are going to print a "History of the Four last Years of the Queen?" if it is, will not you let me see it before you send it to the press? Is it not possible that I may suggest some things that you may have omitted, and give you reasons for leaving out others? The scene is changed since that period of time: the conditions of the peace of Utrecht have been applauded by most part of mankind, even in the two houses of parliament: should not matters rest here, at least for some time? I presume your great end is to do justice to truth; the second point may perhaps be to make a compliment to the Oxford family: permit me to say as to the first, that, though you know perhaps more than any one man, I may possibly contribute a mite; and, with the alteration of one word, viz. by inserting *parva* instead of *magna*, apply to myself that passage of Virgil, *et quorum pars parva fui*. As to the second point, I do not conceive your compliment to lord Oxford to be so perfect as it might be, unless you lay the manuscript before him, that it may be considered here.

Our little captain blusters, reviews, and thinks he governs the world, when in reality he does nothing, for the first minister stands possessed of all the regal power: the latter prates well in the house, and by corruption is absolute master of it: as to other matters, his foreign treaties are absurd, and his management of the funds betrays a want of skill: he has a low way of thinking. My dear dean, adieu; believe me to be, what I really am, most affectionately yours, Erasmus Lewis.

FROM THE EARL OF OXFORD.

Dover-street, July 4, 1737.

Good Mr. Dean,—Your letter of June 14th, in answer to mine of the 7th of April, is come to my hands; and it is with no small concern that I have read it, and to find that you seem to have formed a resolution to put the "History of the Four last Years of the Queen" to the press; a resolution taken without giving your friends, and those that are greatly concerned, some notice, or suffering them to have time and opportunity to read the papers over and to consider them. I hope it is not too late yet, and that you will be so good as to let some friends see them before they are put to the press; and as you propose to have the work printed here, it will be easy to give directions to whom you will please to give the liberty of seeing them; I beg I may be one: this request I again repeat to you, and I hope you will grant it. I do not doubt but there are many who will persuade you to publish it; but they are not proper judges: their reasons may be of different kinds, and their motives to press on this work may be quite different and perhaps concealed from you.

I am extremely sensible of the firm love and regard you had for my father, and have for his memory; and upon that account it is that I now renew my request that you would at least defer this printing until you have had the advice of friends. You have forgot that you lent me the history to read when you were in England, since my father died; I do remember it well. I would ask your pardon for giving you this trouble; but upon this affair I am so nearly concerned, that if I did not my utmost to prevent it I should never forgive myself.

I am extremely obliged to you for your good and kind concern for me and my family. My wife desires your acceptance of her most humble service; my daughter desires the same; they both are sensible of your good wishes for them. I am, with true esteem and respect, dear sir, your obliged and most affectionate humble servant, Oxford.

MR. POPE TO THE EARL OF ORRERY.

July 12, 1737.

My Lord,—The pleasure you gave me in acquainting me of the dean's better health is one so truly great as might content even your own humanity; and, whatever my sincere opinion and respect of your lordship prompts me to wish from your hands for myself, your love for him makes me happy. Would to God my weight, added to yours, could turn his inclinations to this side, that I might love to enjoy him here through your means, and flatter myself it was partly through my own! But this I fear

will never be the case: and I think it more probable his attraction will draw me on the other side, which, I protest, nothing less than a probability of dying at sea, considering the weak frame of my breast, would have hindered me from two years past. In short, whenever I think of him, it is with the vexation of all impotent passions, that carry us out of ourselves only to spoil our quiet and make us return to a resignation, which is the most melancholy of all virtues.

FROM THE EARL OF ORRERY.

July 23, 1737.

Dear Sir,—If I were to tell you who inquire for you, and what they say of you, it would take up more paper than I have in my lodgings and more time than I stay in town. Yet London is empty; not dusty, for we have had rain; not dull, for Mr. Pope is in it; not noisy, for we have no cars;[a] not troublesome, for a man may walk quietly about the streets; in short, it is just as I would have it till Monday, and then I quit St. Paul's for my little church at Marston.

Your commands are obeyed long ago; Dr. King has his cargo,[b] Mrs. Barber her conversation,[c] and Mr. Pope his letters. To-morrow I pass with him at Twickenham; the *olim meminisse* will be our feast. Leave Dublin and come to us. Methinks there are many stronger reasons for it than heretofore; at least I feel them: and I will say with Macbeth, Would thou could'st!

My health is greatly mended; so I hope is yours; write to me when you can in your best health and utmost leisure; never break through that rule. Can friendship increase by absence? Sure it does; at least mine rises some degrees, or seems to rise: try if it will fall by coming nearer; no, certainly it cannot be higher. Yours most affectionately,

Orrery.

TO MR. LEWIS

July 23, 1737.

Dear Friend,—While any of those who used to write to me were alive I always inquired after you. But since your secretaryship in the queen's time I believed you were so glutted with the office that you had not patience to venture on a letter to an absent useless acquaintance; and I find I owe yours to my lord Oxford. The history you mention was written above a year before the queen's death. I left it with the treasurer and lord Bolingbroke when I first came over to take this deanery. I returned in less than a month; but the ministry could not agree about printing it. It was to conclude with the peace. I stayed in London above nine months; but not being able to reconcile the quarrels between those two, I went to a friend in Berkshire, and, on the queen's death, came hither for good and all. I am confident you read that history; as this lord Oxford did, as he owns in his two letters, the last of which reached me not above ten days ago. You know, on the queen's death, how the peace and all proceedings were universally condemned. This I knew would be done; and the chief cause of my writing was, not to let such a queen and ministry lie under such a load of infamy, or posterity be so ill informed, &c. Lord Oxford is in the wrong to be in pain about his his father's character, or his proceedings in his ministry; which is so drawn that his greatest admirers will rather censure me for partiality; neither can he tell me anything material out of his papers which I was not then informed of; nor do I know anybody but yourself who could give me more light than what I then received; for I remember I often consulted with you, and took memorials of many important particulars which you told me, as I did of others, for four years together. I can find no way to have the original delivered to lord Oxford or to you; for the person who has it will not trust it out of his hands; but I believe would be contented to let it be read to either of you, if it could be done without letting it out of his hands,[a] although perhaps that may be too late. If my health would have permitted me for some years past to have ventured as far as London I would have satisfied both my lord and you. I believe you know that lord Bolingbroke is now busy in France writing the "History of his Own Time;" and how much he grew to hate the treasurer you know too well; and I know how much lord Bolingbroke hates his very memory. This is what the present lord Oxford should be in most pain at, not about me. I have had my share of affliction sufficient in the loss of Dr. Arbuthnot and poor Gay and others; and I heartily pity poor lord Masham. I would fain know whether his son be a valuable young man; because I much dislike his education. When I was last among you sir William Wyndham was in a bad state of health; I always loved him, and I rejoice to hear from you the figure he makes. But I know so little of what passes that I never heard of lady Blandford, his present wife.

Lord Bathurst used to write to me, but has dropped it some years. Pray is Charles Ford yet alive? for he has dropped me too; or perhaps my illness has hindered me from provoking his remembrance; for I have been long in a very bad condition. My deafness, which used to be occasional and for a short time, has stuck by me now several months without remission; so that I am unfit for any conversation except one or two Stentors of either sex; and my old giddiness is likewise become chronical, although not in equal violence with my former short fits.

I was never so much deceived in any Scot as by that execrable lord Kinnoul, whom I loved extremely, and now detest beyond expression.

You say so little of yourself that I know not whether you are in health or sickness, only that you lead a mere animal life; which, with nine parts in ten, is a sign of health. I find you have not, like me, lost your memory, nor I hope your sense of hearing, which is the greatest loss of any, and more comfortless than even being blind; I mean in the article of company. Writing no longer amuses me, for I cannot think. I dine constantly at home in my chamber, with a grave housekeeper whom I call sir Robert; and sometimes receive one or two friends and a female cousin, with strong, high, tenor voices. I am, &c.

Jonathan Swift.

TO MR. POPE.

Dublin, July 23, 1737.

I sent a letter to you some weeks ago, which my lord Orrery enclosed in one of his, to which I received as yet no answer; but it will be time enough when his lordship goes over, which will be, as he hopes, in about ten days, and then he will take with him all the letters I preserved of yours, which are not above twenty-five. I find there is a great chasm

[a] Alluding to the Irish cars.

[b] The MS. of "The History of the Four last Years.

[c] The "Treatise on Polite Conversation.'

[a] As, a little before this period, the great abilities of Dr Swift had begun to fail, he had, in order to gratify some of his acquaintance, called for "The History of the Four last Years of the Queen's Reign" once or twice out of his friend's hands, and lent it abroad; by which means part of the contents were whispered about the town, and several had pretended to have read it who perhaps had not seen a line of it.

of some years, but the dates are more early than my two last journeys to England, which makes me imagine that in one of those journeys I carried over another cargo. But I cannot trust my memory half an hour; and my disorders of deafness and giddiness increase daily. So that I am declining as fast as it is easily possible for me if I were a dozen years older.

We have had your volume of letters, which I am told are to be printed here. Some of those who highly esteem you, and a few who know you personally, are grieved to find you make no distinction between the English gentry of this kingdom and the savage old Irish (who are only the vulgar, and some gentlemen who live in the Irish parts of the kingdom), but the English colonies, who are three parts in four, are much more civilised than many counties in England, and speak better English, and are much better bred. And they think it very hard that an American, who is of the fifth generation from England, should be allowed to preserve that title only because we have been told by some of them that their names are entered in some parish in London. I have three or four cousins here who were born in Portugal, whose parents took the same care, and they are all of them Londoners. Dr. Delany, who, as I take it, is of an Irish family, came to visit me three days ago, on purpose to complain of those passages in your letters; he will not allow such a difference between the two climates, but will assert that North Wales, Northumberland, Yorkshire, and the other northern shires, have a more cloudy, ungenial air than any part of Ireland. In short, I am afraid your friends and admirers here will force you to make a palinody.

As for the other parts of your volume of letters, my opinion is that there might be collected from them the best system that ever was writ for the conduct of human life, at least to shame all reasonable men out of their follies and vices. It is some recommendation of this kingdom and of the taste of the people that you are at least as highly celebrated here as you are at home. If you will blame us for slavery, corruption, atheism, and such trifles, do it freely, but include England, only with an addition of every other vice. I wish you would give orders against the corruption of English by those scribblers who send over their trash in prose and verse, with abominable curtailings and quaint modernisms. I now am daily expecting an end of life; I have lost all spirit and every scrap of health; I sometimes recover a little of my hearing, but my head is ever out of order. While I have any ability to hold a commerce with you I will never be silent, and this chancing to be a day that I can hold a pen, I will drag it as long as I am able. Pray let my lord Orrery see you often; next to yourself I love no man so well; and tell him what I say if he visits you. I have now done, for it is evening, and my head grows worse. May God always protect you and preserve you long for a pattern of piety and virtue.

Farewell, my dearest and almost only constant friend. I am ever, at least in my esteem, honour, and affection to you, what I hope you expect me to be, yours, &c. JONATHAN SWIFT.

TO THE RIGHT WORSHIPFUL THE MAYOR, ALDERMEN, SHERIFFS, AND COMMON-COUNCIL OF THE CITY OF CORK.

Deanery-house, Dublin, August 15, 1737.

GENTLEMEN,—I received from you some weeks ago the honour of my freedom in a silver box, by the hands of Mr. Stannard,[a] but it was not delivered to me in as many weeks more, because I suppose he was too full of more important business. Since that time I have been wholly confined by sickness, so that I was not able to return you my acknowledgment; and it is with much difficulty I do it now, my head continuing in great disorder. Mr. Faulkner will be the bearer of my letter, who sets out this morning for Cork.

I could have wished, as I am a private man, that in the instrument of my freedom you had pleased to assign your reasons for making choice of me. I know it is a usual compliment to bestow the freedom of the city on an archbishop, or lord-chancellor, and other persons of great titles, merely upon account of their stations or power; but a private man, and a perfect stranger, without power or grandeur, may justly expect to find the motives assigned in the instrument of his freedom on what account he is thus distinguished. And yet I cannot discover in the whole parchment scrip any one reason offered. Next, as to the silver box;[a] there is not so much as my name upon it, nor any one syllable to show it was a present from your city. Therefore I have, by the advice of friends, agreeable with my opinion, sent back the box and instrument of freedom by Mr. Faulkner, to be returned to you, leaving to your choice whether to insert the reasons for which you were pleased to give me my freedom, or bestow the box upon some more worthy person whom you may have an intention to honour, because it will equally fit everybody. I am with true esteem and gratitude, gentlemen, your most obedient and obliged servant,

JONATHAN SWIFT.

FROM MR. FARREN.

Cork, September 14, 1737.

REVEREND SIR,—I am favoured with yours by Mr. Faulkner, and am sorry the health of a man the whole kingdom has at heart should be so much in danger.

When the box with your freedom was given the recorder to be presented to you, I hoped he would, in the name of the city, have expressed their grateful acknowledgments for the many services the public have received from you, which are the motives that induced us to make you one of our citizens; and as they will ever remain monuments to your glory, we imagined it needless to make any inscription on the box, and especially as we have no precedents on our books for any such. But as so great and deserving a patriot merits all distinction that can be made, I have, by the consent and approbation of the council, directed the box to you, and hope what is inscribed upon it, although greatly inferior to what your merit entitled to, will, however, demonstrate the great regard and respect we have for you, on account of the many singular services your pen and your counsel have done this poor country; and am, reverend sir, your most obedient humble servant,

THOMAS FARREN, mayor.

FROM LORD BATHURST.

Cirencester, October 5, 1737.

DEAR MR. DEAN,—That I often think of you is most certain, but if I should write to you as often you would think me extremely troublesome. I was alarmed some time ago with hearing that you were much indisposed, but if later accounts are to be depended upon you are now in perfect health. I should be heartily glad to have that news confirmed to me by two lines under your hand; however, I write to

[a] Eaton Stannard, esq., then recorder of Dublin, and afterwards prime serjeant-at law.

[a] In consequence of this letter, there was an inscription and the city-arms of Cork engraved on the box, and reasons on the parchment instrument for presenting him with the freedom of that city.

you now under that supposition, for which reason have cut out a little business for you.

That very pretty epistle which you wrote many years ago to lord Oxford is printed very incorrectly. I have a copy (of which I send you a transcript) which has some very good lines in it that are not in the printed copy; and besides, if you will compare it with the original, you will find that you left off without going through with the epistle. The fable of the "Country and City Mouse" is as prettily told as anything of that kind ever was: possibly, if you look over your papers you may find that you finished the whole; if not, I enjoin you as a task to go through with it, and I beg of you do not suffer an imperfect copy to stand while it is in your power to rectify it.[a] Adieu! do me the justice to believe me most faithfully and unalterably yours.

TO MR. COPE.

Deanery-house, November 11, 1737

Sir,—I was just going to write to you when your clerk brought me your note for 36*l.*, which was more by a third part than I desired, and for which I heartily thank you. I have been used since my illness to hear so many thousand lies told of myself and others, and so circumstantially, that my head was almost turned; and if I gave them any credit it was because one thing I knew perfectly, that we differed entirely in our opinions of public management. I did and do detest the lowering of the gold, because I saw a resolution seven years old of your house of commons of a very different nature, and have since seen tracts against it, which to me were demonstrations; and am assured, as well as know by experience, that I have not received a penny except from you. However, although I know you to be somewhat of what we call a giber, yet I am convinced by your assertions that I was ill informed; and yet we differ so much in the present politics that I doubt it will much affect the good-will you formerly seemed to bear me. I grant that the bishops, the people in employments of all kinds who receive salaries, and some others, will not lose a penny by lowering the money, because they must still have their pay; and if your estate be set much under value you will be no sufferer, though I and thousands of others will soundly feel the smart, and particularly the lower clergy, who I find are out of everybody's good graces, but for what reasons I know not. I hear your house is forming a bill[b] against all legacies to the church or any public charity, which puts me under a great difficulty, because by my will I have bequeathed my whole fortune to build and endow an hospital for lunatics and idiots.[c] I wish I had any certainty in that matter. You mistook me in one expression: what I said was, that I wished all who were for lowering the gold were lowered to the dust; and I might explain it so that it would bear the sense of causing them to repent in dust and ashes. I am, sir, your most obedient humble servant,

JONATHAN SWIFT.

[a] On the back of the original letter Dr. Swift has observed that upon receiving it he added twenty lines to the poem. It is in imitation of the sixth satire of the second book of Horace, and is printed with the additional lines in the works of Pope.

[b] This bill did not pass.

[c] The dean drew up a petition to the house of lords in Ireland to be excepted in the heads of the bill for a mortmain act, then in agitation, that he might be at liberty to fulfil his benevolent intention: but the bill did not pass. The hospital (endowed by Dr. Swift's legacy of 10,000*l.*) was incorporated by charter in August, 1746. By a printed statement in 1770 it appears that, by the addition of other legacies, the trustees were enabled at that time to admit thirty-four patients on the establishment; and had also sixteen boarders under cure, at the rate of thirty guineas a-year for each.

FROM LORD MOUNTJOY.[a]

November 17, 1737.

Sir,—I shall with great pleasure bring in your petition to-morrow, the house of lords not sitting until then; but I find there is a small mistake in point of form, which will be proper to be set right before the petition shall be presented.[b]

You mention the bill as if it would certainly pass, and be transmitted into England; instead of which I must beg the favour of you to say that "there are heads of a bill depending now before your lordships' committee, in order to prevent," &c. &c.; for until such time as it shall have gone through that no one can declare the fate of it.

I should not be so impertinent as to pretend to direct you in this, but that I apprehend you did not know the progress the bill has taken; if you will get it written over again my servant shall wait to bring it to me, and I shall take care, as soon as the petition is received, to have a clause ready, in pursuance of it, to except your charity. I am, with great respect, sir, your most obedient and most humble servant,

MOUNTJOY.

FROM MR. FORD.

November 22, 1737.

I cannot help putting you in mind of me sometimes, though I am sure of having no return. I often read your name in the newspapers, but hardly have any other account of you, except when I happen to see lord Orrery. He told me the last time that you had been ill, but were perfectly recovered.

I hear they are going to publish two volumes more of your works. I see no reason why all the pamphlets published at the end of the queen's reign might not be inserted. Your objection of their being momentary things will not hold. "Killing no Murder," and many other old tracts, are still read with pleasure, not to mention "Tully's Letters," which have not died with the times. My comfort is, they will some time or other be found among my books with the author's name, and posterity obliged with them. I have been driven out of a great house, where I had lodged between four and five years, by new lodgers, with an insupportable noise, and have taken a little one to myself in a little court, merely for the sake of sleeping in quiet. It is in St. James's-place, and called Little Cleveland-court. I believe you never observed it; for I never did, though I lodged very near it, till I was carried there to see the house I have taken. Though coaches come in, it consists of but six houses in all. Mine is but two stories high, contrived exactly as I would wish, as I seldom eat at home. The ground-floor is of small use to me, for the fore parlour is flung into the entry, and makes a magnificent London hall. The back one, by their ridiculous custom of tacking a closet almost of the same bigness to it, is so dark that I can hardly see to read there in the middle of the day. Up one pair of stairs I have a very good dining-room, which on the second floor is divided into two, and makes room for my whole family, a man and a maid, both at board wages. Over my bedchamber is my study, the pleasantest part of the house, from whence you have a full view of Buckingham-house and all that part of the park. My furniture is clean and new, but of the cheapest things I could find out. The most valuable goods I have are two different prints of you. I am still in great hopes I shall one day have the happiness of seeing you in it.

[a] William Stewart, viscount Mountjoy, created earl of Blessington December 7, 1745.

[b] The dean's petition to be excepted from the mortmain-bill in case it should pass.

Everybody agrees the queen's death was wholly owing to her own fault. She had a rupture, which she would not discover; and the surgeon who opened her navel declared if he had known it two days sooner she should have been walking about the next day. By her concealing her distemper they gave her strong cordials for the gout in her stomach, which did her great mischief. The king is said to have given her the first account of her condition: she bore it with great resolution, and immediately sent for the rest of her children, to take formal leave of them, but absolutely refused to see the prince of Wales; nor could the archbishop of Canterbury, when he gave her the sacrament, prevail on her, though she said she heartily forgave the prince. It is thought her death will be a loss, at least in point of ease, to some of the ministers.

Since Lewis has lost his old wife he has had an old maiden niece to live with him, continues the same life, takes the air in his coach, dines moderately at home, and sees nobody.

It was reported, and is still believed by many, that sir Robert Walpole, upon the loss of his, made Miss Skirret an honest woman; but if it be so the marriage is not yet owned.

That you may, in health and happiness, see many 30th of Novembers, is the most sincere and hearty wish of yours, &c. C. FORD.

If you will be so kind as to let me hear from you once again, you may either direct to me at the Cocoa-tree, or to Little Cleveland-court, in St. James's-place.

FROM THE CHEVALIER RAMSAY.

Paris, November 29, 1737.

REVEREND SIR,—I received only some weeks ago the works you were pleased to send me, and have perused them with new pleasure. I still find in them all the marks of that original genius and universal beneficence which compose your character. I cannot send you in return any such valuable compositions of mine, but you will receive by the first ships that go for Ireland my "History of the Mareschal de Turenne," the greatest French hero that ever was. I shall be glad to know your opinion of the performance.

I am, with the greatest respect, veneration, and friendship, dear sir, your most humble and most obedient servant, THE CHEVALIER RAMSAY.

Pray allow me to assure Mr. Sican of my most humble respects.

If you have any commands for me in this country or for any of your friends, pray direct for me, under a cover, *A son altesse monseigneur le compte d'Evreux, général de la cavallerie à Paris.*

FROM LORD BATHURST.

Searcliffe Farm, December 6, 1737.

DEAR SIR,—I received a letter from you at Cirencester, full of life and spirits, which gave me singular satisfaction; but those complaints you make of the deplorable state of Ireland made me reflect upon the condition of England, and I am inclined to think it is not much better; possibly the only difference is, that we shall be the last devoured.[a] I have attended parliament many years, and never found that I could do any good; I have therefore entered upon a new scheme of life, and am determined to look after my own affairs a little. I am now in a small farm-house in Derbyshire, and my chief business is to take care that my agents do not impose upon my tenants. I am for letting them all good bargains, that my rents may be paid as long as any rents can be paid; and when the time comes that there is no money, they are honest fellows, and will bring me in what corn and cattle I shall want. I want no foreign commodities; my neighbour the duke of Kingston has imported one,[a] but I do not think it worth the carriage

I passed through London in my way here, and everybody wondered I could leave them, they were so full of speculations upon the great event which lately happened;[b] but I am of opinion some time will be necessary to produce any consequences. Some consequences will certainly follow; but time must ripen matters for them. I could send you many speculations of my own and others upon this subject, but it is too nice a subject for me to handle in a post letter. It is not everybody who ought to have liberty to abuse their superiors; if a man has so much wit as to get the majority of mankind on his side he is often safe; or if he is known to have talents that can make an abuse stick close he is still safer. You may say where is the occasion of abusing anybody? I never did in my life; but you have often told truth of persons who would rather you had abused them in the grossest manner.

I may say in parliament that we are impoverished at home and rendered contemptible abroad, because nobody will care to call upon me to prove it; but I do not know whether I may venture to put that in a letter, at least in a letter to a disaffected person: such you will be reputed as long as you live; after your death perhaps you may stand *rectus in curia.*

I met our friend Pope in town; he is as sure to be there in a bustle as a porpus in a storm. He told me that he would retire to Twickenham for a fortnight; but I doubt it much. Since I found by your last that your hand and your head are both in so good a condition, let me hear from you sometimes. And do not be discouraged that I send you nothing worth reading now. I have talked with nobody for some time past but farmers and ploughmen; when I come into good company again I may possibly be less insipid; but in whatever condition I am I shall always be most ambitious of your friendship and most desirous of your esteem, being most faithfully and sincerely, dear sir, your obedient humble servant, BATHURST.

TO MR. FAULKNER.

Deanery-house, December 15, 1737.

MR. FAULKNER,—The short treatise that I here send you enclosed was put into my hands by a very worthy person [Alexander Macaulay, esq.], of much ancient learning, as well as knowledge in the laws of both kingdoms. He is likewise a most loyal subject to king George, and wholly attached to the Hanover family, and is a gentleman of as many virtues as I have anywhere met. However, it seems he cannot be blind or unconcerned at the mistaken conduct of his country in a point of the highest importance to its welfare. He has learnedly shown, from the practice of all wise nations in past and late ages, that tillage was the great principle and foundation of their wealth, and recommends the practice of it to this kingdom with the most weighty reasons. He mentions the prodigious sums sent out yearly for importing all sorts of corn, in the miserable moneyless condition we are now in. To which I cannot but add, that, in reading the resolutions of the last sessions, I have observed in several papers that the honourable house of commons seem to be of the same sentiment, although the increase of tillage may

a The promise of Polypheme to Ulysses.

a Madame la Touche, a French lady.
b The death of queen Caroline, on Sunday evening, November 20, 1737.

be of advantage to the clergy, whom I conceive to be as loyal a body of men to the present king and family as any in the nation; and by the great providence of God it is so ordered that, if the clergy be fairly dealt with, whatever increases their maintenance will more largely increase the estates of the landed men and the profits of their farmers.

I desire you, Mr. Faulkner, to print the treatise in a fair letter and a good paper. I am your faithful friend and servant, JONATHAN SWIFT.

TO DR. CLANCY.

Deanery-house, Christmas-day, 1737.

SIR,—Some friend of mine lent me a comedy,[a] which I am told was written by you: I read it carefully, with much pleasure, on account both of the characters and the moral. I have no interest with the people of the playhouse, else I should gladly recommend it to them. I send you a small present,[b] in such gold as will not give you trouble to change; for I much pity your loss of sight,[c] which if it pleased God to let you enjoy, your other talents might have been your honest support, and have eased you of your present confinement. I am, sir, your well-wishing friend and humble servant,

JONATHAN SWIFT.

I know not who lent me the play; if it came from you I will send it back to-morrow.

This letter and the packet were sealed with the head of Socrates.

FROM LADY HOWTH.

December 26, 1737.

DEAR SIR,—Knowing you to be very poor I have sent you a couple of wild-ducks, a couple of partridges, a side of venison, and some plover, which will help to keep your house this Christmas. You may make a miser's feast, and drink your blue-eyed nymph[d] in a bumper, as we do the drapier; and when these are out let me know, and you shall have a fresh supply. I have sent them by a blackguard, knowing you to be of a very generous temper, though very poor. My lord and husband joins with me in wishing you a merry Christmas, and many of them; and am sincerely your affectionate friend and sea-nymph.

If I signed my name, and the letter should be found, you and I might be suspected.

FROM DR. CLANCY.

December 27, 1737.

REVEREND SIR,—When I strive to express the thorough sense I have of your humanity and goodness, my attempt ceases in admiration of them. You have favoured my performance with some degree of approbation, and you have considered my unfortunate condition by a mark of your known benevolence; from my very soul I sincerely thank you. That approbation, which in some more happy periods of my life would have made me proud even to vanity, has now in my distress comforted and soothed my misery.

If I did not fear being troublesome I should do myself the honour of waiting upon you if you will be pleased to permit me to do so. At any time I am ready to obey your command; and am, with the utmost respect and gratitude, sir, your most obliged humble servant, MIC. CLANCY.

TO MR. FAULKNER.

Deanery-house, Dublin, January 6, 1738.

SIR,—I have often mentioned to you an earnest desire I had, and still have, to record the merit and services of the lord-mayor, Humphrey French, whom I often desired, after his mayoralty, to give me an account of many passages that happened in his mayoralty, and which he has often put off on the pretence of his forgetfulness, but in reality of his modesty: I take him to be a hero in his kind, and that he ought to be imitated by all his successors, as far as their genius can reach. I desire you therefore to inquire among all his friends whom you are acquainted with to press them to give you the particulars of what they can remember, not only during the general conduct of his life, wherever he had any power or authority in the city, but particularly from Mr. Maple, who was his intimate friend, who knew him best, and could give the most just character of himself and his actions.

When I shall have got a sufficient information of all these particulars, I will, although I am oppressed with age and infirmities, stir up all the little spirit I can raise to give the public an account of that great patriot; and propose him as an example to all future magistrates, in order to recommend his virtues to this miserable kingdom. I am, sir, your very humble servant, JONATHAN SWIFT.

TO MR. ALDERMAN BARBER.

Dublin, January 17, 1738.

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND,—I have for almost three years past been only the shadow of my former self, with years and sickness, and rage against all public proceedings, especially in this miserable, oppressed country. I have entirely lost my memory, except when it is roused by perpetual subjects of vexation. Mr. Richardson, who is your manager in your society of Londonderry, tells me he hears you are in tolerable health and good spirits. I lately saw him, and he said he intended soon to wait on you in London. He is a gentleman of very good abilities, and a member of parliament here. He comes often to town, and then I never fail of seeing him at the deanery, where we constantly drink your health. I have not been out of doors farther than my garden for several months, and, unless the summer will assist me, I believe there will be the end of my travels. Our friend Lewis has written to me once or twice, and makes the same complaint that I do, so that you are the heartiest person of the three. I luckily call to mind an affair that many of my friends have pressed me to. There is a church-living in your gift, and upon your society lands, which is now possessed by one Dr. Squire, who is so decayed that he cannot possibly live a month. This living, I am told, is about 120*l.*, or something more, a-year; I remember I got it for him by the assistance of sir William Withers and you; and since it is now likely to be so soon vacant, I insist upon it that if Dr. Squire dies you will bestow it to Mr. William Dunkin, a clergyman upon whose character I have lately taken him into my favour. He is a gentleman of much wit, and the best English, as well as Latin, poet in this kingdom: he has 100*l.* a-year from our university, to be continued till he is provided for. He is a pious regular man, highly esteemed; but our bishops, like yours, have little regard for such accomplishments while they have any dunces of

[a] "The Sharper," the principal character of which performance was designed to represent colonel Chartres

[b] This packet contained five pounds in small pieces of gold of different kinds, of which the largest did not exceed the value of five shillings.

[c] Dr. Clancy had pursued the study of physic, and was patronised by Dr. Helsham; but having lost his sight by a cold in 1737, before he could regularly engage in the business of his profession, he kept a Latin school for his support.

[d] Lady Howth having very sparkling blue-grey eyes, Dr. Swift used to distinguish her by the name of "the blue-eyed nymph."

nephews or cousins. I therefore charge you to use your influence and authority that Mr. Dunkin may have this church-living upon the decease of Dr. Squire; because you know that my talent was a little (or rather too much) turned to poetry; but he is wiser than I because he writes no satires, whereby you know well enough how many great people I disobliged, and suffered by angering great people in favour. Farewell, my dear friend of thirty years' standing. How many friends have we lost since our acquaintance began? I desire you will present my most humble service and respect to my lord and lady Oxford. I am ever, with great affection and esteem, dear sir, your most obedient humble servant, JONATHAN SWIFT.

My kind love and service to Mr. Pope when you see him, and to my old true friend, and yours, Mr. Lewis.

To show my memory gone, I wrote this letter a week ago, and thought it was sent, till I found it this morning, which is January 28, 1738.

TO MISS RICHARDSON.

January 28, 1738.

MADAM,—I must begin my correspondence by letting you know, that your uncle is the most unreasonable person I was ever acquainted with; and next to him you are the second, although I think impartially that you are worse than he. I never had the honour and happiness of seeing you, nor can ever expect it, unless you make the first advance by coming up to town, where I am confined by want of health; and my travelling days are over. I find you follow your uncle's steps by maliciously bribing a useless man, who can never have it in his power to serve or divert you. I have indeed continued a very long friendship with alderman Barber, who is governor of the London Society about your parts; whereon Mr. Richardson [of Kilmacduac] came to the deanery, although it was not in my power to do him the least good office, further than writing to the alderman. However, your uncle came to me several times, and I believe, after several invitations, dined with me once or twice. This was all the provocation I ever gave him, but he had revenge in his breast, and you shall hear how he gratified it. First, he was told "that my ill stomach, and a giddiness I was subject to, forced me, in some of those fits, to take a spoonful of usquebaugh:" he discovered where I bought it, and sent me a dozen bottles, which cost him 3*l*. He next was told "that, as I never drank malt-liquors, so I was not able to drink Dublin claret without mixing it with a little sweet Spanish wine:" he found out the merchant with whom I deal, by the treachery of my butler, and sent me twelve dozen pints of that wine, for which he paid 6*l*. But what can I say of a man who, some years before I ever saw him, was loading me every season with salmons, that surfeited myself and all my visitors, whereby it is plain that his malice reached to all my friends as well as myself? At last, to complete his ill designs, he must needs force his niece into the plot, because it can be proved that you are his prime minister, and so ready to encourage him in his bad proceedings that you have been his partaker and second in mischief by sending me half a dozen of shirts, although I never once gave you the least cause of displeasure. And what is worse, the few ladies that come to the deanery assure me they never saw so fine linen, or better worked up, or more exactly fitted. It is a happiness they were not stockings, for then you would have known the length of my foot. Upon the whole, madam, I must deal so plainly as to repeat that you are more cruel even than your uncle; to such a degree that, if my health and a good summer can put it in my power to travel to Summerseat, I must take that journey on purpose to expostulate with you for all the unprovoked injuries you have done me. I have seen some persons who live in your neighbourhood, from whom I have inquired into your character; but I found you had bribed them all by never sending them any such dangerous presents; for they swore to me "that you were a lady adorned with all perfections, such as virtue, prudence, wit, humour, excellent conversation, and even good housewifery;" which last is seldom the talent of ladies in this kingdom. But I take so ill your manner of treating me that I shall not believe one syllable of what they said, until I have it by letter under your own hand. Our common run of ladies here dare not read before a man, and much less dare to write, for fear (as their expression is) of being exposed. So that, when I see any of your sex, if they be worth mending, I beat them all, call them names, until they leave off their follies and ask pardon. And therefore, because princes are said to have long hands, I wish I were a prince with hands long enough to beat you at this distance, for all your faults, particularly your ill treatment of me. However, I will conclude with charity. May you never give me cause to change, in any single article, the opinion and idea I have of your person and qualities! may you ever long continue the delight of your uncle and your neighbours round, who deserve your good will, and of all who have merit enough to distinguish you!

I am, with great respect and the highest esteem, madam, your most obedient and most obliged humble servant, JONATHAN SWIFT.

FROM THE EARL OF ORRERY TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

Duke-street, Westminster, February 14, 1738.

MADAM,—I must answer a letter I never received. The dean tells me you wrote to me; but the seas or the postmasters are in possession of the manuscript. Should it fall into Curll's hands it may come into print, and then I must answer it in print, which will give me a happy opportunity of letting the world know how much I am your admirer and servant.

I agree entirely with the person who writes three or four paragraphs in the dean's letter. Humour and wit are, like gold and silver, in great plenty in Ireland; nor is there anybody that wants either but that abominable dean, the bane of all learning, sense, and virtue. I wish we had him here to punish him for his various offences, particularly for his abhorrence of the dear dear fashions of this polite age. Pray, madam, send him, and you will hear what a simple figure he will make among the great men of our island, who are every day improving themselves in all valuable qualities and noble principles.

I rejoice to hear your fair daughter is in health. I am, to her and you, a most obedient humble servant, ORRERY.

FROM CHEVALIER RAMSAY.

Paris, February 20, 1738.

I SEND you here enclosed the bill of lading for the small box of books I wrote of to you some time ago. I shall be glad to hear you received them, much more to know if the perusal pleased you: no man having a higher idea of your talents, genius, and capacity, than he who is, with great respect, reverend sir, your most humble and most obedient servant, A. RAMSAY.

FROM MISS RICHARDSON.*

Summerseat, February 23, 1738.

SIR,—I was favoured some time ago with your most obliging letter, wherein you are pleased to say so many civil things to me that I have been altogether at a loss how to make proper acknowledgments for the honour you have done me. The commendations you are so good as to bestow upon me would make my vanity insufferable to my neighbours if I were not conscious that I do not deserve them; and although I shall always account it a great unhappiness to me that I never have been in your company, yet this advantage I have from it, that my faults are unknown to you. If I have anything commendable about me I sincerely own myself indebted to you for it, having endeavoured as much as I could to model myself by the useful instructions that are to be gathered from your works; for which my sex in general (although I believe some of them do not think so) is highly obliged to you. The opinion you are pleased to entertain of me I fancy is owing to my uncle's partiality, who has frequently been so kind as to take pains to make persons unacquainted with me think better of me than afterwards they found I deserved. I have great reason to complain of his treatment in this particular; but in all others I have met with so much kindness from him that I must think it my duty to lay hold of every opportunity that falls in my way to oblige him. Sir, you have it in your power to give me one, by making him a visit at Summerseat, where all the skill I have in housekeeping should be employed to have everything in that manner that would be most pleasing to you, which I know is the most agreeable service I could do for him. You are pleased to wish in your letter that you had hands long enough to beat me. What an honour and happiness would I esteem it to be thought worthy of your correction! But I fear you would find my faults so numerous that you would think me one of those ladies that do not deserve to be mended.

Your letter would have given me the greatest pleasure of anything I have ever met with, had it not been for the complaints you make of your health, which give me a most sensible concern, as they ought to do everybody that has any regard for this kingdom. I hope the good weather will set you right, and that the summer will induce you to visit this northern part of the world. I fear I have by this time tired out your patience with female impertinence, and given you too great reason to change the favourable thoughts you did me the honour to entertain of me: I will forbear to be longer troublesome to you, only I beg leave to add my best wishes for your good health, that you may live many years to be a blessing to mankind in general, and this country in particular. I am, with the highest esteem and greatest respect, sir, your most obedient and most humble servant, KATH. RICHARDSON.

TO MR. FAULKNER.

March 8, 1738.

SIR,—Some of my friends wonder very much at your delaying to publish that treatise of "Polite Conversation," &c., when you so often desired that I should hasten to correct the several copies you sent me, which, as ill as I have been, and am still, I despatched as fast as I got them. I expect you would finish it immediately and send it to me; I hope you have observed all the corrections. I hear you have not above four or five pages remaining. I find people think you are too negligent; and if you delay longer what you fear may come to pass, that the English edition may come over before you have your own ready. I am your humble servant,

JONATHAN SWIFT

TO MR. ALDERMAN BARBER.

Dublin, March 9, 1738.

MY DEAR AND CONSTANT FRIEND,—I received yours of February 11th, and find with great pleasure that we preserve the same mutual affection we ever professed, as well as the same principles in church and state. As to what you hint, as if I were not cautious enough in making recommendations, you know I have conversed too long with ministers to offend upon that article, which I never did but once, and that when I was a beginner. You may remember that, on Mr. Addison's desire, I applied to my lord-treasurer Oxford in favour of Mr. Steele, and his lordship gave me a gentle rebuke, which cured me for ever: although I got many employments for my friends where no objection could be made, yet I confess that Dr. Delany, the most eminent preacher we have, is a very unlucky recommender; for he forced me to countenance Pilkington, introduced him to me, and praised the wit, virtue, and humour of him and his wife; whereas he proved the fallest rogue, and she the most profligate whore in either kingdom. She was taken in the fact by her own husband: he is now suing for a divorce, and will not compass it; she is suing for a maintenance, and he has none to give her. As to Mr. Richardson, his father was a gentleman, and his eldest brother is a dean. Their father had but a small fortune; your manager was the younger son; he has an excellent understanding in business, with some share of learning; his prudence obliges him to keep fair with all parties, which, in this kingdom, is necessary for one who has to deal with numbers, as the business of your society requires. It is his interest to deal justly with your corporation, because people who envy his employment would be ready enough to complain; and yet, although he has a good estate, I have not heard him taxed with any unjust means in procuring it. He is a bachelor, like you and me, and lives with a maiden niece, who is a young woman of very good sense and discretion. He is a member of the house of commons, and acts as smoothly there as he does in the country. I am so long upon this because I believe it will give you a true notion of the man; and if you find, by his management, that he gives you, who are the governor, any cause of complaint, let me know the particulars, which I will farther inquire into. I must next say something of Mr. Dunkin. I told you he was a man of genius, and the best poet we have, and you know that is a trade wherein I have meddled too much for my quiet, as well as my fortune; but I find it generally agreed that he is a thorough churchman in all regards. His aunt, to whom he was legal heir, bequeathed her whole estate to his university, only leaving him an allowance of 70*l.* per annum to support him till he was better provided for; but I prevailed on the provost and fellows to make it 100*l.* a-year. Yesterday I sent for Mr. Dunkin, and catechised him strictly on his principles, and was fully satisfied in them by himself, as I was before by many of his friends; therefore I insist that you shall think of nobody else, much less of Mr. Lloyd, who is not to be compared in any one view. Dr. Squire may linger out for some time, as consumptive people happen to do, but is past hopes of recovery. My dear friend, I cannot struggle with disorders as well as you, for, as I am older, my deafness is very vexatious, and my memory almost entirely gone, except what I retain

* Afterward Mrs. Pratt.

of former times and friends, besides frequent returns of that cruel giddiness which you have seen me under, although not as yet with so much violence. You, God be praised, keep your memory and hearing, and your health is much better than mine, besides the assistance of much abler physicians. If you know Dr. Mead pray present him with my most humble service and grateful acknowledgments of his favours. Dear Mr. Alderman, why do you make excuses for writing long letters? I now nobody who writes better, or with more spirit, with your memory as entire as a young man of wit and humour. I repeat that you present my most humble service to my lord and lady Oxford, and my old friend Mr. Lewis. What is become of Mr. Ford? Is he alive? I never hear from him. We thank your good city for the present it sent us of a brace of monsters called blasters, or blasphemers, or bacchanalians (as they are here called in print), whereof Worsdail the painter, and one Lints (a painter too as I hear), are the leaders. Pray God bless you, my dear friend, and let us have a correspondence as long as I live. I am ever, most dear sir, your constant esteemer, and most obedient humble servant,

JONATHAN SWIFT.

I have five old small silver medals of Cæsar's, very plain, with the inscription: they were found in an old churchyard. Would my lord Oxford think them worth taking?

FROM MR. ALDERMAN BARBER.

London, March 13, 1738.

MOST DEAR AND HONOURED FRIEND,—It was with great pleasure I received yours of the 9th of March, with the state of your health, which was the more agreeable as it contradicted the various reports we had of you; for you remember that our newspapers take the privilege of killing all persons they do not like as often as they please. I have had the honour to be decently interred about six times in their weekly memoirs, which I have always read with great satisfaction.

I am very well satisfied with your character of Mr. Dunkin, and desire that he would immediately draw a petition in form, directed to the governor, &c., which petition I desire that you only would underwrite, with your recommendation, and a character of him, which you will please to send to me, to be made use of at my discretion. He need not come over, but inform me as soon as possible of Dr. Squire's death.

I have made your compliments to lord and lady Oxford, who are both well, and rejoiced to hear of your health. They give you their thanks for your remembrance, and are your faithful friends.

His lordship is very well pleased with your present of the medals, and desires you will send them by the first safe hand that comes over. Is it not shocking that that noble lord, who has no vice (except buying manuscripts and curiosities may be called so), has not a guinea in his pocket, and is selling a great part of his estate to pay his debts? and that estate of his produces near 20,000*l.* a-year. I say, is it not shocking? But indeed most of our nobility with great estates are in the same way. My lord Burlington is now selling, in one article, 9000*l.* a-year in Ireland, for 200,000*l.*, which won't pay his debts.

Dr. Mead[a] is proud of your compliments, and returns his thanks and service.

Mr. Lewis I have not seen, but hear he is pretty well.

Mr. Ford, I am told, is the most regular man living; for from his lodgings to the Mall—to the Cocoa—to the tavern—to bed, is his constant course.

These cold winds of late have affected me; but as the warm weather is coming on I hope to be better than I am, though I thank God I am now in better health than I have been in for many years. Among the other blessings I enjoy I am of a cheerful disposition, and I laugh, and am laughed at in my turn, which helps off the tedious hours.

I hope the spring will have a good effect upon you, and will help your hearing and other infirmities, and that I shall have the pleasure to hear so from your own hand.

You will please to observe that I am proud of every occasion of showing my gratitude to you, sir, to whom I must ever own the greatest obligations.

Pray God bless you and preserve you, and believe me always, dear sir, your most faithful and most obedient humble servant, JOHN BARBER.

[a] The dean had made Dr. Mead a present of his works.

FROM DR. KING TO MR. DEANE SWIFT.[a]

St. Mary-hall, Oxon, March 15, 1738.

SIR,—I did not receive your letter of the 4th till yesterday. It was sent after me to London, and from thence returned to Oxford.

I am much concerned that I cannot see you before you go to Ireland, because I intended to have sent by you a packet for the dean. It has been no fault of mine that he has not heard from me. I have written two letters for him (both enclosed to Mrs. Whiteway) since I received the manuscript from lord Orrery. I wrote again to Mrs. Whiteway, when I was last week in London, to acquaint her that I would write to the dean by a friend of mine who is going for Ireland in a few days. I do not wonder my letters by the post have been intercepted, since they wholly related to the publication of ——,[b] which I am assured is a matter by no means agreeable to some of our great men, nor indeed to some of the dean's particular friends in London. In short, I have been obliged to defer this publication till I can have the dean's answer to satisfy the objections which have been made by some of his friends. I had likewise a particular reason of my own for deferring this work a few months, which I have acquainted the dean with.

I must beg the favour of you to leave behind you the copy of the "Toast," at least to show it to nobody in Ireland; for as I am upon the point of accommodating my suit, the publication of the book would greatly prejudice my affairs at this juncture. But this is a caution I believe I needed not have given you.

Your friends in the hall are all well. We are now very full.

Believe me to be, sir, your most affectionate and most humble servant, WILLIAM KING.

Notwithstanding your letter I am still in some hopes of seeing you before you go for Ireland.

TO MR. ALDERMAN BARBER.

Dublin, March 31, 1738.

MY DEAR GOOD OLD FRIEND IN THE BEST AND WORST TIMES,—Mr. Richardson is come to town, and stays only for a wind to take shipping for Chester, from whence he will hasten to attend you as his governor in London. I have told you that he is a very discreet, prudent gentleman, and I believe your society can never have a better for the station he is in. I shall see him some time to-day or to-morrow morning, and shall desire, with all his modesty, that he press you to write me a long letter if your health will

[a] Then at Monmouth.

[b] Swift's "History of the Four Last Years of the Queen."

permit, which I believe is better than mine, for I have a constant giddiness in my head, and, what is more vexatious, as constant a deafness. I forget everything but old friendship and old opinions. I did desire you that you would, at your leisure, visit the few friends I have left; I mean those of them with whom you have any acquaintance, as my lord and lady Oxford, my lord Bathurst, the countess of Granville, my lord and lady Carteret, my lord Worsley, my dear friend Mr. Pope, and Mr. Lewis, who always loved both you and me. My lord Masham and some others have quite dropped and forgot me. Is lord Masham's son good for anything? I did never like his disposition or education. Have you quite forgot your frequent promises of coming over hither, and pass a summer in attending your government in Derry and Colrane as well as your visitation at the deanery? the last must be for half the months of your stay. Let me know what is become of my lord Bolingbroke—how and where he lives, and whether you ever expect he will come home. Here has run about a report that the duke of Ormond has an intention, and some countenance, to come from his banishment, which I would be extremely glad to find confirmed. That glorious exile has suffered more for his virtues than ever the greatest villain did from the cruelest tyrant. I desire and insist that Mr. Dunkin may have the church living upon Dr. Squire's decease, who I am still assured cannot long hold out; and I take it for granted that Mr. Richardson will have no objection against him. God preserve and bless you, my dear friend. I am ever, with true esteem and friendship, your most obedient humble servant,

JONATHAN SWIFT.

FROM MR. POPE TO THE EARL OF ORRERY.

April 2, 1738.

I WRITE by the same post that I received your very obliging letter. The consideration that you show toward me, in the just apprehension that any news of the dean's condition might alarm me, is most kind and generous. The very last post I wrote to him a long letter, little suspecting him in that dangerous circumstance. I was so far from fearing his health that I was proposing schemes and hoping possibilities for our meeting once more in this world. I am weary of it, and shall have one reason more, and one of the strongest that nature can give me (even when she is shaking my weak frame to pieces), to be willing to leave this world when our dear friend is on the edge of the other. Yet I hope, I would fain hope, he may yet hover a while on the brink of it, to preserve to this wretched age a relic and example of the last.

FROM MR. MACAULAY.[a]

April 13, 1738.

REVEREND SIR,—I have received your letter of this date, and will wait upon you to-morrow morning. I am extremely sorry to find you meet with anything that affects or perplexes you. I hope I shall never be guilty of such black ingratitude as to omit any opportunity of doing you every good office in my power.

I am, with the greatest esteem and gratitude, rev. sir, your most obliged and most obedient servant,

ALEXANDER M'AULAY.

[a] Author of "A Treatise on Tillage," and of a pamphlet in favour of the tithes of the clergy, called "Property Inviolable." To this pamphlet the dean alludes in the clause of his will where he leaves Mr. Macaulay "the gold box in which the freedom of Dublin was presented to me, as a testimony of the esteem and love I have for him, on account of his great learning, fine natural parts, unaffected piety and benevolence, and his truly honourable zeal in defence of the legal rights of the clergy, in opposition to all their unprovoked oppression."

DR. KING TO MR. DEANE SWIFT.

St. Mary-hall, Oxon, April 25, 1738.

DEAR SIR,—I have just received your letter by Mr. Birt, for which I thank you. It is now more than a month since I wrote to Mrs. Whiteway to acquaint the dean with the difficulties I met with in regard to the publication of his history, and to desire his advice and directions in what manner I should proceed. I have not yet had any answer, and till I receive one I can do nothing more. I may probably hear from Ireland before you leave Monmouth, in which case I may trouble you with a packet.

I am pretty much of your opinion about the old poets, and perhaps may confirm you in your whimsies (as you call them) when I have the pleasure of seeing you here again. I heartily wish you a good journey and voyage: but methinks I can hardly excuse you for having been so long absent from us. I wish you had returned to this place, though for one week, because I might have talked over with you all the affair of the "History," about which I have been much condemned, and no wonder, since the dean has continually expressed his dissatisfaction that I have so long delayed the publication of it. However, I have been in no fault: on the contrary, I have consulted the dean's honour and the safety of his person. In a word, the publication of this work, as excellent as it is, would involve the printer, publisher, author and every one concerned, in the greatest difficulties if not in a certain ruin, and therefore it will be absolutely necessary to omit some of the characters.

I thank you for the promise you make me concerning "The Toast."

Your friends here are all well. Believe me, dear sir, your most obedient humble servant,

WILLIAM KING.

FROM MISS RICHARDSON TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

Belturbet, May 6, 1738.

DEAR MADAM,—I received the favour of your letter last post. I was deprived of having that pleasure sooner by removing from Summerseat to this place the beginning of last month, where I was sent for by my father to attend him in a fit of the gout, of which he has been very ill these three months past. My sister, who takes care of him and his family, being near the time of her lying-in, I trouble you with this account that you may know how I am engaged at present, which I fear will prevent me having an opportunity of waiting upon you before my uncle returns.

I most humbly thank you for your kind invitation, and do heartily wish it were any way in my power to let you know the grateful sense I have of my obligations to you. I hope the dean of St. Patrick's is very well: it would have given me infinite pleasure to have had the honour of being in his company with you.

When I parted with my uncle he proposed to make but a short stay in England at this time; and at his return he intended to leave nothing undone that he could think of to prevail with the dean and you to spend some time at his house this summer. I hope you will be so good as to give him all the assistance you can to persuade the dean to take that jaunt: I really believe it would do him great service as to his health: I please myself greatly with the thoughts of having you there, and your daughter, whom I believe to be a very accomplished young lady, having had the happiness to be educated under your direction. I beg you will make my compliments to her; and be assured that I am, with great respect, madam, your most obedient and most humble servant,

KATH. RICHARDSON.

TO MISS HAMILTON[a] OF CALEDON.

Deanery-house, Dublin, June 8, 1738.

MADAM,—Some days ago my lord Orrery had the assurance to show me a letter of yours to him, where you did me the honour to say many things in my favour; I read the letter with great delight, but at the same time I reproached his lordship for his presumption in pretending to take a lady from me who had made so many advances and confessed herself to be nobody's goddess but mine. However, he had the boldness to assure me that he had your consent to take him for a husband. I therefore command you never to accept him without my leave, under my own hand and seal. And as I do not know any lady in this kingdom of so good sense or so many accomplishments, I have at last, with a heavy heart, permitted him to make himself the happiest man in the world; for I know no fault in him except his treacherous dealing with me.

Pray God make you happy in yourselves and each other, and believe me to be, with the truest esteem and respect, madam, your most obedient and obliged servant, JONATHAN SWIFT.

I have neither mourning paper nor gilt at this time, and if I had I could not tell which I ought to choose.

FROM THE EARL OF ORRERY.

June 13, 1738.

DEAR SIR,—I am engaged to-morrow at dinner, but I will try to put it off, and send you word in the morning whether I can meet Mrs. Whiteway or not. To show you what a generous rival I am (now I am sure of the lady), I should be glad to carry down a letter from you to my mistress on Friday. She never drinks any wine; but she told me the other day, to do you good she would drink a bottle. I wish you would insist on it, that I might see whether wine would alter the sweetness of her temper, for I am sure nothing else can.

I rejoice to find there is some little amendment in your health, and I pray God to increase it.

FROM THE EARL OF ORRERY.

June 29, 1738.

DEAR SIR,—I have but this paper left, and how can I employ it better than in triumphing over my rival? *Mea est Lavinia conjux.* To-morrow Miss Hamilton gives me her heart and hand for ever. Do I live to see the day when toupets, coxcomical lords, powdered squires, and awkward beaux, join with the dean of St. Patrick's in loss of one and the same object? My happiness is too great, and in pity to you I will add no more than that I hope to see grief for this loss strongly wrote in your face even twenty years hence. Adieu: your generous rival, ORRERY.

FROM MR. ALDERMAN BARBER.

London, July 2, 1738.

MOST HONOURED AND WORTHY SIR,—I have deferred answering the favours of yours of the 9th and 31st of March, in hopes to have something to entertain you with, and I have succeeded in my wishes, for I am sure I give you great pleasure when I tell you the enclosed I received from the hands of my lord Bolingbroke and Mr. Pope, your dearest friends. My lord has been here a few days, and is come to sell Dawley, to pay his debts; and he will return to France, where, I am told he is writing the "History of his Own Times," which I heartily rejoice at (though I am not likely to live to see it published), because so able a hand can do nothing but what must be instructive and entertaining to the next generation. His lordship is fat and fair, in high spirits, but joins with you and all good men to lament our present unhappy situation. Mr. Pope has a cold, and complains, but he is very well; so well that he throws out a twelvepenny touch in a week or ten days with as much ease as a friend of ours formerly used to roast the enemies of their country.

The report of the duke of Ormond's return is without foundation. His grace is very well in health and lives in a very handsome manner, and has Mr. Kelly with him as his chaplain, the gentleman who escaped out of the Tower. A worthy friend of yours and mine passed through Avignon about a month since, and dined with his grace, from whom I have what I tell you.

I hear nothing of Dr. Squire's departure: I believe I may say that matter is secured for Mr. Dunkin.

I have seen lord and lady Oxford, who make you their compliments. He thanks you for your medals. I believe I told you he is selling Wimple to pay off a debt of 100,000*l*. That a man without any vice should run out such a sum is monstrous. It must be owing to the roguery of his stewards, and his indolency, which is vice enough.

Lord Bathurst is heartily yours; so is Mr. Lewis, who wears apace, and the more (would you believe it?) since the loss of his wife.

I do not see lord —— in an age; his son is married, and proves bad enough; ill-natured and proud, and very little in him.[a] Our friend Ford lives in the same way, as constant as the sun, from the Cocoa-tree to the park, to the tavern, to bed, &c.

So far in the historical way, to obey your several commands. You will now give me leave to hope this will find you free from all your complaints, and that I shall have the great pleasure of seeing it very quickly under your own hand. I thank God I am better than I have been many years, but yet have many complaints, for my asthma sticks close by me, but less gout than formerly, so that, though I cannot walk far, I ride daily, and eat and drink heartily at noon; and impute my being so much better to my drinking constantly the asses' milk, which is the best specific we have. I wish to God you would try it; I am sure it would do you much good. I take it betimes in the morning, which certainly gives me a little sleep, and often a small breathing or sweat.

If Mr. Richardson has not made you his acknowledgments for your great favour and friendship to him he is much to blame, for to you he owes the continuance of his employment. An alderman of Derry came from thence on purpose to attach him, and he had many articles of impeachment; and I believe he had twenty out of twenty-four of our society against him: and the cry has been against him for two or three years past, and I had no way to save him many times, but only by saying that while I had the honour to preside in that chair I would preserve the great privilege every Englishman had, of being heard before he was condemned; and I never put any question against him while he was in Ireland. Well, he came, and, after a long and tedious hearing of both sides, the society were of opinion that he had acted justly and honourably in his office.

I do not deal in politics; I have left them off a long while, only we talk much of war, which I do not believe a word on. A fair lady in Germany[a] has put the king in a good humour they say.

I shall trouble you no more at present, but to assure you I never think of you but with the utmost

[a] Miss Hamilton of Caledon in the county of Tyrone, a great heiress in her own right, with every virtue and accomplishment to adorn her sex.

[a] Amelia Sophia von Walmoden, countess of Yarmouth.

pleasure, and drink your health daily, and heartily pray for your long, long life, as you are an honour to your country, and will be the glory of the present and succeeding ages.

I am, dear sir, your most affectionate humble servant, JOHN BARBER.

TO MR. FAULKNER.

Thursday, July 13, 1738.

SIR,—I desire you will print the following paper in what manner you think most proper. You see my design in it; I believe no man had ever more difficulty or less encouragement to bestow his whole fortune for a charitable use. I am your humble servant,

JONATHAN SWIFT.

IT is known enough that the above-named doctor has, by his last will and testament, bequeathed his whole fortune (except some legacies) to build and endow an hospital, in or near this city, for the support of lunatics, idiots, and those they call incurables; but the difficulty he lies under is, that his whole fortune consists in mortgages on lands and other the like securities; for as to purchasing a real estate in lands, for want of active friends he finds it impossible; so that, much against his will, if he should call in all his money lent, he knows not where to find a convenient estate in a tolerable part of the kingdom which can be bought; and in the mean time his whole fortune must lie dead in the hands of bankers. The great misfortune is that there seems not so much public virtue left among us as to have any regard for a charitable design, because none but the aforesaid unfortunate objects of charity will be the better for it. However, the said doctor, by calling in the several sums he has lent, can be able, with some difficulty, to purchase three hundred pounds per annum in lands for the endowment of the said hospital, if those lands could be now purchased, otherwise he must leave it, as he has done in his will, to the care of his executors, who are very honest, wise, and considerable gentlemen, his friends; and yet he has known some of very fair and deserved credit prove very negligent trustees. The doctor is now able to lend two thousand pounds, at five per cent., upon good security, of which the principal, after his decease, is to be disposed of by his executors, in buying lands for the further endowment of the said hospital.

FROM MR. RICHARDSON.

July 25, 1738.

THERE are but very few things would give me a greater concern than the dean of St. Patrick's becoming indifferent toward me; and yet I fear one of those few things is the cause I have not had a line from you since I came hither. I beseech you ease me of my present pain, by telling me that you are well; that summer, which hath but lately reached us here, hath invited you, and tempted you to ride again.

If anything occurs to you I can do that is agreeable to you, if you have the least inclination to oblige me, let me know of it.

My hurry here is almost over; but one affair or other will detain me till the latter end of October, if I get away then. I cannot say I pass my time disagreeably. I have had some opportunities of doing good offices; and when I am not engaged by business I live with a few friends that I love, and love me, and, for the most part, go every week with one of them to the country for two or three days.

Your friend Bolingbroke is well, and at present with Mr. Pope. I am told he has sold Dawley. Alderman Barber, who has promised me to write to you by the next post, tells me his lordship inquired much about you and your health. The alderman plays his cards so as that his credit in the city daily increases. There is nothing but the vacancy wanted to put Mr. Dunkin in possession of the parish of Colrane.

I hear you have seen Pope's "First Dialogue, 1738." Have you seen his "Universal Prayer?" This "Second Dialogue," together with the copy of the inscription intended by the old duchess of Marlborough for a statue she is to erect of queen Anne, and a few lines attributed to lord Chesterfield on another subject, wait on you enclosed.

Believe that I love as much as I admire you; and that I am, with the most perfect respect, dear sir, your most obliged and most truly faithful servant,

WILLIAM RICHARDSON.

This packet goes franked by the secretary of the foreign office, who can frank any weight.

I expect the prime-serjeant[a] here this night in his way to France

LORD GOWER TO A FRIEND OF DEAN SWIFT.

Trentham, August 1, 1738.

SIR,—Mr. Samuel Johnson (author of "London," a satire, and some other poetical pieces) is a native of this country, and much respected by some worthy gentlemen in this neighbourhood, who are trustees of a charity-school now vacant; the certain salary is 60*l.* a-year, of which they are desirous to make him master; but, unfortunately, he is not capable of receiving their bounty, which *would make him happy for life*, by not being a *master of arts*; which, by the statutes of the school, the master of it must be.

Now these gentlemen do me the honour to think that I have interest enough in you to prevail upon you to write to dean Swift to persuade the university of Dublin to send a diploma to me, constituting this poor man master of arts in their university. They highly extol the man's learning and probity, and will not be persuaded that the university will make any difficulty of conferring such a favour upon a stranger, if he is recommended by the dean. They say he is not afraid of the strictest examination, though he is off so long a journey, and will venture it if the dean thinks it necessary, choosing rather to die upon the road *than be starved to death in translating for booksellers*, which has been his only subsistence for some time past.

I fear there is more difficulty in this affair than these good-natured gentlemen apprehend; especially as their election cannot be delayed longer than the 11th of next month. If you see this matter in the same light as it appears to me, I hope you will burn this, and pardon me for giving you so much trouble about an impracticable thing; but if you think there is a probability of obtaining the favour asked, I am sure your humanity and propensity to relieve merit in distress will incline you to serve the poor man, without my adding more to the trouble I have already given you than assuring you that I am, with great truth, sir, your faithful servant, GOWER.

TO MR. RICHARDSON

August 5, 1738.

SIR,—It was not my want of friendship and esteem that hindered me from answering your several letters, but merely my disorders in point of health; for I am constantly giddy, and so deaf that your friend Mrs. Whiteway has almost got into a consumption by bawling in my ears. I heartily congratulate with you on your triumph over your Irish enemies by a

a Henry Singleton, esq., whom Dr Swift appointed one of his executors. He was afterwards lord chief-justice of the common pleas, which he resigned upon a pension, and was appointed master of the rolls in Ireland.

nemine contradicente. I leave the rest of this paper to be filled by Mrs. Whiteway; and am, with true esteem and gratitude, your most obedient and obliged servant, JONATHAN SWIFT.

Pray tell my dear friend the alderman that I love him most sincerely; but my ill health and worse memory will not suffer me to write a long letter.

TO MR. ALDERMAN BARBER.

August 8, 1738.

MY DEAR AND HONOURED FRIEND,—I have received yours of July 27th; and two days ago had a letter from Mr. Pope, with a dozen lines from my lord Bolingbroke, who tells me he is just going to France, and I suppose designs to continue there as long as he lives. I am very sorry he is under the necessity of selling Dawley. Pray let me know whether he be tolerably easy in his fortunes; for he has these several years lived very expensively. Is his lady still alive? and has he still a country-house and an estate of hers to live on? I should be glad to live so long as to see his "History of his Own Times;" which would be a work very worthy of his lordship, and will be a defence of that ministry and a justification of our late glorious queen against the malice, ignorance, falsehood, and stupidity of our present times and managers. I very much like Mr Pope's last poem, entitled "MDCCXXXVIII.," called Dialogue II.; but I live so obscurely and know so little of what passes in London, that I cannot know the names of persons and things by initial letters.

I am very glad to hear that the duke of Ormond lives so well at ease and in so good health, as well as with so valuable a companion. His grace has an excellent constitution at so near to fourscore. Mr. Dunkin is not in town, but I will send to him when I hear he is come. I extremely love my lord and lady Oxford; but his way of managing his fortune is not to be endured. I remember a rascally butcher, one Morley,[a] a great land-jobber and knave, who was his lordship's manager, and has been the principal cause of my lord's wrong conduct, in which you agree with me in blaming his weakness and credulity. I desire you will please, upon occasion, to present my humble service to my lord and lady Oxford and to my lord Bathurst. I just expected the character you give of young *****. I hated him from a boy. I wonder Mr. Ford is alive; perhaps walking preserves him.

I very much lament your asthma. I believe temperance and exercise have preserved me from it.

I seldom walk less than four miles, sometimes six, eight, ten, or more, never beyond my own limits; or, if it rains, I walk as much through the house, up and down stairs; and if it were not for the cruel deafness I would ride through the kingdom and half through England; pox on the modern phrase Great Britain, which is only to distinguish it from Little Britain, where old clothes and old books are to be bought and sold! However, I will put Dr. Sheridan (the best scholar in both kingdoms) upon taking your receipt for a terrible asthma. I wish you were rich enough to buy and keep a horse, and ride every tolerable day twenty miles.

Mr. Richardson is I think still in London. I assure you he is very grateful to me, and is too wise and discreet to give any just occasion of complaint, by which he must be a great loser in reputation, and a greater in his fortune.

I have not written as much this many a day. I have tired myself much; but, in revenge, I will tire you. I am, dear Mr. Alderman, with very great esteem, your most obedient and most humble servant, JONATHAN SWIFT.

[a] This is the "Mild Morley" of Prior's ballad of "Down-hall"

TO MR. POPE AND LORD BOLINGBROKE.

Dublin, August 8, 1738.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I have yours of July 25, and first I desire you will look upon me as a man worn with years, and sunk by public as well as personal vexations. I have entirely lost my memory, uncapable of conversation by a cruel deafness, which has lasted almost a year, and I despair of any cure. I say not this to increase your compassion (of which you have already too great a part), but as an excuse for my not being regular in my letters to you and some few other friends. I have an ill name in the post-office of both kingdoms,[a] which makes the letters addressed to me not seldom miscarry, or be opened and read, and then sealed in a bungling manner before they come to my hands. Our friend Mrs. Blount is very often in my thoughts, and high in my esteem; I desire you will be the messenger of my humble thanks and service to her. That superior universal genius you describe, whose handwriting I know towards the end of your letter, has made me both proud and happy; but by what he writes I fear he will be too soon gone to his forest abroad. He began in the queen's time to be my patron, and then descended to my friend.

It is a great favour of Heaven that your health grows better by the addition of years. I have absolutely done with poetry for several years past, and even at my best times I could produce nothing but trifles: I therefore reject your compliments on that score, and it is no compliment in me; for I take your second dialogue that you lately sent me to equal almost anything you ever writ; although I live so much out of the world that I am ignorant of the facts and persons, which I presume are very well known from Temple-bar to St. James's; I mean the court exclusive.

I can faithfully assure you that every letter you have honoured me with these twenty years and more are sealed up in bundles and delivered to Mrs. Whiteway, a very worthy, rational, and judicious cousin of mine, and the only relation whose visits I can suffer. All these letters she is directed to send safely to you upon my decease.

My lord Orrery is gone with his lady to a part of her estate in the north; she is a person of very good understanding as any I know of her sex. Give me leave to write here a short answer to my lord B.'s letter in the last page of yours.

MY DEAR LORD,—I am infinitely obliged to your lordship for the honour of your letter and kind remembrance of me. I do here confess that I have more obligations to your lordship than to all the world beside. You never deceived me, even when you were a great minister of state; and yet I love you still more for your condescending to write to me when you had the honour to be an exile. I can hardly hope to live till you publish your history, and am vain enough to wish that my name should be squeezed in among the few subalterns, *quorum pars parva fui:* if not I will be revenged, and contrive some way to be known to futurity, that I had the honour to have your lordship for my best patron; and I will live and die, with the highest veneration and gratitude, your most obedient, &c.

P.S. I will here in a postscript correct (if it be possible) the blunders I have made in my letter. I

[a] Dr. Johnson laughs at Swift and Pope thinking their letters were opened and inspected by the postmaster as an instance of their self-importance.

have showed my cousin the above letter, and she assures me that a great collection of your/my letters to me/you[a] are put up and sealed, and in some very safe hand. I am, my most dear and honoured friend, entirely yours, JONATHAN SWIFT.

It is now August 24, 1738.

TO MR. FAULKNER.

August 31, 1738.

SIR,—I believe you know that I had a treatise called "Advice to Servants," in two volumes. The first was lost, but this moment Mrs. Ridgeway brought it to me, having found it in some papers in her room; and truly, when I went to look for the second I could not tell where to find: it if you happen to have it I shall be glad, if not, the messenger shall go to Mrs. Whiteway. I am, your humble servant,

JONATHAN SWIFT.

FROM MRS. WHITEWAY TO MR. RICHARDSON.

September 16, 1738.

SIR,—I have much pleasure in thinking I have executed your commands and alderman Barber's to both your satisfactions; and was greatly pleased yesterday to find the dean in spirits enough to be able to write you a few lines, because I know it was what you wished for. I declare it has not been by any omission of mine that it was not done long ago. Beside his usual attendants, giddiness and deafness, I can with great truth say the miseries of this poor kingdom have shortened his days and sunk him even below the wishes of his enemies; and as he has lived the patriot of Ireland, like the second Cato, he will resign life when it can be no longer serviceable to his country.

As sir Robert Walpole has your best wishes, I am so far glad of his recovery.

My daughter is now very well, and most highly obliged to you for what you say about her. I was so little myself when I wrote to you last, with her illness, that I forgot to entreat the favour of your commands to Miss Richardson to take the opportunity of the summer season to come to this town; but the week after I wrote to her and insisted on her company immediately; but, by directing my letter to Summerseat instead of Colrane, I had not an answer till yesterday, and then one that did not satisfy me; for it is written with such deference and fear of doing anything without your positive orders, that I have very little to hope for from her. I shall for ever tax you with want of truth, sincerity, and breach of faith, if you do not command her to come immediately to town.

I showed Mr. Dunkin the paragraph in your letter that concerned him; for which and many other obligations he is under to you he owns himself most gratefully your obedient, &c. &c. Mr. Faulkner will send the books by the first that goes to England.

How could you be so unpolite as to tell a woman you supposed her not to entertained with scandal? You will not allow us to be learned; books turn our brain; housewifery is below a genteel education; and work spoils our eyes: and will you not permit us to be proficients in gaming, visiting, and scandal? To convince you I am so in the last article, the poem pleased me mightily, and I had a secret pleasure to see the gentleman I showed it to liked it as well as I did; so I find your sex are not without a tincture of that female quality.

You have pressed me so much in every letter to find you employment, that to be rid of you I will now do it; for, without mentioning the words, entreat, favours, vast obligations, trouble, and a long &c., will you buy for me twenty yards of a pink-coloured English damask? The colour we admire here is called a blue-pink. The woman will tell you what I mean. If you will be pleased, by the return of the post, to tell what will be the expense, I will pay the money immediately into Henry's bank.

I own I am surprised at what you tell me of Mr. Philips; but envy you know is the tax on virtue, for no other reason could make him your enemy; and I most heartily wish whosoever is so may meet with the fate they deserve. I have just read so far of this letter, and am so much ashamed of the liberty I have taken to give you so much trouble, that, if I have truth in me, were it not for the dean's letter it should never go to you. If you can pardon me this, I promise for the future never to give you the like occasion of exerting your good nature to her who is with the greatest respect, sir, your most obliged and most obedient humble servant, M. WHITEWAY.

You forgot to date your letter.

FROM DR. SYNGE, BISHOP OF FERNS.

September 18, 1738.

SIR,—A message which I had just received from you by Mr. Hughes gives me some hopes of being restored to my old place. Formerly I was your minister *in musicis*; but when I grew a great man (and by the by you helped to make me so) you turned me off. If you are pleased again to employ me I shall be as faithful and observant as ever.

I have heard Mr. Hughes sing often at Percival's,[a] and have a good opinion of his judgment; so has Percival, who in these affairs is infallible. His voice is not excellent, but will do: and if I mistake not, he has one good quality, not very common with the musical gentlemen, *i. e.*, he is desirous to improve himself. If Mason and Lamb were of his temper, they would be as fine fellows as they think themselves. I am, sir, your most obedient humble servant,

EDWARD FERNS.

TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

MR. SWIFT'S gimcracks of cups and balls,[b] in order to my convenient shaving with ease and despatch, together with the prescription on half a sheet of paper, was exactly followed, but some inconveniencies attended; for I cut my face once or twice, was just twice as long in the performance, and left twice as much hair behind, as I have done this twelvemonth past. I return him, therefore, all his implements and my own compliments with abundance of thanks, because he hath fixed me during life in my old humdrum way. Give me a full and true account of all your healths, and so adieu. I am ever, &c.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

October 3rd or 4th, or rather, as the butler says, the 2nd, on Tuesday, 1738.

My service to all your litter; I mean Mrs. Harrison, &c., but you will call this high treason. I am still very lame of that left foot. I expect to see as many of you as you please.

FROM THE EARL OF ORRERY TO MR. POPE.

Marston, October 4, 1738.

SIR,—I am more and more convinced that your letters are neither lost nor burnt; but who the dean

[a] It is written just thus in the original. The correspondence in the present volume seems to be part of the collection here spoken of, as it contains not only the letters of Mr. Pope, but of Dr. Swift, both to him and Mr. Gay, which were returned to Mr. Pope after Mr. Gay's death; though any mention made by Mr. Pope of the return or exchange of letters has been industriously suppressed in the publication, and only appears by some of the answers.

[a] At dean Percival's.

[b] A box of soap and a brush.

means by a safe hand in Ireland is beyond my power of guessing, though I am particularly acquainted with most, if not all of his friends. As I know you had the recovery of those letters at heart, I took more than ordinary pains to find out where they were, but my inquiries were to no purpose; and I fear whoever has them is too tenacious of them to discover where they lie. "Mrs. Whiteway did assure me she had not one of them, and seemed to be under great uneasiness that you should imagine they were left with her. She likewise told me she had stopped the dean's letter which gave you that information, but believed he would write such another; and therefore desired me to assure you, from her, that she was totally ignorant where they were."

You may say what you please, either to the dean or any other person, of what I have told you. I am ready to testify it, and I think it ought to be known, "that the dean says they are delivered into a safe hand, and Mrs. Whiteway[a] declares she has them not. The consequence of their being hereafter published may give uneasiness to some of your friends, and of course to you; so I would do all in my power to make you entirely easy in that point."

This is the first time that I have put pen to paper since my late misfortune; and I should say (as an excuse for this letter) that it has cost me some pain, did it not allow me an opportunity to assure you that I am, dear sir, with the truest esteem, your very faithful and obedient servant, ORRERY.

FROM MR. POPE.

Twickenham, October 12, 1738.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I could gladly tell you every week the many things that pass in my heart and revive the memory of all your friendship to me; but I am not so willing to put you to the trouble of showing it (though I know you have it as warm as ever) upon little or trivial occasions. Yet this once I am unable to refuse the request of a very particular and very deserving friend; one of those whom his own merit has forced me to contract an intimacy with, after I had sworn never to love a man more, since the sorrow it cost me to have loved so many now dead, banished, or unfortunate. I mean Mr. Lyttleton, one of the worthiest of the rising generation. His nurse has a son, whom I would beg you to promote to the next vacancy in your choir. I loved my own nurse, and so does Lyttleton; he loves and is loved through the whole chain of relations, dependents, and acquaintance. He is one who would apply to any person to please me, or to serve mine: I owe it to him to apply to you for this man, whose name is William Lamb; and he is the bearer of this letter. I presume he is qualified for that which he desires; and I doubt not, if it be consistent with justice, you will gratify me in him.

Let this however be an opportunity of telling you, —What?—what I can tell; the kindness I bear you, the affection I feel for you, the hearty wishes I form for you, my prayers for your health of body and mind, or (the best softenings of the want of either) quiet and resignation. You lose little by not hearing such things as this idle and base generation has to tell you: you lose not much by forgetting most of what now passes in it. Perhaps to have a memory that retains the past scenes of our country and forgets the present is the means to be happier and better contented. But if the evil of the day be not intolerable (though sufficient, God knows, at any period of life) we may, at least we should, nay, we must (whether patiently or impatiently), bear it, and make the best of what we cannot make better but may make worse. To hear that this is your situation and your temper, and that peace attends you at home, and one or two true friends who are tender about you, would be a great ease to me to know, and know from yourself. Tell me who those are whom you now love or esteem, that I may love and esteem them too; and if ever they come into England let them be my friends. If by anything I can here do I can serve you or please you, be certain it will mend my happiness; and that no satisfaction anything gives me here will be superior, if equal to it.

My dear dean, whom I never will forget or think of with coolness, many are yet living here who frequently mention you with affection and respect. Lord Orrery, lord Bathurst, lord Bolingbroke, lord Oxford, lord Masham, Lewis, Mrs. P. Blount;—allow one woman to the list, for she is as constant to old friendships as any man. And many young men there are, nay, all that are any credit to this age, who love you unknown, who kindle at your fire, and learn by your genius. Nothing of you can die, nothing of you can decay, nothing of you can suffer, nothing of you can be obscured or locked up from esteem and admiration, except what is at the deanery—just as much of you only as God made mortal. May the rest of you (which is all) be as happy hereafter as honest men may expect, and need not doubt, while (knowing nothing more) they know that their Maker is merciful! Adieu. Yours ever,

ALEXANDER POPE.

FROM MR. POPE TO THE EARL OF ORRERY.

Twickenham, November 7, 1738.

WHEN you get to Dublin (whither I direct this, supposing you will see our dear friend as soon as possible) pray put the dean in mind of me, and tell him I hope he received my last. Tell him how dearly I love him and how greatly I honour him; how greatly I reflect on every testimony of his friendship; how much I resolved to give the best I can of my esteem for him to posterity; and assure him the world has nothing in it I admire so much, nothing the loss of which I should regret so much, as his genius and his virtues.

TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

November 27, 1738.

I NEVER liked a letter from you on your usual days of coming here, for it always brings me bad news. I am heartily sorry for your son's continuing his illness, and that you have now two patients in your house. In the mean time, pray take care of your health, chiefly your wicked colic, and Mrs. Harrison's disposition to a fever. I hope at least things will be better on Thursday, else I shall be full of the spleen, because it is a day you seem to regard although I detest it, and I read the third chapter of Job that morning.[b] I am deafer than when you saw me last, and indeed am quite cast down. My hearty love and service to Mrs. Harrison. I thoroughly pity you in your present circumstances. I am ever yours entirely. God support you. JONATHAN SWIFT.

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[a] This lady afterwards gave Mr. Pope the strongest assurances that she had used her utmost endeavours to prevent the publication; nay, went so far as to secrete the book till it was commanded from her and delivered to the Dublin printer; whereupon her son-in-law, Deane Swift, esq., insisted upon writing a preface to justify Mr. Pope from having any knowledge of it, and to lay it on the corrupt practices of the printers in London; but this Mr. Pope would not agree to, as not knowing the truth of the fact.

[a] Dr. Swift's birthday.

[b] This chapter he always read upon his birthday.

FROM MISS RICHARDSON TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

Belturbet, November 29, 1739.

Dear Madam,—It was a very unequal match that the dean and you should join in a plot against my uncle and me: you could not fail of carrying your point. Anything the dean hath a hand in is done in the most genteel and surprising manner. I fairly own I am caught: I would be glad to know what my uncle will think of himself when he hears the part he acted in it: I have been so well accustomed to receive presents of value from him, that I thought it had been a piece of edging, or some light thing, which he had committed to your care to be forwarded to me. Never was I so surprised as I was when I read your letter, to think that I had received a present from so great a person as the dean; but, when I looked upon it, and knew the expense it must be to him, I was quite confounded: it was too great an honour for me, who can never deserve the least favour from him? it is a most beautiful diamond. I own I am proud of finery now, which I never was in my life before. I am highly obliged to you for your improvement of the ring: the dean's hair and name have made it a treasure to me, and I really believe it will be thought so a thousand years hence, if it can be kept so long. I am sure it shall by me, as long as I live, with as much care as I keep my eyes, while I have them to look upon it.

My sister, who had the honour of waiting upon you in town, and brought me the ring very safe, is full of acknowledgments for your civilities to her, and returns you her most sincere thanks, with her humble service. Pray give mine most affectionately to Miss Harrison. I am, dear madam, your most obliged and most humble servant,

Kath. Richardson.

FROM MR. RICHARDSON.

London, January 2, 1739.

Sir,—I am called upon by many provocations to prefer a bill of indictment against you and a female accomplice of yours [Mrs. Whiteway]; for that, by the use of means very uncommon, which were in your power only, you have turned the head of a well-meaning country girl of plain sense, who had been very useful to me, and esteemed by her acquaintance. I have seen of late many symptoms of her disorder: it is true that the fascination of your works had before operated strongly upon her; for scarce any opportunity occurred but she poured forth her admiration of the author, and can repeat without book all your poems better than her catechism; however, she could attend to domestic affairs, and give proper directions about matters in the kitchen and larder, &c., and when she did not pore upon your writings, or some other books (I cannot say of the like kind), she was at work, or seeing that things in her province were as they should be: but now truly it appears she apprehends that heretofore she had not discovered her own value and importance. To be taken notice of by a person she has long thought to be the greatest genius any age has produced, and whom she worships with an adoration that to any mortal rises almost to idolatry, has, it is much to be feared, transported her with conceit and vanity, and where it will end I know not. What you have done proceeded no doubt from a malicious intention towards me as well as the poor girl; and I resent it accordingly, as I hope she will do when she returns to her senses.

I was greatly rejoiced, dear sir, to learn from the prime-serjeant Singleton that he found you extremely well in every respect, except your hearing; and in that he said you were much better than he expected. That man, who has as true a heart as I ever met with, most entirely loves as well as admires you.

This place affords no news at present. I am detained by affairs of importance that relate to my friends, and cannot yet say when they will allow me to return. I pass my time now and then with some of Mr. Pope's most intimate friends; and although I would have a great pleasure in being known to him, that of the present age comes next to you in fame, I shall not be introduced to him, unless I shall have the honour not to be thought wholly unworthy to deliver him a letter from the dean of St. Patrick's.

Alderman Barber got a fall in his parlour on his hip, by his foot getting into a hole of the carpet; it brought a fit of the gout upon him, and he is still somewhat lame in his hip, but otherwise in very good health and spirits.

Doctor Squire holds out surprisingly: as soon as the vacancy shall happen I shall have notice, and there is no doubt but Mr. Dunkin will succeed him.

I am ever, dear sir, with the highest esteem and respect, your most obliged and most affectionate humble servant,

William Richardson.

FROM DR. KING.

St. Mary-hall, Oxford, January 5, 1739.

Sir,—At length I have put Rochefoucault to the press, and about ten or twelve days hence it will be published. But I am in great fear lest you should dislike the liberties I have taken. Although I have done nothing without the advice and approbation of those among your friends in this country who love and esteem you most, and zealously interest themselves in everything that concerns your character. As they are much better judges of mankind than I am, I very readily submit to their opinion; however, if, after having received the printed copies, which I will send you next week, you shall still resolve to have the poem published as entire as you put it into my hands, I will certainly obey your commands, if I can find a proper person to undertake the work. I shall go to London the latter end of the next week, when I will write to you by a private hand more fully than I can venture to do by the post.

I was at Twickenham in the Christmas week. Mr. Pope had just then received a letter from you, and I had the pleasure of hearing you were well and in good spirits. May those good spirits continue with you to the last hour!

Believe me to be with the greatest truth, sir, your most obedient, and most faithful servant,

William King.

Pray do me the honour to present my most humble service to Mrs. Whiteway.

FROM MR. DEANE SWIFT.

January 12, 1739.

Sir,—I had so great an honour conferred upon me yesterday that I know not how to express the obligations I lie under for it, unless by endeavouring to make myself worthy of your present. I can demonstrate to the world that I daily improve in wisdom and knowledge, by studying in those books which, since the beginning of my life, I have ever esteemed to be a complete library of taste, wit, poetry, and politics; yes, and in spite of dulness and prejudice, I will venture to say of religion also. This I am sure of, that so great a present from so great a person, and in a manner so handsome and extraordinary, it is absolutely impossible I should ever be honoured with again. I always thought I added to my own reputation whenever I pointed out some of those excellencies which shine through every page of them

But to be thought worthy of receiving them from your hands was infinitely beyond even what my vanity could hope for. I have flattered myself for many years that to the best of my power I have continually fought under the banners of liberty, and that I have been ready at a moment's call either to lay down my life in the defence of it, or, whenever there should appear any probability of success, to vindicate and assert that claim which every man in every country has by nature a right to insist upon; but, whatever principles have guided my actions hitherto, I shall from this moment enlist myself under the conduct of liberty's general; and whenever I desert her ensigns to fight under those of tyranny and oppression, then, and not till then, will I part with those books which you have so highly honoured me with, and cast them into the flames, that I may never afterwards be reproached either by the sight of them or the remembrance of the donor. I am, sir, with the highest esteem, your most obliged and most obedient humble servant, DEANE SWIFT.

FROM DR. KING.

London, January 23, 1739.

SIR,—I hope you received a letter I wrote to you from Oxford about the 30th of last month, in which I acquainted you with the publication of Rochefoucault; and as I interest myself most heartily in everything that concerns your character as an author, so I take great pleasure in telling you that none of your works have been better received by the public than this poem. I observe this with more than ordinary satisfaction, because I may urge the approbation of the public as some kind of apology for myself, if I shall find you are dissatisfied with the form in which this poem now appears. But if that should happen, all the rest of your friends on this side of the water must share the blame with me; for I have absolutely conformed myself to their advice and opinion as to the manner of the publication. There are some lines, indeed, which I omitted with a very ill will, and for no other reason but because I durst not insert them—I mean the story of the medals: however, that incident is pretty well known, and care has been taken that almost every reader may be able to supply the blanks. That part of the poem which mentions the death of queen Anne, and so well describes the designs of the ministry which succeeded upon the accession of the late king, I would likewise willingly have published, if I could have done it with safety; but I do not know whether the present worthy set of ministers would not have construed this passage into high treason, by aid of the new doctrine of innuendoes: at least a lawyer whom I consulted on this occasion gave me some reason to imagine this might be the case. I am in truth more cautious than I used to be, well knowing that my superiors look on me at present with a very evil eye, as I am the reputed author of the Latin poem I have sent you by the same gentleman who does me the favour to deliver you this letter; for although that piece has escaped the state inquisition, by being written in a language that is not at present very well understood at court, and might perhaps puzzle the attorney-general to explain, yet, the scope of the poem and principal characters being well understood, the author must hereafter expect no mercy if he gives his enemies any grounds or colour to attack him. But notwithstanding all my caution, if I perceive you dislike this manner and form of the poem, I will some way or other contrive that it may be published as you shall direct.

I send you my best wishes, and I hope you will yet live many years in a perfect state, for the sake of your friends, for the benefit of your country, and for the honour of mankind; and I beg you to believe that I am, with the greatest truth, sir, your most humble and most obedient servant, WILLIAM KING.

FROM DR. KING TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

January 30, 1739.

MADAM,—A very kind letter, which I have just received from you, has put me into great confusion. I beg of you to be assured that I think myself under the highest obligations to you, and that I set a true value on the friendship with which you have honoured me, and shall endeavour to preserve it as long as I live. If our correspondence has been interrupted, it has been wholly owing to the ill treatment I received from the post-office; for some time I did not receive a letter that had not been opened, and very often my letters were delivered to me with the seals torn off. Whether these post-officers really thought me, what I never thought myself, a man of importance, or whether they imagined my letters were a cover for some great name, I do not know; but for my part I grew peevish to find my friendships and all my little chit-chat must constantly be exposed to the view of every dirty fellow that had leisure or curiosity enough to examine my letters. However, for some little time past I have not had the same cause of complaint. Your letter was delivered to me in good condition: I begin to think my superiors no longer suspect me of holding any unwarrantable correspondence, especially since I find I may now venture to write to the dean, even by the Oxford post. Notwithstanding what you say, I am in some pain about Rochefoucault, and doubt much whether he will be satisfied with the manner in which he finds it published: to which I consented in deference to Mr. Pope's judgment, and the opinion of others of the dean's friends in this country, who, I am sure, love and honour him, and kindly concern themselves in everything that may affect him. The town has received this piece so well, that in all parts and in all companies I hear it extremely commended; and not only the dean's friends, but his greatest enemies, acknowledge that he has not lost any part of his fire, and of that inimitable turn of wit and humour so peculiar to himself. For my part I never read any of his works, either in prose or verse, that I do not call to mind that short character which cardinal Polignac gave him in speaking to me, *Il a l'esprit créateur*, which I mentioned to you in a former letter, if I remember rightly. It may not be amiss to tell you that one Gally, or Gaillie, since this poem was printed, offered it to sale to a bookseller at Temple-bar; and I am now told that there are two or three copies more in London. Gaillie pretends that he is just come from Ireland, and that he had directions to publish the poem here; so that perhaps the whole may at last appear whether he will or not.

I am glad to hear that my friend Mr. Swift is well. When are we to see him again in Oxford? Since you appeal to him for a voucher, although you need none with me, let him likewise do me the justice to tell you that he never heard me mention your name but with the greatest esteem and respect; with which I shall ever be, madam, your most obedient and most faithful servant, WILLIAM KING.

I sent the dean a packet by the gentleman under whose cover I send you this.

TO MR. ALDERMAN BARBER.

Dublin, February 16, 1739.

MY DEAR GOOD OLD FRIEND,—The young gentleman [William Swift, esq.] who delivers you this lies under one great disadvantage, that he is one of my relations,

and those are of all mortals what I despise and hate, except one Mrs. Whiteway and her daughter. You must understand that the mother has the insolence to say that you have heard of her and know her character. She is a perfect Irish Teague, born in Cheshire, and lived, as I remember, at Warrington. The young gentleman who waits upon you has a very good countenance, has been entered three years at the Temple, (as it is the usual custom,) but I think was never yet in England, nor does he know any one person there. However, as it is easy to find you, who are so well known and so much esteemed, he will attend you with this letter, and you will please to instruct him in the usual methods of entering himself in the Temple. He is a younger brother, but has an estate of 100*l.* a-year, which will make shift to support him in a frugal way. He is also a very good person of a man, and Mrs. Whiteway says he has a virtuous disposition. My disorders of deafness, forgetfulness, and other ailments, added to a dead weight of seventy years, make me weary of life. But my comfort is, that in you I find your vigour and health increase. Pray God continue both to you. I am, my dear friend, with very great esteem and affection, your most obedient and most humble servant, JONATHAN SWIFT.

Do you ever see any of our old friends? If you visit Mr. Lewis I must charge you to present him with my kind and hearty service; and how or where is my lord Bolingbroke and Mr. Pope?

I am very much obliged to you for the favour you have shown to Mr. Richardson. He is a very prudent good gentleman: if you see him, pray make him my compliments. So, my dear friend, once more adieu.'

FROM DR. KING TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

London, March 6, 1739.

MADAM,—I do not remember anything published in my time that hath been so universally well received as the dean's last poem. Two editions have been already sold off, though two thousand were printed at first. In short, all people read it, all agree to commend it; and I have been well assured the greatest enemies the dean has in this country allow it to be a just and beautiful satire. As I am very sincerely and sensibly affected by everything that may raise the dean's character as a writer, (if anything can raise it higher,) so you may believe I have had the greatest pleasure in observing the success and general approbation which this poem has met with; wherefore I was not a little mortified yesterday when the bookseller brought me the Dublin edition, and at the same time put into my hands a letter he had received from Faulkner, by which I perceive the dean is much dissatisfied with our manner of publication, and that so many lines have been omitted, if Faulkner speaks truth and knows as much of the dean's mind as he pretends to know. Faulkner has sent over several other copies to other booksellers; so that I take it for granted this poem will soon be reprinted here from the Dublin edition; and then it may be perceived how much the dean's friends have been mistaken in their judgment, however good their intentions have been. In the mean time I will write to you on this occasion without any reserve; for I know you love the dean, and kindly and zealously interest yourself in everything that concerns his character; and if you will believe the same of me, you will do me great justice.

The doctor's friends whom I consulted on this occasion were of opinion that the latter part of the poem might be thought by the public a little vain, if so much were said by himself of himself. They were unwilling that any imputation of this kind should lie against this poem, considering there is not the least tincture of vanity appearing in any of his former writings, and that it is well known there is no man living more free from that fault than he is.

They were of opinion that these lines,

"He lash'd the vice, but spared the name;
No individual could resent,
Where thousands equally were meant,"

might be liable to some objection, and were not, strictly speaking, a just part of his character; because several persons have been lashed by name,—a Bettesworth, and, in this poem, Chartres and Whitshed; and for my part, I do not think, or ever shall think, that it is an imputation on a satirist to lash an infamous fellow by name. The lines which begin,

"Here's Wolston's Tracts, the twelfth edition,"

are plainly a mistake; and were omitted for that reason only; for Wolston never had a pension: on the contrary, he was prosecuted for his blasphemous writings; his books were burnt by the hands of the common hangman; he himself was imprisoned, and died in prison. Woolaston, the author of a book called "The Religion of Nature Delineated," was indeed much admired at court, his book universally read, his busto set up by the late queen in her grotto at Richmond with Clarke's and Locke's; but this Woolaston was not a clergyman.

The two last lines—

"That kingdom he hath left his debtor,
I wish it soon may have a better"—

I omitted because I did not well understand them; a *better* what?——There seems to be what the grammarians call an *antecedent* wanting for that word; for neither *kingdom* or *debtor* will do, so as to make it sense, and there is no other antecedent. The dean is, I think, without exception, the best and most correct writer of English that has ever yet appeared as an author; I was therefore unwilling anything should be caviled at as ungrammatical: he is besides the most patient of criticism of all I ever knew; which perhaps is not the least sign of a great genius. I have therefore ventured to make these objections to you; in which however, for the most part, I submitted my own opinion to the judgment of others. I had something to add concerning the notes, but I have not room in this paper; but I will give you the trouble of reading another letter. Believe me, madam, your most obedient and most humble servant, WILLIAM KING.

FROM MRS. WHITEWAY TO MR. RICHARDSON.

March 28, 1739.

SIR,—Two days ago I had the very great pleasure to hear from Mr. Swift you were well. The acknowledgments he professes in his letters to the dean and me of your extraordinary civilities to him make me perfectly ashamed to think how ill I shall acquit myself by only being able to say I most sincerely thank you. What an opportunity have you laid in my way of saying a thousand fine things on this subject; and yet I can only tell you (what you already know to be a great truth) that you have acted in this as you do in everything, friendly, politely, and genteelly. All the returns I can make is to give you further room to exercise a virtue which great minds only feel, that of doing good to an ingenuous, worthy, honest gentleman. The person I mean is counsellor M'Aulay; one of those who stand candidates for member of parliament to represent the university of Dublin, in the place of Dr. Coghill deceased. The dean of St. Patrick's appears openly for him; and I have his leave and command to tell you, if you can do Mr. M'Aulay a piece of friendship on this occasion with any person of distinction in England, he will receive the favour as done to himself.

After I have mentioned the dean, how trifling will it be to speak of myself! and yet I most earnestly entreat your interest in this affair; and for this reason, because it will never lie in my way to make you any return; so that only true generosity can inspire you to do anything at my request. After all, I am not so very unreasonable as to desire a favour of this nature if it be irksome to you. Tell me, sir, can you do anything in this matter? and will you undertake it? for your word I know can be depended upon. There is one hint that perhaps I am impertinent in offering, that all great bodies of men, (or who at least think themselves so,) let their inclinations be ever so much in prejudice of one person, (as I take it to be the case of Mr. M'Aulay,) yet wait for the interfering of the higher powers; so that, if by your good offices the lord-lieutenant can be prevailed on to recommend him to the provost and fellows of the university, his interest would be certainly fixed; but this, and the manner of doing it, I submit to your superior judgment.

The dean of St. Patrick's presents you his most affectionate love and service;—these were his own words. He is better both in health and hearing than I have known him these twelve months; but so indolent in writing that he will scarce put his name to a receipt for money. This he has likewise ordered me to tell you as an apology for not writing to you himself, and not want of the highest esteem for you.

Do you, sir, ever intend to see this kingdom again? What time may we expect it? When may I hope you will perform your promise to let Miss Richardson spend some months with me; and do you ever intend to write again to your friends in Dublin? I am, sir, with the highest esteem and respect, your most humble and most obedient servant, MARTHA WHITEWAY.

FROM MR. RICHARDSON TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

London, April 5, 1739.

DEAR MADAM,—I am indeed much ashamed that I have so many favours from you to acknowledge at one time. You may believe me when I assure you that my silence has not proceeded from want of respect and esteem for you. I would not put on the affectation of much business as an excuse to anybody, much less to you; although the truth is, that I am hurried almost out of my life with the attendance and writing about things I have undertaken for some friends.

The dean's recommendation and yours, without any other consideration whatever, would induce me to do my utmost to serve Mr. M'Aulay, as I have told him by this post, when I thought I should not trouble you with a few lines. He will acquaint you with what I have done, by which you will see that I lost no time; and I have hopes to obtain the lord-lieutenant's countenance for him.

I will endeavour to introduce Mr. Swift[a] to the acquaintance of some persons before I leave this; whose countenance and friendship will at least give a young gentleman a good air: his own merit entitles him to the esteem and regard of such as shall have the happiness to be acquainted with him: I am much obliged to you for introducing me to him. I have only time to add my most hearty thanks for the same, and to assure you that any opportunity of expressing the esteem I have for the dean, which is the highest, and for you, will ever give me the greatest pleasure. I am, madam, your most obliged and most truly faithful servant, WILLIAM RICHARDSON.

FROM MR. RICHARDSON.

London, April 10, 1739.

DEAR SIR,—It is an age since I had the honour of a line from you. Your friend Mr. alderman Barber, whose veneration for you prompts him to do anything he can think of that can shew his respect and affection, made a present to the university of Oxford of the original picture done for you by Jervas, to do honour to the university by your being placed in the gallery among the most renowned and distinguished personages this island has produced; but first had a copy taken, and then had the original set in a fine rich frame, and sent it to Oxford, after concerting with lord Bolingbroke, the vice-chancellor, and Mr. Pope, as I remember, the inscription to be under the picture, a copy whereof is enclosed. The alderman had a very handsome compliment from the vice-chancellor in the name of all the heads of houses there, and by their direction: wherein there is most honourable mention of the dean of St. Patrick's on that occasion.

Seeing an article in the "London Evening Post" upon your picture, which was drawn at the request and expense of the chapter of your cathedral, being put up in the deanery, alderman Barber took the hint, and caused what you see in the "London Evening Post" of this day to be printed therein. He knows nothing of my writing to you at this time; but I thought it right that you should be acquainted how intent he is, all manner of ways, to show the effects of the highest friendship, kindled to a flame by the warmest sense of gratitude and the most exalted esteem and veneration.

Mrs. Whiteway and Mr. M'Aulay can inform you how absolute your commands are with me. Since you recommended him he is sure of the utmost I can do for him.

Sir, if I have not a few words from you I shall conclude that you think me troublesome, and are resolved to get rid of my impertinence. It will be two or three months before I can get from hence, although I am impatient to be at home; but wherever I am, or however engaged, I am always, dear sir, your most obliged and most truly faithful servant,

WILLIAM RICHARDSON.

My best respects wait upon Mrs. Whiteway.

TO THE REVEREND MR. KING.

Monday morning.

SIR,—I have often desired to talk with you about the Wednesday dinner, but could never see you. Mrs. Sican is to buy the dinner, for which I advanced a moidore and a double pistole. I hoped you would have written to Dr. Wilson, and taken some care about the wine, for I have none to spare. Pray let me know whether you are content to take your usual trouble on these occasions. I am your obedient humble servant,

JONATHAN SWIFT.

FROM DEAN SWIFT AND MRS. WHITEWAY TO MR. RICHARDSON.

April 17, 1739.

MY VERY GOOD FRIEND,—I find that Mrs. Whiteway pretends to have been long acquainted with you; but upon a strict examination I discovered that all the acquaintance was only at the deanery-house, where she had the good fortune to see you once or twice at most. I am extremely obliged to you for your favours to Mr. M'Aulay, for whose good sense and virtues of every kind I have highly esteemed him ever since I had the happiness of knowing him. If he succeeds in his election it will be chiefly by your good offices; and you have my hearty thanks for what you have already done. I know you often see my honest hearty friend alderman Barber; and pray let him know that I command him to continue his friendship to you, although he is your absolute governor. I am very much obliged to the alderman and you for your civilities to young Swift. Mrs. Whiteway says he is my cousin;

[a] William Swift, esq., then a student at the Middle Temple.

which will not be to his advantage, for I hate all relations; and I——Sir, I have snatched the pen out of the dean's hand, who seems, by his countenance, to incline to finish his letter with my faults as he began it. Where there is so large a scope and such a writer, you may believe I should not like to have my character drawn by him. However, I think for once he is mistaken; I mean in the article of what he calls vanity, and which I term a laudable ambition, the honour of being known to you, and bragging of it as some merit to myself to be distinguished by you. Have I not reason to boast when you tell me my recommendation will have weight with you? and how great must be the obligation that words cannot express! Gratitude, like grief, dwells only in the mind, and can best be guessed at when it is too great to be told, and most certainly lessens when we are capable of declaring it. I never doubted Mr. M'Aulay's success if you undertook his cause, nor your indefatigable friendship for those who have the good fortune to gain your esteem. Mr. Swift I wish may be in the number. This I am sure of, that his virtue and honour will never give me reason to repent that I introduced him to you, which is the only favour I hoped for him; but you, sir, never do things by halves.

I know you are hurried on many occasions; therefore I do not expect a letter unless you are perfectly disengaged. Sometimes we are in such a state of indolence that half an hour is trifled away in doing nothing. When you find yourself in this situation tell me in two or three lines you are well, and command Miss Richardson to come to me. My daughter most earnestly joins with me in this request, and entreats you to believe that she is, with as great respect as I am, sir, your most humble and most obedient servant, MARTHA WHITEWAY.

FROM MR. RICHARDSON.

London, April 17, 1739.

DEAR SIR,—I wrote this morning to Mrs. Whiteway a few lines in much hurry, and I write this to you in Guildhall, by alderman Barber's direction. Besides a letter from you to the society, whose address is in Mrs. Whiteway's letter, he thinks a memorial or petition from Mr. Dunkin to the society will be of use; and if you write to Mr. Pope the alderman thinks he will get one vote, which he can fix no way of obtaining but through Pope. I am ever, dear sir, your most obliged and most affectionate humble servant,

WILLIAM RICHARDSON.

I should think it would be right in Mr. Dunkin to come over the moment he hears of Squire's death. I wrote by this post to a nephew to let you know the moment he dies, if the life should be in him when my letter goes to him.

TO THE HONOURABLE THE SOCIETY OF THE GOVERNOR AND ASSISTANTS, LONDON, FOR THE NEW PLANTATION IN ULSTER, WITHIN THE REALM OF IRELAND, AT THE CHAMBER IN GUILDHALL, LONDON.

April 19, 1739.

WORTHY GENTLEMEN,—I heartily recommend to your very worshipful society the reverend Mr. William Dunkin for the living of Colrane, vacant by the death of Dr. Squire. Mr. Dunkin is a gentleman of great learning and wit, true religion, and excellent morals. It is only for these qualifications that I recommend him to your patronage; and I am confident that you will never repent the choice of such a man, who will be ready at any time to obey your commands. You have my best wishes and all my endeavours for your prosperity; and I shall, during my life, continue to be, with the truest respect and highest esteem, worthy sirs, your most obedient and most humble servant,

JONATHAN SWIFT.

FROM MRS. WHITEWAY TO MR. RICHARDSON.

April 19, 1739.

SIR,—I now give you an opportunity of adding a new petition in your prayers,—From female impertinence, good Lord, deliver me. Yet this trouble you brought on yourself; and therefore I will make no apology for it. Mr. Dunkin's case comes now under your care. You were the first promoter of it; and to you only are his obligations due. Mr. Squire died the 14th of this month; and by this post the dean has writ to alderman Barber in Mr. Dunkin's favour. He has commanded me to entreat your friendship for him with the alderman and the society: and says he knows you will pardon him that he does not write to you himself on the occasion; for his head is very much out of order to-day. There is one article in the dean's letter he has left out, and another inserted, much against my inclination. The first is, that he omitted mentioning Mr. Dunkin as a worthy good man, which, in my opinion, is more material than being a poet or a scholar, although, when joined with these, make a most amiable character: the other is, troubling the alderman to know there is such an insignificant person in the world as Mrs. Whiteway; but the tyrant dean will say and do just as he pleases. The enclosed was sent me by Mr. Dunkin, not knowing how to direct to you. I now promise you, sir, to teaze you no more with my letters, unless you command me to pay you my most humble respects; and then you shall be obeyed with pleasure by, sir, your most obliged and most obedient servant,

MARTHA WHITEWAY.

TO MR. ALDERMAN BARBER.

Dublin, April 19, 1739.

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND—At last Dr. Squire is actually dead; he died upon the 14th day of this month, and now you have the opportunity of obliging me in giving Squire's living in Colrane to Mr. William Dunkin, who is an excellent scholar, and keeps a school in my neighbourhood; besides he is a very fine poet. My friend Mr. Richardson can give you a better account of him. It is true Mr. Dunkin is a married man; however, that is of no great moment; and in the northern country of Ireland, although it be the best inhabited part of the kingdom, a wife will be convenient. Yet we two old bachelors (I own I am your senior) could never consent to take so good example, by endeavouring to multiply the world. I heartily thank you for your civilities to young Swift. It seems he is a relation of mine. And there is one Mrs. Whiteway, a widow, the only cousin of my family for whom I have any sort of friendship; it was she prevailed with me to introduce the young man to you. He is a younger brother, and his portion is only 100*l.* a-year English. You will oblige me if you can bear seeing him once a-quarter at his lodging near the Temple, where he designs to study the law; and so I have done without ever troubling you, my dear friend. Where is Mr. Lewis? Some months ago he wrote to me with many complaints of his ill health and the effect of old age, in both which I can overmatch you and him, beside my giddy head, deafness, and forgetfulness into the bargain. I hear our friend lord Bolingbroke has sold Dawley; I wish you could tell me in what condition he is, both as to

health and fortune; and where his lady lives, and how they agree. If you visit my lord and lady Oxford and their daughter, who is now, as I hear, a duchess, or any other friend of ours, let them have the offers of my humble service. May you, my most dear friend, preserve your health and live as long as you desire! I am ever, with the greatest truth and esteem, your most obedient humble servant and entire friend, JONATHAN SWIFT.

I desire you will give my most hearty service to Mr. Pope; and let him know that I have provided for Mr. Lamb, whom he recommended to me, with a full vicar-choralship in my choir. And pray let me know the state of Mr. Pope's health.

DR. DUNKIN TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

April 25, 1737.

MADAM,—As it was through your countenance I had the honour of being first introduced to the most worthy dean of St. Patrick, I must have thought myself under the highest obligation to you; but the continuance of your friendship, through so many repeated acts of generosity, and the course of his gracious endeavours to raise my reputation and fortune, are such things as I must ever remember and express with a very deep sense of gratitude.

The fatigue of writing so many letters lately in my favour was indeed what I could not in reason expect even from his humanity, were I worthy of them; and I can only say the dean of St. Patrick is unwearied in doing good, and that he who could rise to preserve a nation will descend to relieve an individual.

The sense of my own demerit, and the just awe in which I stand before so great and good a man, will not allow me either that freedom of speech or writing which is requisite to let him understand with what love, veneration, and respect of his person I reflect upon the many instances of his tender concern and uncommon zeal for my welfare. This is a duty I most earnestly wish, but am altogether unable to perform, and such as I entreat you, dear madam, to undertake for me; your compliance in which will be yet another among the many and weighty obligations laid upon your most dutiful, obedient, devoted servant, WILLIAM DUNKIN.

TO MR. POPE.

Dublin, April 28, 1739.

DEAR SIR,—The gentleman who will have the honour to deliver you this, although he be one related to me, which is by no means any sort of recommendation; for I am utterly void of what the world calls natural affection, and with good reason, because they are a numerous race degenerating from their ancestors, who were of good esteem for their loyalty and sufferings in the rebellion against king Charles I. This cousin of mine, who is so desirous to wait on you, is named Deane Swift, because his great-grandfather by the grandmother's side was admiral Deane, who, having been one of the regicides, had the good fortune to save his neck by dying a year or two before the Restoration.

I have a great esteem for Mr. Deane Swift, who is much the most valuable of any of his family: he was first a student in this university, and finished his studies in Oxford, where Dr. King, principal of St. Mary Hall, assured me that Mr. Swift behaved himself with good reputation and credit; he hath a very good taste for wit, writes agreeable and entertaining verses, and is a perfect master equally skilled in the best Greek and Roman authors. He has a true spirit for liberty, and with all these advantages is extremely decent and modest. Mr. Swift is heir to the little paternal estate of our family at Goodrich in Herefordshire. My grandfather was so persecuted and plundered two and fifty times by the barbarity of Cromwell's hellish crew, of which I find an account in a book called "Mercurius Rusticus," that the poor old gentleman was forced to sell the better half of his estate to support his family. However, three of his sons had better fortune; for, coming over to this kingdom, and taking to the law, they all purchased good estates, of which Mr. Deane Swift has a good share, but with some incumbrance.

I had a mind that this young gentleman should have the honour of being known to you; which is all the favour I ask for him; and that, if he stays any time longer in London than he now intends, you will permit him to wait on you sometimes. I am, my dearest friend, your most obedient and mos humble servant, JONATHAN SWIFT.

TO MR. POPE.

May 10, 1739.

You are to suppose, for the little time I shall live, that my memory is entirely gone, and especially of anything that was told me last night or this morning. I have one favour to entreat from you. I know the high esteem and friendship you bear to your friend Mr. Lyttleton, whom you call "the rising genius of this age." His fame, his virtue, honour, and courage, have been early spread, even among us. I find he is secretary to the prince of Wales; and his royal highness has been for several years chancellor of the university in Dublin. All this is a prelude to a request I am going to make to you. There is in this city one Alexander M'Aulay, a lawyer of great distinction for skill and honesty, zealous for the liberty of the subject, and loyal to the house of Hanover; and particularly to the prince of Wales, for his highness's love to both kingdoms.

Mr. M'Aulay is now soliciting for a seat in parliament here, vacant by the death of Dr. Coghill, a civilian, who was one of the persons chosen for this university: and as his royal highness continues still chancellor of it, there is no person so proper to nominate the representative as himself. If this favour can be procured by your good-will and Mr. Lyttleton's interest, it will be a particular obligation to me, and grateful to the people of Ireland, in giving them one of their own nation to represent this university.

There is a man in my choir, one Mr. Lamb; he has at present but half a vicarship; the value of it is not quite 50*l.* per annum. You wrote to me in his favour some months ago; and if I outlive any one vicar-choral, Mr. Lamb shall certainly have a full place, because he very well deserves it; and I am obliged to you very much for recommending him.

FROM MR. SECRETARY LYTTLETON.

London, May 16, 1739.

SIR,—I cannot let Mr. Swift return to Ireland without my acknowledgments to you for the favour you have done Mr. Lamb. I know that I ought to ascribe it wholly to Mr. Pope's recommendation, as I have not the happiness to be known to you myself; but give me leave to take this occasion of assuring you how much I wish to be in the number of your friends. I think I can be so even at this distance, and though we should never come to a nearer acquaintance; for the reputation of some men is amiable, and one can love their characters without knowing their persons.

If it could ever be in my power to do you any ser-

vice in this country, the employing me in it would be a new favour to, sir your obliged humble servant,

G. Lyttleton.

FROM MR. POPE.[a]

May 17, 1739.

Dearest Sir,—Every time I see your hand, it is the greatest satisfaction that any writing can give me; and I am in proportion grieved to find, that several of my letters to testify it to you miscarry; and you ask me the same question again which I prolixly have answered before. Your last, which was delivered me by Mr. Swift, inquires, where and how is lord Bolingbroke? who, in a paragraph in my last, under his own hand, gave you an account of himself; and I employed almost a whole letter on his affairs afterward. He has sold Dawley for 26,000*l.* much to his own satisfaction. His plan of life is now a very agreeable one, in the finest country in France, divided between study and exercise; for he still reads or writes five or six hours a-day, and generally hunts twice a-week. He has the whole forest of Fontainbleau at his command, with the king's stables, dogs, &c., his lady's son-in-law being governor of that place. She resides most part of the year with my lord, at a large house they have hired; and the rest with her daughter, who is abbess of a royal convent in the neighbourhood.

I never saw him in stronger health or in better humour with his friends, or more indifferent and dispassionate to his enemies. He is seriously set upon writing some parts of the history of his times, which he has begun by a noble introduction, presenting a view of the whole state of Europe, from the Pyrenean treaty. He has hence deduced a summary sketch of the natural and incidental interests of each kingdom; and how they have varied from, or approached to, the true polities of each, in the several administrations to this time. The history itself will be particular only on such facts and anecdotes as he personally knew, or produces vouchers for, both from home and abroad. This puts into my mind to tell you a fear he expressed lately to me, that some facts in your "History of the Queen's Last Years" (which he read here with me in 1727) are not exactly stated, and that he may be obliged to vary from them, in relation, I believe, to the conduct of the earl of Oxford, of which great care surely should be taken. And he told me that, when he saw you in 1727, he made you observe them; and that you promised you would take care.

We very often commemorated you during the five months we lived together at Twickenham; at which place could I see you again, as I may hope to see him, I would envy no country in the world; and think, not Dublin only, but France and Italy, not worth the visiting once more in my life. The mention of travelling introduces your old acquaintance Mr. Jervas, who went to Rome and Naples purely in search of health. An asthma has reduced his body, but his spirit retains all its vigour; and he is returned, declaring life itself not worth a day's journey at the expense of parting from one's friends.

Mr. Lewis every day remembers you. I lie at his house in town. Dr. Arbuthnot's daughter does not degenerate from the humour and goodness of her father. I love her much. She is like Gay, very idle, very ingenious, and inflexibly honest. Mrs. Patty Blount is one of the most considerate and mindful women in the world towards others,—the least so in regard to herself; she speaks of you constantly. I scarcely know two more women worth naming to you; the rest are ladies,—run after music, and play at cards.

I always make your compliments to lord Oxford and lord Masham when I see them. I see John Barber seldom; but always find him proud of some letter from you. I did my best with him in behalf of one of your friends; and spoke to Mr. Lyttleton for the other, who was more prompt to catch than I to give fire, and flew to the prince that instant, who was as pleased to please you.

You ask me, how I am at court. I keep my old walk, and deviate from it to no court. The prince shows me a distinction beyond any merit or pretence on my part; and I have received a present from him of some marble heads of poets for my library, and some urns for my garden. The ministerial writers rail at me; yet I have no quarrel with their masters, nor think it of weight enough to complain of them. I am very well with the courtiers I ever was or would be acquainted with: at least, they are civil to me, which is all I ask from courtiers, and all a wise man will expect from them. The duchess of Marlborough makes great court to me; but I am too old for her mind and body; yet I cultivate some young people's friendship, because they may be honest men; whereas the old ones experience too often proves not to be so, I having dropped ten where I have taken up one, and I hope to play the better with fewer in my hand. There is a lord Cornbury, a lord Polwarth, a Mr. Murray,[a] and one or two more, with whom I would never fear to hold out against all the corruption in the world.

You compliment me in vain upon retaining my poetical spirit: I am sinking fast in prose; and if I ever write more, it ought (at these years and in these times) to be something, the matter of which will give a value to the work, not merely the manner.

Since my protest (for so I call my dialogue[b] of 1738) I have written but ten lines, which I will send you. They are an insertion for the next new edition of the "Dunciad," which generally is reprinted once in two years. In the second canto, among the authors who dive in Fleet-ditch, immediately after Arnal, verse 300, add these:—

> Next plung'd a feeble but a desp'rate pack,
> With each a sickly brother at his back;[c]
> Sons of *a day!* just buoyant on the flood,
> Then number'd with the puppies in the mud.
> Ask ye their *names?* I could as soon disclose
> The names of these blind puppies as of those.
> Fast by, like Niobe, her children gone,
> Sits mother Osborne,[d] stupified to stone;
> And rueful Paxton[e] tells the world with tears,
> These are—ah! no; these were my Gazetteers.

Having nothing to tell you of my poetry, I come to what is now my chief care, my health and amusement: the first is better as to headaches; worse as to weakness and nerves. The changes of weather affect me much; otherwise I want not spirits, except when indigestions prevail. The mornings are my life; in the evenings I am not dead indeed, but sleep and am stupid enough. I love reading still better than conversation: but my eyes fail, and at the hours when most people indulge in company, I am tired and find the labour of the past day sufficient to weigh me down. So I hide myself in bed, as a bird in his nest, much about the same time, and

[a] The last letter he ever wrote to the dean.

[a] The last lord Marchmont and lord Mansfield.

[b] Epilogue to the Satire.

[c] "They print one at the back of the other, to send into the country."—Pope, MS. note.

[d] Osborne was the assumed name of the publisher of the "Gazetteer."

[e] "A solicitor who procured and paid those writers.—Mr. Pope's MS. note.

raise and chirp the earlier in the morning. I often vary the scene (indeed at every friend's call) from London to Twickenham; or the contrary, to receive them, or be received by them.

Lord Bathurst is still my constant friend and yours; but his country-seat is now always in Gloucestershire, not in this neighbourhood. Mr. Pulteney has no country-seat; and in town I see him seldom; but he always asks after you. In the summer I generally ramble for a month to lord Cobham's, the Bath, or elsewhere. In all these rambles my mind is full of you and poor Gay, with whom I travelled so delightfully two summers. Why cannot I cross the sea? The unhappiest malady I have to complain of, the unhappiest accident of my whole life is that weakness of the breast, which make the physicians of opinion that a strong vomit would kill me. I have never taken one, nor had a natural motion that way in fifteen years. I went some years ago, with lord Peterborough, about ten leagues at sea, purely to try if I could sail without sea-sickness, and with no other view than to make yourself and lord Bolingbroke a visit before I died.

But the experiment, though almost all the way near the coast, had almost ended all my views at once. Well, then, I must submit to live at the distance which fortune has set us at: but my memory, my affections, my esteem, are inseparable from you, and will, my dear friend, be for ever yours.

P.S.—May 19. This I end at lord Orrery's in company with Dr. King. Wherever I can find two or three that are yours, I adhere to them naturally, and by that title they become mine. I thank you for sending Mr. Swift to me: he can tell you more of me.

A SECOND POSTSCRIPT.

One of my new friends, Mr. Lyttleton, was to the last degree glad to have any request from you to make to his master. The moment I showed him yours concerning Mr. M'Aulay, he went to him, and it was granted. He is extremely obliged for the promotion of Lamb. I will make you no particular speeches from him; but you and he have a mutual right to each other. *Sint tales animæ concordes.* He loves you, though he sees you not; as all posterity will love you, who will not see you, but reverence and admire you.

TO MR. LYTTLETON.

June 5, 1739.

Sir,—You treat me very hard by beginning your letter with owning an obligation to me on account of Mr. Lamb; which deserves mine and my chapter's thanks for recommending so useful a person to my choir. It is true I gave Mr. dean Swift a letter to my dear friend Mr. Pope, that he might have the happiness to see and know so great a genius in poetry, and so agreeable in all other good qualities; but the young man (several years older than you) was much surprised to see his junior in so high a station as secretary to his royal highness the prince of Wales, and to find himself treated by you in so kind a manner. In one article you are greatly mistaken; for however ignorant we may be in the affairs of England, your character is as well known among us in every particular as it is in the prince your master's court, and indeed all over this poor kingdom.

You will find that I have not altogether forgotten my old court politics; for in a letter I wrote to Mr. Pope, I desired him to recommend Mr. M'Aulay to your favour and protection as a most worthy, honest, and deserving gentleman; and I perceive you have effectually interceded with the prince, to prevail with the university to choose him for a member to represent that learned body in parliament in the room of Dr. Coghill, deceased.

I have been just now informed, that some of the fellows have sent over an apology, or rather a remonstrance, to the prince of Wales, pretending they were under a prior engagement to one Mr. Tisdal; and therefore have desired his royal highness to withdraw his recommendation. A modest request, indeed, to demand from their chancellor what they think is dishonourable in themselves, to give up an engagement! Their whole proceeding on this occasion against their chancellor, heir of the crown, is universally condemned here; and seems to be the last effort of such men, who, without duly considering, make rash promises not consistent with the prudence expected from them.

I can hardly venture the boldness to desire that his royal highness may know from you the profound respect, honour, esteem, and veneration I bear toward his princely virtues. All my friends on your side the water represent him to me in the most amiable light; and the people infallibly reckon upon a golden age in both kingdoms, when it shall please God to make him the restorer of the liberties of his people.

I ought to accuse you highly for your ill-treatment of me, by wishing yourself in the number of my friends: but you shall be pardoned if you please to be one of my protectors; and your protection cannot be long. You shall therefore make it up, in thinking favourably of me. Years have made me lose my memory in everything but friendship and gratitude: and you, whom I have never seen, will never be forgotten by me until I am dead. I am, honourable sir, with the highest respect, your most obedient and obliged humble servant.

FROM MRS. WHITEWAY TO MR. RICHARDSON.

July 20, 1739.

Sir,—A fortnight ago I went out of town with the new married couple, my son and daughter; and the day before I had the honour to receive your letter. With great truth I do assure you, I am much more concerned at the trouble and disappointment you met with in Mr. Dunkin's affair than for him, having but a short acquaintance and knowledge, otherwise than knowing him to be a man of sense, virtue, and religion, who would be an ornament to the church, and a credit to those who appeared for him. These were my reasons to wish him well.

One part of your letter, sir, I can only take notice of with amazement; and do entreat you will indulge me so far as to believe this will be all the answer I can, or ever will, make to it: and yet I am not insensible you have been pleased in some measure to honour me with your esteem. I will not therefore fear the loss of your friendship, because it shall be my study to merit your good opinion: and, unprovoked, I know you to have too much good nature to withdraw it. I never saw a more beautiful silk than was bought for my daughter. If you did not choose it, at least you showed your judgment in the person that was employed. She desires me to say this, that you have forced her to do what she never did in her life, wear anything that was not paid for; and if hereafter she should run her husband in debt, she will lay all her fault at your door. Mr. Swift presents you his most obedient respects, and will oblige you to know him by his assiduity in courting the honour of your acquaintance. I have asked you so many favours, that no one but myself would presume perpetually to dun you thus; and yet I will never leave off until you grant this my

request, to command Miss Richardson to town immediately. I now attack you on the foot of charity; an argument you can never resist. Consider my daughter has quitted me; that I am all alone; and her agreeable company will make Molly and her husband spend all their time with me. In short, sir, if you hesitate one moment longer, I will lay you open to the world, and let them see how much they were mistaken in Mr. Richardson, who once in his life broke his word. I have now before me, under your hand, that all my commands should be obeyed I insist on your promise; and Miss Richardson is my demand, and that immediately. You see how careful and sparing you gentlemen ought to be in compliments to women, who always keep you to your promise while it makes to their interest; and as well know how to evade their own when it is contrary to their inclination. I had the favour of a letter from alderman Barber in answer to one I wrote him. He does not perhaps know the inconveniency he has brought on himself, which is another from me; and yet you may tell him when I have once more paid my respects to him, I am not so unreasonable as to impose or expect any further notice of Irish impertinence.

I left this paragraph to finish at the deanery, that from his own mouth I might assure you of his love and esteem. He sends his most affectionate service to his dear old friend alderman Barber. Mr. Dunkin likewise presents you his most obedient respects, and hopes you received his letter that he sent some days ago. There is no person a more obedient, humbler servant to you than my daughter, excepting, dear sir, your most obedient and most obliged, faithful, humble servant, MARTHA WHITEWAY.

The chief circumstance that you would choose to know I had like to have forgot; which is, that the dean is in good health, and ever will remember the pains you and the alderman have been at, on his account, for Mr. Dunkin.

FROM DR. SCOTT

London, September 7, 1739.

REV. SIR,—Although I do not imagine that you have any remembrance of a person so little known to you as I am, yet I have taken the liberty to draw a kind of bill of friendship upon you, which I am inclined to believe you will answer, because it is in favour of that kingdom to which you have always stood a sincere and firm friend. We have had here, for some time past, a number of anatomical figures prepared in wax, which perfectly exhibit all the parts of a human body. They are the work of a French surgeon,[a] who spent above forty years in preparing them, and who, to bring them to perfection, was at the trouble and expense of dissecting some hundreds of bodies. The present proprietor of them is my friend, and it was by my persuasion that he was prevailed on to send them into Ireland for the instruction of the curious. I presume you have seen them in London, and therefore I am inclined to think you will be of opinion, that a person may gain more perfect knowledge in anatomy, by viewing these preparations only a few times, than he would by attending many dissections. Your encouraging such of your acquaintance as are curious to see these figures would greatly excite the curiosity of others. This is the favour I have taken the liberty to desire of you, and which I believe you will be the more readily inclined to grant, when I have assured you, that the person who has the care of the figures, has it in his instructions to return the money that may be got by exposing them to view, in Irish linen, so that the kingdom will be no way impoverished by the small expense which gentlemen may be at in procuring useful instruction, or gratifying their curiosity. If the request I have made be such as you cannot favour, my next is, that you will grant me your pardon for having made it.

I intend, God willing, to go into Ireland next spring, after the publication of a work which I have been engaged in for some years past, for the silencing of all infidels, heretics, schismatics of all kinds, and enthusiasts. I thought it necessary, because in the way that the controversy has been hitherto managed against such people, the truth has been rather puzzled and perplexed than cleared, Christianity has been betrayed, and all true religion lost in the world. I have advanced no one new opinion of my own: what I have set forth is what was clearly set forth in the Scriptures from the beginning. I mean in the original Scriptures of the Old Testament, so interpreted as to make them everywhere consistent with themselves; and to show that the interpretations I have given are not only the true interpretations, but that the Scriptures so interpreted are the revealed word of God. I have demonstrated the truth of them by natural evidence, or by the works of God, and that the works bear evidence to nothing but the truth; that these revealed truths so demonstrated are unquestionable and undeniable; and that they are the only powerful motives by which men are not only moved but enlightened, and enabled to mortify all their lusts, which blind and deceive them here, and will be their everlasting tormentors hereafter, but to work the works of charity, and of that perfect righteousness which is of faith: so that the whole of all true religion, which has been one and the same in all ages, will appear to consist in the mortifications of our bodily and spiritual lusts, which withhold men from the works of righteousness; and in the belief of those demonstrative truths, by which alone we are enlightened, enabled, and moved to subdue them; and in observing those natural memorials which God has set before us, and in partaking of those reverential ordinances which he has instituted to put us in mind of what we ought to do, in order to eternal life and the motives for so doing. I ask pardon for this digression: and if you have any commands that I am capable of executing here, if you will let me have the honour of receiving them, I shall take great pleasure in obeying you; for I am, with the greatest respect and truth, sir, your most obedient and most humble servant, JOHN SCOTT.

TO THE EARL OF ARRAN.

1739.

MY LORD,—I am earnestly desired by some worthy friends of mine to write to your lordship in favour of the bearer, Mr. Moore, minister of Clonmel, who will have the honour to present this letter to your lordship. Those rectorial tithes of Clonmel were granted to the church by letters-patent from king Charles II., with the perfect knowledge and full approbation of your great ancestor, the first duke of Ormond, then lord-lieutenant of Ireland. Notwithstanding which, some of the former agents to your lordship's family have greatly distressed the incumbent ministers of Clonmel, which is generally believed to be without the knowledge of his present grace the duke your brother, whom God long preserve. But your lordship's present agent being extremely vigilant of all your lordship's interests, has lately renewed the claim of the Ormond family to those

[a] Mr. Rackstraw, [illegible]uary; [illegible]atomical figures were purchased from him by the late earl of Shelburne, who presented them to the university of Dublin.

tithes, and was, at the last assizes, after a long hearing of six hours, nonsuited. The living of Clonmel is one of the largest, and yet the poorest, parishes in this kingdom; being, upon the whole, (including the valuation of the houses,) scarce worth 100*l*. a-year; out of which a curate-assistant being absolutely necessary on account of its extent, a salary of 40*l*. must be paid.

My lord, your lordship's family has been always distinguished for their favour and protection to the established church under her greatest persecutions; nor have you in the universal opinion ever degenerated from them. Those tithes in and about Clonmel are very inconsiderable, having never been let for above 24*l*. a-year, made up of very small pittances collected from a great number of the poorest people; so that the recovery of them by an expensive lawsuit, if it could be effected, would not be worth attempting.

Mr. Moore is recommended to me by several persons of great worth, (as I have already observed,) and I hope I have not hitherto forfeited the credit I had with you.

My humble request, therefore, to your lordship is, that the minister of Clonmel may, without disturbance, enjoy that small addition to his support which the king and your grandfather intended for him.

I have always understood and believed that the duke your brother's retiring has not lessened your fortune, but increased it; and as to his grace, unless all our intelligence be false, he is as easy as he desires to be. I heard of several persons who have ventured to wait on him abroad, and it is agreed that his grace is perfectly easy in his mind and fortune.

Upon the whole, I do earnestly desire your lordship to resign those poor scraps of tithes in and about Clonmel to Mr. Moore and his successors, in a legal form, for ever. Your loss will be at most but 21*l*. a-year, and that with a thousand difficulties infinitely below your generosity and quality. I am &c.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

TO MR. FAULKNER.

December 4, 1739.

SIR,—I cannot find a manuscript I wrote, called "Directions for Servants," which I thought was very useful as well as humorous. I believe you have both seen and read it. I wish you could give me some intelligence of it, because my memory is quite gone; therefore let me know all you can conjecture about it. I am, sir, your very humble servant, JONATHAN SWIFT.

FROM THE REV. MR. THROP.

December 10, 1739.

REVEREND SIR,—The many professions of kindness you have made, and friendships you have shown, to my mother and her family, particularly in declaring your abhorrence and detestation of the cruel and inhuman behaviour of that monster —— to my unfortunate and innocent brother, induced my mother to trouble you with a few of the narratives of that case, to disperse among such members of the house of commons as were of your acquaintance. The reason of our troubling you to do this is, because we intend presenting a petition to the members of the house of commons, this session, to oblige —— to waive his privilege, every other attempt we have tried since my brother's death proving fruitless.

Your appearing, sir, in this affair, will not only make parliament the more ready to do justice, but prevent others from supporting him in his villanies, which will be of infinite service to my mother and her family.

The bearer carries you a dozen of cases; and if you should have occasion for any more, they shall be sent you by, reverend sir, your most obliged and obedient humble servant, ROBERT THROP.

I have written the names of several persons mentioned in the narrative at length upon the back of the title-page.

TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

December 31, 1739.

MADAM—It is impossible to have health in such desperate weather: but you are worse used than others. Every creature of either sex are uneasy; for our kingdom is turned to be a Muscovy, or worse. Even I cannot do any good by walking: is not warmth good against rheumatic pains? I hope dean Swift will be able to assist you both. I wish for a happy turn in the weather. I am doubly desolate, and wish I could sleep until the sun would comfort us. Would neither your son nor daughter save you the pains of writing on your back? You are much more friendly to me than a thousand of them. Adieu. I am ever yours,

JONATHAN SWIFT.

TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

DEAR MADAM,—I am truly and heartily glad that you are a little mended, and can lie on your belly or side, not altogether on your back. You are much in the right not to stir, and so was Croker[a] not to suffer you. I am not yet worse for the cold weather, but am angry at it. I am heartily sorry for yourself and daughter; but Mr. Swift dares not be sick, for his chief business is to look after you and your daughter. I walk only my bedchamber and closet, which has also a fire. I am ever yours, JONATHAN SWIFT.

New-Year's-day, 1740.

I wish you may have many, and all healthy ones.

CERTIFICATE TO A DISCARDED SERVANT.[b]

Deanery-house, January 9, 1740.

WHEREAS the bearer served me the space of one year, during which time he was an idler and a drunkard, I then discharged him as such; but how far his having

[a] An eminent apothecary of great humanity and skill.

[b] The history of this singular certificate is thus related in the third volume of Mrs Pilkington's Memoirs. "Dean Swift discharged a servant only for rejecting the petition of a poor old woman; she was very ancient, and on a cold morning sat at the deanery steps a considerable time, during which the dean saw her through a window, and no doubt commiserated her desolate condition. His footman happened to come to the door; and the poor creature besought him in a piteous tone, to give that paper to his reverence. The servant read it, and told her with infinite scorn, 'his master had something else to mind than her petition.'—'What is that you say, fellow?' said the dean, looking out of the window. 'Come up here.' The man tremblingly obeyed him. He also desired the poor woman to come before him; made her sit down, and ordered her some bread and wine. After which he turned to the man and said, 'At what time, sir, did I order you to open a paper directed to me, or to refuse a letter from any one? Hark ye, sirrah, you have been admonished by me for drunkenness, idling, and other faults; but since I have discovered your inhuman disposition, I must dismiss you from my service; so pull off my clothes, take your wages, and let me hear no more of you!' The fellow did so; and, having vainly solicited a discharge, was compelled to go to sea, where he continued five years; at the end of which time, finding that life far different from the ease and luxury of his former occupation, he returned, and humbly confessing in a petition to the dean his former manifold crimes, assured him of his sincere reformation, which the dangers he had undergone at sea had happily wrought; and begged the dean would give him some sort of discharge, since the honour of having lived with him would certainly procure him a place. Accordingly the dean called for pen, ink, and paper; and gave him a dismission, with which, and no other fortune, he set out for London. Among others he applied to me who had known him at his late master's, and produced his certificate; which, for its singularity, I transcribed. I advised him to go to Mr. Pope, who on seeing the dean's hand-writing, which he well knew, told the man, 'If he could produce any credible person who could attest that he was the servant the dean meant, he would hire him.' On this occasion he applied to me; and I gave him a letter to Mr. Pope, assuring him that I knew the man to have been footman to the dean. Upon this, Mr. Pope took him into his service, in which he continued till the death of his master."

been five years at sea may have mended his manners, I leave to the penetration of those who may hereafter choose to employ him. JONATHAN SWIFT.

TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

January 18, 1740.

DEAR MADAM,—I have been many days heartily concerned for your ill health; it is now twenty-five days since we have found nothing but frost and misery, and they may continue for as many more. This day is yet the coldest of them all. Dr. Wilson and I are both very uneasy to find no better message from you. I received, as I was going to dinner, the enclosed letter from your beloved of ——, which I shall make you happy with. It will show you the goodness, the wisdom, the gratitude, the truth, the civility, of that excellent divine, adorned with an orthography (spelling) fit for himself. Pray read it a hundred times, but return it after you have read it a hundred times. My love and service to your son and daughter; let them both read the enclosed.

I would not lose your lover's letter for 100*l*. It must be sent back by the bearer. Let me know the exact number of lies that are in it; but I fear that that will take up your time too much. I am ever yours,

JONATHAN SWIFT.

FROM LORD CASTLEDURROW.

Dublin, February 2, 1740.

SIR,—Since I am forbidden your presence, I think I should be more explicit in my reason of thanks to you for Dr. Delany's obliging present than I can be in a verbal, crude, ill-delivered message by a servant. As I am not acquainted with the doctor, I at first imagined his boundless generosity distributed his book among the lords, and that it was sent me as a member, though an unworthy one, of that august body. I soon found myself mistaken; and as all presents are enhanced in value proportionable to their manner of distribution, I thought it incumbent on me to thank him by letter for having so obligingly distinguished me. He has honoured me with an answer to it, which highly elates me; for weak minds are easily made vain; but whose would not be so on the compliment he makes me on having read some of my letters to you? They were written (as most of mine are) in the wantonness of fancy, without aiming at pomp of expression, or dress of words, lucky methods of gilding nonsense; yet that he should approve I will not wonder when I consider the benignity of your friendship. Oh! is it not sometimes too strong bias even for your judgment that prompted you to think them worth his perusal? What am I now to do? I ought not to be silent; yet must I risk depreciating a favourable opinion he has conceived of me, by making myself further known to him? Why, in prudence, no; in civility, yes. Under this dilemma give me your advice, as you are the origin of this favour. Or will you yield to what I suggest may not be improper? Take me under your protection (as soon as the weather will permit) in a warm hackney-coach, which I shall take care to provide. Let us jumble together to his little paradise, which I long much to see, as well as to pay my debt due to his benevolence.

I am already alarmed with your excuse of deafness and dizziness. Yielding to such a complaint always strengthens it; exerting against it generally lessens it. Do not immerge in the sole enjoyment of yourself. Is not a friend the medicine of life? I am sure it is the comfort of it. And I hope you still admit such companions as are capable of administering it. In that number I know I am unworthy of rank: however, my best wishes shall attend you.

I have enclosed some verses. The Latin I believe will please you; one of the translations may have the same fortune, the other cannot. The verses written in the lady's book is, "A Lamentable Hymn to Death," from a lover, inscribed to his mistress. I have made the author of it vain (who I am sure had never read Pope's "Heloise to Abelard") in telling him his six last lines seem a parody on six of Pope's. They are on the other side, that you may not be at a loss.

Then, too, when fate shall thy fair frame destroy,
That cause of all my guilt, and all my joy,
In trance ecstatic may the pangs be drown'd,
Bright clouds descend, and angels watch thee round:
From opening skies may streaming glories shine,
And saints embrace thee with a love like mine.

I think the whole letter the most passionate I ever read, except Heloise's own, on the subject of love. I am equally struck with Cadenus to Vanessa. I have often soothed my love with both when I have been in a fit.

I will conclude with the above wish, and assuring you I am, with great sincerity, as well as esteem, sir, your most faithful, affectionate, humble servant,

CASTLEDURROW.

My boy sends you his respects, and would fain pay them in person to you.

TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

February 3, 1740.

THE bad account I had of your health for many days, or rather weeks, has made me continually uneasy to the last degree; and Mr. Swift, who was with me so long yesterday, could not in conscience give me any comfort: but your kind letter has raised my spirits in some measure. I hope we have almost done with this cursed weather, yet still my garden is all in white. I read your letter to Dr. Wilson, who is somewhat better, and he resolves to apply your medicine, I mean your improvements of what you prescribe to add to his surgeon's method. I am ever, dear madam, entirely yours, JONATHAN SWIFT.

FROM MRS WHITEWAY TO MR RICHARDSON.

March 20, 1740.

DEAR SIR,—Once I thought I could never receive a letter from or answer one to you, without pleasure; and yet both has happened to me very lately. This is the third day I sat down to write to you, and as often tore up my paper. I endeavoured to say something to alleviate your grief;—that would not do: then I resolved to be silent on the occasion; but, alas! that was impossible for a friend. I will therefore, for a moment, rather renew your grief by joining with you in it. Your trials have been most severe: the loss of two such valuable persons as Miss Richardson and sir Joseph Eyles are irreparable; for, in a middle state of life, we have not time enough before us to make us new friendships, were it possible to meet their equals. This is an unusual way of comforting a friend in trouble: ought I not rather to persuade you to forget them, and call in Christianity to your aid? But I believe those expounders of it are mistaken in their notions who would have us imagine this to be religion; for I am sure a just God will expect no more from us than to submit without repining. I am too much a fellow-sufferer in misfortunes of this nature not to feel for you. In a short time I lost a beloved husband and friend, an ingenious, a worthy son, and, what the world value as their chief happiness, some trifling conveniences. All these I have outlived, and am an instance that time will erase the blackest melancholy. I most sincerely wish, dear sir, this may be your case, and that it may be the last struggle of mind or tedious illness you will ever have to battle against.

You have conjured me by such a tie as the last

request of dear Miss Richardson, that as well as I am able I will tell you what I guess the dean may like. I know his candlesticks are the most indifferent of any of his plate, and therefore mention a pair of those: his snuffers are good.

Surely I was not such a beast as to forget mentioning the receipt of the papers you were so careful and obliging to send me: they came very safe. I entreat you to accept of my most humble thanks for this and all your other most extraordinary favours.

The dean of St. Patrick's presents you his most affectionate love and service; and commanded me to tell you he would have writ to you upon this late occasion, if he had not been too deeply affected with your grief.

Surely the two long months you have so often fixed for your return will be at an end; and then I shall have the opportunity of telling you from my mouth what I now give under my hand, that I am, with the highest respect and esteem, dear sir, your most obliged and most obedient humble servant,

MARTHA WHITEWAY.

My most obedient respects to alderman Barber. Mr. Swift and his wife beg you will accept of theirs.

MR. NUGENT[a] TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

Bath, April 2, 1740.

MADAM,—I had not until very lately an opportunity of letting Mr. Pope know his obligations to you; of which he is very sensible, and has desired me to beg that you will remit to me, by a safe hand, whatever letters of his are now in your possession. I shall be in town next week; so that you may be pleased to direct to me, by the first convenient opportunity, at my house in Dover-street, London. I am, madam, with great esteem, your most humble and obedient servant,

R. N.

My compliments to Mr. and Mrs. Swift. I shall say nothing of the picture,[b] because I am sure you remember it. I must beg that you will let Mr. Bindon[c] know I would have the picture no more than a head upon a three-quarter cloth, to match one which I now have of Mr. Pope.

TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

April 29, 1740.

DEAR MADAM,—I find that you and I are fellow-sufferers almost equally in our healths, although I am more than twenty years older. But I am and have been these two days in so miserable a way, and so cruelly tortured that can hardly be conceived. The whole last night I was equally struck as if I had been in Phalaris's brazen bull, and roared as loud for eight or nine hours. I am at this instant unable to move without excessive pain, although not the one thousandth part of what I suffered all last night and this morning. This you will new style the gout. I continue still very deaf. Dr. Wilson's left eye is still disordered, and very uneasy. You have now your family at home: I desire to present them with my kind and hearty service I am ever entirely yours, &c. JONATHAN SWIFT.

MRS. WHITEWAY TO MR. RICHARDSON.

May 13, 1740.

DEAR SIR,—By the time this kisses your hand, I believe Mrs. Richardson will not blush to be wished joy by a person you have done the honour to call a friend, and whose ambition it is to deserve some place in her esteem; and now that all insinuations in your favour are as needless as the formal ceremony between lovers, I shall take the liberty to tell her it will be her own fault if she is not one of the happiest women in the world. This is an unusual way of recommending myself to a bride; nor should I do it to any but yours: yet surely when a lady is married to a gentleman with an easy fortune, good nature, and a man of honour, how little is required of her side toward mutual felicity, which can be comprised in two words, love and obey?

About a fortnight ago I dined at the dean of St. Patrick's in a mixed company; where one of the gentlemen told him you were married, or just going to be so, to a lady of fifteen, with 100,000*l.* fortune, and a perfect beauty. I asked the person whether he had not that account from a woman? He said he had. The dean inquired if I knew anything of the affair. I answered yes; only with this difference, that she was at least fifty, and a most ungenteel, disagreeable woman. The whole company looked upon me with contempt; and their countenances expressed they thought I drew my own picture whilst I enviously endeavoured to paint the lady's. The dean only understood me; and, smiling, said he believed I was in the right. When we were alone, I let him know that you had commanded me to acquaint him with the affair; and I hoped, when I wrote to you next, he would add a postscript in my letter. He promised me to do it; and this day I intend to put him in mind of it.

I waited on Mr. Hamilton yesterday to consult with him if it would not be proper to allow the servants board-wages from this time; and it was diverting enough to see us both keeping our distance about a secret the whole town has known these two months. However, at last we understood each other; and have agreed to give the coachman 4*s.* a-week, and the maid 3*s.*, until they go a shipboard.

There would have been no occasion to be so formal with a friend as to desire Mr. Hamilton to give the servants money when you might have ordered me to do it, although I had not been in your debt; which, to my shame be it spoken, would be scandalous so long a time, if the fault were entirely mine. My son and daughter Swift present you and your lady their most obedient respects, and sincerest wishes. I am at a loss to express my obligations to her for the compliment she was pleased to remit to me; and, I believe, when we meet, she will not be jealous that I dare give it under my hand to her, that I honour and esteem you more than any woman does except herself. I am, dear sir, your most humble and most obedient servant,

MARTHA WHITEWAY.

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

May 13, 1740.

DEAR SIR,—I could never believe Mrs. Whiteway's gasconades in telling me of her acquaintance with you. But my age and perpetual disorders, and chiefly my vexatious deafness, with other infirmities, have completed the utter loss of my memory; so that I cannot recollect the names of those friends who come to see me twice or oftener every week. However, I remember to wish you a long lasting joy of being no longer a bachelor, especially because the teaser at my elbow assures me that the lady is altogether worthy to be your wife. I therefore command you both (if I live so long) to attend me at the deanery the day after you land; where Mrs. Precipitate, alias Whiteway, says I will give you a scandalous dinner. I suppose you will see your governor, my old friend John Barber, whom I heartily love; and so you are to tell him. I am, dear sir, your most obedient and obliged servant,

JONATHAN SWIFT.

[a] Afterwards Lord Clare

[b] Of Dr. Swift.

[c] The greatest painter and architect of his time in these kingdoms.

FROM MRS. WHITEWAY TO MR. POPE.

May 16, 1740.

Sir,—Should I make an apology for writing to you, I might be asked why I did so? If I have erred, my design at least is good, both to you and the dean of St. Patrick's; for I write in relation to my friend, and I write to his friend, which I hope will plead my excuse. As I saw a letter of yours to him, wherein I had the honour to be named, I take the liberty to tell you (with grief of heart) his memory is so much impaired that in a few hours he forgot it; nor is his judgment sound enough, had he many tracts by him to finish or correct them, as you have desired. His health is as good as can be expected, free from all the tortures of old age; and his deafness, lately returned, is all the bodily uneasiness he has to complain of. A few years ago he burnt most of his writings unprinted,[a] except a few loose papers, which are in my possession and which I promise you (if I outlive him) shall never be made public without your approbation. There one treatise in his own keeping, called "Advice to Servants," very unfinished and incorrect, yet what is done of it has so much humour that it may appear as a posthumous work. The "History of the Four last Years of Queen Anne's Reign," I suppose you have seen with Dr. King, to whom he sent it some time ago, and, if I am rightly informed, is the only piece of his (excepting "Gulliver") which he ever proposed making money by, and was given to Dr. King with that design, if it might be printed. I mention this to you lest the Doctor should die, and his heirs imagine they had a right to dispose of it. I entreat, sir, you will not take notice to any person of the hints I have given you in this letter; they are only designed for yourself: to the dean's friends in England they can only give trouble, and to his enemies and starving wits, cause of triumph. I enclose this to alderman Barber, who, I am sure, will deliver it safe, yet knows nothing more than its being a paper that belongs to you.

The ceremony of answering women's letters may perhaps make you think it necessary to answer mine; but I do not expect it, because your time either is or ought to be better employed, unless it be in my power to serve you in buying Irish linen, or any other command you are pleased to lay on me, which I shall execute to the best of my capacity, with the greatest readiness, integrity, and secrecy; for, whether it be my years, or a less degree of vanity in my composition than in some of my sex, I can receive such an honour from you without mentioning it. I should some time past have writ to you on this subject, had I not fancied that it glanced at the ambition of being thought a person of consequence, by interfering between you and the dean; a character of all others which I dislike.

I have several of your letters to the dean, which I will send by the first safe hand that I can get to deliver them to yourself: I believe it may be Mr. M'Aulay, the gentleman the dean recommended, through your friendship, to the prince of Wales.

I believe this may be the only letter which you ever received without asking a favour, a compliment extolling your genius, running in raptures on your poetry, or admiring your distinguishable virtue. I am, sir, with very high respect, your most obedient and most humble servant, Martha Whiteway.

Mr. Swift, who waited on you last summer, is, since that, married to my daughter: he desires me to present you his most obedient respects and humble thanks for the particular honour conferred upon him in permitting him to spend a day with you at Twickenham; a favour he will always remember with gratitude.

FROM MR. PULTENEY.

London, June 3, 1740.

Sir,—I had some time ago a letter from Mr. Stopford, who told me that you enjoyed a better state of health last year than you had done for some time past. No one wishes you more sincerely than I do the continuance of it; and, since the gout has been your physic, I heartily hope you may have one good fit regularly every year, and all the rest of it perfect health and spirits.

I am persuaded you will do me the justice to believe that, if I have not writ to you for some time, it has proceeded from an unwillingness alone of engaging you in a very useless correspondence, and not from any want of a real regard and true esteem. Mr. Pope can be my witness how constantly I inquire after you, and how pleased and happy I am when he tells me that you have the goodness frequently to mention me in your letters to him.

I fear you have but little desire to come among us again. England has few things inviting in it at present. Three camps, near forty thousand troops, and sixteen kings,[a] and most of them such as are really fit to be kings in any part of the world. Four millions of money have been raised on the people this year, and in all probability nothing will be done. I have not the least notion that even our expedition under lord Cathcart[b] is intended to be sent anywhere; and yet every minister we have (except sir Robert) very gravely affirms it will go,—nay, and I am afraid believes it too. But our situation is very extraordinary; sir Robert will have an army, will not have a war, and cannot have a peace; that is, the people are so averse to it that he dares not make one. But in one year more, when, by the influence of this army and our money, he has got a new parliament to his liking, then he will make peace, and get it approved, too, be it as it will. After which I am afraid we shall all grow tired of struggling any longer, and give up the game.

But I will trouble you with no more politics; and if I can hear from you in two lines that you are well, I promise you not to reply to it too soon. You must give me leave to add to my letter a copy of verses at the end of a declamation made by a boy at Westminster School on this theme:—

Ridentem dicere verum,
Quid vetat?

Dulce decane, decus, flos optime gentis Hibernæ
Nomine quique audis, ingenioque celer;
Dum lepido indulges risu, et mutaris in horas,
Quô nova vis animi, materiesque rapit:
Nunc gravis astrologus, cœlo dominaris et astris,
Filaque pro libitu Patrigiana secas
Nunc populo speciosa hospes miracula promis,
Gentesque æquoreas, aeriasque creas.
Seu plausum captat queruli persona draperi,
Seu levis a vacuo fabula sumpta cado.
Mores egregius mira exprimis arte magister,
Et vitam atque hominis pagina quæque sapit.
Socraticæ minor est vis et sapientia chartæ,
Nec tantum potuit grande Platonis opus.

Mrs. Pulteney, knowing that I am writing to you, charges me to present her services, when I assure you that I am, most faithfully and sincerely, your obedient humble servant, W. Pulteney.

MR. POPE TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

Twickenham, June 18, 1740.

I am extremely sensible of the favour of your letter, and very well see the kindness, as well as honour,

[a] In resentment to the house of commons of Ireland, which sent Faulkner to Newgate for printing the Satire on Quadrille.

[a] Sixteen lords of the regency, the king being abroad.
[b] Against Carthagena. It went, and miscarried.

which moved you to it. I have no merit for the one, but being (like yourself) a sincere friend to the dean, though a much less useful one; for all my friendship can only operate in wishes, yours in good works. He has had the happiness to meet with such in all the stages of his life, and I hope in God, and in you, that he will not want one in the last. Never imagine, madam, that I can do otherwise than esteem that sex which has furnished me with the best friends.

The favour you offer me I accept with the utmost thankfulness; and I think no person more fit to convey it to my hands than Mr. M'Aulay, of whom I know you have so good an opinion. Indeed, any one whom you think worthy your trust, I shall think deserves mine in a point I am ever so tender of.

I wish the very small opportunity I had of showing Mr. Swift, your son, my regards for him, had been greater; and I wish it now more, since he is become so near to you, for whom my respect runs hand in hand with my affection for the dean; and I cannot wish well for the one without doing so for the other.

I turn my mind, all I can from the melancholy subject of your letter. May God Almighty alleviate your concern, and his complaints, as much as possible in this state of infirmities, while he lives; and may your tenderness, madam, prevent anything after his death which may anywise depreciate his memory. I dare say nothing of ill consequence can happen from the commission given to Dr. King.

You see, madam, I write you with absolute freedom, as becomes me to the friend of my friend, and to a woman of sense and spirit. I will say no more, that you may find I treat you with the same delicacy that you do me, (and for which I thank you,) without the least compliment; and it is none when I add, that I am, with esteem, madam, your most obliged and most obedient servant, ALEXANDER POPE.

FROM MR. POPE TO MR. ALLEN.

My vexation about dean Swift's proceeding has fretted and employed me a great deal in writing to Ireland, and trying all the means possible to retard it; for it is put past preventing, by his having (without my consent or so much as letting me see the book) printed most of it. They at last promise me to send me the copy, and that I may correct and expunge what I will. This last would be of some use; but I dare not even do this, for they would say I revised it. And the bookseller writes that he has been at great charge, &c. However, the dean, upon all I have said and written about it, has ordered him to submit to any expunction I insist upon: this is all I can obtain, and I know not whether to make any use of it or not. But as to your apprehension, that any suspicion may arise of my being anywise consenting or concerned in it, I have the pleasure to tell you, the whole thing is so circumstanced and so plain, that it can never be the case. I shall be very desirous to see what the letters are at all events; and I think that must determine my future measures; for till then I can judge nothing. The excessive earnestness the dean has been in for publishing them, makes me hope they are castigated in some degree, or he must be totally deprived of his understanding. They now offer to send me the orginals (which have been so long detained); and I will accept of them (though they have done their job), that they may not have them to produce against me, in case there be any offensive passages in them. If you can give me any advice, do. I wish I could show you what the dean's people, the women, and the bookseller, have done and writ, on my sending an absolute negative, and on the agency I have employed of some gentlemen to stop it, as well as threats of law, &c. The whole thing is too manifest to admit of any doubt in any man: how long this thing has been working; how many tricks have been played with the dean's papers; how they were secreted from him from time to time, while they feared his not complying with such a measure; and how, finding his weakness increase, they have at last made him the instrument himself for their private profit; whereas, I believe before, they only intended to do this after his death.

TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

I HAVE been very miserable all night, and to-day extremely deaf and full of pain. I am so stupid and confounded that I cannot express the mortification I am under both in body and mind. All I can say is, that I am not in torture; but I daily and hourly expect it. Pray let me know how your health is and your family: I hardly understand one word I write. I am sure my days will be very few; few and miserable they must be. I am, for those few days, yours entirely,

JONATHAN SWIFT.

If I do not blunder it is Saturday,
July 26, 1740.

If I live till Monday I shall hope to see you, perhaps for the last time.

FROM THE EARL OF ORRERY.

Caledon, December 17, 1740.

DEAR SIR,—Great men like you must expect numberless petitions, which, like Jupiter, you put to various uses; but wonder not, when there is a place vacant in your family, that everybody is striving for the post. I mean your cathedral family; for we are told there is a vacancy in the choir. I am desired to recommend to you one James Colgan,[a] aged 25. His voice excellent, his behaviour good, his person indifferent, his recommendation to me irresistible. I beseech you let Faulkner give me an answer; for neither he nor I, nor the choir of lords, doctors, commons, &c., are worth your while to give yourself one moment's uneasiness about, if you are not well, and I am more than afraid you are not; only I must be enabled to say I have mentioned him to you. My frozen fingers will only serve me to present lady Orrery's most humble service to you, and the best wishes, prayers, and acknowledgments of all this family. I am, dear sir, your ever obliged and obedient humble servant, ORRERY.

TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

January 13, 1741.

DEAR MADAM,—Your son,[b] who was with me yesterday, and stayed the whole afternoon till near ten o'clock, gave me a very melancholy account of your ill health, extremely to my grief. I send a servant with this letter, and you will please to employ Mr. Swift to answer it, because I am in very great pain about you; for the weather is so extremely sharp that it must needs add to your disorders. Pray let your son or daughter write a few lines to give me some sort of comfort. My cold is now attended with a cough this bitter cold weather; but I am impatient until your son or daughter gives me some hopes. I am ever your assured friend, and most humble servant,

JONATHAN SWIFT.

FROM THE EARL OF ORRERY.

Duke-street, Westminster, July 7, 1741.

THANKS to you, dear sir, for your frequent remembrance of me by my great friend and patron, Master George Faulkner: thanks to you for the honours you have showed my wife: but above all, thanks to you for using exercise and taking care of your health. It

[a] One of the vicars-choral of Christ-church and St. Patrick's cathedrals, remarkable for his fine manner of singing.
[b] Mr. Deane Swift.

is the strongest instance of affection your friends either desire or deserve. In mentioning your friends I must particularize Mr. Pope: he obeys your commands, and flings away much time upon me: *Nec deficit alter aureus;* Dr. King does the same. Thus deities condescend to visit and converse with mortals.

Poor lord Oxford is gone to those regions from whence travellers never return unless in an airy visit to faithless lovers, as Margaret to William; or to cities devoted to destruction, as Hector amidst the flames of Troy. The deceased earl has left behind him many books, many manuscripts, and no money his lady brought him 500,000*l.*, 400,000*l.* of which have been sacrificed to indolence, good-nature, and want of worldly wisdom: and there will still remain, after proper sales, and right management, 5000*l.* a-year for his widow.

Mr. Cæsar died about two months ago. Mrs. Cæsar is still all tears and lamentations, although she certainly may be numbered *inter felices, sua si bona norint.*

Lord Bathurst is at Cirencester, erecting pillars and statues to queen Anne. Lord Bolingbroke lives in France: posterity, it is to be hoped, may be the better for his retirement. The duke of Argyll reigns, or ought to reign, in Scotland. Such is the state of Europe; but our disappointment in America has cast a gloomy face over London and Westminster. The citizens have recourse to mum and tobacco, by which means they puff away care, and keep dismay at a proper distance. In the mean time my friends, the ducks and geese in the Park, cackle on, and join in chorus to the sounds of victory that are daily drummed forth on the parade, but reach no further than the atmosphere of Whitehall.—— What news next? The weather—but you certainly know it is hot; for in truth, notwithstanding this letter comes from my heart, and is written in the pleasure of thinking of you, yet I sweat to assure you how much I am, dear sir, your ever obliged and obedient humble servant, ORRERY.

FROM THE EARL OF ORRERY TO DEANE SWIFT, ESQ.

Marston, December 4, 1742.

Sir,—I am much obliged to you for the full, though melancholy, account you have sent me of my ever honoured friend. It is the more melancholy to me as I have heard him often lament the particular misfortune incident to human nature, of an utter deprivation of senses many years before a deprivation of life. I have heard him describe persons in that condition, with a liveliness and a horror, that on this late occasion have recalled to me his very words. Our Litany, methinks, should have an addition of a particular prayer against this most dreadful misfortune. I am sure mine shall. The bite of a mad dog (a most tremendous evil) ends soon in death; but the effects of his loss of memory may last even to the longest age of man; therefore I own my frendship for him has now changed my thoughts and wishes into the very reverse of what they were; I rejoice to hear he grows lean. I am sorry to hear his appetite is good. I was glad when there seemed an approaching mortification in his eyelid. In one word, the man I wished to live the longest I wish the soonest dead. It is the only blessing that can now befall him. His reason will never return; or, if it should, it will only be to show him the misery of having lost it. I am impatient for his going where imperfection ceases, and where perfection begins; where Wilsons cannot break in and steal, and where envy, hatred, and malice have no influence or power. While he continues to breathe, he is an example stronger and more piercing than he or any other divine could preach, against pride, conceit, and vain glory. Good God! doctor Swift beaten and marked with stripes by a beast in human shape, one Wilson.[a] But he is not only an example against presumption and haughtiness, but in reality an incitement to marriage. Men in years ought always to secure a friend, to take care of declining life, and watch narrowly as they fall, the last minute particles of the hour-glass. A bachelor will seldom find, among all his kindred, so true a nurse, so faithful a friend, so disinterested a companion, as one tied to him by the double chain of duty and affection. A wife could not be banished from his chamber, or his unhappy hours of retirement; nor had the dean felt a blow, or wanted a companion, had he been married, or, in other words, had Stella lived. All that a friend could do has been done by Mrs. Whiteway; all that a companion could persuade, has been attempted by Mrs. Ridgeway. The rest—but I shall run on for ever, and I set out at first only with an intention of thanking you for your letter, and assuring you that I am, sir, your most obedient humble servant, ORRERY.

P.S. I beg to hear from you from time to time, if any new occurrence happens in the dean's unhappy state.

MR. FAULKNER TO MR. BOWYER.

Dublin, October 1, 1745.

DEAR SIR,—The bank note for one hundred guineas came safe to hand. Enclosed you have part of the "Address to Servants." I wish I could get franks to send it in. Fix your day of publication, and I will wait until you are ready, that we may both come out the same day. I think the middle of November will do very well, as your city, as well as Dublin, will be full at that time. I shall finish the volume with a cantata of the dean's, set to music, which, in my opinion, will have a greater run with the lovers of harmony than any of the Corelli's, Vivaldi's, Purcell's, or Handel's pieces. When Arne, the famous composer, was last in Ireland, he made application to me for this cantata (which I could not then procure), to set it to music: perhaps he may do it now, and bring it on the stage; which, if he does, will run more than the "Beggars' Opera;" and therefore I would have you get it engraved in folio, with scores for bass, &c. which will make it sell very well. I believe you might get something handsome for it from Rich, or the managers of Drury-lane, for which I shall send you the original MS. I am thus particular that you may have the profit to yourself, as you will have the trouble. I was in daily expectation, for six weeks, of going to London, but was prevented by many accidents—I cannot

[a] Dr. Francis Wilson was prebendary of Kilmactolway, and rector of Clondalkin, in the diocese of Dublin, the great tithes of which belong to the deanery of St. Patrick's. Dr. Wilson, who lived in the centre of this prebend and parish, and was well acquainted with the country, farmed these tithes of Dr. Swift on very reasonable terms, greatly to his own advantage. When the dean was much in the decline of life, he invited Dr. Wilson to accept of apartments for himself and his wife in the deanery-house at Dublin; where they had very good lodgings, with the benefit of his servants and stables. Dr. Swift's memory failing him greatly at this time, Wilson took the advantage of carrying him to his house at Newland, within four miles of Dublin, and endeavoured to intoxicate him with liquor, which he could not accomplish: and on their return to Dublin solicited Dr. Swift to make him sub-dean of St. Patrick's, and turn out Dr. Wynne, a very worthy and hospitable gentleman, which Dr. Swift refused; on which Dr. Wilson, in a most outrageous manner, insulted the dean, beat him severely, took him by the throat, and would have choked him had it not been for the dean's footman and coachman, who rescued him out of the hands of Wilson. This affair made a great noise; Wilson was forbidden the dean's house, and died soon after. To this same "beast in human shape," as lord Orrery justly calls him, Dr. Swift had bequeathed "the works of Plato in three folio volumes, the earl of Clarendon's History in three folio volumes, and my best Bible, together with thirteen small Persian pictures in the drawing-room, and the small silver tankard given to me by the contribution of some friends, whose names are engraved at the bottom of the said tankard."

say business, for I never had less, as Mr. Hitch well knows, having had no order from me for two months past. The "Advice to Servants" was never finished by the dean, and is consequently very incorrect; I believe you may see some Irishisms in it; if so, pray correct them. The dean's friends do not know the manner of an assignment, and desire you will send over the form. The story of the "Injured Lady" does not make above a sheet, and will vex your northern hardy neighbours more than the "Public Spirit of the Whigs," of which they complained to queen Anne. As you are famous for writing prefaces, pray help me to one for "Advice to Servants," for which I have not yet printed the title. My best compliments to our friends, and should be obliged to Mr. Dodsley for the two letters, which you may send, under cover, to Samuel Bindon, esq., at my house. I am whimsical, and send you the beginning of "Advice," &c., and the remainder to Mr. Hitch, that you may print it immediately. I think it might be printed without the "Injured Lady," as your volume will make the better figure with original pieces; but this I submit to your better judgment.

I long much to see London, although I have no other business than to visit my friends, and do them any service in my power; and if I can be useful to you in England or Ireland, pray let me know, and I will do it. I would not have you advertise until two or three days before you publish, in which I wish you all imaginable success; and am, dear sir, your faithful friend, and obliged humble servant,

GEORGE FAULKNER.

AN ACCOUNT OF A MONUMENT ERECTED TO THE MEMORY OF DR. SWIFT, IN IRELAND.

TO MR. GEORGE FAULKNER.[a]

Neale, February 14, 1750.

SIR,—I have at last finished what you have often heard me wish I might be able to do, a monument for the greatest genius of our age, the late dean of St. Patrick's. The thing in itself is but a trifle; but it is more than I should ever have attempted had I not, with indignation, seen a country (so honoured by the birth of so great a man, and so faithfully served by him all his life) so long and so shamefully negligent in erecting some monument of gratitude to his memory. Countries are not wise in such neglect, for they hurt themselves. Men of genius are encouraged to apply their talents to the service of their country when they see in it gratitude to the memory of those who have deserved well of them. The ingenious Père Castle told me at Paris, that he reckoned it the greatest misfortune to him that he was not born an Englishman; and when he explained himself, it was only for this, that, after two hundred years, they had erected a monument to Shakspeare; and another to a modern, but to the greatest of them, sir Isaac Newton. Great souls are very disinterested in the affairs of life; they look for fame and immortality, scorning the mean paths of interest and lucre: and surely in an age so mercenary as ours, men should not be so sparing to give public marks of their gratitude to men of such virtue, dead, however they may treat them living; since in so doing they bespeak, and almost insure to themselves a succession of such persons in society. It was with this view that I have determined to throw in my mite.

In a fine lawn below my house I have planted a hippodrome. It is a circular plantation, consisting of five walks; the central of which is a horse-course, and three rounds make exactly a mile. All the lines are so laid out that, from the centre, the six rows of trees appear but one, and form 100 arches round the field; in the centre of which I have erected a mount, and placed a marble column on its proper pedestal, with all the decorations of the order; on the summit of which I have placed a Pegasus, just seeming to take flight to the Heavens; and on the die of the pedestal I have engraved the following inscription, written by an ingenious friend:—

IN MEMORIAM JONATHAN SWIFT, S. T. P. VIRI SINE PARI.
AONIDVM FONTES APERIS, DIVINE POETA,
ARTE NOVA: ÆTHEREAS PROPRIIS, UT PEGASVS, ALIS
SCA. . . . . ANÆ
HVIC MEMORI DECVS. HIC, TANTI QVAM POSSVMVS VMBRAM
NIS
LVDORVM RITV IVVAT; HIC TIBI PARVVS HONORVM
OFFERTVR CVMVLVS: LAVDVM QVO FINE TVARVM
COPIA CLAVDATVR QVI QVÆRIT, GENTIS IERNÆ
PECTORA SCRVTETVR, LETVMQVE INTERROGET ORBEM.
MDCCL.

I have also appointed a small fund for annual premiums to be distributed in the celebration of games at the monument yearly. The ceremony is to last three days, beginning the 1st of May yearly. On this day young maids and men in the neighbourhood are to assemble in the hippodrome, with their garlands and chaplets of flowers, and to dance round the monument, singing the praises of this ingenious patriot, and strewing with flowers all the place: after which they are to dance for a prize; the best dancer among the maids is to be presented with a cap and ribbons; and, after the dance, the young men are to run for a hat and gloves.

The second day, there is to be a large market upon the ground: and the girl who produces the finest hank of yarn, and the most regular reel and count, is to have a guinea premium; and the person who buys the greatest quantity of yarn is to have a premium of two guineas.

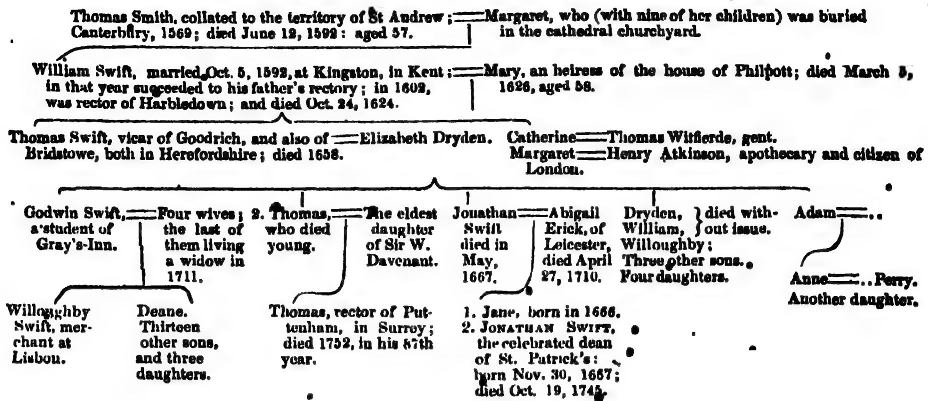
The third day, the farmer who produces the best yearling calf of his own breed is to have two guineas premium; and he that produces the fairest colt or filly, of his own breed likewise, not over two years old, shall receive a premium of two guineas also. Thus the whole will not exceed 10*l.*; and all these useful branches of our growth and manufacture will be encouraged, in remembering the patron who with so much care and tenderness recommended them to others, and cherished them himself. I am, dear sir, your humble servant,

J. B.

a By sir John Browne, of the county of Mayo.

PEDIGREE OF THE YOUNGER BRANCH OF THE SWIFTS OF YORKSHIRE.

ARMS: ***Or, a chevron nébulé, Argent and Azure, between three bucks in full course, Vert.***



DR. SWIFT'S WILL, AND HIS DIRECTIONS TO MRS. MARTHA WHITEWAY.

As soon as you are assured of my death, whether it shall happen to be in town or the country, I desire you will go immediately to the deanery; and if I die in the country, I desire you will send down a strong coffin, to have my body brought to town, and deposited in any dry part of St. Patrick's cathedral. Then you are to take my keys, and find my will, and send for as many of my executors as are in town, and in presence of three of them have my will read; and what you see therein that relates to yourself, and is to take place after my death, you are to do in their presence, first delivering my keys to my executors, and then demanding those keys to search where my ready money lies, and take it for your own use, as my will empowers you. But upon their notes you are to lend the money to them, for the charges of my funeral, as directed in my will. Then you are to see that one or more of my said executors shall order my plate and household goods, and other things of value, and what are locked up in my scrutoires, cabinets, &c., to be entered in a list, and secured in their several places, for my executors to dispose of them as my will provides.

You are likewise to deliver the keys of all the rooms and cellars to my said executors, and often to entreat them to come to the deanery, and pursue the directions in my will.

You are also to deliver to my executors all the bonds, mortgages, and papers relating to money, &c., when they shall have agreed where to deposit them with security, taking their receipts. JONATHAN SWIFT.

Deanery-house, March 25, 1737.

As soon as Mrs. Martha Whiteway hears of my decease, she is to come immediately to the deanery, and first take all the keys of my cabinets, and seal them up in a place, in the presence of Mrs. Anne Ridgeway, Roger Kenrick, my verger, and Henry Laird, if any of them be then alive, and in the neighbourhood. Then Mrs. Martha Whiteway is to send for as many of my executors as are in town; and, opening my scrutoires, deliver them my will, and let one of the said executors read my will and codicils: there should be three of my executors present at least; they are all in number nine. Then, Mrs. Martha Whiteway is to take all the ready money she can find, if there be 200*l.*, but no more, which likewise she may lend to the said executors upon their notes. In case I should happen to have not cash enough, or bankers' bills, to pay the charges of transporting my body to Holyhead, and for my burial in the church of that town, as directed in my will, then she is to assist my executors in sending my plate to some banker, together with my valuable curiosities, which she knows where to find, many of which are bequeathed to John Whiteway, younger son to Mrs. Martha Whiteway, and sent to the said Martha to be kept for the use of her said son, except some books bequeathed in my said will or codicils.

I have written the names of my executors in the page on the right hand of this paper.

Mrs. Martha Whiteway is to secure the broad paper-book, in quarto, wherein the debts due to me, and debts I owe, entered to this present month of April, 1737—seven, together with the whole state of my fortune, as debts, mortgages, &c., and plate, and valuable curiosities, household goods, arrears of tithes, and interest, &c., which my executors are to have a copy of; and Mrs. Martha Whiteway knows where to find all my mortgages, bonds, &c., which she is to give to my said executors, taking their receipt, in order to receive the several interests or principals to purchase lands, as declared in my last will, which when my said executors have entered in form in the proper courts, they are humbly desired to fulfil as soon as they conveniently can.

Signed and sealed, April 22nd, 1737—seven,

JONATHAN SWIFT.

Witnesses present.
Anne Ridgeway.
Alex. Broneers.

[Names of the Executors.]

Robert Lindsay, Justice in the Common Pleas.
Henry Singleton, Prime Serjeant.
Doctor Delany.
Richard Helsham, M.D.
Eton Stannard, Recorder.
Robert Grattan, of St. Audoens.
James Grattan, of St. Nick Within.
James Stopford, of Finglass.
James King, of St. Bride's.

[On the back of this letter.

For Mrs. Martha Whiteway to read, and keep when finished.—Codicils.

April 19, 1737.

In the name of God, Amen. I, Jonathan Swift, doctor in divinity, and dean of the cathedral church of St. Patrick, Dublin, being at this present of sound mind, although weak in body, do here make my last will and testament, hereby revoking all my former wills.

Imprimis, I bequeath my soul to God, (in humble hopes of his mercy through Jesus Christ,) and my body to the earth. And I desire that my body may be buried in the great aisle of the said cathedral, on the south side, under the pillar next to the monument of primate Narcissus Marsh, three days after my decease, as privately as possible, and at twelve o'clock at night, and that a black marble of feet square, and seven feet from the ground, fixed to the wall, may be erected, with the following inscription in large letters, deeply cut, and strongly gilded.

Item, I give and bequeath to my executors all my worldly substance, of what nature or kind soever, (except such part thereof as is hereinafter particularly devised,) for the following uses and purposes, that is to say, to the intent that they, or the survivors or survivor of them, his executors, or administrators, as soon as conveniently may be after my death, shall turn it all into ready money, and lay out the same in purchasing lands of inheritance in fee simple, situate in any province in Ireland, except Connaught, but as near to the city of Dublin as conveniently can be found, and not incumbered with, or subject to, any leases for lives renewable, or any terms, for years longer than thirty-one; and I desire that a yearly annuity of 20*l.* sterling, out of the annual profits of such lands, when purchased, and out of the yearly income of my said fortune, devised to my executors, as aforesaid, until such purchase shall be made, shall be paid to Rebecca Dingley, of the city of Dublin, spinster, during her life, by two equal half-yearly payments, on the feast of All Saints, and St. Philip and St. Jacob, the first payment to be made on such of the said feasts as shall happen next after my death. And that the residue of the yearly profits of the said lands, when purchased, and, until such purchase be made, the residue of the yearly income and interest of my said fortune devised as aforesaid to my executors, shall be laid out in purchasing a piece of land, situate near Dr. Stevens's hospital; or, if it cannot be there had, somewhere in or near the city of Dublin, large enough for the purposes hereinafter mentioned, and in building thereon an hospital large enough for the reception of as many idiots and lunatics as the annual income of the said lands and worldly substance shall be sufficient to maintain; and I desire that the said hospital may be called St. Patrick's Hospital, and may be built in such a manner that another building may be added unto it, in case the endowment thereof shall be enlarged; so that the additional building may make the whole edifice regular and complete. And my further will and desire is, that when the said hospital shall be built, the whole yearly income of the said lands and estate shall, for ever after, be laid out in providing victuals, clothing, medicines, attendance, and all other necessaries for such idiots and lunatics as shall be received into the same; and in repairing and enlarging the building from time to time, as there may be occasion. And, if a sufficient number of idiots and lunatics cannot readily be found, I desire that incurables may be taken into the said hospital to supply such deficiency; but that no person shall be admitted into it that labours under any infectious disease; and that all such idiots, lunatics, and incurables as shall be received into the said hospital shall constantly live and reside therein, as well in the night as in the day; and that the salaries of agents, receivers, officers, servants, and attendants, to be employed in the business of the said hospital, shall not in the whole exceed one-fifth part of the clear yearly income or revenue thereof. And I further desire that my executors, the survivors or survivor of them, or the heirs of such, shall not have power to demise any part of the said lands so to be purchased as aforesaid, but with consent of the lord primate, the lord high-chancellor, the lord archbishop of Dublin, the dean of Christ-church, the dean of St. Patrick's, the physician to the state, and the surgeon-general, all for the time being, or the greater part of them, under their hands in writing; and that no leases of any part of the said lands shall ever be made other than leases for years not exceeding thirty-one, in possession, and not in reversion or remainder, and not dispunishable of waste, whereon shall be reserved the best and most improved rents that can reasonably and moderately, withou racking the tenants, be gotten for the same without fine. Provided always, and it is my will and earnest desire that no lease of any part of the said lands, so to be purchased as aforesaid, shall ever be made to, or in trust for, any person any way concerned in the execution of this trust, or to, or in trust for, any person any way related or allied, either by consanguinity or affinity, to any of the persons who shall at that time be concerned in the execution of this trust: and that, if any leases shall happen to be made contrary to my intention above expressed, the same shall be utterly void and of no effect. And I farther desire, until the charter hereinafter mentioned shall be obtained, my executors, or the survivors or survivor of them, his heirs, executors, or administrators, shall not act in the execution of this trust, but with the consent and approbation of the said seven additional trustees, or the greater part of them, under their hands in writing, and shall, with such consent and approbation as aforesaid have power, from time to time, to make rules orders, and regulations, for the government and direction of the said hospital. And I make it my request to my said executors, that they may, in convenient time, apply to his majesty for a charter to incorporate them, or such of them as shall be then living, and the said additional trustees for the better management and conduct of this charity, with a power to purchase lands; and to supply, by election, such vacancies happening in the corporation, as shall not be supplied by succession, and such other powers as may be thought expedient for the due execution of this trust, according to my intention hereinbefore expressed. And, when such charter shall be obtained, I desire that my executors, or the survivors or survivor of them, or the heirs of such survivor, may convey to the use of such corporation in fee simple, for the purposes aforesaid, all such lands and tenements as shall be purchased, in manner above mentioned. Provided always, and it is my will and intention, that my executors, until the said charter, and afterwards the corporation to be hereby incorporated, shall, out of the yearly profits of the said lands when purchased, and out of the yearly income of my said fortune devised to my executors as aforesaid, until such purchase be made, have power to reimburse themselves for all such sums of their own money as they shall necessarily expend in the execution of this trust. And that, until the said charter be obtained, all acts which shall at any time be done in the execution of this trust by the greater part of my executors then living, with the consent of the greater part of the said additional trustees, under their hands in writing, shall be as valid and effectual as if all my executors had concurred in the same.

Item, Whereas I purchased the inheritance of the tithes of the parish of Effernock, near Trim, in the county of Meath, for 260*l.* sterling: I bequeath the

said tithes to the vicars of Laracor, for the time being, that is to say, so long as the present Episcopal religion shall continue to be the national established faith and profession in this kingdom: but, whenever any other form of Christian religion shall become the established faith in this kingdom, I leave the said tithes of Effernock to be bestowed, as the profits come in, to the poor of the said parish of Laracor, by a weekly proportion, and by such other officers as may then have the power of distributing charities to the poor of the said parish, while Christianity under any shape shall be tolerated among us, still excepting professed Jews, atheists, and infidels.

Item, Whereas I have some leases of certain houses in Kevin's-street, near the deanery-house, built upon the dean's ground, and one other house now inhabited by Henry Land, in deanery-lane, alias Mitre-alley, some of which leases are let for forty-one years, or forty at least, and not yet half expired, I bequeath to Mrs. Martha Whiteway, my lease or leases of the said houses; I also bequeath to the said Martha my lease of forty years of Goodman's Holding, for which I receive 10*l.* per annum; which are two houses or more lately built: I bequeath also to the said Martha the sum of 300*l.* sterling, to be paid her by my executors out of my ready money, or bank-bills, immediately after my death, as soon as the executors meet. I leave, moreover, to the said Martha, my repeating gold watch, my yellow tortoiseshell snuff-box, and her choice of four gold rings out of seven which I now possess.

Item, I bequeath to Mrs. Mary Swift, alias Harrison, daughter of the said Martha, my plain gold watch made by Quare, to whom also I give my japan writing-desk, bestowed to me by my lady Worsley, my square tortoiseshell snuff-box, richly lined and inlaid with gold, given to me by the right honourable Henrietta, now countess of Oxford, and the seal with a Pegasus, given to me by the countess of Granville.

Item, I bequeath to Mr. Ffolliot Whiteway, eldest son of the aforesaid Martha, who is bred to be an attorney, the sum of 60*l.* as also 5*l.* to be laid out in the purchase of such law-books as the honourable Mr. justice Lyndsay, Mr. Stannard, or Mr. M'Aulay shall judge proper for him.

Item, I bequeath to Mr. John Whiteway, youngest son of the said Martha, who is to be brought up a surgeon, the sum of 100*l.* in order to qualify him for a surgeon, but under the direction of his mother: which said sum of 100*l.* is to be paid to Mrs. Whiteway, in behalf of her said son John, out of the arrears which shall be due to me from my church livings, (except those of the deanery tithes, which are now let to the Rev. Dr. Wilson,) as soon as the said arrears can be paid to my executors. I also leave the said John 5*l.* to be laid out in buying such physical or chirurgical books as Doctor Grattan and Mr. Nichols shall think fit for him.

Item, I bequeath to Mrs. Anne Ridgeway, now in my family, the profits of the leases of two houses let to John Cownly for forty years, of which only eight or nine are expired, for which the said Cownly payeth me 9*l.* sterling for rent, yearly. I also bequeath to the said Anne the sum of 100*l.* sterling, to be paid her by my executors in six weeks after my decease, out of whatever money or bank-bills I may possess when I die; as also three gold rings, the remainder of the seven above mentioned, after Mrs. Whiteway hath made her choice of four: and all my small pieces of plate, not exceeding in weight one ounce and one-third part of an ounce.

Item, I bequeath to my dearest friend Alexander Pope, of Twickenham, esq., my picture in miniature, drawn by Zinck, of Robert late earl of Oxford.

Item, I leave to Edward, now earl of Oxford, my seal of Julius Cæsar, as also another seal, supposed to be a young Hercules, both very choice antiques, and set in gold; both which I choose to bestow to the said earl, because they belonged to her late most excellent majesty queen Anne, of ever glorious, immortal, and truly pious memory, the real nursing-mother of her kingdoms.

Item, I leave to the reverend Mr. James Stopford, vicar of Finglass, my picture of king Charles I., drawn by Vandyck, which was given to me by the said James; also, my large picture of birds, which was given to me by Thomas, earl of Pembroke.

Item, I bequeath to the reverend Mr. Robert Grattan, prebendary of St. Audoen's, my gold bottle-screw which he gave me, and my strong box, on condition of his giving the sole use of the said box to his brother, Dr. James Grattan, during the life of the said doctor, who hath more occasion for it, and the second-best beaver hat I shall die possessed of.

Item, I bequeath to Mr. John Grattan, prebendary of Clonmethan, my silver box in which the freedom of the city of Cork was presented to me; in which I desire the said John to keep the tobacco he usually cheweth, called pigtail.

Item, I bequeath all my horses and mares to the reverend Mr. John Jackson, vicar of Santry, together with all my horse furniture: lamenting that I had not credit enough with any chief governor (since the change of times) to get some additional church preferment for so virtuous and worthy a gentleman. I also leave him my third-best beaver hat.

[illegible] erend Dr. Francis Wilson the works of Plato in three folio volumes, the earl of Clarendon's 'History,' in three folio volumes, and my best Bible; together with thirteen small Persian pictures in the drawing-room, and the small silver tankard given to me by the contribution of some friends, whose names are engraved at the bottom of the said tankard.

Item, I bequeath to the earl of Orrery, the enamelled silver plates to distinguish bottles of wine by, given to me by his excellent lady, and the half-length picture of the late countess of Orkney in the drawing-room.

Item, I bequeath to Alexander M'Aulay, esq., the gold box in which the freedom of the city of Dublin was presented to me, as a testimony of the esteem and love I have for him on account of his great learning, fine natural parts, unaffected piety and benevolence, and his truly honourable zeal in defence of the legal rights of the clergy, in opposition to all their unprovoked oppressors.

Item, I bequeath to Deane Swift, esq., my large silver standish, consisting of a large silver plate, an ink-pot, a sand-box and bell of the same metal.

Item, I bequeath to Mrs. Mary Barber the medal of queen Anne and prince George, which she formerly gave me.

Item, I leave to the reverend Mr. John Worrall my best beaver hat.

Item, I bequeath to the reverend Dr. Patrick Delany my medal of queen Anne in silver, and on the reverse, the bishops of England kneeling before her most sacred majesty.

Item, I bequeath to the reverend Mr. James King, prebendary of Tipper, my large gilded medal of king Charles I., and on the reverse, a crown of martyrdom, with other devices. My will, nevertheless, is, that if any of the above-mentioned legatees should die before me, that then, and in that case, the respective legacies to them bequeathed, shall revert to myself, and become again subject to my disposal.

Item, Whereas I have the lease of a field in trust for me, commonly called the vineyard, let to the reverend Dr. Francis Corbet, and the trust declared by the said

doctor; the said field, with some land on this side of the road, making in all about three acres, for which I pay yearly to the dean and chapter of St. Patrick's * * * *.

Whereas I have built a strong wall round the said piece of ground, eight or nine feet high, faced on the south aspect with brick, which cost me above 600*l.* sterling: and likewise, another piece of ground as aforesaid, of half an acre, adjoining the burial-place, called the cabbage-garden, now tenanted by William White, gardener: my will is, that the ground enclosed by the great wall may be sold for the remainder of the lease, at the highest price my executors can get for it, in belief and hopes that the said price will exceed 300*l.* at the lowest value; for which my successor in the deanery shall have the first refusal: and it is my earnest desire that the succeeding deans and chapters may preserve the said vineyard, and piece of land adjoining, where the said White now liveth, so as to be always in the hands of the succeeding deans during their office, by each dean lessening one-fourth of the purchase money to each succeeding dean, and for no more than the present rent.

And I appoint the honourable Robert Lindsay, one of the judges of the court of Common Pleas; Henry Singleton, esq., prime-serjeant to his majesty; the reverend Dr. Patrick Delany, chancellor of St. Patrick's; the Rev. Dr. Francis Wilson, prebendary of Kilmactolway; Eaton Stannard, esq., recorder of the city of Dublin; the Rev. Mr. Robert Grattan, prebendary of St. Audoen's; the Rev. Mr. John Grattan, prebendary of Clonmethan; the Rev. Mr. James Stopford, vicar of Finglass; the Rev. Mr. James King, prebendary of Tipper; and Alexander M'Aulay, esq., my executors.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and seal, and published and declared this as my last will and testament, this 3rd day of May, 1740.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

Signed, sealed, and published, by the above-named Jonathan Swift, *in presence of us, who have subscribed our names in his presence.*

Jo. Wynne.
Jo. Rochfort.
William Dunkin.

CODICIL.—In the name of God. Amen. I, JONATHAN SWIFT, doctor in divinity, and dean of the cathedral church of St. Patrick's, Dublin, being weak in body, but sound in mind, do make this codicil part of my last will and testament, and do appoint this writing to have the same force and effect thereof.

Whereas the right honourable Theophilus, lord Newtown, deceased, did, by his last will and testament, bequeath unto Anne Brent, a legacy of 20*l.* sterling a-year during her life, in consideration of the long and faithful service of her the said Anne: And whereas the said Anne, since the death of the said lord Newtown, did intermarry with Anthony Ridgeway, of the city of Dublin, cabinetmaker; and that the said Anthony Ridgeway, and Anne his wife, for valuable considerations, did grant and assign unto me the said Dr. Swift, the said annuity or rent charge of 20*l.* sterling per annum, to hold to me, my executors, and administrators, during the life of the said Anne, and the said Anthony Ridgeway being since dead: now I, the said Dr. Swift, do hereby devise and bequeath unto the Rev. Dr. John Wynne, chanter of St. Patrick's Dublin, the Rev. Mr. James King, curate of St. Bridget's Dublin, and the Rev. Dr. Francis Wilson, prebendary of Kilmactolway, and the survivor or survivors of them, their heirs, executors, and administrators, the said annuity or yearly rent charge of 20*l.* sterling per annum, devised by the said lord Newtown to the said Anne, to have, receive, and enjoy the same, during the life of the said Anne, to the uses, intents, and purposes hereinafter specified; that is to say, it is my will, that my said trustees, and the survivor or survivors of them, his and their heirs, executors, and administrators, shall (so soon after they shall have received the annuity, or any part thereof, as conveniently they can) pay or cause to be paid unto the said Anne Ridgeway the said annuity of 20*l.* sterling per annum, during her life. In witness whereof, I, the said Dr. Jonathan Swift, have hereunto set my hand and seal, and published this codicil, as part of my last will and testament, this 5th day of May, 1740.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

Signed, sealed, and published, in presence of us, who witnessed this codicil, in presence of the said testator.

John Lyon.
William Dunkin.
Roger Kendrick.

APPENDIX;

CONTAINING

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES BY SWIFT, NOT PUBLISHED IN THE PREVIOUS EDITIONS OF HIS WORKS.

APPENDIX;

CONTAINING

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES BY SWIFT, NOT PUBLISHED IN THE PREVIOUS EDITIONS OF HIS WORKS.

A FURTHER SEARCH INTO THE CONDUCT OF THE ALLIES AND THE LATE MINISTRY, AS TO PEACE AND WAR;

CONTAINING ALSO,

A REPLY TO THE SEVERAL LETTERS AND MEMORIALS OF THE STATES-GENERAL;

WITH A VINDICATION OF THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT IN THEIR LATE RESOLVES, AND ADDRESS RELATING TO THE DEFICIENCIES OF THE DUTCH. 1712.

THE following tract, forming the third in the series, from the pen of Swift himself, "On the Conduct of the Allies." is now for the first time published in a complete edition of his works. It was obtained with some trouble from the large collection of printed tracts and pamphlets, now in course of being catalogued in the British Museum, through the able and judicious instrumentality of Mr. Panizzi, the head librarian. It is one only, but an important one, among the undoubted missing productions of the celebrated dean, now so long a *desideratum*; and besides the internal evidence it presents of genuine character, is expressly alluded to by the author in the "Journal to Stella," when speaking of his resolution to follow up his attacks on the Whigs. "It cost me," he says, "2s. in coach hire to dine with a printer in the City. I have sent, and caused to be sent, THREE pamphlets out in a fortnight: I will ply the rogues warm; and whenever anything of theirs makes a noise it shall have an answer."—*Journal to Stella*, Lett. 32, Oct. 10, 1711.

THE reception a former work of this kind has met with in the world, and the little which has been said against it as to matters of fact, must be acknowledged to be all owing to the truth, coming with an irresistible force upon the minds of men, and which always carries its own evidence along with it; when we have met with the enemy descanting upon it, we have heard them, even in the midst of a thousand curses and hard names which they cast upon the author, yet at every pause cry out, Damn the circumstance! I doubt there is too much truth in it, though I hate the design of making it public. This makes it clear which has often, and upon many other occasions, been said, that our late people had a kind of popery in their politics, viz., that much of their success consisted in keeping the people blind and ignorant in the main and most essential points of their affairs, and which it was most necessary for them to know; that they were so far from knowing what usage they had received abroad from their allies, that when they came to be a little rightly informed, they could not frame ideas of so much knavery in their heads, or think it possible that any people who called themselves allies could at the same time carry themselves in such a manner to those for whom they had made the least professions of any respect, or for whose common safety they had the least concern.

As the truth of what has been thus spoken is hereby acknowledged and confessed by the enemy, which is the best kind of evidence; so the seasonableness of making that truth public in the manner it hath been by the former tract, and as it shall or may be in this, is justified and cleared beyond all possibility of objection by the late public resolutions of the honourable house of commons, where it comes into the world with the sanction and authority of the great representative of the nation; it is true, the particulars in the votes amount to a most excessive height; and though it was known and believed by many to be very great, yet I must confess few imagined them to be so surprising, the account so large, and the particulars so many as they appear to be; also one thing is obtained by this report of the house of commons, which the credit of a single author was by no means sufficient for, viz., that the Dutch had any share in the deficiency, and in the injuries which this nation has suffered under the weight of this confederacy; many would be brought by the power of reasoning and the force of demonstrations, which are things all people are not equally furnished to resist; they would, I say, be brought to confess, that there might have been defects in general, and that those effects appeared in the affairs of the empire, the Portuguese, and such like—anything but the Dutch; but such an ascendant had the influence of the politics and the confederacy of the late administration, with the parties concerned, obtained over the people, that though anything would go down with them against other people, yet if the dear Dutch came into the dispute, nothing could be borne with, but all the rest was the pure effect of Jacobitism and the French.

How fatal this has been to us I may hereafter have leisure to examine, and every day is like to discover more and more of it to us; indeed all things were mounted to such a violent prepossession upon us in favour of the Dutch, that we began to think even our own constitution stood in need of further security from them, and politicly brought the Dutch into our national concerns; thus making ourselves beholden to them for a guarantee or safety to the succession of Hanover, that this might be a handle to our doing other things for them so exorbitant in their own nature, as that no nation, but such as depended upon them for something very weighty and significant, would ever consent to, or could upon other pretence be persuaded into; yet this was not all, for when we had brought our people to stoop to so mean a thought as that our succession, ratified by both kingdoms, and incorporated by both the parliaments of England and Scotland in the late solemn treaty of union, could receive any addition of strength from abroad more than that of the interest and alliance of so powerful a prince as his electoral highness of Hanover and his

allies; that we stood in need of that incoherent article of a Dutch guarantee; when I say we had stooped so low as to level our constitution to the common notion of leagues and treaties between other and differing nations, and that it should receive a further sanction, thereby, it was not hard then to fill the heads of the poor people with a belief, that whoever made the least objection against anything hereafter, which either the Dutch might do by us or which we might do by them, acted therein against the Protestant succession. This was a point so well gained by the Dutch that, on the faith of a man, if they gained it for nothing, it was the best bargain they made during the whole war; and if our late managers granted it so also, they must either have given up their senses to the Dutch, or had most despicable thoughts of the strength of Great Britain, and our being able to support our own settlement; or, which I speak most unwillingly, there must have been some private bargain driven, of which I shall venture to say no more, but that I hope no Englishman could be found that would be guilty of it.

To waive therefore a reflection so unwelcome, let us go back to the observation before, viz., this threefold end we have seen it answer to the Dutch; what end it will ever answer to us remains a mystery, and will in all probability remain so for many years to come if not for ever; the ends which I say it answered for the Dutch were three:—

1. The barrier treaty, which, with the separate article, was joined as the advance money of a loan by way of what our people called prompt-payment, and which the Dutch had the confidence to palm upon us as a small matter, and a thing due to them for the great kindness done for us by them in taking upon them to secure our succession. I am not ignorant of that weak and foolish use which the enemies of peace made of that objection spoken of in the other forementioned tract, p. 21, viz., "That it may not be right, in point of policy or good sense, that a foreign power should be called in to confirm our succession by way of guarantee, but only to acknowledge it, otherwise we put it out of the power of our own legislature to change our succession, without the consent of that prince or state who is guarantee. However, our posterity may hereafter, by the tyranny and oppression of any succeeding princes, be reduced to the fatal necessity of breaking in upon the excellent and happy settlement now in force."

This by all means they will have as an aim taken for the pretender, as if, because we ought not to put it out of the power of our legislature to limit the succession, whatever necessity may happen, even when this race may be all in their graves, that therefore we have an immediate alteration of the succession in our view; these people who contend thus forget the mighty noise we have had from them about parliamentary limitations, a word the Whigs have made so sacred that it has been like the Magna Charta of their liberties, and with which they run down the hereditary right of their princes, as if there had been nothing at all in it but tyranny and arbitrary government, till at length it was happily discovered, that they were very well consistent together; and that they who best understood hereditary right had proved it to be agreeable to parliamentary limitation, and then all was well again. But after all this bustle, was it to be imagined that the same people could so easily give up the parliament's right of limiting the succession to a foreign nation; and by making a league of guarantee for the succession legitimate the impertinence of strangers, who may hereafter meddle with our constitution, and may tell a British parliament they have no power to alter or meddle with the settlement of the crown, for that it is already settled, and they are guarantees of it? What has been, may be; and what may be, may be supposed to be. If then any of the family of Hanover should tyrannise, or abdicate, or the same or like circumstances should happen as have happened before, the parliament would be disabled from declaring the throne vacant and filling up the same with such other of the family as they find convenient; which, according to all the Whig principles which we have so often heard of, is inseparable from the constitution, and much more sacred than anything which has been hereditary in the world. I do not incline to concern these papers with the popular disputes which have troubled the world so much and so long about the difference between hereditary and parliamentary right; how far they are the same, or which is best furnished with authorities and originals, whether of divine or civil right. It is enough to take hold here of the Whigs' own argument, and allowing all they have said on this head to be orthodox, whether it really be so or no, it must necessarily follow that this parliamentary right cannot, or ought not to be given out of our hands, and put by a treaty into the hands of foreigners; so that it shall be in their power to put their negative into our next limitation of the crown. If this be not to give away our liberties, I would be glad to know what it is to keep them; if there be any choice of tyrants, and if it weighs anything, when our privileges are given up, who is it they should be given up to? I confess myself more willing to be a slave at home than abroad, and to be tyrannised on by a prince of our own than by a foreign nation; and if there were no other reason for that than this, it would be sufficient to justify the choice, viz., that there are more ways to avoid the mischief of it, that an oppressing prince has sometimes changed his measures, or he may be restrained, or may die, and thereby a nation may be delivered; but such a convention as this, made with a foreign nation, engages that whole nation, upon all occasions, to embark itself and its whole strength in defence of the capitulation agreed on; and thus by this method the power of parliament in future limitations of the crown seems to be effectually given up. How the Whigs would have liked this doctrine if it had come from any one but themselves may be best guessed at by the warmth they showed about the league, said to be made by the late king James and the king of France, which put this whole nation into a flame; and with good reason so far as that league appeared; for what was it, or what could we imagine it to be, but a treaty of guarantee with the French, for the securing the succession of popery in England? Whereas the settling the religion and liberties of this nation was the undoubted right of the people in parliament, and so by the same rule must the succession of our princes be. The sum of all this is that by the Whigs' own arguments and their own principles, which they have always professed and adhered to, and by the same rule from which they acted in the Revolution, the accepting a guarantee for the securing the succession of the crown of this kingdom to any family, or branch of a family, race, or line whatsoever, is no less than giving up the privileges of the people, and divesting the parliament of the power of limiting the succession to the crown.

It may be remembered that in the late treaty of union with Scotland some secret overtures were made to have engaged the Dutch to be guarantees of that treaty; and though that proposal seemed to come from such hands as gave reason to believe it was rather a design to destroy than secure the said treaty, the Dutch having at that time discovered willingness enough to have prevented the conclusion of that treaty, yet those that knew anything of the resentment at that time here against that proposal, as dishonourable to England and destructive of the constitution of both

kingdoms, would wonder that ever the same ministry should so far change their notions as to admit the same guarantee in so nice an affair as the succession to thei own crown, which they rejected with contempt in a treaty with the neighbouring nation.

Secondly, another end answered by this treaty of guarantee, was giving an opportunity to the Dutch to play their own game with us with respect to other treaties, quotas, proportions of payments, ships, troops, and the like; of this so much has been said already, and is yet like to be said further in public, that I shall need say the less to it here, my design being rather to justify the resentment all honest men entertain at the mean politics and submissions of our people here, and to show the necessity of taking wiser for the future, than to animate people against any of our confederates.

I am as forward as any to agree that the advantages of a strict union among the confederates are very great, and that, as her majesty expressed it, the interest of the states of Holland be looked upon as our own; and this by no means hinders us from desiring that the Dutch should use us well, should show a reciprocal kindness, and should act with a mutual concern for the general confederated interest, and that we should not be willing to see them impose upon us in any of those particulars, or be easy and submit quietly to it when they do; and this is so much justice that none can object against, and what is the best, if not the only way to cultivate and maintain that friendship and good understanding on both sides, which is so much the interest of the confederacy in general, and of the Dutch themselves in particular. They who contend that the inquiring into these things seems to show a disregard to the confederacy in general, or to the several parties concerned in particular, seem to make severer satires upon the Dutch than they are aware of. The deficiencies of the performance they cannot deny, the want of a due regard then to the confederacy must certainly lie rather in those that have been the cause of those deficiencies than those that have not; for who are most justly to be charged with slighting and disregarding the mutual interest of the confederacy, they that have failed in the performance of the conditions, or they that complain of it in order to have them performed? Britain has all along shown, by a zeal fatal to herself, her willingness to push on the war with all imaginable vigour, in order to which, when her deficient allies, having less concern for the general good, have run the venture of miscarriage to shorten their expense, Britain, as if the whole charge of the war had been her due to pay, has zealously supplied both their quotas and her own; while she was willing to do thus, her confederates daily increased their deficiencies and her expense, as they might very well do finding her so easy; and while she was willing to sit still and see herself thus used, it was very remarkable how augmentations and increase of forces was every year proposed by the confederates, as well in Flanders as in Spain, and none so forward as the emperor himself to increase the quotas of the troops and the charges of the war upon the rest of his confederates, quietly waiting for their supplying additional troops, and taking care to have very few of his own.

While we submitted to all these things the war went quietly on, but whether so successfully or no as it might have done if the allies had answered what we had reason to expect from them, is left for them to answer. At last the British court, entering into a more narrow inspection of things, have not thought fit so calmly to suffer the weight of the war to lie heavier upon one shoulder than another, and though equally willing to bear their share of the burden, yet not forward to carry that load which ought to lie upon other shoulders. They are now calling upon their confederates to consider a little the justice of their several treaties, and to look back and see what they are obliged to do, if they expect the war should be carried on any further; if they are diffident of the success of these remonstrances from their experience how fruitless the like have been before, and have therefore at the same time embraced the occasion that has offered towards putting an end to the war by an honourable peace, they will be justified in it before all the world, both now and for ever; when it shall be at the same time understood in what manner and for how many years this war has been carried on, nor can the artifices of an adverse party among us delude many in their suggesting to the world that the government here is in the interest of France, since they can have no other reason to back that suggestion than that they were not willing to carry on a war upon unequal terms, and in a confederacy with allies who would not perform their own conditions, and in which those who expected the greatest advantages from it paid the least part of the expense towards it.

Thirdly, the third end which this general complaint against a peace has been calculated to answer, and which their party has taken care to make as popular as they can, is a general notion that those who are for a peace do it with a design, by the assistance of France, to introduce the pretender; however weak and inconsistent such a consequence may be, nothing is more certain than that many innocent and well-meaning people have been prevailed upon to believe it; and though the improbabilities of the thing in its own nature, and the steady zeal of the persons who they charge with it, and who have all along in a course of many years testified their abhorrence of that interest, and taken such steps against it as have been most effectual to the cutting off all hope both from him and his party, might suffice to any reasonable people; yet this seems to be one of those difficulties that can be solved only by a little patience and time; to those who will be convinced by argument, it seems sufficient that our putting a stop to a war which we carried on at so much disadvantage, and which had in view rather utter impoverishing the nation than a timely reducing our enemies to reason, however, was not only necessary on many other accounts, but greatly our advantage on this account in especial manner, that thereby we might be left in a condition to defend our constitution, and to preserve power to maintain our succession, as our parliament had thought fit to limit it, without the help of the Dutch, and without being put to so weak, so scandalous, and so dishonourable a shift as to accept of the guarantee of foreign states to preserve our own acts of parliament.

When I look further into this scandalous thing called a guarantee for our succession, methinks it represents to me our people on their knees to the Dutch, for the mighty favour of their taking us into their high and mighty protection; and, indeed, when this is compared with the manner with which the states of Holland carried on the Geertruydenbergh treaty, wherein the making a peace for us was also left wholly to or engrossed by the states of Holland, the thing seems very much of a piece. The barrier treaty also has much of the same manner in it, which being handled at large by itself, I say no more to here. I have observed that at the time when we began to talk here of peace, and when the French articles began to appear, we were mightily amused with the Dutch making offers that they would take away the excuse from us of want of money or credit, and the Dutch would advance to us four millions sterling, to encourage us to carry on the war. That the Dutch made such an offer publicly in form is known to be a mistake, but that the Dutch might be willing to lend, or to give as much as that

amounts to to have the sole direction of making the peace, that so their particular interest which they never forget, might be principally provided for, this there can be no greater question of; and the Dutch are not without cunning enough to make it so well worth their while as that such a sum of money should not be ill laid out. But those people should do well to consider two or three things which lie hid in this notion of the Dutch lending us so much money, and which by way of corollary may be of great use to us in the understanding of other parts of management on that side. (1.) That if the States of Holland for the carrying on the war could spare us so much money to encourage us that we might not make a peace without them, though that has not yet been thought of, then, however, all they thought fit to say in former times of their being impoverished and exhausted, and not in a condition to pay their quotas, must be a manifest fraud and cheat, and must be with design to put upon us the necessity of carrying it on upon unequal conditions; and this they could not have entertained a thought of without first being sensible that they had us at so much advantage as that they knew whenever they thought fit to ease their own charge they might put the hardship upon us. (2.) Since it was obtained by the acts of their other conduct that the Dutch had the sole direction of the peace, it followed then that we were under an obligation to carry on the war at their bidding, from whence it was most natural to believe that they were not dark-sighted enough not to make their other advantages. (3.) These things make it no longer a mystery why the Dutch would advance any sum of money for the encouraging us to carry on the war, because it followed that we should carry it on under the same inequalities and disadvantages which we did before; but now these things are detected, and if we should come to a necessity of carrying on the war, which God forbid, yet that it should be more than probable we may not only demand that they begin upon a new foot, and make up all their quotas for the time to come, but also may call upon them for what is past; also it is more than probable that they may then plead poverty with us, as they did before, and talk no more of the great sums they would lend us. (4.) There is yet another remark to be made upon this head, viz. of the Dutch advancing such great sums of money to us: we have never found but these sums were to be all lent upon good parliamentary security, and on the interest current in England, and we might not be thought ungrateful to the lenders, if we asked them where was the advantage of all that; was it to us or to themselves? They must not know the Dutch so well as we have reason to know them, who expect to find them ever forgetful of their own interest in any proposal they may make. It is true we have complained of our being impoverished and exhausted, and not in a condition to carry on the war, especially at the rate which it hath been carried on at, without great inconveniences, and involving, mortgaging and anticipating for us and our posterity, at a rate which neither are like to see the end of; but what is our defect? We do not want lenders but funds to borrow upon; we have usurers enough among us to devour us, we want no help from the Dutch, we are not without a sort of men among us who, having little or no interest in the freehold, have amassed infinite sums of money in cash, with which they trade upon the rest, and live upon the blood and vitals of the government; these, like the eagles where the carcase falls, gather together, and if the parliament can but find funds, though they boast of having the power of credit in themselves, and often think of making themselves formidable by threatening the government that they will lend no money, and that they can ruin the public credit by refusing to advance their money, yet they can no more forbear than a vulture can forbear his prey; the funds are the carcase they feed on; they are as hungry for them as a lion that has been hunting and found no food, and in spite of their faith often pledged to their party and friends, to run down credit and lend no money, let but the ministry find a fund, and the parliament establish a lottery, or subscription, or loan, and they are ready to trample one another to death to get in their money. So that after all that hath been said of the Dutch lending us money, we see nothing to be said to it but what was said in answer to some bantering lines in the time of king Charles II. made upon the king, which his majesty by repartee answered himself thus:—

> "Charles at this time having no need,
> Thanks you as much as if he did."

It is apparent in our case we want no lenders; we have been devoured with harpies already, who think, as no doubt the Dutch would also think, and perhaps say too, that the borrower is servant to the lender. But we must acknowledge we want funds to borrow, and where to find them, such excepted as will plunge us yet further and further into a gulph, whence no less than a hundred years can redeem us, is past the skill of the best advocates for a war to find out; indeed I cannot but wonder that, in all the noise the faction have made at these things, they have not descended to one argument against the difficulty of raising funds; they have indeed told us great things, *à la gasconade*, that there are funds enough—that England is vastly rich—that there is money enough—that we can with ease carry on the war this seven years, and such rhodomontade that they have surfeited the people with it for some time; but we do not see one of them that offers any scheme how, and upon what destructive ruinous fund, this money may be raised, that the people may judge whether what is alleged be true, yea or no; and whether those funds they shall so propose shall not be as fatal to the general good as those that have gone before; with such fallacious ways have the people been managed till they have led them on to the brink of inevitable ruin; and now, as if it were not enough that the nation hath for so many years been oppressed by the war, through the negligence or knavery of our confederates, we are modestly desired to proceed in the war upon the same foot. I confess this among our own people is a sign of some national stupidity and blindness which one would hardly think possible; but for our neighbours, whether the states-general or others, to desire it, seems to smell of something we want a word for in our tongue, and may be better expressed in French by *merveilleux surprenant*, and the like. I must needs say I have not yet met with any man so weak but what begins to feel the force of this argument enter into his soul. If the allies have not performed according to their agreement, they should be reminded of it; and if we cannot prevail with them to make up former defects, we ought at least to be careful that they comply punctually for the time to come. Can any people be so besotted to a party as to expect or desire that a nation already impoverished by the unfair impositions of her allies, and not able to carry on the war on the terms she hath done for some time, should not insist upon more justice for the future, that she may be able to hold it out?

Neither is this an unnecessary argument at this time, for if we can carry on this war at the expense of three millions and a half yearly, instead of seven, then we are better able to go on two years upon the square with our allies, than one year upon the unequal foundation we have gone upon all along; so that to bring our allies to do us justice, and to exert themselves to the uttermost in carrying on the war, is the truest and best step towards the main point, viz., of carrying it on, if

we are assured we shall no more be imposed upon: if we see the full quotas of troops in the field, the full numbers of ships in the Mediterranean, and all things in readiness in time, and fit for action; if anything will revive the drooping spirits of the nation it must be this; it must be that they have some hopes of not being cheated again, and that the powerful assistance of the allies will be a means of putting a happy and speedy end to the war that a safe peace may follow: and it is easy to find that nothing but this will do it; nothing else can persuade an exhausted nation to bleed anew but some assurance that they shall not be suffered by their allies to bleed to death—that there shall be some end of their sorrows and miseries, and that every hand is fairly engaged in bringing things to a happy end.

But these things seem to call for no further remark from us; they are so natural and plain in themselves that every child in these affairs may understand them; for if we must carry on the war, it must be needful that we suffer ourselves to be no more abused by our allies; if we are not to expect justice from our allies, then we must be unaccountably besotted if we carry on the war; nay, though a worse peace were to follow than her majesty hath good reason to expect from the negotiations now on foot.

But it may not be amiss to inquire here what prospect there appears of these things, and what hopes our allies do put us in, of expecting for the future better treatment; and that in pursuit of the war they will go on upon a different foot from that which they have hitherto gone upon; for if there was but some appearance of an amendment for the future, it might be some encouragement to us to think of prosecuting the ensuing campaigns with more comfort? but instead of this, all we yet see amounts to little that way, for at home all the fruit of the discovery shows only a kind of regret that it is made public, an inward fretting that the fact is too obvious, so that they cannot contradict it, and an envious warmth at the justice done their own country in it, because it touches upon the states-general, as if to touch them were fatal to us all; and perhaps it may indeed be fatal to some projects the party had set on foot here, destructive enough to the liberty of their country, and of which a little time may give us a further view. This is clear, that in all the reply we have here to the detecting the hard usage we have met with from our allies issues in exclamations at our exposing the Dutch, and falling upon the Dutch, spreading reports that we design to fall out with the Dutch, and that we are for a peace with France, and a war with the Dutch; as if we must refrain a due inspection into our own affairs for fear of the effects it will or may have upon the Hollanders; it is no less the duty of every faithful representative to inquire how other nations may impose upon the people, and waste and destroy us, than it is how we are embezzled at home, for every breach of treaty is in this kind a depredation upon the people; and it is most reasonable that when they have thus discovered the fraud, and by who, as well as by what means the nation is exhausted and worn out, they should so far expose the matters of fact, and the persons, that the people may know by what means they are impoverished; this hath been the constant method and usage of parliaments, and the members of parliament could not have discharged the trust they have committed to them by the people they represent if they had omitted it. Nor can this be called exposing the Dutch; they lay open the truth: if that exposes the Dutch, or any other persons or states, the misfortune is their own to be liable to such a charge; but let such people answer what they would have had the house of commons have done when, upon inquiry into the state of the war, they found that we had not been fairly used by the confederates; if they had held their peace, had they not been criminally silent? had they not betrayed their country? had they not been accessory to all the frauds of the like kind which should have happened for the future? And what would the language of posterity have been, when they should have seen that the house of commons knew those things, but took no notice of them, or any care to have the nation informed of them? Must it not have been a just reproach upon them, as it is now upon those who knew it before, and yet took no notice of it, or made any application to former parliaments to have it redressed? But it is evident these people who make now such loud complaints of the reflections cast upon our allies appear more concerned that the matter is made public than that it is true; and are so far from desiring any cure for the disease, that they spend all their heat and resentment at the discoveries of it; and it is to be observed from their conduct, that they make ten reflections upon the house of commons and the present ministry, for the industry and pains taken in finding out how, and by whom the nation has been abused, for one just remark upon the integrity and zeal in the war of those allies who have used us in such a manner. Whence such a spirit can proceed, and what reason can be given for it, is not so hard to find out as it is melancholy to reflect that so it should be.

I might go forward in this observation to expose the foundation from whence all this proceeds, and by which we should soon see for what uses and purposes some people are so desirous of pushing on the war; and how to do it they care not, upon what disadvantages and unequal conditions they did it; being willing to bear any part of the burthen, nay, all the burthen, so the beloved war were but to be pursued: the inquiry into this will open many scenes of private treachery not yet brought to light, and for that I purpose to do it in a tract by itself, I shall leave it to a fit occasion.

It falls next in view to interrogate the ministers at Utrecht how they proceed, and see thereby what measures the Dutch take to convince us that we shall have a better and more equal balance kept up among us in case the war is to be continued. But here you shall find measures calculated rather to compel the queen of Great Britain to carry on the war than to invite her majesty to it by assurances of performing treaties better than in the times past. This is a temper so different from what might be expected from a people who had so treated their allies, to us who complain of being so treated, that it is as before *merveilleux*; or, to put it plainer, a kind of throwing off the mask; as if we were obliged to submit to be cheated, after we had first discovered that it was so; and that what before was done covertly, and under the appearance of a treaty, was now to be done more effectually, openly, avowedly, and in the teeth of the rest of the allies.

This appeared upon the first conference after the French plenipotentiaries had delivered in their paper of explanation, as they called it, on the proposals of the peace which they had formerly given in. It came then to the turn of the allies to consider in what manner to deliver in their answer to the French proposals: this it was resolved should be by the confederate ministers delivering in their demands, or the several pretensions of their respective principals, without taking any notice of the project contained in the paper given in by the ministers of France. It should have been noted here in the first place, that after all the Dutch had said, and after all that had been said to them, in order to come to this treaty, prepared to preserve a good understanding among the allies, and to bring the treaty to the desired conclusion, viz., a good peace the Dutch ministers appeared there without any character, having

neither powers as plenipotentiaries, nor as ambassadors, nor anything more than mere commissioners, empowered only to hear what was said, make report to their masters the States, and give back their answers, which one of the queen's common messengers may as well do on our side. Nor were the persons, the equipages, or the salaries allowed to their said commissioners any more than what was suitable to common messengers, whose business it was to carry a message and return with an answer; so that in the conferences, either general or particular, there was no debating things with them, only just giving in what any one had to say, and all the answer these men could give was, that they would report it to their high mightinesses the States-general, and would bring their answer. The French plenipotentiaries presently objected against these powers, as not sufficient to admit the Dutch ministers into the conferences. The British plenipotentiaries, though they were sensible of the affront offered in it to their royal mistress, after such assurances on her majesty's part of her sincere intention to make the interest of all her allies to be as her own, yet willing to waive everything that might give an obstruction to the happy issue of the peace, did not insist on this; though they could not but complain that it greatly obstructed that happy concert of measures which they hoped might have been the constant fruit of the private conferences of the confederate ministers, which the Dutch, having no powers that extended any further than barely to hear and report, and bring back a resolution, was, for want of those powers, quite disappointed; so that the Dutch ministers might as justly be deemed and termed porters, as plenipotentiaries. Well, notwithstanding all this, the British plenipotentiaries, willing to promote the great end for which they assembled, which, as the lord bishop of Bristol expressed it, was, in the name of God, to bring the wars to a happy conclusion, in an equitable and honourable peace, all these obstructions were passed over on their side, and they laboured to have the powers of the Dutch ministers accepted, as at last they were with some difficulty; and thus they proceed to the affair of the demands, as above, which were to be delivered in as the 5th of March. The Dutch ministers, concealing the resolution taken at the Hague, to give in no demands, but the very immediate copy of the preliminaries last treated on, insisted that all the confederates' demands should be formed into one instrument, and be given in jointly by all the plenipotentiaries, as the general demands of the whole alliance. This, though something surprising in itself, yet was the less so, when it was more known that this was in order to execute the measures above noted, viz., of bringing in the preliminaries of Geertruydenbergh as the summary demands of the allies. But the British plenipotentiaries taking notice of it, insisted that this seemed to be destructive of the treaty itself,—that France had twice ventured to carry on the war rather than agree to these preliminaries,—that they had been declared impracticable, and could not be treated on here; and to insist on the very literal form of those preliminaries now, and prescribe the plenipotentiaries to treat on them, was to declare against a treaty at all. That this meeting was understood by all parties to be not a treaty of preliminaries in order to a treaty of peace, but a general treaty of peace itself, wherein the specific demands of every ally were to be heard, debated, and finally discussed, adjusted and answered to their satisfaction, which could by no means be done by preliminary articles which had in them several references to a further treaty, and some suggested demands left to be further discussed at another time; whereas they were now met to make a final and general conclusion of all demands and pretensions whatsoever, that there might be no more blood shed in the Christian world, that an end might be put to the miseries of Europe. It was also alleged that the said preliminaries had not been concerted with a due regard to the interest of all the allies: in especial manner it was asked what article there was to be found in them which regarded the interest of her Britannic majesty, further than what merely respected her title to the crown, and the banishment of the pretender; whereas there seemed a great deal of reason for admitting further demands for the security, and enlarging the commerce and possessions of her majesty and her subjects; for this reason, as well as in behalf of the rest of the confederates, the said British plenipotentiaries insisted upon giving in the instrument of their demands in particular, every ally by themselves.

It must be something astonishing to such true lovers of their country, who can look back on these things with unprejudiced judgments, to reflect on the temper reigning in this part of Europe at the time of the treaty aforesaid, when in all the numerous articles adjusted at the Hague, and afterwards debated again at Geertruydenbergh by the Dutch and French, the former left out nothing which concerned their own interest, security, or advantage; nay, engaged the British court to concern and engage themselves for their particular security and advantages; but not one word, clause, article, or debate, was ever thought of for the English, either as to the security of their commerce as it then stood, or the increase of it for the future. On the other hand, all the stress on the British side, and for which we were to think ourselves infinitely obliged to the Dutch, was to engage their assistance to keep out the pretender, and secure the succession of the crown of Great Britain to his electoral highness of Hanover; a thing which is so the universal resolution of all the people and parties in Britain, and to which they think all the opposition that can be made, from either French or any else, is so trifling and insignificant, that they cannot be sensible of the exceeding obligation on that behalf to their confederates, or of the great danger which they were in of the pretender, although no foreign assistance had been engaged on that behalf, esteeming the favourers of the pretender in Britain, notwithstanding their great clamours of a party among us, to be so few and so inconsiderable as that there is nothing to be feared from them: but supposing there had been more danger of the clause, viz., the succession, than we are willing to hope there is ground to apprehend, it cannot but be reminded that it is as much the interest of the States-general to secure that succession in the illustrious house of Hanover as it is even of Great Britain itself, and much more than it can be supposed to be to Britain to secure to them the barrier of Flanders; for should the dominions of her Britannic majesty ever fall into the hands of a popish or French interest, or into the hands of a prince who is, or may be in the interest of France, the territories of the States-general being stript of the powerful assistance of the British troops by land and fleets by sea, must inevitably be exposed to the powerful invasion of French and British fleets united, and their trade in particular eaten up and destroyed, as was verified by woful experience to the said States in the year 1672, when, if the English court had not broken off from the said French alliance, the States-general had inevitably sunk under the power of France, and their government been dissolved and destroyed. So that upon the whole it is manifest there was no need on our part to engage the Dutch to appear for the security of our succession to the house of Hanover; for that the sovereign law of their own preservation will always put them under a necessity of doing it, the contrary being most sure to be a great step in their injury, if not their evident destruction: it may be argued, that in rules of govern-

ment we are not to depend upon this or that state being obliged by their own interest to assist us, but we are to regard what necessity, either for security of trade, common safety of government, or other political interests we are in, or may be in, of the assistance of the powers we are treating with, and if that necessity appears, it is a sufficient reason for us to secure that assistance. And this we have frequent examples of, as of the Dutch themselves treating with us in 1676, when notwithstanding it was the undoubted interest of England not to let Holland, upon any terms whatever, fall into the hands of France; and if ever the French do again make that attempt, we ought to assist the Dutch with all our troops and power; and that not so much from any care and kindness to them as a nation, but for our own interest and preservation; yet the Dutch, knowing the eyes of a nation are not always open to their own interest, thought fit to tie us to assist them in that case, and even articled with us for the proportion, viz., the number of ten thousand men. This is brought for a reason why, notwithstanding its being so much the interest of the States of Holland to preserve the succession of the house of Hanover to the crown of Great Britain, we ought also to bind them to it by treaty: but though we were to grant all this, it will not follow that this treaty should have such a price put upon it that the Dutch should demand of us all they want for this little equivalent; and the reasons above, though they should not be allowed to subsist against the treaty of guarantee itself, will certainly take off much of that high price which the Dutch have put upon it, as if we were under such infinite obligations to them to secure it for us, as that we were quite out of condition to defend it ourselves, or as if they had no concern, or were to receive no security, benefit, or advantage at all by it to themselves. Again, it might pass for some argument in this case, that if any power in Europe ought to have sought this guarantee from the States-general, it should have been the Elector himself, who on his part might probably have some more occasion to secure his passage over to England, and the march of any troops which his highness might find necessary to bring with him, to assist his faithful people of Britain to place him on the throne, in case a French or popish interest should make opposition. Here indeed the States-general might be very useful allies, and his electoral highness would have thought very well of such a guarantee of the States; but it cannot be conceived that Britain can be under like necessity of such a security—the succession, which is their own act and deed, being universally approved by the whole nation, a few people excepted, who are contemptible either for their number or interest, so that on all these accounts it seems however a treaty of guarantee may be useful enough for our succession, and no harm in it; yet it cannot be a thing of that weight as to have so great a value set upon it, and that Britain should suffer herself so much to be imposed upon for it as it is apparent to all the world she has been on that account.

We return now to the manner of the carrying on of the treaty of peace at Utrecht: the British plenipotentiaries having, as I said above, insisted upon the giving in the demands of the allies in a separate manner, have by this means an occasion of securing for the subjects of her majesty some other advantages than by the former treaty was thought of, and the people of Britain may now see, not only on what disadvantage for us the former treaty was negotiated, when we were to have our markets made for us by our Dutch neighbours; but they may see that all the noise that hath been made of the present ministry and of the present managers being in the interest of France, amounts only to this, that whereas the other gave up all our interest to the Dutch and the emperor, these men are careful that Britain may reap some advantages by the treaty, as well as the rest of the confederates.

Indeed it has been something wonderful in the common discourse of the people on these subjects, to find the generality poisoned by these self-denying notions, viz., that all which can be obtained from France must be given to the emperor and the Dutch, and the king of Portugal, but nothing to the queen of Great Britain; as if our strength were no acquisition, or our power any safety to the alliance; nay, rather, as if it were dangerous to the confederacy to entrust any part of that we have fought so long for, and bought so dear, to the queen of Great Britain. One would think the Dutch themselves went on that notion, when, as was apparent, they appeared uneasy and jealous at the preparations made by her majesty to send a fleet and forces to Canada: while not knowing the design, they apprehended it to be for the taking possession of some place or other in the Spanish America; although by the —th article of the grand alliance it was agreed that her majesty might lawfully have done so if she had thought fit. These things, however of no other consequence, yet serve to let us see how different, as respecting us, the manner of the allies hath been in all the transactions of this war, and how different their views have been in all their steps towards a peace, from our constant behaviour, in the same heads as they respected them; and that in all these occasions it has been the constant maxim of our confederates, that we were to have no share in anything, but that the Dutch, under a notion of a barrier and security to their frontiers, should make large acquisitions, both to their territory and their commerce, both which have been consented to from hence; whether it be to the honour or to the infamy of those who have given in to these measures is left to the impartial part of mankind to determine: it is evident that at length the just representations of the British ministers took place, and the Dutch, after much difficulty, have yielded that the demands of the allies be given into the French, although in one and the same instrument, yet in separate heads; and the British plenipotentiaries agree and propose to add at the end of every head this general one in satisfaction of all the rest of the allies, a clause sufficient to remove the scandal and reproach early cast upon the present management, viz., that they designed to make a separate peace, and had actually concluded the conditions thereof with France before the congress was to begin. I must crave pardon if I make these several instances of the usage her majesty hath met with from her allies rank in with their other conduct relating to forces and quotas which have already been made public, and altogether to come under the title of deficiencies; for if there had been a more disinterested conjunction of counsel and assistance, or measures in the proceedings of the allies to and with her Britannic majesty and her ministers, no question this treaty had been with more ease brought on, with more mutual assistance to, and confidence in one another entered into, and perhaps the success might have been more promising also.

There seems to be no occasion here of entering into the clauses which the Dutch have obtained in any of their treaties and agreements with us, by which they have gained advantages in commerce particularly to our prejudice, because even the Dutch themselves acknowledge them in their late letter to her majesty; only declaring that they do not design to take the advantage of those articles.

I am very willing to believe the States-general, especially while a good understanding among the allies, and particularly between them and us, is so necessary to them, would not make use of the advantages which

were given them by that treaty; but this does by no means deny, nay, it not tacitly only, but even explicitly, as it seems to indifferent judgments, grants that such advantages are given to the Dutch by that treaty.

See the declaration of the Dutch on this head more particularly, as follows:—

"For having learned that the principal exceptions taken to the said treaty were, that it might prove prejudicial to the commerce of her majesty's subjects in the Spanish Netherlands; and that some had entertained an ill-grounded and erroneous opinion, that the States might design to take advantage by it to make themselves masters of the said Spanish Netherlands, their high mightinesses did declare positively, and by this letter do voluntarily repeat it, that it never was their intention, nor ever will be, to make use of the said treaty, or of their garrisons in the fortified places of the country, to prejudice in any manner the commerce of her majesty's subjects; but that their opinion is, that whatever relates to navigation and commerce, there ought to be settled on an entire equality, that so her majesty's subjects may not be charged with higher duties of importation or exportation than theirs, to the end commerce may be carried on there by both nations on an equal foot."

Here the States-general acknowledge, that whatever relates to navigation and commerce in the Spanish Netherlands, ought to be settled on an entire equality: this is owning what her majesty has since claimed to be just, and yet that it has not been so is apparent also; and in the same letter they acknowledge it again by adding, "that if there be some articles of the said treaty which, without affecting the essentials of it, may be thought to want explanation, her majesty shall find them ready and willing to treat thereupon, with all the facility and condescension that can reasonably be required of them."

Now, however satisfactory such an offer is from the Dutch, who indeed cannot be supposed to be ignorant of the justice of her majesty's demands in this case, as not to come to a further explanation on these heads, yet all this adds to and confirms the complaint against the conduct, at least of those employed from hence, who in behalf of their own country could pass such a treaty and sign such a convention, by which it appears, were not the Dutch willing to explain themselves upon it, there was effectually given up to them both the sovereignty and the commerce of the Spanish Netherlands, the last being exclusive of the English. There is no doubt to me that this was evident at that time, and therefore it is that I cannot place it to the account of ignorance or inadvertency; for the duke of Marlborough saw into it, and therefore how willing soever in other cases to oblige the Dutch, he had not so little concern for his own safety as not to know a British parliament would certainly one time or other call a treaty so dishonourable and prejudicial to Britain in question, and therefore, no doubt, whatever other reasons his grace might have also, he thought fit not to be drawn in to set his hand to it, but refused to be a party to it, though at that time a plenipotentiary from hence: but another hand and other management effected it; and now the Dutch are willing to explain these things to our satisfaction, which would admit of many remarks as to the former part of it which I omit, because satisfaction will be now obtained: only this cannot, in justice to the present ministry and parliament, be omitted, viz., that if this inquiry into these things had not been begun, those explanations had never been obtained, and the Dutch had been left in a capacity, when they thought fit, to exclude the subjects of Britain from all trade and commerce in the Spanish Netherlands; and had been enabled, whenever their occasions made it for their purpose, to have seized upon the Spanish Netherlands, and have made themselves entire masters thereof; so that the preventing these things seems wholly owing to the vigilance of the present ministry, and to the vigorous resolutions of the present parliament.

There seems indeed one clause in the said letter, which some people are very forward here to take hold of; insinuating that the Dutch complain of being tricked in England into a consent to a negotiation of peace, by being put in hopes that after they should do so, the other affair of the barrier should be adjusted to their satisfaction; the words are these, "that however, having not long since been informed, that in England some were of opinion that the said treaty in some articles might be prejudicial to her majesty's subjects, they commissioned M. Buys, their envoy extraordinary, then going to England, to inquire what those points were that might be thought grievances, and authorized to treat about them with her majesty's ministers, and to remove, if possible, the difficulties by all the explanations that should appear necessary; which they were put in hopes would not be very hard to do, when once they should have consented to concur with her majesty as they did to procure a congress for the negotiation of a general peace. But that the misfortune was, that the said M. Buys, during his residence in England, was not able to finish that affair to reciprocal satisfaction; and that it having been remitted to the Hague, no way has hitherto been found to terminate it there neither; though their high mightinesses think they have shown all the readiness to comply with any just expedient that could reasonably be expected from them."

This seems to be very ill turned by a party among themselves, and implies, as they pretend, as if the British court had made light of the matter, and promised to adjust it if the Dutch would do so and so; but that after the Dutch had complied and concurred with her majesty to procure a congress for the negotiation of a general peace, they could never obtain the promised condition, although they had shown "all the readiness to comply with any just expedient that could reasonably be expected from them."

This is a black charge, and had not the Dutch with much more integrity than these people anticipated this calumny, and given the true reason for their said concurring with her majesty, to be their disposition and persuasion of the absolute necessity there was in the present conjuncture for the cultivating and maintaining a good friendship, perfect confidence and union between their said states and her majesty, which, for the better authority, I give you also from their own letter, "that during the whole course of her majesty's glorious reign, they have had nothing more at heart than to cultivate and maintain with her a good friendship, perfect confidence and union, and to corroborate them the most they possibly could; having always judged them absolutely necessary, and especially in the present conjuncture. That they likewise judged they could not give a better proof of this their disposition and persuasion than that which they lately gave in agreeing to the proposition which her majesty had caused to be made to them, to begin the negotiation of a general peace with the enemy, and in concurring with her majesty to facilitate the bringing together of the ministers of all the high allies to the congress at Utrecht."

This effectually contradicts what before is suggested, viz., that they were induced "to concur with her majesty as they did, to procure a congress for the negotiation of a general peace." Upon their being put in hopes that it would not be very hard to do, after they had consented so to concur with her majesty; I say, this is so contradicted by what is said before, that

I was tempted to doubt both the said paragraphs could not be in one and the same letter; and indeed it seems shocking to any reader, that their high mightinesses should say in one part of their letter that they concurred with her majesty, to give the best proof of their disposition to cultivate a good friendship, perfect confidence and union with her majesty: and in another part of the same letter to say that they concurred "with her majesty as they did to procure a congress for the negotiation of a general peace."

These considerations being too hard for my understanding, are left to the logical discussion of the party here, whose talent so eminently lies in equivocation and insignificant raillery; who, when they have chewed it and mumbled it, like an ass upon thistles, will bring it out the same thorny, crabbed inconsistency that they found it.

But while we are leaving them to this difficult work it may be needful to look further, for we have yet much more work cut out from Holland than in the foregoing piece; the States-general having received a new brush from the British parliament, are very solicitous to wash their negro skin as clean as they can from the imputations which have lain so plainly against them, but now they find it more difficult than they did before; for till now they had only pamphlets and general clamours to answer, such as the suspicions of the people, and the information of a few had made loud; and which began to make them uneasy, these were treated with some contempt by the states; and more by their friends here.

But the parliament, finding more truth in these things than perhaps they expected, and much more than the faction pretended, thought it required an extraordinary sanction to make them less disputed; and thought it just to make them public with an undisputed authority that the people ought to be undeceived, and that the quarrels about the truth of fact ought to cease among the people: for this reason, having caused all the particulars to be exactly and faithfully laid before them, by the report of the commissioners of the Admiralty, and other proper officers, and those particulars to be critically examined, they deduced from thence the matters of fact as they really were, and making all the cases plain in which the government had been imposed upon by their allies, and the Dutch deficient among others, they came to several resolves about the same, and drawing those resolves up into general heads, referring to the particulars for their demonstration, they humbly represented all in an address to her majesty, and caused both the said resolves and the address to be printed for the conviction of all her majesty's good subjects; and to confute and silence a party who, as above said, had made it their business to ridicule all that had been said of these matters as false and empty notions infused into people's heads to raise ill blood and create prejudices against the Dutch. If these things, coming forth with such an undisputed authority, did a little surprise the world, and consequently open the eyes of the people, much more would they surprise the States-general, whose interest it had so long been to have the people of Britain kept as ignorant as possible of these matters; and finding it absolutely necessary that something should be said to puzzle the cause a little, and to furnish their friends with arguments for their defence, they issue a paper, entituled as follows:—"A Memorial, serving to prove that the States-general of the United Netherlands are unjustly charged by the resolutions or votes of the house of commons of the Parliament of Great Britain, and by the subsequent address of the said house of commons thereupon, presented to her Majesty the Queen of Great Britain, with having been deficient in divers respects during the present War, in furnishing what, according to their quota or contingent they stood engaged for, towards carrying on the said War."

This is the paper which I come now to examine, and in which if I should discover that the States-general have really been so far from clearing themselves of the charge so positively laid upon them in parliament, that in every part they either directly or tacitly acknowledge it, then there will remain little force in the rest of their paper.

In considering this new and great affair of the Dutch memorial, it seems very proper to make as few circumlocutions as possible, and come directly to the point. Our introduction, therefore, shall consist rather of laying down a list of the particulars which we shall leave out than of what we shall put into the following tract; what shall be dropped as foreign to the case in hand, and not worth either the author's while to note, or the reader's to be concerned about. As first, it shall take up little of our time to animadvert on the insolence unparalleled of a scandalous mercenary who, in defiance of a British parliament, and while that parliament was actually sitting, should have the face to publish the answer or defence of a foreign nation against his own country.

If a man have received an affront from another, and meets one of his servants and says to him, "You, Jack, or you, Thomas, pray tell your master I say he is a villain and a rascal;" will not the servant, if he have any manners or sense of his duty, say to him, "Sir, let him be what he will, he is my master, and it is not fit for me to tell him so; pray employ somebody else." On the other hand, if the ignorant fellow should have so little wit or manners as to carry this message to his master, would not the master say to him, "let the man be what he will, you are an unmannerly rascal for bringing me such a message, since you were my servant and not his?" And would he not very justly cane him, and turn him out of his service for his impudence?

This case, as it is unprecedented, unless in the same person who did the like once before, so it will be doubly unprecedented in the public justice, if he is uncorrected for it. Nay, by how much more the party glory in and boast of having insulted the parliament and the government in this publication, by so much the more necessity they bring upon the said parliament to vindicate themselves, and punish the persons with their utmost vigour: but this is humbly left and submitted to the parliament, who no doubt will do themselves and their defender justice in this case.

Next it shall take up no part of this discourse to inquire whether the Dutch have ordered these sheets to be thus published in England or no. We are not ignorant how many ways of late the foreign powers concerned in this war have privately endeavoured to make themselves and their actings with her majesty popular here, appealing, as it were, from her majesty to her subjects; but we shall not suppose, however, that they are yet arrived at such contempt of their alliances with her Britannic majesty as to appear in an action which derogates so much from the usual civilities due from one ally to another, as that they should openly and avowedly make an attempt of this nature.

This leads us to consider how prudently the parliament of Britain has acted in this case, in which perhaps the Dutch, as subtle a nation as they are, and how good soever their politics have been in other cases, will be put to it how to behave themselves between the two extremes of owning or disavowing this publication of their memorial.

The parliament have first stigmatised the paper itself as a false and scandalous libel, but in this censure they do not call it the memorial of the States-general,

but a pretended memorial; now as the lie is here given by the whole British nation, and that most justly also, it remains for the Dutch to show us how they please to take it; if they own the paper and the publication of it here, they take the lie aforesaid to themselves, and are obliged to fall under the charge, hush it up, and thereby own it just or resent it, which we suppose they will consider of before they go about it. On the other side, if they take upon them to mention, answer or vindicate this paper, they own not the paper only, but the mean step of causing it to be published in England in especial insult to her majesty and to the parliament of Britain then sitting, and what evil consequences may follow such a thing must lie at their doors." It is true that, as the parliament has not thought fit to take it but as a spurious and pretended paper, we might very well do so also; but as we see it published in all parts of Europe, and allowed in those prints in Holland, who are said to write *cum privilegio;* and as it is in these countries styled, "The Answer of the States, &c.," we cannot but treat it as such, or at least as an answer for the States, if not the answer of the States. And that this may be justified by good evidence, the reader may observe that our prints, after the resentment of the parliament of Britain had made it too dangerous for our newsmen to go on with the printing it, gave this account, April 4th:—

Hague, April 17th. All our public prints, published by authority, have been and continue full of the States' reply to the resolution of the commons of Britain, in vindication of their conduct.

This we cannot but think gives sufficient authority to a writer, whether the States-general are concerned in the publication at London or no, to suppose them to be the real authors of the paper itself, and that it is really the States' reply, as above, and as such we shall therefore consider it.

The first thing meet for observation in it is, what we ought not by any means to pass over, viz., that the States-general confess the charge, acknowledging the fact directly, viz., that the quotas for sea-service were not supplied, or, as the resolution of the house of commons express it, viz., That the States-general have been deficient in their quotas for sea-service in proportion to the number of ships provided by her majesty, &c.

To this the States in their memorial, after a very long introduction, answer two things; first, that the quota the British court proposed to fit out, particularly in the years 1704 and 1705, were too many, or more than was needful for the service, viz., more than was needed to make the confederates superior to the French in the Mediterranean, and that therefore they, the States, did not think themselves obliged to furnish so many. That whereas we should have seventy-four ships the year 1704, and seventy-nine the year 1705, they thought the rate of twenty-four ships of their State a proportion against sixty of her majesty's, and that they concerted it so with admiral Mitchel. So that it is plain here, from this very memorial, that the States do no manner of way deny the deficiency itself, but evade the force of the charge by disputing the proportions; and explaining what they understood by the two-fifths to three-fifths so insisted on by the parliament, and how they ought to be understood by others. Again, they would patch up the deficiency aforesaid, by bringing in the number of their men-of-war employed in the north seas to make up their quota, and they express this very subtilely, as a thing which they think ought to be set against the number of ships employed by the British in the narrow seas; this may be considered immediately in their own terms; but first it is fit to note that both these arguments confess the charge in fact, only offer these explanations or extenuations: so that the truth of what the parliament has published in their representation and address stands fast, is acknowledged and confessed by the States, and needs no further defence. But it comes next of course to see what force this allegation of the Dutch as to their ships in the north seas ought to have in this argument; and if it appears that these are not and ought not to be reckoned in the proportion above, and that they were not reckoned in the first proportion stated and agreed with the States-general, then all the consequences drawn from those proportions will stand the States in no stead, as to any defence to be made by them against the charge. In the examination of this, we meet with this clause in the state of proportions laid before the house, by the lords of the Admiralty, which stands diametrically opposite to what the States allege in their memorial in these words, viz., that, by the treaties between the queen of Great Britain and the States-general, their proportion of the ships of the line of battle, to act in conjunction with those of this kingdom in the Channel, and in and about the Mediterranean, ought to be three to five.

The first observation meet to be made here is, that the treaties between the queen of Great Britain and the States have expressly settled their respective proportions, which indeed the memorial seems to evade, by alleging that, in the grand alliance, the respective parties were to assist with all their forces; then complimenting Britain (I do not say flattering) with being more powerful than the States, they thence deduce the reasonableness of the forces of one being more than the other. But the States-general would think themselves but ill answered if this way of argument was made use of with them, for what is all this to the equality of proportions? Have not the Dutch always, as the memorial acknowledges, treated every year with the queen upon the just proportion of every year's service? And has not the queen sent admiral Mitchel always to settle that point? Now the present question is not whether our nation is most powerful, or whether we are to send more troops than the States-general, or more ships; but whether the proportions being settled annually by agreement, the States-general have supplied the numbers agreed on by those treaties, and sent as many as they agreed to send or no? if they have done this, then it is true the first settled proportions are of no weight. On the other hand, if they have not, the general treaty of employing all their forces on any other are equally of no force.

Now it is apparent that the States-general have not supplied their quota of ships for the services for which they agreed to supply them, and therefore we on our side justly complain; and the account as it was laid before the house by the lords commissioners of the Admiralty, and by her majesty's command, is very plain in the case, admitting of no dispute; wherefore we have for a further and more effectual convincing the advocates for the States-general in this case, caused it to be annexed at large, and is as follows:—

By the lords commissioners for executing the office of lord high-admiral of Great Britain, Ireland, &c. of all her majesty's plantations.

Her majesty's pleasure having been signified to us by Mr. secretary St. John, that we should (in pursuance of an address from the house of commons) prepare an account of the quotas of her majesty's ships and those of her allies during this present war, and what agreements and conventions have been made for the said quotas, and how the same have been observed, we do in obedience to her majesty's command, humbly report:

That by the treaties between the queen of Great Britain and the States-general, their proportion of the line of battle, to act in conjunction with those of this

kingdom in the Channel and in and about the Mediterranean, ought to be three to our five.

That since the commencement of this war, not only sir David Mitchel, but sir James Wishart have been appointed by her majesty's command to go to Holland and adjust with the States-general or their deputies, the quotas of their ships of war to act in conjunction with those of her majesty as aforesaid, and what was done in pursuance of those treaties was sent to her majesty's principal secretary-of-state, to which we humbly refer.

And as to the number of ships in the line of battle, which the States-general each year during the war have joined to her majesty's on the forementioned services, the same will appear by the following account, which hath been computed with as much exactness as the nature of the things will bear, viz.: in the year 1702 her majesty had forty-four ships employed in the Channel and Soundings of the line of battle, and thirty in and about the Mediterranean, making in the whole seventy-four, and they were joined with no more than thirty-three of the States-general, whereas there should have been forty-four.

1703. Seventy-nine of her majesty's ships were employed in the aforesaid services, and but twenty-two of the States-general, which should have been forty-seven.

1704. There were seventy-four of the queen's ships and eighteen Dutch, which should have been forty-four.

1705. Seventy-nine of her majesty's ships and twenty-eight Dutch, which should have been forty-seven.

1706. There were but fifteen ships of the Dutch acted in conjunction with seventy-eight of the queen's ships, whereas there should have been forty-six.

1707. To seventy-two of her majesty's there were no more than twenty-seven of the States-general, instead of forty-three.

1708. The States-general joined twenty-five ships of the line to sixty-nine of her majesty's, instead of forty-two.

1709. No more than eleven ships of the States were joined to sixty-seven of the queen's, instead of forty-three.

1710. Her majesty had sixty-two employed in the aforesaid service, and the States-general appointed no more than thirteen to act in conjunction with them, instead of thirty-seven.

1711. There were no more than twelve Dutch ships instead of thirty-five, appointed to act with fifty-nine of the queen's ships, which, as well as those in the preceding year, were employed in the Mediterranean, and not so much as one allotted by the States-general to act in concert with those of her majesty against the enemies' ships at Dunkirk and in the Channel.

Here seemeth a most convincing proof of the matter of fact. Now let us see what Dutch cunning will bring them off of this, for it is a home charge, and they will not easily parry the thrust. The memorial in truth does not attempt it, and therefore the matter of fact, as I said before, stands granted. But they plead then that we have not treated them fairly; for, say they, "secondly, it must be observed in the aforesaid account, notice is taken only of the ships of this State, which in conjunction with those of her majesty were employed in the Mediterranean and the Channel, and that in the north sea, which this State during the war has generally had the care of, is wholly omitted: which mention of those ships only of this State which have acted in conjunction with those of her majesty, and the omission of the north sea, make so great a difference between the number of ships reckoned by the aforesaid account to have been furnished by Great Britain, and that said in the same account to be furnished by this State, that probably this difference gave occasion to the forming the foresaid prejudicial resolution or vote of the lower house, which possibly would not have been formed might this State have first been heard upon it."

This plea needs no further examination than to look back to the second paragraph of the Admiralty's report above, where it is affirmed, "That by the treaties between the queen of Great Britain and the States-general, their proportion of ships of the line of battle to act in conjunction with those of this kingdom, in the Channel and in and about the Mediterranean, *ought to* be three to our five."

It must be surprising to all that read the memorial of the States, to hear them insist with so many introductory paragraphs, and lay so much stress upon their employing ships in the north seas, when it is thus proved that the north seas are quite left out of the question, and the treaties they had made were only for ships to be employed in the Channel and in and about the Mediterranean. Now if they have furnished their quota as agreed upon with us for the Channel and the Mediterranean, though they had sent no ships to the north seas, we conceive the commons had made no representation; nor had they any reason, for there was no mention of it in the agreements of treaties aforesaid; but if they have not furnished their quotas for the Channel, although they had sent a hundred sail to the north seas, it had been nothing to the case any more than their sending ships to Batavia, for the same reason as above; the north-sea guard being not mentioned in the said treaties and annual agreements. To what purpose then is all the long description of the necessity of the sending ships to the north seas? And what can be more surprising than to find their high mightinesses arguing what is and was at that very time concerted and adjusted by them, with the persons actually sent over by the queen of Great Britain for that purpose; and which in the very same paragraph they acknowledge was so concerted and adjusted? For the more ready assisting the reader to make a full and free judgment hereof, the long pretended defence on that head is here copied out of the said memorial, and is as follows, viz.:—"It must be observed that, by the seventh article of the treaty of the 9th of June, 1703, by which that agreement was renewed, it is provided that the number of ships of war to be furnished by each for their whole quota according to the said agreement should be regulated every year, and that the rendezvous, as well as the places where the ships should be employed, should likewise be agreed upon every year; accordingly this has been concerted yearly, her majesty having to that purpose for several years sent over one of her admirals, at which times two things principally were taken into deliberation, namely, the number of shipping and the places where they should be employed; upon which the projects on the part of her majesty proposed commonly the employing a greater number than was proposed by this State, and also more regard was had to the Channel than to the north sea, of which north sea not the least mention is made in the aforesaid account of the lords commissioners of the Admiralty, from which omission it partly comes that they reckon so low what this State has furnished to the sea service. The sentiment of this State upon this subject has always been, that the number of ships to be sent yearly to sea ought to be regulated according to the force which it might reasonably be judged the enemy could yearly bring into the Mediterranean, the Channel, and the north sea, so that men might be morally sure that the fleets and squadrons which on the part of Great Britain and this State should act in conjunction or separately, would be superior to those of the enemy. The term in conjunction or separately was used because it was ever the opinion of this State that her majesty's ships and those of this State sent

to Portugal and the Mediterranean ought to act in conjunction; and that the security of the Channel ought to be left to the care of her majesty, and that of the north sea to the care of this State, because the Channel is best situated for Great Britain with respect to its countries, harbours, and commerce, and the north sea for this State with respect to its countries, harbours, and commerce; yet so, that if unexpectedly the enemy should bring any fleet or considerable squadrons into the Channel, or into the north sea, then the squadrons on both sides, in whole or in part, according to the circumstances of affairs, might join each other."

It is observed here, the States-general first acknowledge in this paragraph of their memorial, that both the number of ships to be furnished by each party, and the places where those ships should be employed was concerted yearly, her majesty having for that purpose for several years sent over one of her admirals: nay, they repeat it again, viz., at which times two things principally were taken into deliberation, viz., the number of shipping, and the places where they should be employed. We can have no occasion to make answer to this in any other manner than by appeal to the States-general themselves, and inquiring them whether in the quotas of ships, at those times agreed on, and the place where they should be employed, any place but the Channel and in and about the Mediterranean was ever included or inserted. If it were, then we must give it against the representation of the house of commons, and acquit the States-general; but if not, what means all the preamble and circumlocution of this long memorial? and to what purpose is it said this or that were the sentiments of the States-general? The representation and address of the commons, and the report of the British admiralty can say nothing to what was or was not the sentiments of the States-general. But to what was their agreement, and what was concerted yearly between the queen of Great Britain and the States, that they may inquire about, and that they do represent fairly and faithfully, viz., that the Dutch have not furnished the quotas which they were obliged by treaty to do for the service of the confederates in the Channel, and in or about the Mediterranean; what they did in the north seas, as being no part of the said agreement, the said representation has no ground to meddle with it, nor does it take the least notice of it, as is supposed, for that reason.

It may not be foreign to this case to inquire a little here into the reason and equity also of this argument about the north-seas' service; in doing whereof, if it shall be found that this service ought not to be thought of in establishing the said quotas of ships, as being wholly and solely a work of interest, protecting their own commerce, fishing, &c., in which the allies have no concern, and that the English had, at the same time, several squadrons in those seas, which were never esteemed part of the said quota on the British side, and therefore that the like ought not to be insisted on on the part of the States-general, then all the arguments drawn from these things will fall to the ground, and the impressions which those resolutions of the house of commons have made on the people must necessarily remain.

It is not questioned at all, nor does it seem material to this case, but that in the several alliances made between England and the States-general, they were mutually obliged to assist each other with all their forces. But this is so far from taking off the edge of the complaint, that it rather fixes and confirms the same; for that we allege that the Dutch have not assisted with all their forces, and to determine the signification of the same term, and how the same is to be understood, we are to observe that, lest it should create hereafter any misunderstanding among the allies, the several quotas or proportions of the allies were settled between every the particular nations annually. Now the parliament's complaint is clear in this, nor does the memorial of the States offer one word of answer to it; they do not complain in general that the States have not supplied their whole forces, but that they have not supplied those several proportions by which their whole forces were by virtue of their subsequent agreement to be understood; and this appears from the very memorial itself, where their high mightinesses acknowledge it, and better proof cannot be desired. See their own words:—

"By the seventh article of the treaty of the 9th of June, 1703, by which that agreement was renewed, it is provided that the number of ships of war to be furnished by each for their whole quota, according to the said agreement, should be regulated every year, and that the rendezvous, as well as the places where the ships should be employed, should likewise be agreed upon every year; accordingly this has been concerted yearly, her majesty having for that purpose for several years sent over one of her admirals, at which times two things principally were taken into deliberation, viz., the number of shipping and the places where they should be employed."

Here it is acknowledged by the States that the quotas were adjusted between us and them, both as to number of ships and where to be employed.

There are but two objections which the memorial pretends to make after this; the first is, whether the ships which the States furnished for the guard of the north seas should not be esteemed part of their quota? and secondly, whether the number of ships mentioned to be employed by her majesty in the Channel and in the Mediterranean were necessary? these are also their own words, to which may be briefly answered, first, that after they had acknowledged as above is said, that the number of ships and places where the same should be employed were every year concerted, it can no more be asked whether they were necessary; the question rather lies fairly, whether the numbers concerted were respectively supplied, if there had appeared any subsequent alteration in the face of the war? So that if it had seemed to the States less necessary to send so large a number of ships as was agreed, it must have been reasonable that a new concert between the allies should have been made, and some mutual agreement offered for lessening the said number on both sides. But to agree first, that such a number on both sides should be supplied, and then shortening that number on their side, without signifying to the British court that they thought fewer ships enough, so that the British should be left to send their full quota as agreed, and the States only make an abatement, this can be no fair treatment of the British, nor is it esteemed fair dealing in our country, whatever it may be in Holland; therefore the complaint of the commons in this case seems very just, and is not at all answered by this memorial, for that the States-general did not supply the number of ships which by their annual agreement was concerted between them and her majesty; secondly, but say the States, we did supply a great squadron in the north seas, which ought to be esteemed a part of our proportion; and all the reasons given for this way of acting are, that such were the sentiments of the States-general; yet in another part of the said memorial it is owned, and in the report of the commissioners of the Admiralty it is expressly said, those quotas were settled only for such ships as were to act conjunctly or separately in the Channel and the Mediterranean. But because this argument is of too much value to have it depend upon the dubious construction of terms, it may be observed, first, that there is no parity or equality in this argument, for that the con-

cert of proportions of ships to be supplied by us and the States respected only the particular seas in which the power of the French was particularly formidable, and where their main fleets were to be expected, as in the Straits and the Channel, or on the coasts of Portugal and Spain. And that the British nation have kept great squadrons and fleets out in sundry other parts of the world, as the Dutch have done in the north sea, without reckoning any such ships into the quota or proportions of the fleets to be furnished as before, for the carrying on the war, such have been the fleets and ships constantly sent to the West Indies, to St. Helena, to the Canaries, &c.; by which it appears that, whatever the sentiments of the States of Holland have been, as above, the sentiments of the British court have always been, that each ally ought to have supplied their full quota of such ships as were concerted for the service of the war in the Channel and in the Mediterranean, without esteeming such ships as part thereof which they respectively were obliged to furnish for the protection of their commerce in any other part of the world; and that this was the real sentiments of the States-general as well as of her majesty, appears for that in all the ships sent by either of the powers into other parts of the world, as into the north seas, the Baltic, the West Indies, St. Helena, and the like, they very seldom acted in conjunction, but sent their respective squadrons separately as the necessity of their affairs required. Nor did those ships act in conjunction on any occasion, save only as they found it necessary to take the ships of each other nation under convoy, or in their protection, and made use of the harbours of each confederate as there might be occasion. This is manifest in that, notwithstanding the great fleets which the States-general have upon all occasions sent to the north seas, as is alleged, the British court have been obliged also to send annual squadrons to those seas for the safety of their trade, as well to Russia as to the east country, the Elbe and the Weser, as also for the defence of the coast of Scotland and Ireland; which ships, though equal, if not superior to the numbers sent into those seas by the States-general, have not been accounted by her majesty as any part of the proportion of ships concerted as above said with the States.

This therefore can never be the reason of the report of the commissioners of the Admiralty; and it is surprising to all those who know the state of these things, to hear the memorial say, the States-general had the care of the north seas, as they do when they sum up that part of their case, as follows, viz.: "It must be observed that, in the aforesaid account, notice is taken only of the ships of this State, which in conjunction with those of her majesty were employed in the Mediterranean and the Channel; and that the north sea, which this State during the war has generally had the care of, is wholly omitted: which two things, viz., the mention of those ships only of this state which have acted in conjunction with those of her majesty, and the omission of the north sea, make so great difference between the number of ships reckoned by the foresaid account to have been furnished by this State, that probably this difference gave occasion to the forming the foresaid prejudicial resolution or vote of the lower house, which possibly would not have been formed might this State have first been heard upon it."

It should seem needful here to enter into an inquiry what number of ships her majesty has from time to time sent into the north seas, and how the States-general may be said to have had the care of the north seas, when it is well known the British trade, nay, and even often the Dutch to Archangel, have been convoyed out and home by her majesty's ships; and the coast of Scotland, the mouth of the Baltic, and the Elbe, have been constantly guarded by the British ships.

Thus by the plainest reasoning in the world the memorial is fallacious, for that the deficiencies complained of remain confessed by the States themselves, the reasons pretended to justify themselves are directly contrary to the concerted proportions and treaties made between the said States-general and the queen's majesty; and this is exactly agreeable to the report of the commissioners of the Admiralty and the resolutions of the house of commons.

The like fallacious way of arguing appears in the case of the land-forces or troops, in which still their high mightinesses do not deny the matter of fact alleged in the said address, but excuse and extenuate the same by their efforts otherwise, as particularly they allege an article of their raising troops before us, and this they say deserves some compensation; that is, that they having raised fifty thousand men before us, they should be therefore allowed to maintain fewer than they agreed for afterwards; or, to speak plainly, that because they were obliged to a quicker armament than the British, therefore they were to have leave to break in upon future concert, and fail in the numbers they were to bring in afterwards. This seems no unfair construction of the first clause of the memorial relating to the troops, which is as follows:—

"In the first place, it must not be omitted to observe on the said estimate, that in the general charge for the year 1701, the 11,992 men which the United Netherlands kept up after the peace of Ryswick, are mixed up with the 31,866 men which were taken into service immediately after the death of Charles II. king of Spain; and that for the year 1702, not only the troops which this State took into service that year, but those hired the beginning of the foregoing year, are reckoned all together; which, if put down more distinctly, would have shown that this State had reinforced their troops with above 50,000 men a considerable time before Great Britain came to make any particular augmentation; which earlier arming, to the excessive expense of this State, well deserved to be allowed for by some kind of compensation."

What can the words "deserve some compensation" be supposed to signify, but that the States-general concluded from thence that their future deficiency was to be allowed because of their more arming than the English? which any one that remembers the occasion may find other reasons to give for, and which the States-general themselves seem to acknowledge, or at least to hint at, which was in short, that the parliament and people of England did not come into the measures of the last war, or perhaps believe it so necessary at first as the States did, and therefore did not vote such large sums for their proportion as the States-general required, and this they now allege should be made up afterwards. This is gathered from the following words in the memorial:—

This State was obliged to be content with Great Britain's furnishing in the beginning of the war no more than 40,000 men in the Netherlands, in so great a disproportion with respect to this State; not because there was any convention or agreement made about it, or that it was at all reasonable, but because no more was consented to by the parliament; the reasons of which are probably fresh in the remembrance of many; and that at that time the only course this State could take was to burden itself with so great a disproportion, and to wait till, in the continuance of the war, it should be made good to them."

This may imply that the States-general desired to have this disproportion made good to them afterwards by the English, but does not prove that it ought to have been made good, or that the queen of Great Bri-

tain had agreed to make it good, much less did it signify that they were thereby entitled to make it good themselves by a deficiency in such quotas and proportions as they should agree afterwards to send into the field.

Upon the whole, then, it seems the sum of the case is this, that the Dutch have really been deficient in the said quotas; but that, according to their own sentiments, they might lawfully be so, notwithstanding express treaties and conventions to the contrary; and that these sentiments arise from their thinking fit to make reprisal or stoppage upon England for the Dutch coming into the war a year before us; and because we did not think fit to come into the alliance sooner, they are making us pay for our standing out.

More or less than this cannot be made of their long memorial, and as to the justice and equity of this, the world is left to judge of that affair.

The author of this had resolved to add here some remarks about the pretence of carrying on the war with all their forces; and the States saying that Britain is more powerful, and therefore must bring in more forces, making themselves judges of who is or is not most powerful; but her majesty's answer to the States, since published, has made this so clear, and pressed it so close upon the Dutch, that it seems needless to say any more to that point.

FROM THE INTELLIGENCER, 1730.

No. VI.

O patria! O divum domus!

When I travel through any part of this unhappy kingdom, and I have now, by several excursions made from Dublin, gone through most counties of it, it raises two passions in my breast of a different kind; an indignation against those vile betrayers and insulters of it, who insinuate themselves into favour by saying it is a rich nation; and a sincere passion for the natives, who are sunk to the lowest degree of misery and poverty, whose houses are dunghills, whose victuals are the blood of their cattle, or the herbs in the field; and whose clothing, to the dishonour of God and man, is nakedness. Yet notwithstanding all the dismal appearances, it is the common phrase of an upstart race of people, who have suddenly sprung up like the dragon's teeth among us, that Ireland was never known to be so rich as it is now; by which, as I apprehend, they can only mean themselves, for they have skipped over the Channel from the vantage ground of a dunghill upon no other merit, either visible or divinable, than that of not having been born among us.

This is the modern way of planting colonies—*et ubi solitudinem faciunt, id imperium vocant.* When those who are so unfortunate to be born here are excluded from the meanest preferments, and deemed incapable of being entertained even as common soldiers, whose poor stipend is but 4d. a-day: no trade, no emoluments, no encouragement for learning among the natives, who yet by a perverse consequence are divided into factions with as much violence and rancour as if they had the wealth of the Indies to contend for, it puts me in mind of a fable which I read in a monkish author. He quotes for it one of the Greek mythologists, that once upon a time a colony of large dogs (called the Molossi) transplanted themselves from Epirus to Atalia, where they seized those parts of the countries most fertile in flesh of all kinds, obliging the native dogs to retire from their best kennels, to live under ditches and bushes; but to preserve good neighbourhood and peace, and finding likewise that the Atalian dogs might be of some use in the low offices of life, they passed a decree, that the natives should be entitled to the short ribs, tips of tails, knuckle-bones, and guts of all the game, which they were obliged by their masters to run down. This condition was accepted; and what was a little singular, while the Molossian dogs kept a good understanding among themselves, living in peace and luxury, these Atalian curs were perpetually snarling, growling, barking and tearing out each other's throats: nay, sometimes those of the best quality among them were seen to quarrel with as much rancour for a rotten gut as if it had been a fat haunch of venison. But what need we wonder at this in dogs when the same is every day practised by men?

Last year I travelled from Dublin to Dundalk, through a country esteemed the most fruitful part of this kingdom, and so nature intended it. But no ornaments and improvements of such a scene were visible—no habitations fit for gentlemen, no farmers' houses, few fields of corn, and almost a bare face of nature, without new plantations of any kind, only a few miserable cottages at three or four miles' distance, and one church in the centre between this city and Drogheda. When I arrived at this last town, the first mortifying sight was the ruins of several churches, battered down by that usurper Cromwell, whose fanatic zeal made more desolation in a few days than the piety of succeeding prelates or the wealth of the town have in more than sixty years attempted to repair.

Perhaps the inhabitants, through a high strain of virtue, have, in imitation of the Athenians, made a solemn resolution never to rebuild those sacred edifices, but rather leave them in ruins, as monuments to perpetuate the detestable memory of that hellish instrument of rebellion, desolation and murder. For the Athenians, when Mardonius had ravaged a great part of Greece, took a formal oath at the isthmus to lose their lives rather than their liberty—to stand by their leaders to the last—to spare the cities of such barbarians as they conquered: and, what crowned all, the conclusion of their oath was, We will never repair any of the temples which they have burned and destroyed, that they may appear to posterity as so many monuments of these wicked barbarians. This was a glorious resolution; and I am sorry to think that the poverty of my countrymen will not let the world suppose they have acted upon such a generous principle; yet upon this occasion I cannot but observe that there is a fatality in some nations to be fond of those who have treated them with the least humanity. Thus I have often heard the memory of Cromwell, who has depopulated, and almost wholly destroyed, this miserable country, celebrated like that of a saint, and at the same time the sufferings of the royal martyr turned into ridicule, and his murder justified even from the pulpit, and all this done with an intent to gain favour under a monarchy; which is a new strain of politics that I shall not pretend to account for.

Examine all the eastern towns of Ireland, and you will trace this horrid instrument of destruction, in defacing of churches, and particularly in destroying whatever was ornamental, either within or without them. We see in the several towns a very few houses scattered among the ruins of thousands, which he laid level with their streets; great numbers of castles, the country seats of gentlemen then in being still standing in ruin, habitations for bats, daws and owls, without the least repairs or succession of other buildings. Nor have the country churches, as far as my eyes could reach, met with any better treatment from him, nine in ten of them lying among their graves, and God only knows when they are to have a resurrection. When I passed from Dundalk, where this cursed usurper's handy-work is yet visible, I cast mine eyes around from the top of a mountain, from whence I had a wide and a waste prospect of several venerable ruins. It struck me with a melancholy, not unlike that expressed by Cicero in one

of his letters, which being much upon the like prospect, and concluding with a very necessary reflection on the uncertainty of things in this world, I shall here insert a translation of what he says. In my return from Asia, as I sailed from Ægina towards Megara, I began to take a prospect of the several countries round me. Behind me was Ægina; before me Megara; on the right hand the Pyræus; and on the left was Corinth which towns were formerly in a most flourishing condition: now they lie prostrate and in ruin. Thus I began to think with myself: shall we, who have but a trifling existence, express any resentment, when one of us either dies a natural death or is slain, whose lives are necessarily of a short duration, when at one view I behold the carcases of so many great cities?

What if he had seen the natives of those free republics reduced to all the miserable consequences of a conquered people, living without the common defences against hunger and cold, rather appearing like spectres than men? I am apt to think that, seeing his fellow-creatures in ruin like this, it would have put him past all patience for philosophic reflection.

As for my own part, I confess that the sights and occurrences which I had in this my last journey so far transported me to a mixture of rage and compassion, that I am not able to decide which had the greater influence upon my spirits; for this new cant of a rich and flourishing nation was still uppermost in my thoughts, every mile I travelled giving me such ample demonstrations to the contrary. For this reason I have been at the pains to render a most exact and faithful account of all the visible signs of riches which I met with in sixty miles, riding through the most public roads, and the best part of the kingdom. First, as to trade; I met nine cars loaden with old, musty, shrivelled hides; one car-load of butter; four jockeys driving eight horses, all out of case; one cow and calf, driven by a man and his wife; six tattered families flitting to be shipped off to the West Indies; a colony of a hundred and fifty beggars, all repairing to people our metropolis, and by increasing the number of hands, to increase its wealth, upon the old maxim that people are the riches of a nation, and therefore ten thousand mouths, with hardly ten pair of hands, or hardly any work to employ them, will infallibly make us a rich and flourishing people. Secondly, travellers enough, but seven in ten wanting shirts and cravats; nine in ten going bare-foot, and carrying their brogues and stockings in their hands; one woman in twenty having a pillion, the rest riding bare-backed: above two hundred horsemen, with four pair of boots amongst them all; seventeen saddles of leather (the rest being made of straw); and most of their garrons only shod before. I went into one of the principal farmers' houses out of curiosity, and his whole furniture consisted of two blocks for stools, a bench on each side the fireplace made of turf, six trenchers, one bowl, a pot, six horn spoons, three noggins, three blankets, one of which served the man and maid-servant; the other the master of the family, his wife, and five children; a small churn, a wooden candlestick, a broken stick for a pair of tongs. In the public towns, one third of the inhabitants walking the street bare-foot; windows half built up with stone to save the expense of glass; the broken panes up and down supplied by brown paper, few being able to afford white; in some places they were stopped with hay or straw. Another mark of our riches are the signs at the several inns upon the road, viz., in some a staff stuck in the thatch with a turf at the end of it; a staff in a dunghill, with a white rag wrapped about the head; a pole, where they can afford it, with a beesom at the top; an oatmeal cake on a board in a window; and at the principal inns of the road, I have observed the signs taken down and laid against the wall near the door, being taken from their post to prevent the shaking of the house down by the wind. In short, I saw not one single house, in the best town I travelled through, which had not manifest appearances of beggary and want. I could give many more instances of our wealth, but I hope these will suffice for the end I propose.

It may be objected, what use it is of to display the poverty of the nation in the manner I have done. I answer, I desire to know for what ends, and by what persons, this new opinion of our flourishing state has of late been so industriously advanced: one thing is certain, that the advancers have either already found their own account, or have been heartily promised, or at least have been entertained with hopes, by seeing such an opinion pleasing to those who have it in their power to reward.

It is no doubt a very generous principle in any person to rejoice in the felicities of a nation, where themselves are strangers or sojourners: but if it be found that the same persons, on all other occasions, express a hatred and contempt of the nation and people in general, and hold it for a maxim, that the more such a country is humbled the more their own will rise, it need be no longer a secret why such an opinion, and the advancers of it, are encouraged. And besides, if the bailiff reports to his master that the ox is fat and strong, when in reality it can hardly carry its own legs, is it not natural to think that command will be given for a greater load to be put upon it?

No. XII.

Since our English friends have done us the honour to publish to their countrymen some of the pieces from this paper, we think ourselves obliged in justice to return the favour, by making the following tale from the "Country Journal," dated the 3rd of August, 1728, the subject of this day's entertainment.

FROM MY OWN CHAMBERS.

When I was a young man, I was very curious in collecting all the occasional state tracts, or pieces of poetry, which were published at that time; and upon looking them over, I find some which I believe my readers will think not altogether mal à propos at present. The following verses are of this kind, which appear plainly enough to be levelled at some pensionary parliament; but as the author of this little piece hath not sufficiently distinguished the characters which he designed to expose by any particular marks, so my memory will not enable me to explain the sentiments of the public on that occasion. However, as it seems to contain a good general moral, I have ventured to give it to my readers, and if it should happen to meet with any success, I may perhaps communicate others, which are not to be met with in any of the public miscellanies of those times.

THE PROGRESS OF PATRIOTISM. A TALE.

Vendidit HIC auro patriam.

Sir Ralph, a simple rural knight,
Could just distinguish wrong from right,
When he received a quarter's rent,
And almost half in taxes went:
He rail'd at places, bribes and pensions,
And secret service, new inventions;
Preached up the true old English spirit,
And mourn'd the great neglect of merit
Lamented our forlorn condition,
And wish'd the country would petition;
Said he would first subscribe his name,
And added 'twas a burning shame
That some men large estates should get,
And fatten on the public debt;

Of his poor country urg'd his love,
And shook his head at those above.

This conduct, in a private station,
Procur'd the knight great reputation;
The neighbours all approv'd his zeal,
(Though few men judge, yet all men feel,)
And with a general voice declar'd
Money was scarce, the times were hard;
That what Sir Ralph observ'd was true,
And wish'd the gallows had its due.

Thus blest in popular affection,
Behold there came on an election,
And who more proper than Sir Ralph
To guard their privileges safe?
So in return for zeal and beer,
They chose him for a knight o' the shire.

But mark how climates change the mind,
And virtue chops about like wind!
Duly the knight came up to town,
Resolv'd to pull corruption down,
Frequented clubs of the same party,
And in the cause continued hearty,
Broach'd his opinions, wet and dry,
And gave some honest votes awry.

At length, in that old spacious court,
Where members just at noon resort,
Up to our knight Sir Bluestring came,
And call'd him frankly by his name;
Smiled on him, shook him by the hand,
And gave him soon to understand,
That though his person was a stranger,
Yet that in times of greatest danger,
His faithful services were known,
And all his family's here in town,
For whom he had a great affection;
And wish'd him joy of his election,
Assur'd him that his country's voice
Could not have made a better choice.

Sir Ralph, who, if not much belied,
Had always some degrees of pride,
Perceiv'd his heart begin to swell,
And liked this doctrine mighty well;
Took notice of his air and look,
And how familiarly he spoke;
Such condescensions, such professions,
Remov'd all former ill impressions.

The statesman (who we must agree
Can far into our foibles see,
And knows exactly how to flatter
The weak blind sides of human nature)
Saw the vain wretch begin to yield,
And further thus his oil instill'd.

"Sir Ralph," said he, "all forms apart,
So dear I hold you at my heart,
Have such a value for your worth,
Your sense, and honour, and so forth,
That in some points extremely nice,
I should be proud of your advice;
Let me, good Sir, the favour pray
To eat a bit with me to-day:
Nay, dear Sir Ralph, you must agree"——
"Your honour's hour?"——"Exactly three."

These points premis'd, they bow and part
With hands pressed hard to either heart:
For now the public business calls
Each patriot to St. Stephen's walls,
Whether the present debts to state,
Or on some new supplies debate,
Would here be needless to relate.

From thence, at the appointed hour,
The knight attends the man of power;
Who, better to secure his ends,
Had likewise bid some courtly friends,
His brother Townly and his Grace,
Great statesmen both, and both in place:
Our British Horace famed for wit,
Alike for courts and senates fit;
Sir William, from his early youth,
Renown'd for honour, virtue, truth;
And Bubble, just restored to favour,
On pardon asked for late behaviour.

The statesman met his convert guest,
Saluted, clasped him to his breast,
Then introduced him to the rest.

Whilst he with wonder and amaze,
The splendour of the house surveys:
Huge china jars, and piles of plate,
And modish screens, and beds of state,
Gilt sconces of stupendous size,
And costly paintings strike his eyes,
From Italy and Flanders brought;
At the expense of nations bought;
Yet doth not one of these relate,
The tragic end of r——s of state;
Although such pictures might supply
Fit lessons to the great man's eye:
But o'ergrown fav'rites dread to think
From whence they rose, and how may sink.

Dinner now waited on the board,
Rich as this city would afford,
(For every element supplies
His table with its rarities.)
The guests promiscuous take their place,
Pro more, without form of grace:
There might the little knight be seen
With ribbons blue and ribbons green,
All complaisant and debonair,
As if the king himself were there.
Obsequious each consults his taste,
And begging to be served the last,
Points round by turn to every dish,
"Will you have soup Sir Ralph, or fish?
This frigasee or that ragout?
Pray, Sir, be free, and let me know."

The cloth removed, the glass goes round,
With loyal healths and wishes crown'd;
May king and senate long agree!
Success attend the ministry!
Let public faith and stocks increase!
And grant us, Heaven, a speedy peace!

Discourse ensues on home-bred rage,
That rank distemper of the age;
And instantly they all agree,
They never were so bless'd or free;
That all complaints were nought but faction,
And patriotism mere distraction,
Though full of reason, void of grace,
And only meant to get in place.

Sir Ralph in approbation bow'd;
Yet owned that with the giddy crowd,
He formerly had gone astray,
And talked in quite another way,
Possess'd with jealousies and fears,
Dispers'd by restless pamphleteers,
In libels weekly and diurnal;
Especially the "Country Journal;"*
But as he felt severe contrition,
He hoped his faults would find remission.

"Dear Sir," replied the Bluestring knight,
I'm glad you think affairs go right,

* From hence it appears that a paper was published under that name, long before this, in which we are at present engaged.

All errors past must be excus'd,
(Since the best men may be abus'd,)
What's in my power you may command:
Then shook him once more by the hand,
Gave him great hopes, (at least his word,)
That he should be a Treasury lord,
And to confirm his good intention,
At present order'd him a pension.

By these degrees, sir Ralph is grown
The stanchest tool in all the town,
At points and job-work never fails,
At all his old acquaintance rails;
Holds every doctrine now in fashion,
That debts are blessing to a nation;
That bribery under Whig direction,
Is needful to discourage faction;
That standing armies are most fitting
To guard the liberties of Britain;
That F——ce is her sincerest friend,
On whom she always should depend;
That ministers, by kings appointed,
Are, under them, the Lord's anointed;
Ergo, it is the self-same thing,
T' oppose a minister or king;
Ergo, by consequence of reason,
To censure statesman is high treason.
In fine, his standing creed is this;
That right or wrong, or hit or miss,
No mischiefs can befall a nation,
Under so wise a ministration;
That Britain is sir Bluestring's debtor,
And things did surely ne'er go better!

So the plain country girl, untainted,
Nor yet with wicked man acquainted,
Starts at the first lewd application,
Though warm perhaps by inclination,
And swears she would not with the king,
For all the world do such a thing:
But when with long assiduous art,
Damon hath once seduc'd her heart,
She learns her lesson in a trice,
And justifies the pleasing vice,
Calls it a natural, harmless passion,
Implanted from our first creation;
Holds there's no sin between clean sheets,
And lies with every man she meets.

[*MS.*] The tale of sir Ralph was sent from England.—Dr. SWIFT.

No. XV.

LAMENTATIONS, CHAP. II. VER. 19.

ARISE, cry out in the night: in the beginning of the watches pour out thine heart like water before the face of the Lord: lift up thy hands towards him, for the life of thy young children that faint for hunger in the top of every street.

I do remember to have read an account, that an ode which Pindar writ in honour of the island Delos, was inscribed in the temple of Minerva at Athens, in large letters of gold. A public and very laudable acknowledgment for the poet's ingenuity, and for no more than a bare compliment! Such was the encouragement given by the great and public-spirited Athenians. Had the same poet, inspired by a noble and heroic ardour, by another ode awaked and roused their whole state against an invading enemy, or opened their eyes against any secret and wicked contrivers of their destruction, they would have erected him a statue at least. But, alas! that spirit is fled from the world and long since neglected. Virtue is become her own paymaster. My countrymen I hope will forgive me if I complain, there has been so little notice taken of a small but most excellent pamphlet, written by the drapier. It is entitled, "A Short View of the State of Ireland. There never was any treatise yet published with a zeal more generous for the universal good of a nation, or a design more seasonable, considering our present lamentable condition; yet we listen not to the voice of the charmer. Whereas it should have been inscribed in capital letters (as glorious as those of the poet) in the most public part of every corporation town throughout this whole kingdom, that people might behold the several unprovoked causes of their poverty, our offences towards heaven excepted. Nay, I will proceed further, and say that every head of every family ought to instruct the children so far in this most incomparable pamphlet, that they should not only understand, but be able to repeat by heart every single paragraph through the whole. This was the method laid down by the wisest lawgiver that ever the world produced, to gain the hearts of the people, by working upon their memories.

Deut. vi. 7.—And thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up.

8. And thou shalt bind them for a sign upon thine hand, and they shall be as frontlets between thine eyes.

9. And thou shalt write them upon the posts of thy house, and on thy gates.

And where would be the great trouble, since we have little else to do, if every man would read a lecture of the "Short View" every day in his family after reading prayers? Nor do I think the expense would be extravagant if he should have every page of it reprinted to be hung up in frames in every chamber of his house. That it might be as evident as the handwriting on the wall.

And since I have ventured thus far to praise and recommend this most inimitable piece, let me speak a few words in favour of its author.

I would propose to my countrymen, before all their money goes off, (it is going as fast as possible,) to convert it into a few statues to the drapier in those memorable parts of this kingdom where our heroes have shone with the greatest lustre, in defence of our liberty and the Protestant religion, over all Europe: at Derry, at Enniskillen, at Boyne, at Aughrim. Nor would it be amiss to set up a few more about our metropolis, with that glorious inscription, Libertas et natale solum.

If our money were metamorphosed upon such a good occasion as this, it would not be in the power of any Cypselus,[a] to get into his own coffers, and it would be the only method to prevent its being carried off, except our viceroys should act like the Roman præfects, and run away with our very statues.

Courteous reader, mark well what follows. I am assured that it hath for some time been practised as a method of making men's court when they are asked about the rate of lands, the abilities of tenants, the state of trade and manufacture in this kingdom, and how their rents are paid, to answer, that in their neighbourhood all things are in a flourishing condition, the rent and purchase of land every day increasing. And if a gentleman happens to be a little more sincere in his representations, besides being looked on as not well affected, he is sure to have a dozen contradictors at his elbow. I think it is no manner of secret why these questions are so cordially asked, and so obligingly answered.

But since, with regard to the affairs of this kingdom,

[a] Cypselus, a governor of Corinth, who contrived a tax which brought all the money of that state to himself in ten years' time. —Vide "Aristot Polit."

I have been using all endeavours to subdue my indignation, to which indeed I am not provoked by any personal interest, being not the owner of one spot of ground in the whole island, I shall only enumerate by rules generally known and never contradicted, what are the true causes of any country's flourishing and growing rich, and then examine what effects arise from those causes, in the kingdom of Ireland.

The first cause of a kingdom's thriving is the fruitfulness of the soil to produce the necessaries and conveniences of life, not only sufficient for the inhabitants, but for exportation to other countries.

The second is the industry of the people, in working up all their native commodities, to the last degree of manufacture.

The third is the conveniency of safe ports and havens to carry out their own goods as much manufactured, and bring in those of others as little manufactured, as the nature of mutual commerce will allow.

The fourth is that natives should, as much as possible, export and import their goods in vessels of their own timber, made in their own country.

The fifth is the liberty of a free trade in all foreign countries which will permit them to export their goods over the world, except to those who are in war with their own prince or state.

The sixth is, by being governed only by laws made with their own consent, for otherwise they are not a free people. And therefore, all appeals for justice, or applications for favour or preferment to another country, are so many grievous impoverishments.

The seventh is, by improvement of land, encouragement of agriculture, and thereby increasing the number of their people, without which any country, however blessed by nature, must continue poor.

The eighth is, the residence of the princes, or chief administration of the civil power.

The ninth is, the concourse of foreigners for education, curiosity or pleasure, or as to a general mart of trade.

The tenth is, by disposing all offices of honour, profit or trust, only to the natives, or at least with very few exceptions, where strangers have long inhabited the country, and are supposed to understand and regard the interest of it as their own.

The eleventh is, when the rents of lands, and profits of employments are spent in the country which produced them, and not in another, the former of which will certainly happen, where the love of our native country prevails.

The twelfth is, by the public revenues, being all spent and employed at home, except on the occasions of a foreign war.

The thirteenth is, where the people are not obliged, unless they find it for their own interest or conveniency, to receive any moneys, except of their own coinage by a public mint, after the manner of all civilised nations.

The fourteenth is, a disposition of people of a country to wear their own manufactures, and import as few excitements to luxury, either in cloaths, furniture, food, or drink, as they possibly can live conveniently without.

There are many other causes of a nation's thriving, which I cannot at present recollect; but without advantage from at least some of these, after turning my thoughts a long time, I am not able to discover from whence our wealth proceeds, and therefore would gladly be better informed. In the mean time I will here examine what share falls to Ireland of these causes, or of the effects and consequences.

It is not my intention to complain, but barely to relate facts, and the matter is not of small importance. For it is allowed that a man who lives in a solitary house, far from help, is not wise in endeavouring to acquire in the neighbourhood the reputation of being rich, because those who come for gold, will go off with pewter and brass rather than return empty; and in the common practice of the world, those who possess most wealth make the least parade, which they leave to others who have nothing else to bear them out, in showing their faces on the exchange.

As to the first cause of a nation's riches, being the fertility of the soil, as well as temperature of the climate, we have no reason to complain; for although the quantity of unprofitable land in this kingdom, reckoning bog and rock, and barren mountain, be double in proportion to what it is in England, yet the native productions which both kingdoms deal in, are very near on equality in point of goodness, and might, with the same encouragement, be as well manufactured: I except mines and minerals, in some point of skill and industry. In the second, which is the industry of the people, our misfortune is not altogether owing to our own fault, but to a million of discouragements.

The conveniency of ports and havens which nature bestowed on us so liberally, is of no more use to us than a beautiful prospect to a man shut up in a dungeon.

As to shipping of its own, this kingdom is so utterly unprovided that, of all the excellent timber cut down within these fifty or sixty years, it can hardly be said that the nation hath received the benefit of one valuable house to dwell in or one ship to trade with.

Ireland is the only kingdom I ever heard or read of, either in ancient or modern story, which was denied the liberty of exporting their native commodities and manufactures wherever they pleased, except to countries at war with their own prince or state; yet this, by the superiority of mere power, is refused us in the most momentous parts of commerce; besides an act of navigation to which we never consented, pinned down upon us and rigorously executed, and a thousand other unexampled circumstances, as grievous as they are invidious to mention. To go on to the rest:—

It is too well known that we were forced to obey some laws we never consented to, which is a condition I must not call by its true uncontroverted name, for fear of my L—— C—— J—— W——d's ghost, with his "Libertas et natale solum," written as a motto on his coach, as it stood at the door of the court, while he was perjuring himself to betray both. Thus we are in the condition of patients, who have physic sent them by doctors at a distance, strangers to their constitution, and the nature of the disease; and thus we are forced to pay 500 per cent. to decide our properties, in all which we have likewise the honour to be distinguished from the whole race of mankind.

As to improvement of land, those few who attempt that, or planting, through covetousness or want of skill, generally leave things worse than they were, neither succeeding in trees nor hedges, and by running into the fancy of grazing, after the manner of the Scythians, are every day depopulating the country.

We are so far from having a king to reside among us, that even the viceroy is generally absent four-fifths of his time in the government.

No strangers from other countries make this a part of their travels where they can expect to see nothing but scenes of misery and desolation.

Those who have the misfortune to be born here have the least title to any considerable employment, to which they are seldom preferred but upon a political consideration.

One-third part of the rents of Ireland is spent in England, which, with the profit of employments, pensions, appeals, journeys of pleasure or health, education at the inns of courts, and both universities, remit-

tances at pleasure, the pay of superior officers in the army and other incidents, will amount to a full half of the income of the whole kingdom, all clear profit to England.

We are denied the liberty of coining gold, silver, or even copper. In the Isle of Man they coin their own silver, every petty prince, vassal to the emperor, can coin what money he pleaseth. And in this, as in most of the articles already mentioned, we are an exception to all other states or monarchies that were ever known in the world.

As to the last or fourteenth article, we take special care to act diametrically contrary to it in the whole course of our lives. Both sexes, but especially the women, despise and abhor to wear any of their own manufactures, even those which are better made than in other countries, particularly a sort of silk plaid, through which the workmen are forced to run a gold thread, that it may pass for Indian. Even ale and potatoes in great quantity are imported from England as well as corn, and our foreign trade is little more than importation of French wine, for which I am told we pay ready money.

Now if all this be true, upon which I could easily enlarge, I would be glad to know by what secret method it is that we grow a rich and flourishing people, with liberty, trade, manufactures, inhabitants, money or the privilege of coining, without industry, labour, or improvement of lands, and with more than half of the rent and profits of the whole kingdom annually exported, for which we receive not a single farthing: and to make up all this, nothing worth mentioning, except the linen of the north, a trade casual, corrupted, and at mercy, and some butter from Cork. If we do flourish, it must be against every law of nature and reason, like the thorn at Glassenbury, that blossoms in the midst of winter.

Let the worthy C------rs who come from England, ride round the kingdom, and observe the face of nature, or the faces of the natives; the improvement of the land; the thriving, numerous plantations; the noble woods; the abundance and vicinity of country-seats; the commodious farmers'-houses, and barns; the towns and villages, where everybody is busy, and thriving with all kind of manufactures; the shops full of goods wrought to perfection, and filled with customers; the comfortable diet, and dress, and dwellings of the people; the vast number of ships in our harbours and docks, and shipwrights in our seaport towns; the roads crowded with carriers laden with rich manufactures; the perpetual concourse to and fro of pompous equipages.

With what envy and admiration would these gentlemen return from so delightful a progress! What glorious reports would they make when they went back to England!

But my heart is too heavy to continue this irony longer, for it is manifest, that whatever stranger took such a journey, would be apt to think himself travelling in Lapland, or Iceland, rather than in a country so favoured by nature as ours, both in fruitfulness of soil and temperature of climate. The miserable dress, and diet, and dwelling of the people; the general desolation in most parts of the kingdom; the old seats of the nobility and gentry all in ruins, and no new ones in their stead; the families of farmers who pay great rents, living in filth and nastiness upon buttermilk and potatoes, without a shoe or stocking to their feet, or a house so convenient as an English hogsty to receive them: these indeed may be comfortable sights to an English spectator, who comes for a short time, only to learn the language, and return back to his own country, whither he finds all our wealth transmitted.

Nostra miseria magnus es.

There is not one argument used to prove the riches of Ireland, which is not a logical demonstration of its poverty. The rise of our rents is squeezed out of the very blood and vitals, and cloaths, and dwellings of the tenants, who live worse than English beggars. The lowness of interest, in all other countries a sign of wealth, is in us a proof of misery, there being no trade to employ any borrower. Hence alone comes the dearness of land, since the savers have no other way to lay out their money. Hence the dearness of necessaries for life, because the tenants cannot afford to pay such extravagant rates for land (which they must take or go a-begging) without raising the price of cattle, and of corn, although they should live upon chaff. Hence our increase of buildings in this city, because workmen have nothing to do, but employ one another, and one half of them are infallibly undone. Hence the daily increase of bankers, who may be a necessary evil in a trading country, but so ruinous in ours, who for their private advantage have sent away all our silver, and one-third of our gold; so that, within three years past, the running cash of the nation, which was about 500,000*l.*, is now less than 200,000*l.*, and must daily diminish unless we have liberty to coin, as well as that important kingdom the Isle of Man, and the meanest prince in the German empire, as I before observed.

I have sometimes thought that this paradox of the kingdom growing rich is chiefly owing to those worthy gentlemen, the bankers, who, except some custom-house officers, birds of passage, oppressive thrifty squires, and a few others that shall be nameless, are the only thriving people among us; and I have often wished that a law were enacted to hang up half a dozen bankers every year, and thereby interpose, at least, some short delay to the further ruin of Ireland.

"Ye are idle!—ye are idle!" answered Pharaoh to the Israelites, when they complained to his majesty that they were forced to make bricks without straw.

England enjoys every one of these advantages for enriching a nation, which I have above enumerated, and into the bargain a good million returned to them every year without labour, or hazard, or one farthing value received on our side: but how long we shall be able to continue the payment I am not under the least concern. One thing I know, that when the hen is starved to death, there will be no more golden eggs.

I think it a little unhospitable, and others may call it a subtle piece of malice, that, because there may be a dozen families in this town able to entertain their English friends in a generous manner at their tables, their guests, upon their return to England, shall report that we wallow in riches and luxury.

Yet I confess I have known an hospital, where all the household officers grew rich, while the poor, for whose sake it was built, were almost starving, for want of food and raiment.

To conclude, if Ireland be a rich and flourishing kingdom, its wealth and prosperity must be owing to certain causes, which are yet concealed from the whole race of mankind, and the effects are equally invisible. We need not wonder at strangers, when they deliver such paradoxes; but a native and inhabitant of this kingdom, who gives the same verdict, must be either ignorant to stupidity, or a man-pleaser at the expense of all honour, conscience, and truth.

[*MS.*] The 15th is a pamphlet of mine, printed before with Dr. Sheridan's preface, merely for laziness, not to disappoint the town.—DR. SWIFT.